THE

BATTLE ROLL:

An Encyclopedia

CONTAINING

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND MEMORABLE

LAND BATTLES AND SIEGES

IN ALL AGES.

ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY AND CHRONOLOGICALLY,

BY ELBERT PERCE.

ILLUSTRATED.

Library of Congress
1867
City of Washington.

NEW YORK:
MASON BROTHERS,
108 & 110 DUANE STREET.

1858.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by

MASON BROTHERS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

ELECTROTYPED BY
THOMAS B SMITH,
82 & 84 Beekman-st.,

PRINTED BY
A. C. ALVORD,
15 Vandewater-street,

TO

LIEUTENANT GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT,

The Hero and Patriot;

THE BRILLIANCY OF WHOSE MILITARY ACHIEVEMENTS HAS PROVED HIM TO BE

The Greatest General of the Age,

THIS RECORD OF THE BATTLES OF ALL NATIONS, IS BY PERMISSION, RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

THE BATTLE ROLL.

ABANCAY, A.D. 1537.—The battle of Abancay was fought near a river in Peru of that name, on the 12th of July, 1537, between the Spanish troops of Alvarado on the one side, and those of Almagro on the other. The battle occurred during the civil war which broke out among the Spaniards after their conquest of Peru; and the forces on both sides were nearly equal, each consisting of about five hundred men. The loss in killed and wounded, on either side, was trifling; but Alvarado and his whole army were made prisoners by the victorious troops of Almagro.

ABENSBURG, A.D. 1809.—This place, a small town of Bavaria, was the scene of an engagement on the 20th of April, 1809, between the Austrian and the French armies, the latter under Napoleon Bonaparte. The Austrians were defeated with considerable loss.

ABOUKIR, A.D. 1799.—Aboukir is situated on the Egyptian coast, 10 miles east from Alexander. It is at present a village with 100 Arabian inhabitants. It has a strong castle on the western side of the spacious bay of Aboukir, protected by a projecting point of land, and several small islands.

On the twenty-fifth day of July, 1799, Napoleon arrived within sight of the peninsula of Aboukir. Before him lay the intrenched camp of the Turks, and although the force of the enemy exceeded nine thousand men, while his army consisted only of eight thousand men all told, he determined to make an immediate attack. The Turks occupied the peninsula of Aboukir, and had covered the approach to it with two lines of intrenchments. The first ran directly across the neck of land, about one mile in front of the village of Aboukir. At either extremity of this line were two mounds of sand, each of which was garrisoned by two thousand men. The second, a mile in the rear, was strengthened in the center by the fort constructed by the French, and terminated at one extremity in the sea, and at the other in the lake. Between the two lines was placed the camp. The first line was guarded by four thousand men; the second by five thousand men, and supported by twelve pieces of cannon besides those mounted on the fort.

The French general, Lannes, with two thousand men, attacked the right of the first line. General D'Estaing, with a like number of men, attacked the left, while Murat, whose cavalry was arranged in three divisions, charged upon the center, with the view of piercing through, so as to turn both wings of the first line, and thus prevent all communication with the second. The Turks fought with desperate valor; and although their right wing gradually gave way before the impetuous charge of the French, their left maintained its position, until Murat, with one vigorous charge, drove his cavalry through the center of the line, and then, dividing his force, rushed on to the destruction of the two wings. At that moment the Turks fled in confusion to the second line. The French cavalry followed in hot pursuit, and, unable to reach the second intrenchment, the Turks rushed tumultuously into the lake, where almost the whole were either drowned or cut down by the grape-shot which was constantly poured upon them by the French artillery. The other extremity of the line met with the same fate. General Lannes attacked the mount on the right; the cavalry charged it, after piercing the center, and the Turks, flying at the first onset, were driven into the sea, and met the fate of their unfortunate comrades on the right. Now Lannes and D'Estaing united their forces and attacked the village in the center. The janizaries defended themselves bravely, hoping to be supported by the second line: but no sooner did Murat perceive a column of Turks advancing for that purpose, than he charged them with his cavalry, and completely routed them. The village was then carried with the bayonet, and its defenders, refusing all quarter, were put to the sword, or escaped and rushed into the water, and were drowned.

Inspired by this success, Napoleon hoped by repeating the same maneuver with the second line, to destroy the whole remainder of the Turkish army. He established a battery to protect the operations of his troops, and after allowing his army a few hours for repose, he commenced an attack upon the interior and more formidable line of defense. On the right a trench joined the fort of Aboukir to the sea; but on the left a trench which was to have joined it to Lake Maadich, was not completed, leaving a small open space between the intrenchment and the lake. It was decided by Napoleon that D'Estaing's division should attack the intrenchment on the right, while the principal effort was to be directed to the left, where the whole of the cavalry, under cover of Lannes's division, were to enter at the open space between the trenches and the lake, and take the Turkish line in the rear. At three o'clock the charge was made. D'Estaing's division, arranged in echelon of battalions, advanced gallantly; but the Turks, transported by their ardor, rushed from behind their intrenchments upon them, and a bloody conflict took place on the plain. Discharging their fusils, the infuriated janizaries rushed to the attack, wielding their formidable sabers in the air; but Turkish valor at length yielded to the steady pressure of the European bayonet, and they were borne back, fighting for every inch of soil, to the foot of the intrenchment. The French were here arrested by the plunging fire of the redoubt, and the sustained discharges of musketry from the top of the works. Letourcy was killed, Fugurres wounded, and the French column, broken and disordered, recoiled from the field of carnage toward the exterior line. Murat also signally failed in his attempt on the left. True, Lannes forced the intrenchments toward the extremity of the lake, and occupied some of the houses of the village; but when the cavalry attempted to pass through the narrow defile between the works and the lake, they were assailed by such a terrible fire from the gun-boats that they were repeatedly forced to retire. The attack had failed at both extremities, and Napoleon was doubtful whether he should continue the combat or rest contented with the advantage already gained.

But the Turks themselves relieved Napoleon from this perplexity. No sooner did they see the column which had assailed their right retire, than they rushed out of the fort of Aboukir, and began to cut off the heads of the dead bodies which lay scattered over the plain. Napoleon instantly saw his advantage, and quickly turned it to the best account. Advancing rapidly with his reserves in admirable order, he arrested the sortie in the center, while Lannes returned to the attack of the intrenchments, now, in a great measure, denuded of their defenders, and D'Estaing re-formed his troops for another effort on the lines to the right. All these attacks proved successful; the whole line of redoubts was captured almost without resistance, while several squadrons penetrated through the narrow opening on the margin of the lake, and entered the rear of the second line. The Turks now fled in the wildest confusion toward Aboukir; but Murat's cavalry, which now occupied the space between the second line and the fort, charged them so furiously in flank, that they were driven into the sea, and almost all perished in the waves. Murat penetrated into the camp of Mustapha Pacha, where he made that commander prisoner with his own hands. The remnant of the Turkish army, about two thousand men, fled to the fort of Aboukir. A heavy cannonade was immediately opened on the fort, which surrendered, July 30th. Five thousand Turkish corpses floated in the bay of Aboukir, two thousand perished in battle, and two thousand were made prisoners of war in the fort. Hardly any escaped—a circumstance almost unexampled in modern warfare.

ABYDOS, B.C. 201.—Philip, king of Macedon, father of Perseus, who proved last monarch of that country, was at war with the Rhodians. The inhabitants of Abydos made common cause with that commercial people, who often came to visit the shores of the Dardanelles. Philip was successful in his passage through Thrace and the Chersonesus, where many cities surrendered to his arms, but Abydos shut its gates against him, and prepared for a bold resistance. Nothing of what is usually practiced in such warlike proceedings was omitted in this siege. No place was ever defended with more bravery; but this bravery, in the end, degenerated into brutality and fury. Confiding in their own strength, the Abydenians repulsed the first attacks of the Macedonians with the greatest vigor. On the side next the sea, the machines no sooner came forward than they were immediately either dismounted by the balistæ or consumed by fire. Even the ships on which they were mounted were in danger, and were saved with difficulty. On the land side they also defended themselves for some time with great courage, and did not despair even of defeating the enemy. But, finding that the outer wall was sapped, and that the Macedonians were carrying their mines under the inner one, they sent deputies to Philip, offering to surrender upon the following terms: That such forces as had been sent to them by the Rhodians and King Attalus should return to their respective sovereigns, under his safe conduct; and that all free citizens should retire whithersoever they pleased, with the clothes

they had then on. Philip answered coolly, that the Abydenians had only to choose whether they would surrender at discretion, or continue to defend themselves bravely. This report being made by the deputies, the besieged, in transports of despair, assembled to debate what was best to be done. They came to the following resolutions:—First, that the slaves should be all set free, to animate them to defend the city; secondly, that all the women should be shut up in the Temple of Diana, and all the children, with their nurses, in the Gymnasium; that they should bring into the great square all the gold and silver in the city, and carry all the rest of the valuable effects to the vessels of the Rhodians and the Cyzicenians. These resolutions having passed unanimously, another assembly was called, in which they chose fifty of the wisest and most ancient of the citizens, but who at the same time had vigor enough left to execute what might be determined on; and they were made to take an oath, in presence of all the inhabitants, that the instant they saw the enemy masters of the inner wall, they would kill the women and children, set fire to the galleys laden with their effects, and throw into the sea all their gold and silver, which they had heaped together: then, sending for their priests, they took an oath either to conquer or die, sword in hand; and, after having sacrificed the victims, they obliged the priests and priestesses to pronounce before the altar the greatest curses on those who should break their oath. This being done, they left off countermining, and resolved, the instant the wall should fall, to fly to the breach, and to fight till the last. Accordingly, the inward wall tumbling down, the besieged, true to the oath they had taken, fought in the breach with such unparalleled bravery, that, though Philip had perpetually sustained with fresh soldiers those who had mounted to the assault, yet when night separated the combatants, he was still doubtful with regard to the success of the siege. Such Abydenians as marched first to the breach, over heaps of slain, fought with fury, and not only made use of their swords and javelins, but after their arms were broken to pieces, or forced out of their hands, they rushed headlong upon the Macedonians, knocked some down, and broke the long spears of others, and with the pieces struck their faces and such parts of their bodies as were uncovered, till they made them absolutely despair of the event. When night put an end to the slaughter, the breach was quite covered with the dead bodies of the Abydenians; and those who had escaped were so overwhelmed with fatigue, and had received so many wounds, that they could hardly support themselves. Things being come to this dreadful extremity, two of the principal citizens, being unable to bring themselves to execute the awful task they had undertaken, and which now came before them as a horrid reality, agreed that, to save their wives and children, they should send to Philip by daybreak all their priests and priestesses, clothed in their pontifical habits, to implore his mercy, and open the gates to him. Accordingly, next morning, the city was surrendered to Philip, while the greatest part of the Abydenians who survived vented millions of imprecations against their two fellow-citizens, but more particularly against the priests and priestesses for delivering up to the enemy those whom themselves had devoted to death with the most solemn oaths. Philip marched into the city, and seized, without opposition, all the rich effects which the Abydenians had collected together. But now he beheld a spectacle which might have terrified even an ambitious monarch or a conqueror. Among these ill-fated citizens, whom despair had made furious and distracted, some were smothering their wives and children, and others stabbing them with their own hands; some were running after them to strangle them, others were plunging them into wells, whilst again others were precipitating them from the tops of houses; in a word, death appeared in all its variety of terrors. Philip, penetrated with horror and grief at this spectacle, stopped the soldiers, who were eager to plunder, and published the strange declaration that he would allow three days to all who were resolved to lay violent hands on themselves. He was in hopes that in that interval they would change their determination: but their resolution was fixed. They thought it would be degenerating from those who had lost their lives in defending their country, if they should survive them. The individuals of every family killed one another, and none escaped this murderous sacrifice but a few whose hands were tied, or were otherwise kept, by force, from destroying themselves. And Philip, during the three days, satisfied his ideas of humanity by refraining from plundering the city he saw burning, and by beholding a people destroy each other, whom he might have saved with a word!

B.C. 190.—In the year 190 B.C. the city of Abydos was besieged by Livius the Roman prætor, and the inhabitants, after sustaining a siege of many days, were about to capitulate to the Romans. The only point of difference related to the soldiers of the garrison of Abydos, whom Livius would have allowed to quit the place, but without arms, while they insisted upon keeping them. The affair, however, was about to be settled, when Livius hearing of the victory of

Polyxenidos over the Rhodians, and fearing that the former, flushed with success, would come to surprise and attack the fleet he had left at Canae, he abandoned the siege and put to sea.

ACRE, ST. JEAN D'; known in the middle ages as Ptolemais, is a city and harbor on the coast of Syria. It is the capital of a Turkish pachalic, between the pachalics of Damascus and Tripoli. The city is situated at the foot of Mount Carmel, and at present contains about sixteen thousand inhabitants.

A.D. 1191.—The ill success of the first Crusaders appeared to redouble the zeal of the Christians for the recovery of the Holy Land. Great misfortunes had attended many of the enterprises, but vast numbers had been enriched by the plunder of magnificent cities, and some of the leaders had acquired territorial possessions. France and England for a moment laid aside their quarrels; and their kings, Philip and Richard, levied armies for the delivery of the Holy Land.

Followed by their numerous battalions, accompanied by their most powerful vassals, the two kings embarked and met at Messina. The French directed their course toward St. Jean d'Acre, which city, having an excellent port, was equally necessary to the Christians to preserve Tyre and Tripoli, as it was to the Saracens to secure a communication between Egypt and Syria. For more than two years, Guy of Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, had besieged this important place with forces much less numerous than were employed in defending it. With an army increased by torrents of Crusaders, with which the West constantly inundated the East, and the wreck of the army of the Emperor Frederic, Guy ventured to march against Saladin, who was advancing to succor Acre. Never had the Christian legions evinced more ardor: the combat was bloody, but the success doubtful. Each claimed the honor of the victory; but certainly the loss was least on the part of the Crusaders; they resumed the siege, and the besieged continued to defend themselves with the same vigor, when Philip Augustus arrived in the camp. His presence added greatly to the hopes of the besiegers; the walls of Acre were falling fast beneath the attacks of its numerous assailants; the victorious soldiers would speedily have achieved the long-delayed conquest, if the King of the French had not checked their courage out of courtesy for the English monarch: he thus lost the great opportunity of which the infidels made good use; they repaired their breaches; and with the strength of their walls their spirits revived also. At length Richard arrived, dragging in his train, bound in chains of silver, Isaac Comnenus, King, or as he ostentatiously styled himself, Emperor of Cyprus, which island he had conquered during his voyage. A happy harmony presided over the first proceedings of the Kings of France and England, who shared by turns both honor and danger. The army calculated upon seeing Acre yield to the first general assault. When the French monarch attacked the city, Richard mounted the trenches. On the following day the King of England conducted the assault, and Philip in his turn provided for the safety of the besiegers. The emulation which prevailed between the two nations and their kings produced extraordinary acts of valor. Ptolemias saw indeed beneath its walls all the illustrious captains and warriors that Europe could then boast, and that in an age excelling most others in chivalric bravery. The tents of the Franks covered a vast plain, and their army presented a noble aspect. The presence of the two monarchs had re-established discipline, and Acre must soon have surrendered, if discord, that eternal enemy of the Christians, had not entered their camp with Richard.

Conrad of Montferrat, and Guy of Lusignan, both claimed the poor honor of being King of Jerusalem; and the Kings of England and France took opposite sides. Whenever Philip took the field, Richard played Achilles, and remained in his tent. The besieged had never more than one of the monarchs to contend with at a time. Amid their disputes, both monarchs fell dangerously ill; and their hatred and suspicion were so great, that each accused the other with having made an attempt upon his life. As Saladin sent them refreshments and physicians, and as they addressed frequent messages to him, each monarch reproached the other with keeping up an impious understanding with the Saracens.

They, however, began to be convinced that such dissensions jeopardized the safety of the army and the interests of the cause; the Jerusalem monarchy was amicably arranged, and the siege was resumed with fresh vigor. But the besieged had taken advantage of the respite granted to them by the Christian cabals, and had strengthened their fortifications, and the besiegers were astonished at the opposition they met with. Saladin, with a numerous army, was on the heights above Acre, so that the Christians were between the two fires of his forces and the garrison of the city, and whenever the Crusaders attacked Acre, Saladin made a skirmishing dash at their camp. But time must exhaust the resources of a city so strongly beleagured: the walls began to crumble under incessant attacks, and war, famine, and disease weakened the garrison; there were not soldiers enough to defend the walls and

move about the cumbrous machines; the place wanted provisions, munitions of war, and Greek fire. The troops and the people began to murmur about Saladin and the emirs; and the commander of the garrison at length proposed a capitulation to Philip Augustus; but he swore by the God of the Christians that he would not spare a single inhabitant of Ptolemais if the Mussulmans did not restore all the cities that had fallen into their power since the battle of Tiberias.

Irritated by this determination, the chief of the emirs retired, saying that he and his companions would rather bury themselves beneath the ruins of the city than listen to such terms. On his return into the place, he communicated his courage, or rather his despair, to every heart. When the Christians resumed their assaults, they were repulsed with a vigor that astonished them. In one general assault a Florentine knight of the family of Buonaguisi, followed by a few of his men, fought his way into one of the towers of the infidels, and got possession of the Mussulman banner that floated from it. Overpowered by numbers and forced to retreat, he returned to the camp, bearing off the flag he had so heroically won. In the same assault, Alberic Clement, the first marshal of France of whom history makes mention, scaled the ramparts, and, sword in hand, penetrated into the city, where he found a glorious death. Stephen, count of Blois, and several knights were burnt by the Greek fire, the boiling oil, the melted lead, and heated sand which the besieged poured down upon all who approached the walls.

The obstinate ardor of the Mussulmans was sustained during several days; but as they received no succor, many emirs, at length despairing of the safety of Ptolemais, threw themselves by night into a bark, to seek an asylum in the camp of Saladin, preferring to encounter the anger of the sultan to perishing by the swords of the Christians. This desertion, and the contemplation of the ruined towers, filled the Mussulmans with terror. While pigeons and divers constantly announced to Saladin the horrible distresses of the besieged, the latter came to the resolution of leaving the city by night, and braving every peril to join the Saracen army. But their project being discovered by the Christians, they blocked up and guarded every passage by which the enemy could possibly escape. The emirs, the soldiers, and the inhabitants then became convinced that they had no hope but in the mercy of the Christian leaders, and promised, if they would grant them liberty and life, to give up sixteen hundred prisoners, together with the wood of the true cross. By the capitulation, they engaged to pay two hundred byzants of gold, and the garrison, with the entire population, were to remain hostages for the execution of the treaty.

The terms of the capitulation remained unexecuted; Saladin, under various pretexts, deferring the payments. Richard, irritated by a delay which appeared to him a breach of faith, revenged himself upon his prisoners. Without pity for disarmed enemies, or regard for the Christians he exposed to sanguinary reprisals, he massacred five thousand Mussulmans before the city they had so bravely defended.

Such was the conclusion of this famous siege, which lasted nearly three years, in which the Crusaders shed more blood and exhibited more bravery than ought to have suffered for the subjugation of the whole of Asia.

During this siege, six archbishops, twelve bishops, forty earls, five hundred barons, and three hundred thousand Christian soldiers were slain, and the loss on the part of the Saracens, equaled, if it did not exceed, this number.

Second Siege. A.D. 1291.—In the year 1291, it was retaken from the Christians by the Saracens, and of the followers of the cross, sixty thousand were slain. The Saracens rushed into the city, slaying all that came before them, and cruelly murdered a number of nuns, who, to repress the lust of the infidels, had mutilated their faces.

Third Siege, A.D. 1799.—On the 16th day of March, 1799, the French army under Napoleon Bonaparte, appeared before Acre, a town celebrated for its long siege, and the heroic deeds it witnessed in the Holy Wars. It is situated on a peninsula, which enables the besieged to unite all their means of defense on the isthmus which connects it with the mainland. The Pasha of Syria, Kara Yussuf, with all his treasures, arms, and artillery, had shut himself up in Acre, with the determination of making a desperate resistance. Sir Sidney Smith, at that time commander of the English squadron in the bay of Acre, immediately made preparations to assist the Turks in its defense. He had been apprised of its danger by the Pasha of Syria, and he arrived there two days before the appearance of the French army, with the *Tiger* of eighty-four, and *Theseus* of seventy-four guns, and some smaller vessels. On the 14th of March he captured a whole French flotilla, dispatched from Alexandria with the heavy artillery and stores for the siege of the town. The guns taken were immediately mounted on the ramparts of the town, and contributed in a most important manner to the defense of the place, The battering cannon of the French was thus reduced to four bombs, four twelve and eight eight pounders. The French, how-

ever, commenced and continued their operations with great activity. They repulsed a sally of the garrison on the 26th with great vigor, and two days afterward they exploded a mine which they had run under one of the principal towers, and a practicable breach was effected. The grenadiers immediately advanced to the assault. They were arrested, however, by a ditch fifteen feet deep, which was only partially filled by the ruins of the wall. But inflamed by their ardor they sprang into the ditch, mounted to the other side, and entering the breach, they effected a lodgment in the tower. But they were not adequately supported, and the Turks, returning to the charge, succeeded in driving them from that part of the ramparts after a desperate struggle, and great slaughter, back into their own trenches. A second assault was made on the 1st of April, with no better success, and the French general-in-chief determined to await the arrival of the heavy artillery from Damietta. In the mean time the Ottomans on the other side of the Jordan were collecting all their forces, with the intention of coming to the assistance of the besieged city. Napoleon saw the necessity of prompt action to prevent a general concentration of the hostile forces by sea and land against the camp before Acre. He at once marched a portion of his army to join the troops which he had stationed at Nazareth under command of Junot, and completely routed the enemy in the battle of Mount Tabor, after which he returned to the siege of Acre.* The French at length succeeded in adding three twenty-four and six eighteen pounders to their batteries, and they now opened a furious fire upon the tower which had been the scene of such vehement contests. They run mines under the walls, and exhausted all their resources of art to reduce the place, but in vian. The vigor and resolution of the garrison increased with every hour the siege continued. By a desperate effort, on the 6th of May, the French succeeded in effecting a lodgment in the nearly demolished tower, but they were driven back with immense loss, and the Turks regained possession of all their fortifications. For two months had the breach been practicable and the trenches open, but no sensible progress was as yet made in the reduction of the place. On the evening of the 7th of May, a few sails were seen from the tower of Acre, on the furthest verge of the horizon. The French quickly made the same discovery, and both the besiegers and besieged rejoiced in the hope that succor was at hand. The English cruisers in the bay stood out to reconnoiter this unknown fleet, and the hearts of the brave defenders of Acre rejoiced when they beheld the two squadrons unite, and saw the English cross and the Ottoman cresent unite and float from one masthead. Soon a fleet of ninety sail entered the bay with seven thousand men, and abundance of artillery and ammunition from Rhodes. Napoleon, calculating that this reinforcement could not be disembarked for at least six hours, resolved to anticipate its arrival by an assault during the night. At ten o'clock that night the division of Bon drove the enemy from the exterior works. The artillery approached the counterscarp and battered the curtain. At daybreak another breach in the rampart was declared practicable, and an assault ordered. Lannes's division renewed the attack on the tower, while General Rambaud led the column to the new breach. Bravely marched on the grenadiers; they made their way through all opposition to the summit of the rampart, and the morning sun fell upon the French banner floating from the tower. The fire of the place was now sensibly slackened. The French intrenched themselves in the lodgments they had formed, with sandbags and with the corpses of the slain. And over this bloody parapet could be seen their bristling baynots gleaming in the light. Although the troops in the roads were embarked in boats, still several hours must elapse before they could arrive to the assistance of the besieged. In this extremity Sir Sidney Smith landed the crews of the ships and led them, armed with pikes, to the breach. This sight reanimated the courage of the besieged; they mounted the long-disputed tower amid shouts from the heroes who still defended it, and they hurled down huge stones upon their assailants—the French, at half pistol shot, fired at them; muzzle touched muzzle; standards clashed together, and in a bloody hand to hand struggle they contested for victory. The French at length gave way before the united strength of the British and the Mussulmans. The grenadiers were driven from the tower, and a body of Turks rushed through the gates, attacked them in flank, and drove them across the ditch with great loss. The French division under Rambaud, however, was more successful. The soldiers reached the summit of the rampart, and, leaping down into the tower, attained the very garden of the pasha's seraglio. But suddenly Sir Sidney Smith, at the head of a regiment of janizaries, disciplined to the European method, rushed to the spot. A tremendous fire was opened upon the French from the housetops and the barricades which surrounded the seraglio; and at length the assailants were cut off from the breach at which they had entered, and driven into a neighboring mosque, where their lives were spared by the inter-

* See battle of Mount Tabor.

cession of Sir Sidney Smith. In this bloody affair the loss of lives was very great on both sides. Rambaud was killed, and Lannes severely wounded. But Napoleon was not dismayed by this disaster. He resolved to make a last effort with the division of Kleber, which had been hastily recalled from its advanced post on the Jordan. On the morning of the 10th May, he advanced to the breach, in person, and seeing that it was greatly enlarged by the fire of the preceding days, he ordered a new assault. Again was the summit of the ruined wall attained; but the French were there arrested by the murderous fire which issued from the barricades and intrenchments with which the garrison had strengthened the interior of the tower. Kleber's division arrived in the evening, and, proud of their triumph at Mount Tabor, they demanded to be led to the assault. "If St. Jean d'Acre is not taken this evening," said one of the colonels, as he was marching at the head of his regiment to the assault, "be assured Vernor is slain." He kept his word: the fortress held out, but Vernor lay dead at the foot of the walls. A little before sunset a dark massy column issued from the trenches, and solemnly and firmly marched to the breach. They ascended unmolested to the summit, they descended uninjured into the pasha's garden, but when they had reached that point, they were assailed with irresistible fury by a body of the janizaries, who, with the saber in one hand and the dagger in the other, speedily reduced the whole column to headless trunks. In vain other columns, and even the Guides of Napoleon, his last reserve, advanced to the attack; they were repulsed with dreadful loss. Among the killed in this last encounter was General Bon; Crosier, aide-de-camp to the general-in-chief, and a large proportion of his staff were wounded. Napoleon now despaired of success, and preparations were made for a retreat. A proclamation was issued to the troops, announcing that their return was required to withstand a descent which was threatened from the isle of Rhodes, and on the 20th of May, for the first time in his life, Napoleon ordered a retreat.

Fourth Siege, A.D. 1840.—On the 3d of November, 1840, the city of Acre was bombarded by the British fleet under Admiral Sir Robert Stafford. The cannonading began from the ships and vessels at 2 P. M.; and endured three hours. The town was completely demolished, and the fortifications damaged so materially that the Egyptians evacuated the place during the night. During the cannonade, about 4 o'clock of the third, a large powder magazine in the city exploded with a tremendous concussion. Many lives were lost by this explosion. The entire British force employed on this occasion, consisted of about three thousand men. The Egyptians numbered at least 5,000. The British lost only fifty-nine men killed and wounded; while the Egyptian loss was two thousand men killed and wounded and three thousand made prisoners.

ADDA, B.C. 223.—In this year the Roman consuls, Flaminius and Furius entered the country of the Insubrians, at that portion of it where the river Adda empties into the Po. It was the first time that the Romans ever passed this river, and they were so roughly handled in their passage, by the Insubrians, that they made a treaty with them and quitted their country.

ADDA, A.D. 1799.—The Adda is a rapid stream in Italy, which, descending from the lake of Lecco, runs in a deep and swift torrent, over a surface of twenty-four leagues to the Po. The right bank is in almost all places higher than the left; and the bridges at Lecco, Cassano, Lodi, and Pizzighitone, are defended either by fortified towns or *têtes-du-pont*. On the 25th of April, 1799, the allied forces of Austria and Russia, approached the French army which had retired to the line of the Adda. A sharp skirmish ensued between the Russians, under Prince Bagrathaor, and the French, before the walls of Lecco, resulting in the defeat of the former. Suwarroff, the Russian marshal, now prepared to force the passage of the Adda. To frustrate this intention, General Moreau, commander of the French army, accumulated his troops in masses on that part of the river, which seemed chiefly threatened. But while entirely engaged in this design the Austrian division succeeded in throwing over a bridge during the night at Trezzo, and before morning his whole troop had crossed over to the right; while, at the same time, Wukassowich surprised the passage at Brivio. The French line was thus divided into three parts. General Serrurier's division, eight thousand strong, was not only cut off from all support, but even from receiving any orders from the remainder of the army. The divisions of Ott and Zoph commenced a furious attack on the French under Greneir. The French met the assault with the utmost bravery; but the overwhelming force of the enemy gradually drove them back toward Milan, leaving a bloody track of corpses behind them. In this affair they lost two thousand four hundred men, including eleven hundred prisoners. Serrurier's division, whose communication with the balance of the French army, was entirely cut off by the passage of Wukassowich at Brivio, established itself in a strong position at Verderio and the brave general determined to defend himself to the last extremity. General Gril-

let's brigade escaped destruction by embarking on the lake of Como and steering for Menagio. Serrurier's division was soon surrounded on all sides by the allies; his retreat was cut off, and his division threatened with destruction, for the enemy's force was three times stronger in numbers than his own. At length after an obstinate, but vain resistance, he laid down his arms, and surrendered, delivering into the hands of the enemy seven thousand men as prisoners of war. In the mean time General Melas carried the *tête-du-pont* at Cassano, and pursued the fugitives as far as Gorgonzelo, on the road to Milan. In these engagements the French lost eleven thousand men, and unable to meet the great army of the allies, sixty thousand strong, which was advancing in pursuit, they abandoned Milan, and withdrew behind the Tessino.

ADRIANOPLE, A.D. 323.—This celebrated city of Turkey in Europe, is situated on the Marizar, anciently called Hebrus, where that river is formed by the Toonza and the Arda, 134 miles north-west from Constantinople. It is beautifully located in one of the richest and finest plains in the world, on the sides and base of a low hill, and, when viewed at a distance, presents a magnificent appearance. In early times it was the capital of the Bessi, a people of Thrace.

In the year 323, Constantine gathered together his forces at Thessalonia, for the purpose of wresting all power from the hands of Licinius. The Roman world was now divided between Constantine and Licinius, the former of whom was master of the West, and the latter of the East. Constantine's army consisted of 120,000 horse and foot. His legions were levied in the warlike provinces of Europe: action had confirmed their discipline, and victory had elevated their hopes. The naval preparations of Constantine were in every respect inferior to those of Licinius. Licinius, although old and feeble, called forth a spirit which animated all those around him, and prepared himself for the contest; collecting the forces of the East, and filling the plains of Adrianople with his troops, and the straits of the Hellespont with his fleet. This army consisted of 150,000 foot and 15,000 horse; but it contained fewer soldiers, though more men, than that of Constantine. His fleet consisted of 350 galleys of three banks of oars. The fleet of Constantine consisted of only 200 small vessels. Licinius awaited the approach of his rival in a camp near Adrianople, which he had fortified with an anxious care, that betrayed his apprehension of the event. Constantine directed his march from Thessalonia, toward that part of Thrace, till he found himself stopped by the broad and rapid stream of the Hebrus, and discovered the numerous army of Licinius, which filled the steep ascent of the hill from the river to the city of Adrianople. Many days were spent in doubtful and distant skirmishes; but at length the obstacles of the passage and of the attack were removed by the intrepid conduct of Constantine. We are assured that the valiant emperor threw himself into the river Hebrus, accompanied only by twelve horsemen, and that by the effort or terror of his invincible arm, he broke, slaughtered, and put to flight a host of 150,000 men. The credulity of Zozimus prevailed so strongly over his passion, that, among the events of the memorable battle of Adrianople, he seems to have selected and embellished, not the most important, but the most marvelous. The valor and danger of Constantine are attested by a slight wound which he received in the thigh; but it may be discovered even from an imperfect narration, and, perhaps, a corrupted text, that the victory was obtained no less by the conduct of the general than by the courage of the hero; that a body of 5,000 archers marched round to occupy the thick wood in the rear of the enemy, whose attention was divided by the construction of a bridge; and that Licinius, perplexed by so many artful evolutions, was reluctantly drawn from his advantageous post, to combat on equal ground in the plain. The contest was no longer equal. His confused multitude of new levies was easily vanquished by the experienced veterans of the West; 34,000 men are reported to have been slain. The fortified camp of Licinius was taken by assault the evening of the battle; the greater part of the fugitives, who had returned to the mountains, surrendered themselves the next day to the discretion of the conqueror; and his rival, who could no longer keep the field, retired to Byzantium, and confined himself within its walls. Constantine immediately undertook the siege of Byzantium.—*Gibbon.*

AGRA, A.D. 1803.—Agra is a city of Hindostan, and the capital of the province and district of Agra. It is built on the south-west bank of the river Jumna, and is distant from Calcutta 950 miles, and from Bombay 850. After the capture of the city of Delhi, the ancient capital of Hindostan, by the British under General Lake, the Mahratta forces retired toward Agra. Thither they were speedily followed by General Lake, and on the 10th October, 1803, he came within sight of their army, which was posted in a strong position intersected by ravines, in the front of the city. He immediately attacked them; and the Sepoys, under Lieutenant Colonel Gerard, succeeded in dislodging them after some se-

vere fighting. Following up his advantage, Lake ordered up fresh troops, who pursued the enemy over the glacis, and entered the city with the fugitives. But as the garrison still held out, it was necessary to besiege the ramparts in form. On the 12th October, two thousand five hundred of the enemy came over, and entered the British service. On the 15th the breaching batteries were finished, and commenced a heavy fire on the ramparts, the garrison of which, amounting to 6,000 men, finding the breach practicable, on the morning of the 17th surrendered at discretion.

By these decisive means, the last stronghold of the enemy fell into the hands of the British. The results of this victory were immense. One hundred and sixty pieces of brass and iron cannon were taken, besides all their ammunition and military stores.

AGRIGENTUM, B.C. 409.—Ambition and thirst of plunder having led the Carthaginians into Sicily, their general opened the campaign by laying siege to Agrigentum, an opulent and well-fortified city. In order to construct terraces and causeways, the besiegers destroyed the tombs which environed the city, which sacrilege cost both parties very dear, for the effluvia which escaped the violated graves bred a most destructive pestilence. Thousands of soldiers were carried off daily, and, among them, Hannibal, the general of the Carthaginians, fell an early victim to the disease. We need not remind our readers that this was not the great Hannibal. The multitude beheld, in this affliction, a punishment from the gods for the profanation of the ashes of the dead. To render them again propitious, prayers and offerings were made, and even a young child was sacrificed to Saturn. Notwithstanding these pious vows, famine, a no less redoubtable scourge, was added to the calamities of the besieged, who, without hope, and without resources, began to speak of surrendering. The Carthaginians refused to make any terms with them. Only one resource was left to the unfortunate Agrigentines; that of abandoning their city and taking refuge in the neighboring states. They must either leave their aged and sick to the mercy of a barbarous enemy, or remain and perish all together. Necessity prevailed over humanity; never was exhibited a stronger scene of desolation than of the Agrigentines, so recently happy and wealthy, departing forever from their homes, abandoning their sick or aged relations, their property, and all they held dear. In their misfortunes they received a friendly welcome from their neighbors, the inhabitants of Gela, whilst the cruel Carthaginians pillaged the city, and massacred every inhabitant who had been left behind.

SECOND SIEGE, B.C. 262.—In 262, B.C., the Romans laid siege to the city of Agrigentum. The Carthaginians had foreseen that the Romans, emboldened by the assistance which they should have from Hiero, would probably attack Agrigentum. They had, therefore, chosen it as their place of arms, and had strongly fortified it. The Romans encamped within a mile from Agrigentum, and compelled the enemy to shut themselves up within the walls of the city. As it was evident that the siege was to be of long continuance, the Roman soldiers dispersed themselves for the purpose of cutting and bringing in grain, which was now ripe. While thus separated, the Carthaginians suddenly fell upon them; the Roman foragers could not sustain such an attack, and were put to flight. The Carthaginians advanced to the Roman camp, and, dividing their troops into two bodies, the one commenced to pull up the palisades, whilst the other attacked the guards posted there for the defense of the camp. But, although the Carthaginians far outnumbered the Romans, the latter sustained the charge with the greatest bravery and resolution, for they knew that to desert their posts, was death by the laws of Rome. Aid soon arrived, and the Carthaginians were driven back with great slaughter.

This action rendered the Carthaginians less disposed to make sallies, and caused the Romans to be more cautious in their foraging. The siege continued without a decided movement on either side for nearly five months. But the Carthaginians, meanwhile, suffered greatly. At least fifty thousand individuals were shut up within the city, and they had consumed nearly all their provisions. Hannibal, the commander of the Carthaginian forces, sent courier after courier for aid and provisions, and at length Hanno, a Carthaginian general, arrived in Italy with fifty thousand foot, six thousand horses, and sixty elephants. Erbessus was placed in his hands by the inhabitants, and thus the Romans, also, became in want of provisions, as all their convoys were obliged to pass through that city. They were at length reduced almost to the last extremity, and Hanno, being informed that the Romans were greatly afflicted both by famine and disease, and seeing that his own troops were in good condition, marched with his whole army, and fifty elephants, toward the encampment of the Romans. He sent in advance of his army a body of Numidian cavalry, that they might draw the Romans from the camp before they learned the full extent of his army. As he expected, no sooner did the Roman cavalry see the Numidians approach than they charged upon them. The Numidians fled precipitately toward the spot from whence Hanno was

advancing. The Romans hotly pursued them, and rushed directly into the trap which Hanno had laid for them. They were surrounded by Carthaginians, and a great number, unable to escape, died fighting to the last. The main body of the Romans were discouraged by the fate of their cavalry and Hanno was somewhat intimidated by the boldness so strongly evinced by the Romans, and although the two armies were so near each other, no important action was taken within two months. At length the Roman consuls were apprised by Hanno that he had appointed a time for the battle. They remained silent. Hanno now offered them battle with more haughtiness, reproaching them with their abject timidity. The Romans contented themselves with defending their camp. At last, one day, Hanno as usual attacked the intrenchments, and the Romans, according to custom, marched out only to repulse him. But when Hanno's troops, fatigued and harassed by a continual round of skirmishes from six in the morning till noon, were retiring, the Roman consul charged upon them with all his legions. Hanno's men, although surprised, fought with desperate valor; but they were equally matched with the Romans, who had come into the field fresh from repose. The mercenary soldiers of the first line of the Carthaginian army, first began to waver. They not only abandoned their posts, but throwing themselves into the midst of the elephants, and upon the second line, disordered all the ranks, and in a few moments the whole army was flying. Hannibal also made a sally from the city; but he was repulsed by the Romans with great loss. The Carthaginian camp was taken; thirty elephants were killed, three were wounded, and eleven fell into the hands of the Romans. The Carthaginian soldiers were either cut to pieces or dispersed, a few only escaped with their general to Heraclea. The Romans gave themselves up to the joy of their victory, and Hannibal, hoping to take advantage of their fatigue and neglect, at night quitted the city. He was pursued, however, the next morning by the Romans; but he had accomplished such a distance that only his rear guard was overtaken. The inhabitants of Agrigentum seeing themselves abandoned by the Carthaginians, slew many of those who remained in the city, either to avenge themselves on the authors of their miseries, or to win the favor of their conquerors. But they fared no better on that account; twenty-five thousand men of them being made slaves. Thus, after a siege of five months, Agrigentum was taken by the Romans, and a great number of other places surrendered themselves, in consequence, to the victors.

Some years afterward the Carthaginians retook Agrigentum in a few days, and completely razed it to the ground. It was afterward rebuilt, however, and is now called Gergenti.

AI, B.C. 1451.—Ai was a small city about twelve miles from Jericho; and Joshua, who considered it weak and illy defended, endeavored to capture it with only a detachment of 3,000 men. But the Israelites were totally defeated, and driven back into their own encampment. A crime had been committed, and, until the offender was punished, God withheld his protection. Achan, a man of the tribe of Judah, had, against the strict injunction of Joshua, secured and appropriated to himself, at the sacking of Jericho, a rich Babylonish garment, with two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight. The culprit, after being discovered, was taken to a valley, with his family, his cattle, and his tent, and all his newly-acquired treasure. The goods were burned, and the culprit and his family were stoned to death. Now, a second attempt was made against Ai, with divine aid. After planting an ambuscade on the western side of the town, the main body of the army advanced on the northern. The King of Ai, at the head of his troops, immediately marched out to meet them; the Israelites feigned to retreat until they had drawn the enemy some distance from the town. Then, the 30,000 men who constituted the ambuscade, sallied forth, and entered the city. They instantly applied the torch, and soon the city was enveloped in flames. Now, Joshua, at the head of the main body of the army, turned upon the enemy, who, unable to contend against them, turned and fled. The Israelites, pursuing, cut them down, and not a man escaped. Every man, woman, and child was given to the sword, and the King of Ai was hung, and his body, after hanging until sundown, was buried at one of the gates, beneath a pile of stones.

AIGUEBELLE, A.D. 1742.—Near this place, which is situated on the left bank of the Arc in Savoy, a battle was fought, in 1742, between the troops of the King of Savoy and the allied armies of France and Spain, which resulted in the defeat of the former.

AIGUILLON, A.D. 1345.—The fortress of Aiguillon, a town of France, at the junction of the Lot with the Garrone, was garrisoned by the English in 1345, who resisted an attack from a numerous French army in that year.

ALBUERA, A.D. 1811.—The battle of Albuera was a bloody battle: 15,000 men were slain in four hours. Of these, 8,000 were Frenchmen, and 7,000 English. On the 16th day of May, 1811, the French forces, amounting to 20,000 men, under com-

mand of Soult, advanced on the English and Spanish army, under Beresford, who occupied the heights before Albuera, and then followed the most terrible battle of the Peninsular War. The French army, in solid columns, steadily moved over the field, and firmly ascended the heights. The artillery of the enemy poured forth their messengers of death upon these columns with fatal effect. The French returned the fire with equally terrible precision, and continued steadily to advance, vomiting fire and death upon their enemies as they proceeded. They gained the heights occupied by the Spanish. The English rushed to retake and maintain these heights; but the French crowded upon them with the bayonet, and drove them from the contested ground with great slaughter. The third brigade of the English army, which thus far had been unemployed, now came to the rescue; but the havoc committed by Soult's artillery upon the British ranks held them in check, and victory seemed to be within the grasp of the French. But now came on, like a whirlwind, the gallant British brigade, the Fusiliers. Soult's cannon still spat forth death upon the English ranks, and the French infantry showered *mitrailles* in murderous succession upon them. Up came the Fusiliers, they dashed against the opposing ranks of the French, and, with the force of a hurricane, they bore onward through all opposition. The French line faltered, they gave way, they broke, and, in disorder, flew rapidly down the hill. The Fusiliers pursued, and, with triumphant shouts, battled with the few who still desperately endeavored to oppose them; until all resistance was overthrown by the death of the gallant resisters, and the English stood, proud conquerors, on the heights. The following extract from the "Reminiscences of a Subaltern," vividly depicts the horrors of the battle: "About 6 o'clock, A.M., we came in sight of our troops on the field of battle, at Albuera; the French were discerned near a wood about a mile and a half in their front. We now advanced in subdivisions, at double distances, to make our number as formidable as possible, and, arriving on the field, piled our arms, and were permitted to move about. With awful astonishment we gazed on the terrific scene before us. * * * Before us lay the appalling sight of 6,000 men dead, and mostly stark naked, having, as we were informed, been stripped during the night by the Spaniards; their bodies disfigured with dirt and clotted with blood, and torn by the deadly gashes inflicted by the bullet, bayonet, sword, or lance, that had terminated their mortal existence."

ALCANIZ, A.D. 1809.—Alcaniz, a town of Spain, in the province of Ternel, in Arragon, is built on the side of a hill, on the right bank of the river Guadaloupe.

On the 23d of May, 1809, Blake, who commanded the Spanish forces, occupied this town with 12,000 men. General Suchet, who had been recently appointed by Napoleon to the command of the French in Arragon, determined to march against him. His troops consisted of 8,000 infantry, and 700 horse, but the superior quality and discipline of these troops, gave him hopes of an easy victory.

Suchet commenced the action by directing an attack of 3,000 of his best men against the center of the Spanish line which rested on the Mount of Las Horcas. These men boldly advanced, but they were steadily repulsed by Blake's infantry and artillery; against the fire of which they found it impossible to advance. The French troops were greatly discouraged by this check, and Suchet, who was apprehensive of greater disasters, had he continued the action, gave orders for his troops to withdraw, after a short combat. Such was the disorder which prevailed among them, that although they were not pursued, they were, by a false alarm, thrown into confusion, and fled, as if routed, to Semper.

In this action, Suchet lost nearly 1,000 men, while the Spaniards were only weakened by the loss of 300.

ALEXANDRIA, B.C. 46.—This celebrated city derives its name from Alexander the Great, by whom it was either founded, or raised from obscurity, 332 years B.C. Alexandria is situated on the ridge of land between the sea and the bed of the old Lake Mareotis, about 14 miles W. S. W. of the Canopic, or most westerly mouth of the Nile, in Egypt. The two main branches of the Nile are to the east of Alexandria—the first in this direction being that on which is placed Rosetta, and that still further east being that on which Damietta is situated. Between Alexandria and Rosetta is Aboukir Bay.

B.C. 46.—After having defeated Pompey, Cæsar entered Alexandria, to endeavor to regulate the affairs of Egypt, then embroiled by the ambition of Cleopatra. During his abode there, Achilles, minister of King Ptolemy, disgusted at his proceedings, raised an army of 20,000 disciplined Egyptian troops, and offered battle to the great dictator. Cæsar had only 3,000 thousand foot and 8,000 horse. Without giving a moment's consideration to his weakness, and relying entirely on his constant good fortune, he made a sortie from Alexandria, where the Egyptians besieged him, and drove them to a distance from the walls. He fought several battles with the same results, but, weakened in the end by his own successes,—for, though victorious, he in each conflict necessarily lost some men,—

he ceased to be the conqueror. It was in the course of this war that the celebrated Alexandrian library was burnt, the collecting of which had been the work of many kings, and consisted of more than four hundred thousand volumes. It was likewise after a contest in which he had been worsted, that he had to swim for his life, which he did with one hand, holding, it is said, his "Commentaries" in the other. Cæsar did not escape the fascinations of Cleopatra: as she did by all who came within the circle of her machinations, she made him subservient to her ambitious views. She had one son by him, named Cæsarion, afterward sacrificed to the jealousy of Augustus. After passing through many dangers, he received succor, and was triumphant; he defeated the Egyptians, under their king Ptolemy Bacchus, who drowned himself in the Nile.

In the year A.D. 213, Caracalla, the cruel Emperor of Rome, in the midst of peace, and upon the slightest provocation, issued his command for a general massacre at Alexandria. From a secure post he viewed and directed the slaughter of many thousand citizens as well as strangers, without distinguishing either the number or the crime of the sufferers; since, as he coolly informed the Roman senate, *all* the Alexandrians, those who had perished, and those who had escaped, were alike guilty.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 260.—Under Gallus, Alexandria, whose population amounted to 300,000 freemen, and as many slaves, became the theater of a frightful civil war, which lasted twelve years. All communication was cut off between the different parts of that unfortunate city; every street was inundated with blood; the major part of the better sort of houses were converted into citadels, and these horrible disorders were not appeased till after most of the inhabitants had perished by the sword, pestilence, or famine.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 296.—In the year 296, Alexandria was besieged by Diocletian, Emperor of Rome. He cut off the aqueducts which conveyed the waters of the Nile into every quarter of that immense city, and rendering his camp impregnable to the sallies of the besieged multitude, he pushed his reiterated attacks with caution and vigor. After a siege of eight months, Alexandria, wasted by the sword, and by fire, implored the clemency of the conqueror, but it experienced the full extent of his severity. Many thousands of the citizens perished in a promiscuous slaughter, and there were few obnoxious persons in Egypt who escaped a sentence of death, or at least of exile.

Ancient Alexandria must have been far different from the Alexandria of the present day. According to Pliny, it contained a population of 300,000 individuals. Much of its grandeur perished when, in the year 389, the Emperor Theodosius ordered all the heathen temples throughout the Roman dominions to be destroyed. But there yet remained a magnificent library of several hundred thousand volumes, including all the Greek and Latin literature, of which we now only possess fragments.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 611.—Chosroës, eleventh King of Persia, after having conquered Syria, Palestine, and the greater part of Asia, attacked Egypt, surprised Pelusium, and advanced as far as Alexandria without obstacle. The city might certainly have been supported by its fleet, but the archbishop and prefect had employed all the vessels in carrying themselves and their enormous wealth to a place of safety in the isle of Cyprus. Chosroës entered this second city of the Greek empire in triumph, and found in it almost incalculable riches. Heraclius sued for peace, which Chosroës granted, but only with a view of preparing for a fresh war. This recommenced in 627. The haughty Chosroës was conquered; his own son caused him to be killed, and restored to the Emperor Heraclius all his father's conquests. Thus Egypt returned, but for a very short time, under the Roman domination.

FIFTH SIEGE, A.D. 640.—Mahomet, who was destined to subdue, by his arms and his religion, half the globe as then known, had made himself master of Arabia. His successors thought it their duty to extend his opinions and his conquests. Amrou, the lieutenant of the Caliph Omar, took possession of Palestine, and entered Egypt. He employed thirty days in the siege of Pelusium, and then advanced to the ruins of Heliopolis. Thence he proceeded to ancient Memphis, called the Widow of her Kings, after she was eclipsed by her rival Alexandria: her palaces and temples were sinking into ruins. The two banks of the Nile, here three thousand feet wide, were united by two bridges of sixty-three boats, connected by the little isle of Ronda, standing in the middle of the river, and covered with gardens and delightful habitations. At the eastern extremity of the bridge was the city of Babylon, and the camp of a Roman legion defended the passage of the river and the second city of Egypt. Amrou laid siege to this fortress, which might be considered as a part of Memphis. After a siege of seven months the place was carried by assault. The Greeks, on retiring from Upper Egypt, occupied all the important places of the Delta, but were driven out of them in twenty-two days by Amrou. At length Amrou commenced the siege of Alexandria. This first commercial city in the world was abundantly supplied with all the means of defense and subsistence: the sea was

always open to it. If Heraclius could have been roused from his lethargy, considerable reinforcements might have been sent to support the besieged. Alexandria itself furnished excellent means of defense; the two great sides of the long square which it forms being covered by the sea and the lake Mareotis, the fronts of attack were narrow, and easily defended. Amrou, however, never ceased to excite the courage of the besiegers by sending them fresh reinforcements daily. The Moslems had carried their war into Egypt, with the determination to exterminate all vestiges of the Christian religion. The Saracens fought with the courage of lions: they repulsed the frequent and almost daily sallies of the besieged, and soon, in their turn, assaulted the walls and towers of the city. Alexandria was abundantly provided with the means of subsistence and defense. The numerous inhabitants fought for the dearest of human rights, religion and property. But the Moslems, animated by the cause for which they contested, the spread of their beloved religion, and by their hatred of the Christians, fought with a desperate valor, which at length conquered. In every attack, the sword, the banner of Amrou, glittered in the van of the Moslems. On a memorable day he was betrayed by his imprudent valor: his followers, who had entered the citadel, were driven back, and the general, with a friend and a slave, remained a prisoner in the hands of the Christians. When Amrou was conducted before the prefect, he remembered his dignity, and forgot his situation: a lofty demeanor, and resolute language, revealed the lieutenant of the caliph, and the battle-axe of a soldier was raised to strike off the head of the audacious captive. His life was saved by the readiness of his slave, who instantly gave his master a blow on the face, and commanded him, with an angry tone, to be silent in the presence of his superiors. The credulous Greek was deceived: he listened to the offer of a treaty, and his prisoners were dismissed, in the hope of a more respectable embassy, till the joyful acclamations of the camp announced the return of their general, and insulted the folly of the Christians. At length, after a siege of fourteen months, and the loss of 23,000 men, the Saracens prevailed; the Greeks embarked their dispirited and diminished numbers, and the standard of Mahomet was planted on the walls of the capital of Egypt. The conquerors were astonished by the greatness of the prize; and Amrou, in acquainting the caliph with its capture, said: "We have taken the great city of the West. It is impossible for me to enumerate the variety of its riches and beauty; and I shall content myself with observing, that it contains 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 400 theaters, or places of amusement, 12,000 shops for the sale of vegetable food, and 40,000 tributary Jews. The town has been subdued by force of arms, without treaty or capitulation." It was on this occasion that the famous library is said to have been destroyed, conformable to the fanatical decision of the caliph, that "if the writings of the Greeks agreed with the word of God, they were useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagreed, they were pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." This barbarous judgment being carried into effect, the books and manuscripts were distributed among the 4,000 baths belonging to the city; and so prodigious was their number, that six months are said to have been required for the consumption of this precious fuel! Such is the tale which has so often aroused the pious indignation of every scholar, and admirer of the learning and genius of antiquity. Gibbon denies both the fact and the consequences, because the whole occurrence rests on the solitary statement of Abulpharogius; but, since Gibbon's time, several new authorities have been adduced to support the authoritiy of Abulpharogius. The fact of the burning of the library by the command of Omar, is considered by many of the Oriental scholars, beyond question.

Sixth Siege, A.D. 645.—Alexandria was tranquil under the government of its conqueror, but after the death of Omar, Amrou was recalled. The Greek emperors feeling keenly the loss of Egypt, took advantage of this circumstance to make a descent upon its coasts. At the sight of their ancient compatriots, the Alexandrians rose, took up arms, drove out the infidels, and opened their gates to the Greeks. Amrou, being informed of this revolt, returned from Libya, chastised Alexandria, and drove the Christians from its walls. Persuaded that such an example would be sufficient to restrain the Egyptians, he again set out for Tripoli; but the Greeks returned once more, and took possession of the port and the city of Alexandria. Amrou, exceedingly irritated, came back; but he had sworn, this time, to dismantle this indocile city. He kept his word; he protected the Alexandrians as much as he could from the fury of the soldiery; but he razed the walls, diminished its extent, and left the inhabitants to exist amid the ruins of their country.

Seventh Siege, A.D. 1171.—Egypt belonged for three centuries to the Fatimite caliphs; but this race degenerated: divided among themselves for the possession of power, one of its two branches had the imprudence to call in the Sultan of Damascus to its aid. After several battles, the latter was the conqueror, but he kept his conquest for himself. Saladin, his son, became, in 1171, Sultan of Egypt.

The descendants of this great man were, in their turn, displaced by the Mamelukes and their beys, a singular kind of militia, continually recruited by slaves from Mount Caucasus; themselves choosing their sultans, as the Prætorian Guards had done, and, like them, disposing of power. Egypt was conquered by the Ottomans. Selim I. contented himself with weakening, for the time, the influence of the Mamelukes; but, always ambitious, they resumed, by degrees, their authority under his weak successors, and only left the Ottoman Porte a shadow of power in the provinces over which they tyrannized.

Eighth Siege, A.D. 1798.—Napoleon, immediately after landing in Egypt, advanced, at the head of 5,000 men, toward Alexandria. The shouts from the ramparts, and the discharge of some pieces of artillery, left no doubt as to the hostile intentions of the Mamelukes; an assault was immediately ordered, and in a short time the French grenadiers reached the top of the walls. Kleber was struck by a ball on the head, and Menou thrown down from the top of the rampart to the bottom; but the ardor of the French soldiers overcame every resistance: and the negligence of the Turks having left one of the principal gates open during the assault, the defenders of the wall were speedily beaten in rear by those who rushed in at the entrance, and fled in confusion into the interior of the city. Shortly afterward, Napoleon issued a proclamation to the Egyptians, with the endeavor to conciliate them, and then, at the head of his army, commenced his march through the country toward Cairo.

ALEXANDRIA, battle of, A.D. 1801.—On the morning of the 21st of March, 1801, two magnificent armies were drawn up in battle array, within sight of the city of Alexandria. French valor and English courage were about to meet and strive for the supremacy. The French army consisted of 11,000 men, of whom 1,400 were cavalry, with 46 pieces of cannon. The French troops were posted along a high ridge of hills which extended from the sea to the canals of Alexandria. In the rear of the left wing of the French army stood Fort Caffarelli, and in the center arose Fort Cretin. The position occupied by the British was by nature strong; their right wing advanced before the rest of the line nearly a quarter of a mile on high ground, and extended to the large and magnificent ruins of a Roman palace, within fifty yards of the sea; their left rested on the Lake Maadieh; the intervening space, about a mile in breadth, consisted of a succession of low sand-hills. In front of the position was a level sandy surface, which commenced before the left, and extended as far as the French lines. On this plain cavalry could act; but as they approached the British videttes, they found the ground strewed with large stones, the remains of Roman edifices which formerly had covered all that part of the shore. Gun-boats in the sea and the lake, protected each flank; on the left, in front of the lines occupied by the troops, was a redoubt, mounted by twelve pieces of cannon; two were placed on the ruins of the Roman palace, and, in the center, slight works were thrown up, to aid the fire of the musketry. In this position, the English army, consisting of 11,500 men, with thirty-six pieces of cannon, awaited the attack of the enemy. The morning was gloomy and sad. A mist covered the entire plain. Both armies were buried in the obscurity of the fog. Suddenly, the report of a musket, followed by two cannon shots, was heard on the right wing of the French army; the English officers, thinking the attack was to commence there, galloped hurriedly in that direction, when a sharp rattle broke out on the left wing of the enemy, which, with the loud shouts that followed, too surely announced that the attack had commenced in that quarter. The French, under Lanusse, in great force, were advancing against the Roman ruins, where the 58th and 23d British regiments were posted. The English no sooner saw the glazed caps of the republicans emerging through the mist, than they poured a fire, by platoons, upon them, and the French were compelled to swerve to the left. In this movement the gallant French general, Lanusse, received a mortal wound. His division was so disconcerted by this event, and the fire of the English, that they broke, and fled in confusion behind the sand-hills. But, at this instant, General Rampon advanced at the head of a fresh column, 2,000 strong, and, joining the broken remains of Lanusse's division, renewed the attack with greater force, and succeeded in turning the Roman ruins, so as to take the troops which defended them, both in front and flank. Sir Ralph Abercromby, the English general, immediately advanced, with the 42d and 28th regiments, from the second line, to the support of the menaced wing; but soon after it arrived in the fire, the first of these corps was suddenly charged in flank by the republican cavalry. Notwithstanding this, the brave Highlanders formed in little knots, and, standing back to back, resisted the cavalry when they endeavored to cut them down. The 28th regiment was maintaining a severe action in front, when they were startled by hearing French voices behind their line; the rear rank had just time to face about when it was assailed by a volley from a French regiment which had got round, under cover of the mist; and these gallant troops, without

flinching, stood back to back, and maintained this extraordinary contest for a considerable time. But this bold irruption of the French soon exposed them to the same dangers with which they had threatened the English. The British reserve advanced, and threw in a well-directed fire upon the attacking column; the French, in their turn, were assailed at once in front and flank. They fought with the utmost courage; but, overwhelmed with numbers, they retired into the ruins, where a battalion which, by their great bravery and success in the Italian wars, had acquired the name of the Invincibles, were obliged to lay down their arms, after having fought with astonishing intrepidity, and losing more than two thirds of their men. The French cavalry, now having lost half their force by the close and murderous fire of the English infantry, prepared to cut their way back to their own lines. For this purpose they charged the English reserve with the utmost fury; but the English, opening their ranks, allowed the French squadrons to sweep through. Then, instantly closing their ranks again, they wheeled about and poured so deadly a fire upon the disordered horsemen, that they almost all, with their commander, Roize, perished on the spot. The remnant, both foot and horse, of the force which had made this formidable attack, escaped, and regained the French position. The defeat of this desperate attack terminated the operations of this day. The right wing of the French army confined itself to a distant cannonade on the left of the English. The French made a desperate attack on the center of the English, but were repulsed by a close and destructive fire. At length the French commander, Menou, finding all his efforts unsuccessful, ordered a general retreat, which was effected in the best order, to the heights of Nicopolis, on his rear, under cover of the cannon placed on that formidable position. The English loss, on this occasion, amounted to 1,500, killed and wounded. Sir Ralph Abercromby, the English general, received a mortal wound in the early part of the day. He died a few days after the battle. The French lost 2,000, killed and wounded. The battle of Alexandria decided the fate of Napoleon's expedition into Egypt.

ALESSANDRIA, A.D. 1799.—The battle of Alessandria occurred on the 17th of May, 1799, between the Austro-Russian army, under Suwarrow, and the French under Moreau. The French were defeated, losing 4,000 men. Alessandria is an important town of the Sardinian states, on the Tanaro, near where that river is joined by the Bormida. The French took possession of Alessandria in the year 1798; but lost it by their defeat in 1799. After the battle of Marengo, which took place the following year, Alessandria was again delivered up to the French.

ALFORD, A.D. 1645.—General Baillie, with a large body of covenanters, was defeated by the Marquis of Montross, at Alford. Montross, weak in cavalry, lined his troops of horse with infantry; and after putting the enemy's horse to rout, fell with united force upon their foot, who were entirely cut to pieces, though with the loss of Lord Gordon on the part of the royalists.—*Hume.*

ALIGHUR, A.D. 1803.—The name of a British fortress in British India, 50 miles north of Agra, which was taken by the British on the 4th of September, 1803.

ALGIERS, A.D. 1816.—This country of north Africa, now frequently called Algeria, was, till recently, the most powerful of the Barbary states, comprising the *Numidia* proper of the ancients. Forty-four years before Christ, it was reduced to a Roman province. It afterward became independent, till dreading the power of the Spaniards, the natives invited the famous pirates, the brothers of Barbarossa, to assist it, and in the year 1516, they seized the government. It afterward fell to the lot of Turkey. The survivors of Barbarossa in 1520 obtained from Sultan Selim, the title of Dey, and a reinforcement of 2,000 troops. Since then the Algierines have carried on almost incessant hostilities against the powers of Christendom, capturing their ships, and reducing their subjects to slavery. Attempts have been made at different periods to abate this nuisance. In 1541, the Emperor Charles V., who had successfully achieved a similar enterprise, at Tunis, arrived with a powerful fleet and army in the vicinity of the city of Algiers; but the fleet having been immediately overtaken and nearly destroyed by a violent storm, the troops, without provisions or shelter, underwent the greatest privations; and the emperor was compelled forthwith to re-embark such of them as had escaped the fury of the elements and the sword of the Turks. This great disaster seemed for a lengthened period to have checked all attempts to capture Algiers. In 1653, Blake, the English admiral, with a fleet of thirty ships, sailed to Algiers, and compelled the Dey to make peace, and to restrain his piratical subjects from further violence on the English. He presented himself before Tunis; and having there made the same demands, the Dey of that republic bade him to look to the castles of Porto Fariro and Golleto, and do his utmost. Blake needed not to be roused by such a bravado: he drew his ships close up to the castles, and tore them in pieces with his artillery. He sent a numerous detachment of sailors in

their long boats into the harbor, and burned every ship which lay there. This bold action was executed with little loss, and terrified both countries to make peace with the English; but they repulsed the occasional attacks of other European powers, who, in general, preferred negotiating treaties with the Dey, and purchasing an exemption from the attacks of the Algerine crusers.

The atrocities committed by the Algerines, and particularly their barbarous massacre of the crews of more than 300 small vessels at Bona, induced the British government to prepare an expedition to act against the forts and shipping of Algiers. Accordingly, on the 28th of July, 1816, a fleet consisting of the following ships of the line, set sail from Plymouth Sound, with a fine northerly wind:

100 guns,	Queen Charlotte,	50 guns,	Leander,
98 "	Impregnable,		Severn,
	Superb,	40 "	Glasgow,
74 "	Minden,		Granicus,
	Albion,	36 "	Hebrus.

The fleet also contained five brigs and four gun-boats, and was under the entire command of Admiral Lord Exmouth. On the 9th of August, at 2 o'clock P. M., Lord Exmouth anchored the fleet in Gibraltar bay, where he found the 74 gun ship Minden, which had been ordered on ahead, when off Falmouth; and also the following Dutch ships under Vice Admiral Baron Van de Cappellen:

40 guns,	Melampus,	40 guns,	Amstis,
	Fredrica,		Dogeradt,
	Diana,		Ecendrag.

The baron immediately volunteered the co-operation of his squadron; and the offer being readily embraced, Lord Exmouth made every preparation for an attack upon the Algerine batteries. On the 13th of August, the 18 gun brig *Satellite*, Captain James Murray, arrived from off Algiers, and on the same day, the captain of each ship received a plan of the fortifications with instructions for their guidance. On the 14th, early in the forenoon, the wind having shifted to the southward, the whole fleet, except the *Jasper*, which was sent to England with dispatches, amounting to 23 sail, with five gun-boats, and a sloop fitted up as an explosion vessel, under the direction of Lieutenant Fleming, weighed and proceeded on their destination. On the 16th the wind blew from the eastward; in the evening the 18 gun corvette *Prometheus*, Captain Dashwood, joined from Algiers, having on board the wife and children of Mr. M'Donnell, the British consul; but the Dey, had detained the consul, the surgeon, and several of the officers and crew of the *Prometheus*.

The fortifications of Algiers were of considerable strength. Upon the various batteries on the north side, 80 pieces of cannon and eight heavy mortars were mounted; but the water was so shoal that a large ship could not approach within reach of them. Between the north wall of the city, and the commencement of the pier (which is about two hundred and fifty yards in length and connects the town with the light-house) were about 20 guns; and a semicircular battery, mounting 44 guns, in two tiers, stood on the north projection of the wall. To the south of that, and nearly in a line with the pier, was the light-house battery of three tiers, mounting 48 guns, next to which was the "eastern battery," mounting 66 guns in three tiers, flanked by four other batteries of two tiers, mounting 60 guns; and on the wall-head were two long 68 pounders, described as being 20 feet long. The total number of guns on the wall amounted at least to 220, of 32, 24, and 18 pounders. The fish-market battery, 3000 yards west of the south mole-head mounted 15 guns in three tiers. Between them and the southern extremity of the city were two batteries of five guns each. Beyond the city in this direction was a castle and three other batteries, mounting together about 70 guns. In the rear of the city and on the heights were several other batteries; so that the total number of guns to defend this fastness of robbery, oppression, and cruelty, exceeded 1,000 guns.

On the 27th, at day-break, the city was seen, the ships at this time lying nearly becalmed. Lieutenant Burgess was then dispatched to the Dey, to demand compliance with the following conditions:—The abolition of Christian slavery; the release of all Christian slaves; the repayment of the money recently exacted for the redemption of the Neapolitan and Sardinian slaves; peace with the King of the Netherlands, and the immediate liberation of the British consul, with the officers and boats' crews of the *Prometheus*. At nine o'clock, Lieutenant Burgess, with a flag of truce flying, pushed off from the *Severn* frigate, which had towed the boat in shore; and at eleven A. M., when near the mole, was met by a boat in which was the captain of the port, by whom an answer was promised to the demand in two hours. Meanwhile the sea-breeze having sprung up, the fleet stood into the bay, and hove to about a mile from the city. At two P. M., no answer having been received, Lieutenant Burgess made a signal to that effect; and pulled off toward the *Severn*. Lord Exmouth immediately demanded, by signal, if all the ships were ready, and being answered in the affirmative, the fleet bore up for the attack in the prescribed order. At half-

past two, the *Queen Charlotte* anchored with springs, about fifty yards from the mole-head, and while in the act of making a rope fast to an Algerine brig on shore at the mouth of the harbor, a shot was fired at the ship; and at the same moment two shots were fired at the *Impregnable* and other ships as they were advancing to take their stations. Lord Exmouth, anxious to save the mass of people standing on the parapet of the wall, waved his hand to them to descend; and immediately afterward commenced firing, and the action became general as the ships brought their guns to bear. The cannonade from the ships was incessant; and was replied to from the Algerine gun-boats, row-galleys, and batteries with the utmost vigor. At four o'clock the Algerine frigate lying across the mole was set on fire by Lieutenant Richards of the *Queen Charlotte*, who returned with his barge, losing only two men. At seven in the evening, the fire continued to rage on both sides; the British mortars and rockets had set all the vessels in the harbor on fire; and the flames soon reached the arsenal, and storehouses on the mole. The city also was set on fire in several places, by the shells thrown from the bomb-boats. The ordnance sloop, fitted out as an explosion vessel, was now run on shore close under the semicircular battery to the northward of the light-house; and, at about nine o'clock, this vessel, charged with 143 barrels of powder, exploded. The fleet continued a tremendous cannonade till 10 P. M., when the upper tier of the batteries on the mole being nearly destroyed, and the lower tier almost silenced, the *Queen Charlotte* cut her cables, and stood out from the land, directing the other ships to follow. The breeze was so light that the *Superb* and *Impregnable* in standing off shore, suffered much from the raking fire of a fort on the upper angle of the city. The blaze of the Algerine fleet and burning houses, illumined the whole bay. The rain commenced falling in torrents; and for three hours the lightning played in vivid flashes, while peal after peal of thunder rolled athwart the sky, adding to the grandeur of the spectacle. During this heavy day's work the allies lost 883 men, killed and wounded, of whom 65 were Dutch. No ship lost a spar; but the *Impregnable*, *Leander*, *Superb*, *Granicus*, and *Severn*, had their masts and yards much damaged.

At daylight in the morning the bombs were ordered to return to their stations, and to be in readiness to renew the bombardment of the city, and Lieutenant Burgess was dispatched with a flag of truce to repeat the demands made on the preceding day. The Algerine officers, who came out to meet the flag of truce, declared that an answer had been sent the day before; but no boat was found to receive it. On the 29th, at ten A.M., the captain of the port came off, accompanied by Mr. M'Donnell, the British consul. In the afternoon, Captain Brisbane, of the *Queen Charlotte*, had a conference with the Dey, after which several other conferences were held, and the final result was, the delivery to the British of 1,200 Christian slaves, the restoration of $382,500, for slaves redeemed by Naples and Sicily; peace with the Netherlands, and $30,000 to the British consul, in compensation for the loss of his property, and a public apology for detention of his person. Having thus completed the object of the expedition, the ships weighed on the 3d of September, on their return to England, leaving the *Prometheus* only to attend the British consul.

ALIWAL, A.D. 1846.—On the morning of the 28th of January, 1846, a battle was fought by the British and the Sikhs of India, near the small town of Aliwal. The native forces, whose numerical strength far exceeded that of the British, contended against the enemy with vigor; but, after a most obstinate struggle, they were at length defeated with great loss. The British troops expelled the enemy from every village they attempted to hold, by rapid charges, at the point of the bayonet. Their horsemen were driven from every part of the field by repeated charges, in which the superiority of the European cavalry over that of the natives was most conspicuous. Fifty-two pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the victors, whose loss was trifling in comparison to that of the enemy.

ALKMÆR.—The town of Alkmær is situated on the great ship canal from Amsterdam to the Helder, in North Holland. It is strongly fortified and well built. In 1573 Alkmær was invested by the Spaniards; but having been repulsed with great loss in an attempt to take the town by storm, they abandoned the siege.

A battle occurred near Alkmær on the 19th of September, 1799, between the Anglo-Russian army, consisting of 30,000 men, of whom 12,000 were British, and the combined armies of the French and Dutch, which consisted of 22,000 men, of whom 7,000 were French. The Anglo-Russian army was commanded by the Duke of York, and the French and Dutch were under the orders of General Brune. The battle was obstinate and bloody, and resulted in the defeat of the forces of the Duke of York, who drew back his troops to their fortified line. The loss of the British was 500 killed and wounded, and 500 taken prisoners. The Russians lost 3,500 killed and wounded, 26 pieces of cannon, and 7 standards. The republican army was weak-

ened by 3,000 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

On the 2d of October, the Duke of York, not discouraged by the issue of the attack on the 19th of September, again advanced toward the French lines. He had been reinforced by a fresh brigade of Russians and several English detachments. His army on this occasion was about 30,000 strong; the republican army was nearly of equal force. The battle resulted in the defeat of the republicans, who, with a loss of 3,000 men, killed and wounded, and seven pieces of cannon, abandoned Alkmær, and all their former line, and took up a fresh position. The allies lost about 1,500 men. Yet the Duke of York's position was far from encouraging. The enemy's force was daily increasing, while, on his part, no further reinforcements could be expected. The insalubrity of the climate at that period of the year, was already beginning to affect the health of his soldiers. In these circumstances, it was evident that unless some important place could be captured, it would be impossible for the allies to hold their footing in North Holland. Haarlem, a large city on the Spaarn, ten miles west of Amsterdam, was pitched on as most likely to furnish the necessary supplies. But the position occupied by the French, on the isthmus between Beverwick and the Zuyder Zee, commanded the approach to Haarlem. The Duke of York decided on an immediate attack. Accordingly, on the 6th of October, he led his army against the French. The action commenced at seven in the morning, and was obstinately contested on both sides during the whole day, with equal success. The carnage ceased with the night. The republicans lost 2,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The allied armies lost about the same number, of whom 1,200 were English. The action was indecisive; but Brune, shortly after the battle, received strong reinforcements, and took the offensive. The British commander, perceiving the dangers which surrounded his army, at first retired, and at length capitulated, and evacuated the country.

ALMA, A.D. 1854.—This little stream has been rendered famous by the sanguinary conflict which occurred on its borders, between the Russians and the allied armies of England, France, and Turkey. This river is in the Crimea, and flowing west, empties into the Black Sea, about twenty miles north of Sebastopol. It is a tortuous little stream, which has worked its way down through a red-clay soil, deepening in its course as it proceeds seaward, and drains the steppe-like lands on its north bank, making at times pools and eddies too deep to be forded, though it can generally be crossed by waders who do not fear to wet their knees. Along the north bank of the Alma, are a number of Tartar houses, at times numerous, and close enough to form a cluster of habitations deserving the name of a hamlet, at times scattered wide apart amid little vineyards, surrounded by walls of mud and stone of three feet in height. A village of some fifty houses stands in the vicinity of the bridge over which the post road from Bouljinanak to Sebastopol passes. This village is approached from the north by a road winding through a plain nearly level till it comes near to the village, where the ground dips, so that at a distance of three hundred yards, a man on horseback can hardly see the top of the near and more elevated houses, and can only ascertain the position of the stream by the willows and verdure along its banks. At the south side of the Alma, the ground assumes a very different character—smooth where the bank is deep, and greatly elevated where the shelve of the bank occurs. It recedes for a few yards at a moderate height above the stream, pierced here and there by the course of the winter's torrents, so as to form small ravines, commanded, however, by the heights above. A remarkable ridge of mountains, varying in height from 500 to 700 feet, runs along the course of the Alma, on the south side with the course of the stream, and assuming the form of cliffs, when close to the sea. This ridge is marked all along its course by deep gullies, which run toward the river at various angles.

On the 14th of September, 1854, the English, French, and Turkish forces landed at Eupatoria, and became an army of occupation in the Crimea; the English force consisting of 27,000 men, and that of the French 23,600. The destination of these armies was Sebastopol. To oppose this mighty host, the Russians had concentrated about 40,000 men, on the heights on the south bank of the Alma. At the top of the ridges, between the gullies, they had erected earth-work batteries, mounted with 32 pound and 24 pound brass guns, supported by numerous field-pieces and howitzers. These guns enfiladed the tops of the ravines parallel to them, or swept them to the base, while the whole of the sides, up which an enemy, unable to stand the direct fire of the batteries, would be forced to ascend, were filled with masses of skirmishers, armed with an excellent true-grooved rifle, throwing a large, solid, conical ball, with force at 700 or 800 yards. The principal battery consisted of an earthwork of the form of two sides of a triangle, with the apex pointed toward the bridge, and the sides covering both sides of the stream, corresponding with the bend of the river below it, at the distance of 1,000 yards, while, with a fair elevation, the 32

pounders were able to throw beyond the houses of the village to the distance of 1,400 and 1,500 yards. This was constructed on the brow of a hill about 600 feet above the river, but the hill rose behind it for another fifty feet, before it dipped away toward the road. The ascent to this hill was enfiladed by the fire of these batteries of earthwork on the right, and by another on the left, and these batteries were equally capable of covering the village, the stream, and the slopes which lead up the hill to their position. In the first battery were thirteen 32 pounder brass guns; in the other batteries were some twenty-five guns in all. On the 18th of September the allied army, the English on the left, and the French and Turks on the right, advanced in columns of brigades toward the Russian position. The French army was commanded by MM. Marshal St. Arnaud and General Canrobert; the English, by Lord Raglan, and the Turks, by Suliman Pasha. The Turkish troops numbered 7,000. The right of the allied forces was covered by the fleet which moved along with it in magnificent order, darkening the air with innumerable columns of smoke, ready to shell the Russians should they attack the right wing of the army, and commanding the land for nearly two miles from the shore. The scheme of operations concerted between the allied generals, was, that the French and the Turks on the right, were to force the passage of the river, and establish themselves on the heights over the stream at the opposite side, so that they could enfilade the position to their right and opposite the British left and center. When that attack was sufficiently developed and had met with success, the British army was to force the right and part of the center of the Russian position. These operations, successfully carried out, would ensure victory. When the allied army had arrived within about three miles from the village, near the bridge which crosses the Alma, the French steamers ran in as close as they could to the bluff of the shore on the south side of the Alma, and commenced throwing bombs into the midst of the Russians on the heights. Their fire was so effective that the Russians were driven from their position on the right, within 3,000 yards of the sea. The Russians returned the fire of the French steamers from the heights; but without effect. They finally abandoned their efforts against the steamers, and withdrew from the sea-side, confining their endeavors to the defense of the gullies and heights beyond the fire of the heavy guns of the steamers. About one o'clock in the afternoon the French columns commenced to ascend the hills, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, who maintained a constant fire. The Russians, in a black mass, showed themselves to oppose the assailants, and poured forth volley after volley among them. The French paused for an instant; then rushing forward, they charged furiously into the Russians, scattering them like chaff, and driving them up the hill in disorder. At half past one o'clock the British line of skirmishers got within range of the Russian battery on the hill, which opened upon them with terrible effect. About this time the Russians set fire to the village, and the smoke of the conflagration arose like a vail between the combatants, completely hiding the Russians on the right from the view of the British on the left. It was a well executed exercise of military skill, and succeeded in giving the British a great deal of annoyance. The British halted when they neared this village, their left extending beyond it by the verge of the stream; their right behind the burning cottages, and within range of the batteries. The Russians now opened a furious fire on the whole of the British line, which remained stationary, for the French had not yet made sufficient progress to justify it in advancing. In the midst of a terrific tempest of round-shot, which did bloody execution, the British troops calmly awaited the signal to advance. Although the infantry was inactive, yet the British artillery was not silent. Their cannons and mortars poured forth an unceasing fire of round-shot and shells, and fiery rockets streamed through the air, plowing through the Russians with fearful effect. The Russians, however, replied manfully, their shot falling among the British soldiers, who were lying flat on the ground to avoid the missiles, killing, crushing, and shattering at every round. Lord Raglan at length became weary of this inactivity; and gave orders for the whole line to advance. The British troops rose to their feet, and rushing through a fearful shower of round, case-shot, and shells, they dashed into the Alma, and floundered through its waters, which were literally torn into foam by the deadly hail. At the other side of the river were a number of vineyards which were occupied by Russian riflemen. They saluted the advancing columns with destructive volleys. Three of Lord Raglan's staff were shot down; but led on by Lord Raglan in person, they advanced cheering on the men. Raglan dashed over the bridge, followed by his staff. The British line struggled through the river, and advanced in masses up the heights, through a whirlwind of grape, round-shot, shells, canister, case-shot, and musketry which was hurled down upon them by the Russian batteries and a compact mass of infantry. The British advanced with the utmost order. The second division, led by Sir De L. Evans, crossed the stream on the right. The 7th Fusileers, led by Colonel Yea, en-

tered into the storm of iron, and were swept down by hundreds. The 55th, 30th, and 95th, led by Brigadier Pennefeather, who was in the thickest of the fight, steadily advanced through the storm, occasionally faltering, but never falling back; and Brigadier Adams, with the 41st, 47th and 49th, bravely charged up the hill, and aided Pennefeather in the battle. The light division, under Sir George Brown, displayed equal valor. But their progress was slow; the Russians, hurling down hurricanes of iron, swept down hundreds of the assailants, and compelled the 7th British regiment, diminished by one half, to fall back to reform their columns lost for the time; the 23d, with eight officers dead, and four wounded, still advanced in the front aided by the 15th, 33d, 77th, and 88th. Down went Sir George in a cloud of dust in front of the battery. He was soon up; but his fall had produced a shock which paralyzed his regiment for a moment, and in their pause the British troops suffered fearfully from the point-blank fire of the Russian battery. Meanwhile the Guards on the right of the light division, and the brigade of Highlanders were storming the heights on the left. They rapidly approached the Russians, when suddenly a tornado of round and grape-shot rushed through from the terrible battery, and a roar of musketry from behind, thinned their ranks by scores. It was evident that they were just able to contend against the Russians; and at this very time an immense mass of Russian infantry moved down toward the battery. They halted. It was the crisis of the day. Sharp, angular, and solid, they looked as if they were cut out of the solid rock. It was beyond all doubt that if the British infantry, harassed and thinned as it was, got into the battery, they would have to encounter again a formidable fire, which they were but ill calculated to bear. The British general saw the difficulties of the situation, and got a couple of guns to bear on the Russian masses. The first shot missed, but the next, and the next, and the next, cut through the ranks so clearly, and so keenly, that a clear lane could be seen for a moment through the square. After a few rounds the columns of the square became broken, wavered to and fro, broke, and fled over the brow of the hill, leaving behind them six or seven distinct lines of dead, lying as close as possible to each other, marking the passage of the fatal messengers. The Highlanders, under Sir Colin Campbell, and the Guards, dashed forward at full run, and took the battery at a bound. The Russians rushed out, and left a number of dead behind them. The second and light divisions crowned the heights. The French turned the guns on the hill against the flying masses. A few faint struggles from the scattered infantry; a few rounds of cannon and musketry, and the Russians fled to the south-east, leaving three generals, drums, three guns, 700 prisoners, and 4,000 wounded behind them. The Russian retreat was covered by their cavalry. The British lost 310 killed, 1,818 wounded; the French 318 killed, 1,033 wounded, and the Turks, 256 killed, and 1,230 wounded. The Russians lost 2,480 killed, and 4,680 wounded. Among the English dead were 96 officers, 114 sergeants and 24 drummers. The French loss in officers was about the same.

ALMANZA, A.D. 1707.—Almanza is situated in the province of Murcia, in Spain, 56 miles north-west of Alicant. On the 4th of April, 1707, it was witness to an obstinate battle between the French army, under the Duke of Berwick, and the allied forces in the interest of the Archduke Charles, of Austria, which were commanded by Lord Galway. The conflict began about two in the afternoon. The whole front of each army was fully engaged. At first the center of the allied armies, which consisted chiefly of British and Dutch battalions, seemed victorious; but, at the first charge of the enemy, the Portuguese horse, on the wing, were routed and dispersed, and the English troops were flanked and surrounded on every side. In this dreadful emergency they formed themselves into a square, and retired to an eminence, where, being ignorant of the country, and entirely destitute of supplies, they were obliged to surrender, prisoners of war. The Archduke lost 5,000 men, killed on the field of battle, and nearly 10,000 taken prisoners on the eminence. The victory was decisive; all Spain, except the province of Catalonia, returned to their allegiance to Philip, their native sovereign.

ALMARAZ, A.D. 1812.—Almaraz, in Spain, was, on the 18th of May, 1812, the scene of a battle between the French, and the English army, under Lord Hill, in which the former were defeated. From this victory Lord Hill took the title of Almaraz.

ALMEIDA, A.D. 1810.—From the position of Almeida, on the frontier of Portugal, it has always been deemed a military post of the utmost importance. It is a well-fortified town, and is situated in the province of Beira, in Portugal, 24 miles west of Ciudad Rodrigo. In the year 1762, during the war between England and Spain, Almeida was reduced and garrisoned by the English and Portuguese soldiers. Shortly afterward it was retaken by the Spaniards, after a long siege, and its fortifications dismantled. In the year 1810, Almeida was besieged and taken by Marshal Massena, whom Napoleon had placed over the French army in Portugal. Having reduced Ciudad Rodrigo, after a

long siege, Massena, with 20,000 infantry, and 4,000 cavalry, with 30 guns, advanced on the Duke of Wellington, who, abandoning Almeida to its fate, retreated with his army to the Torres Vedras. Before the investment of Almeida took place, however, a very gallant action occurred between the French advanced guard and General Crawford, who commanded the British rear-guard, 4,500 strong, on the banks of the Coa. Crawford, during the whole siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, had maintained his position on the French side of the stream, and he maintained it even when Massena approached Almeida. On the 24th of July he was assailed by the French. The British suffered considerable loss in the assault, and retreated across the bridge over the Coa; but, forming themselves on the opposite shore, they opened a destructive fire of musketry and artillery upon the French, who, with the utmost gallantry, dashed over the bridge. The terrible fire of the British swept away the head of the advancing column; and, after a bloody conflict of two hours, a heavy rain separated the combatants, and Crawford, with his division, retreated to the main body of the English army. All obstacles being now removed, the French completed the investment of Almeida, on the following day. On the 15th of August, the trenches were opened. The fire of the place was extremely well sustained. The garrison consisted of 4,000 Portuguese, regulars and militia. The French kept up an incessant and heavy fire upon the town from 65 guns, to which the garrison vigorously replied. But at five o'clock in the evening of the 26th, a bomb was thrown from the French lines which fell into the great magazine of the fortress, containing 150,000 pounds of powder. A terrible explosion followed; the cathedral, the principal edifices, and a great number of the houses of the city were blown up, and several large breaches were made in the ramparts. Almeida was now surrendered to the French, and the garrison, now reduced to 3,000 men, were made prisoners, and fifteen pieces of heavy cannon fell into the hands of the victors. Almeida remained in the possession of the French till the 10th of May, 1811, when its governor, the gallant General Bernier, by Massena's directions, blew up its fortifications, and abandoned the place to the Duke of Wellington.

ALMONACID DE ZORITA, in Spain, was the scene of a battle between the French and Spanish armies, on the 11th of August, 1809, in which the former were victorious.

ALNEY, A.D. 1016.—In the year 1016, two years after the invasion of England by the Danes, a single-handed combat was fought at Alney by Edmund Ironsides, of England, and Canute, King of Denmark, in sight of their armies. Canute was severely wounded, and proposed a division of the British empire, reserving to himself the northern portion, consisting of Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumberland. The southern districts were left to Edmund. But this prince, one month after the treaty, was murdered at Oxford by two of his chamberlains, accomplices of Edric Steon, and, in 1017, Canute was left in peaceable possession of the entire kingdom.

ALNWICK, A.D., 1092.—Alnwick is situated on a declivity near the river Alne, in England, 275 miles north-west from London. In the year 1092, during the reign of William Rufus, King of England, a rupture ensued between the English and the Scotch; in which Malcolm, King of Scotland, was ultimately surprised and slain by a party from Alnwick castle. A cross, called Malcolm's cross, stands on the spot where Malcolm is said to have been killed by a soldier who came to offer him the keys of the castle on the point of a spear.

AMBERG, A.D. 1796.—On the 24th day of August, 1796, the Austrian army under the Archduke Charles, advanced with the corps under Wartensleben, to attack the French republicans at Amberg. The Austrians, numbering nearly 20,000 men, advanced in three columns on the south, while Wartensleben's corps, nearly as strong, attacked the city on the north. The French made but a feeble resistance; assailed at once in front and flank, they retreated to the plateau in the rear of their position, and the enemy entered the city without opposition.

AMBRACIA, B.C. 198.—In the year 198, B.C. the Roman consul Fulvius, arrived in Greece, and began the war against the Ætolians, by besieging the city of Ambracia which at that time was in possession of the Ætolians. This city was defended on one side by the river Arethon, and on the other by an exceedingly steep mountain, and was surrounded by a solid stone wall three miles in circumference. The attack was of the most vigorous kind, and the defense no less so. A reinforcement of 500 chosen men, whom the Ætolians found means to throw into the place, notwithstanding the vigilance of the Romans, much augmented the courage and confidence of the besieged. They employed new inventions every day for burning the machines of the enemy; they made frequent sallies, in which they generally had the advantage, and their defense was so obstinate and vigorous, that the consul almost repented having undertaken the siege. At length he was released from his anxiety by the Ætolians themselves, who after vainly soliciting for peace from him, finally opened their

gates to the Romans, after receiving the consul's promise that the Ætolian garrison might retire unmolested.

AMFING, A.D. 1322.—Near Amfing, in Bavaria a battle was fought, on the 28th September, 1322, between Louis, Duke of Bavaria, emperor of Germany, and Frederic, Archduke of Austria, when the latter was entirely defeated and made prisoner.

AMISUS, a royal city of Mithridates, King of Pontus, was blockaded, in the year 73 B.C., by Lucullus, a Roman consul. In the year 71 B.C., after a long siege, it was assaulted by the same consul, and the wall forced. The governor of the city Callimachus, and the inhabitants immediately fled, after setting fire to the city, either to prevent the Romans from enriching themselves, or to secure their retreat. Lucullus would fain have saved the city, for it was not only a beautiful city, but was of Grecian origin, and a colony of Athens; but his soldiers, raging for plunder, were ready to mutiny, and hoping that their desires for booty would tempt them to extinguish the flames, he suffered them to plunder. But the Romans not only refused to extinguish the fire, but aided it by applying torches to such buildings as they supposed concealed things of value, and the greater portion of the city was laid in ruins.

AMOY, A.D. 1841.—This is a sea-port town of China, on an island of the same name. On the 27th of August, 1841, after a severe bombardment, the British fleet captured Amoy. On taking possession of the island, the British found a battery 1,100 yards long, mounting 90 guns, constructed with great skill. By this victory the English opened Nankin, and other ports, to their trade, and a British consul was established there.

ANCRAM, A.D. 1545.—During a war with Scotland, the English, under command of Lord Evers invaded Scotland, in the year 1545. Evers's army consisted of 5,000 men, whom he led into Teviodale, and was employed in ravaging that country, when intelligence was brought him that a Scottish army had made its appearance near the abbey of Melrose. The neighboring counties had been aroused, and the inhabitants, flying to arms, had proceeded to this place, determined to drive back the invaders. Norman Leslie, son of the Earl of Rothe, had also joined the Scots, and he inspired them with new bravery, as well by his own personal valor and daring, as by the troop of volunteers from Fife, whom he commanded. In order to compel their forces to make a steady defense, the Scottish leaders ordered all their cavalry to dismount, and then with their entire army they awaited the assault of the English. No sooner did the English perceive that the Scottish horses were being led from the field, than supposing that the whole army was retreating, they rushed on to the attack, assured of an easy victory. The Scots received them without flinching, and with yells of triumph they drove back the English, who had expected no resistance, with great slaughter. The English desperately contested every inch of soil, fighting hand to hand with the enemy; nor did they fairly fly till both Evers and Latoun were slain. The loss of the English at this battle far exceeded that of the Scots. The victory of the latter was complete; more than 1000 men of the invading army were made prisoners, while the balance were either dispersed or destroyed.

ANET, A.D. 1590.—Near Anet, in France, the army of Henry IV. of France gained a decisive victory over the troops of the League, under Mayence, in 1590.

ANJOU, A.D. 1421.—The battle of Anjou was fought between the English and French armies, at Beague, in France, on the 3d of April, 1421. The French troops were commanded by the Dauphin of France, who defeated the English, on whose side 1,500 men were slain. The Duke of Clarence, general of the English forces, was killed by Sir Allan Swinton, a Scotch knight, who commanded a company of men-at-arms in the French army, and the Earls of Somerset, Dorset, and Huntingdon were taken prisoners.—*Hume.*

ANTIOCH.—Antioch, now Anthakia, was a celebrated city, the capital of Syria. It was seated on the river Orontes, now called Assi, fifteen miles east of the Mediterranean, and forty miles south-west of Aleppo.

FIRST SIEGE, A.D. 540.—Chosroes, King of Persia, having spread terror and dismay throughout Syria by the capture of Sour (ancient Tyre) and other places, presented himself before Antioch. The attack and defense were equally warm and terrible in their results. The besieged surrendered, after having exhausted all their resources, and admitted the Persians within their walls. The confusion was horrible in this populous and unfortunate city. Men, women, and children crowded over each other to escape the sword of the conqueror; the streets could not afford passage wide enough for the multitude. The soldiers of the garrison, mingled with the fugitives, overthrew the unhappy citizens, trampled them under their horses' feet, and crushed them to death in their own city and by their own troops. The conquerors, spread throughout all the quarters, indulged in a license almost unheard of even in such scenes: they pillaged and sacked the houses; they pulled down and burned all the public edifices; they profaned and plundered the churches; they insulted and violated the virgins consecrated to

God; and the maidens and women whose virtue they outraged were immolated before the eyes of their husbands and parents. Chosroës himself animated his troops to the carnage, and excited them to plunder. He took possession of the gold and silver vases of the great church, and sent into Persia all the valuable statues, rare pictures, and precious objects that decorated that superb city. When despoiled of all its ornaments and deprived of its wealth, he ordered it to be reduced to ashes. This cruel order was so punctually obeyed, that only one single quarter escaped the flames.

Second Siege, A.D. 638.—Antioch, however, soon arose again from its ruins, under the protection of the emperors of the West. It was again besieged about a hundred years after the above-stated catastrophe, by the Saracens, before the eyes of Prince Constantine, son of the Emperor Heraclius. The infidels approached a bridge at a short distance from Antioch, called the Bridge of Iron. The towers, each furnished with 300 soldiers, were intrusted with the defense of it. These degenerate Romans surrendered their posts to the enemy; Constantine, in despair, could trust neither the courage nor the fidelity of his troops. Very unlike the Romans of the days of Pyrrhus, who would have thought themselves dishonored by taking advantage of a crime, this prince resorted to the baseness of assassination as the surest means of averting the storm which threatened Antioch. He hoped to terminate the war by assassinating the caliph who directed the enterprises of the Saracens. An assassin was sent to Medina. Trembling at the sight of Omar, the wretch confessed his intentions, and the name of the person who employed him. Omar, so far from losing his life, acquired the honor of pardoning the man who attempted it: the Christian prince acquired the disgrace of having attempted a crime, and failed in it. The two armies encamped near Antioch. A general, named Nestorius, commanded the Romans: endowed with the valor of a soldier, he for a moment forgot that his life belonged to his army, and challenged the bravest of the Mussulmans to single combat. Dames, who had acquired the reputation of being invincible at the siege of Aleppo, presented himself. His horse stumbling while he was engaged with his enemy, Dames was seized and conveyed a prisoner to the tent of the challenger. Nestorius, proud of this chance victory, was desirous of a fresh triumph. He offered a fresh challenge, which was accepted by Dehac. The two champions fought for a long time with equal success; when, exhausted by fatigue, and their horses being jaded and breathless, they separated to recruit their strength. During the second conflict, Dames, having deceived the slaves who guarded him, contrived to escape, and rejoined his comrades. A few days after, the two armies engaged, and the Romans were cut to pieces after a severe and bloody battle. A fresh perfidy of Youckinna, formerly Governor of Aleppo, contributed greatly to the defeat of the Romans. This traitor guarded in Antioch Derar and 200 other Mussulman prisoners. At the moment of the combat, he set them at liberty, joined them to the troop he commanded, and ranged himself under the standard of Mahomet. At the sight of these new enemies, the Roman legions lost all courage; they fancied the whole population of Antioch was pouring out upon them. The field of battle was strewed with dead. The inhabitants of Antioch, finding themselves without resource, capitulated; to avoid being pillaged, they paid the conqueror 300,000 pieces of gold, amounting to about £850,000—a sum which seems to us incredibly small from such a city so circumstanced. Abou-Obéidah, entered Antioch on the 21st of August. As he dreaded for his soldiers the pleasures of this voluptuous city more than he feared the Roman armies, he only allowed them to remain there three days.

Third Siege, A.D. 1097.—After a disastrous march, in which they had met with many unexpected accidents and reverses, as well as triumphs, the great army of the Crusaders, under Godfrey of Bouillon and his chivalrous companions, advanced toward Antioch. As we have seen in a former siege, the approach to this great city of the East was guarded by a bridge over the Orontes, on which were placed two towers covered with iron. But nothing could resist the van led by the Duke of Normandy: the Normans soon took the bridge and passed the river. Terror was spread among the Mussulmans, who all flocked to the city as a place of refuge. The whole Christian army drew up in battle array, with trumpets sounding and ensigns flying, and then encamped within a mile of Antioch.

The aspect of this city, so celebrated in the annals of Christianity, revived the religious enthusiasm of the Crusaders. It was within the walls of Antioch that the disciples of Christ had first assumed the name of Christians, and that the Apostle Peter was named the first pastor of the nascent church. Antioch was as much celebrated in the annals of the Roman empire as in those of the church.

The walls inclosed four hills, separated by a torrent, which threw itself into the river. Upon the western hill was built a very strong citadel, which dominated the city. The ramparts of Antioch, which were as solid as

a rock, were three leagues in circumference, and along them were built no less than 360 strong towers. Broad ditches, the river Orontes, and marshes, still further protected the inhabitants of Antioch, and prevented all access to the city. At the approach of the Christians, most of the inhabitants of the neighboring provinces and cities sought refuge in Antioch, with their families and their property. Accien, the grandson of Malek-Schah, who had obtained the sovereignty of the city, had shut himself up in it with 20,000 foot and 7,000 horse.

The siege of Antioch presented so many obstacles and dangers, that the Crusaders deliberated whether they ought in prudence to undertake it. The first who spoke in the council thought it would be rash to commence a siege at the approach of winter. But Godfrey and the legate, Adhemar, were both in favor of immediate attack, and the council decreed that the siege of Antioch should be immediately commenced, and that same day the whole Christian army advanced to the walls. Now, our readers, in contemplating the army of the Crusaders, must not suppose that, like any other army so joined, there was any spirit of unity in it. It was assembled on various principles: a few, and very few, were brought so far on their way to Jerusalem by a purely religious motive; many, like Robert of Normandy, were seduced by a wild chivalric love of adventure, and a thirst for that military renown which was so great an object with the age; but the bulk of this host were men who had cast their all in an expedition which promised unbounded wealth —the leaders looked for dominions and states, the soldiers for booty. They had, literally, emigrated; their desire was to establish themselves in the fabulously-represented rich countries of the East, and they had neither hope nor intention to revisit Europe. There was no acknowledged leader to direct proceedings or to check want of discipline. We have an idea that Godfrey of Bouillon was the leader; but in no point of fact was he so; the leaders were all governed by their own interests; and if Godfrey had thwarted those of Bohemond, Raymond de St. Gilles, Robert of Normandy, Robert of Flanders, or any other chief of rank, they would have paid no more attention to his authority than to that of one of his horse-boys. From this want of unity in the body, and unity of purpose, arose almost all the disasters of the Crusades, of which silly and wicked enterprises the reader will find an excellent epitome in the account of this interesting siege.

Bohemond and Tancred took their posts at the east, opposite the gate of St. Paul, to the right of the Italians, the Normans, the Britons, the Flemings, and the French, commanded by the two Roberts; the Count de Vermandois and the Count de Chartres encamped toward the north, before the gate of the Dog; the Count de Toulouse, the Bishop of Puy, and the Duke of Lorraine, with their troops, occupied the space from the gate of the Dog to the spot where the Orontes, turning toward the west, approaches the walls of Antioch. The Crusaders neglected to cover the southern part, defended by the mountain of Orontes, as they likewise did the western side of the city, which the river defended, and by which the besieged could make sorties or receive succors.

The Turks shut themselves up close within their walls; all was quiet, all was silent. The Crusaders attributed this to terror, and heedlessly spread themselves over the delightful country, enjoying all the sweets of its climate and productions.

Whilst thus forgetful of discipline, as well as of their purpose, they were attacked by the garrison of Antioch, which surprised them, some lounging luxuriously in their camp, and others wandering about the country. All whom the hopes of pillage, or the love of pleasure, had seduced into the neighboring villages and orchards, met with slavery or death.

The desire of repairing this error led them into another. They resolved to scale the walls of Antioch, before they had provided themselves with either ladders or machines of war. Vengeance and fanaticism animated both leaders and soldiers, but they could make no impression upon the walls of the city, or disturb the security of its inhabitants. Several other assaults proved equally useless. Experience, for whose lessons they always paid so dearly, taught them that they must invest the place, and prevent the arrival of any foreign succor.

They established a bridge of boats across the Orontes, and passed over some troops toward the western side of the city. All methods were had recourse to, to check the sorties of the enemy; sometimes fortresses of wood were erected close to the ramparts, sometimes they planted balistæ, which launched large stones at the besieged. To close the gate of the Dog they were obliged to heap large beams, stones, and pieces of rock against it. At the same time they intrenched their camps, and took every precaution against surprise from the Saracens.

The blockade of the city was now their object; but, as in all such cases, the tediousness of a siege did not accord with the impatience of warriors with an ulterior object in view. On their arrival before Antioch, they thought they should never again know want, and they wasted in a few days provisions for several months; they thought about nothing

but meeting the enemy in the field of battle, and, confident of victory, they neither provided against the rigors of winter nor against a fast-approaching want of provisions.

The latter was not long in arriving. As soon as winter set in, the unfortunate Crusaders found themselves a prey to all sorts of calamities. Torrents of rain fell every day, and the plains, which had recently been so delightful, were almost covered with water. The camp, particularly in the valley, was submerged several times; tempests and rains carried away the pavilions and tents; humidity relaxed the bows; rust gnawed the lances and swords. Most of the soldiers were left destitute of clothes. Contagious complaints carried off men and animals.

Amid the general distress, Bohemond and the Duke of Normandy were charged with the task of scouring the country in search of provisions. In the course of their incursions they beat several detachments of the Saracens, and returned to the camp with considerable booty. Fresh incursions were made every day, and every day they became less fortunate. All the countries of Upper Syria had been ravaged by the Turks and the Christians. The Crusaders on these parties often put the Saracens to flight; but victory, which was almost always their only resource in the moment of want, could not bring back abundance into the camp. As a completion of their misery, all communication with Constantinople was cut off; the Pisan and Genoese fleets no longer coasted along the shores occupied by the Christians. The port of St. Simeon, situated at three leagues from Antioch, now saw no vessel arrive from Greece or the West. The Flemish pirates who had taken the cross at Tarsus, after gaining possession of Laodicea, had been surprised by the Greeks, and several weeks before had been made prisoners.

It was related that the son of Sweno, King of Denmark, who had taken the cross, and who was leading to the holy war 1,500 knights, had been surprised by the Turks while advancing rapidly across the defiles of Cappadocia. Attacked by an enemy superior in numbers, he had defended himself during a whole day, without being able, by his courage or the axes of his warriors, to repulse the attack of the infidels. Florine, daughter of Eudes I., Duke of Burgundy, who accompanied the Danish hero, and to whom he was to be married after the taking of Jerusalem, had valiantly fought by his side. Transpierced by seven arrows, and fighting still, she was endeavoring, with Sweno, to open for herself a passage to the mountains, when they were overwhelmed by their enemies. They fell together upon the field of battle, after having seen all their knights and faithful servants perish around them.

Famine and disease increased; the Syrians who brought provisions were so extortionate in their prices, that the common soldiers could not purchase any. And not the smallest of their griefs was the daily, almost hourly loss of companions, countrymen, partakers of toils and dangers, to whom a common lot and object had endeared them. Desertion was soon added to the other evils. Most of the army began to lose all hope of reaching the Holy City, or even of subduing Antioch; and some went to seek an asylum under Baldwin, in Mesopotamia, while others stole away to the cities of Cilicia, subject to the Christians.

The Duke of Normandy retired to Laodicea, and did not return until he had been thrice summoned by the army, in the name of the religion of Christ. Tactius, the general of Alexius, left the camp with his troops, promising to return with reinforcements and provisions. His departure was not regretted, and no hopes were built upon his promises. The desertion became common, even with the most brave and the most zealous; not only did the stout warrior, the Viscount de Melun, whose use of the axe in battle had gained him the name of "the carpenter," turn his back upon famine and his suffering comrades, but even the devotion of Peter the Hermit, the great cause of this monstrous removal of the West to the East, was not proof against the misery all endured, and he fled away secretly. But the indefatigable Tancred, the truest knight of all the Crusades, pursued them, and brought back both the carpenter and hermit. Peter was bitterly reproached, and was compelled to swear on the Gospel never to repeat his offense.

But Peter might have urged a better plea than fear for his flight; the Christian camp was the resort of all the vices. "Strange and inconceivable spectacle," says an eye-witness, "beneath the tents of the deliverers of Sion, were strangely grouped famine and voluptuousness, impure love, a mad passion for play, and all the excesses of debauchery mingled with the most horrid images of death."

Syrian spies, likewise, stole into the camp, who circulated in the neighboring cities exaggerated accounts of the distress, the despair, and the vices of the Christians. In order to deliver the army from this annoyance, Bohemond, whom Mr. Gibbon too favorably styles the Ulysses of the Crusades, devised a plan fit even to disgust barbarians. He commanded some Turks, who were his prisoners, to be brought to him. These he ordered to be immediately executed, and their bodies to be roasted over a large fire, like meat preparing for the supper of himself and his people;

directing it to be answered, if any one asked what was the cause of the preparations and the smell: "The princes and governors of the camp have decreed in council that, from this day forward, all Turks or spies found in the camp, shall in this manner, be forced to make meat of their bodies, as well for the princes as the army." Bohemond's servants followed his instructions, and the strangers in the camp were soon attracted by the report and the stench to the Prince of Tarentum's quarters. "When they saw what was going on," says an ancient author, "they were marvelously terrified, and fled away to circulate through Syria an account of the cannibalism of the Christians." Bohemond's plan, however, succeeded: no more spies were seen in the camp.

The Bishop of Puy carried into execution, about the same time, a *ruse* of a much more agreeable nature. He caused the neighboring lands to be plowed and sown with corn, not only for the benefit of the army, but to prove to the Saracens that they had no intention of abandoning the siege.

Winter at length departed; the contagious diseases abated, the princes and monasteries of Armenia sent in provisions; with the departure of famine hope revived, and, strange to say, all these ameliorations were looked upon as the fruits of their own amendments!

Embassadors from Egypt then made their appearance, and the Crusaders had recourse to all sorts of expedients to impose upon their visitors. Their most splendid habiliments, their most costly arms were exhibited, and the nobles and knights displayed their skill and courage in jousts and tournaments, and their graces in the dance—behind lingered want and privations; in the eyes of the strangers all was joy and festivity. The Egyptians professed great friendship for the Crusaders, with admiration of their military virtues: their master made vast promises, and said they had liberty to enter the Holy City, provided they went without arms, and only staid one month. If the Crusaders submitted to these conditions, the Caliph of Egypt would be their firmest support; but if they scorned his friendship, the people of Ethiopia and Egypt, all who inhabit Asia and Africa, from the Strait of Gades to the gates of Bagdad, would rise at the voice of the legitimate Vicar of the Prophet, and show the warriors of the West the power of their arms.

To this speech a spirited reply was instantly made, rejecting all Mussulman favors, expressing a reliance upon God for the delivery of the Holy Places, of which, they said, the Christians were determined to be the guardians and the masters.

This was the sentiment of the Crusaders; but they, nevertheless, did not entirely reject alliance with the caliph. They sent deputies and presents back with the embassadors.

Scarcely had they departed, when the Christians gained a fresh victory over the Turks. The Sultans of Aleppo and Damascus, with the Emirs of Cæsarea, Emessa, and Hierapolis had raised an army 20,000 horse, to succor Antioch. This army was already approaching the city, when it was stopped and cut to pieces by Bohemond and the Count de St. Gilles, who had gone out to meet it. The Turks lost two thousand men and a thousand horses; and the city of Harem, in which they endeavored to find safety, likewise fell into the hands of the Christians. At the moment the Egyptian embassadors were embarking at Port St. Simeon, four camels brought them the heads and the spoils of two hundred Mussulmans. The conquerors threw two hundred other heads into the city of Antioch, the garrison of which was anxiously looking out for succors. A number of heads were also stuck on pikes round the walls. This they did in revenge for some gross insults the Saracens had lavished upon an image of the Virgin which had fallen into their hands.

The Crusaders had soon occasion to display their valor in a much more perilous and sanguinary combat. A fleet of Genoese and Pisans entered the port of St. Simeon; this caused the greatest joy, and the soldiers rushed in crowds toward the port, to get news from Europe and obtain necessaries and provisions. As they returned, laden with what they had acquired, and mostly unarmed, they were attacked by a body of four thousand Saracens, who laid wait for them on their passage. In vain Bohemond, the Count de St. Gilles, and Bishop Adhemar, hastened to their assistance; the Christians could not sustain the shock of the infidels, and retreated in great disorder

The report of this defeat soon reached the camp, and Godfrey immediately summoned all to arms. Followed by his brother Eustace, the two Roberts and the Count de Vermandois, he crossed the Orontes, and went in pursuit of the pursuers. When he came up with the Saracens, he shouted to his companions "to follow his example," and fell, sword in hand, upon the ranks of the Mussulmans. Accustomed to distant fight, and to employ the bow and arrow, these could not stand against the sword and the lance of the Crusaders: they took to flight some toward the mountains, and some toward the city. Accien, who, from the towers of his palace, had beheld the victorious attack of the Crusaders, sent a numerous detachment to assist his flying troops. He accompanied them to the gate of the bridge, which he caused to be shut after them, telling them it should

not be reopened till they had gained the victory.

This fresh body of Saracens was quickly beaten in its turn. The Turks had no other hope but that of regaining the city; but Godfrey had placed himself upon an eminence between the fugitives and the gates. It was there the carnage began; the Christians were animated by their victory, the Saracens by their despair and the cries of the inhabitants assembled on the ramparts. Nothing can paint the tumults of this fresh combat. The clash of arms and the shouts of the soldiers drowned the voices of the commanders; they fought hand to hand, in perfect disorder, while clouds of dust hung over the field of battle. Chance directed the blows of both the conquerors and the conquered; the Saracens pressed upon each other, and embarrassed their own flight. The confusion was so great that many Crusaders were killed by their companions in arms. A vast number of Saracens fell beneath the swords of the Christians, almost without resistance; more than 2,000 were drowned in the Orontes. The slaughter lasted the whole day, and it was not till toward evening that Accien allowed the gates to be opened to the miserable remains of his troops.

Notwithstanding these prodigious exploits, the Christians sustained a considerable loss. While celebrating the valor of the Crusaders, cotemporary history is astonished at the multitude of martyrs whom the Saracens sent to heaven.

The Saracens passed the night in burying their dead near a mosque without the walls. Their sad duty performed, they retired. The Christians, however, knew that the Mussulmans never despoiled the bodies of their countrymen before they inhumed them, and flocked in crowds to the plunder of them. They tore up the bodies, and stripped them of the arms and clothes with which they were covered. They then returned to exhibit to their fellows in the camp the silk stuffs, bucklers, lances, javelins, and rich swords found in the graves. This spectacle did not in the least disgust the knights and barons. The day after the battle, among the spoils of the vanquished, they contemplated with pleasure fifteen hundred heads separated from their trunks, which were paraded in triumph through the army, and reminded them of their victory and of the loss of the infidels.

All these heads, cast into the Orontes with the bodies of the Mussulmans who the preceding day had been drowned in the river, went to convey the news of the victory to the Genoese and Pisans at Port St. Simeon.

The leaders now thought of nothing but taking advantage of the terror with which they had inspired the Mussulmans. Masters of the cemetery, they pulled down the mosque, and employed the stones, even of the tombs, to build a fortress before the gate of the bridge by which the besieged made their sorties. Raymond, who had been accused of want of zeal for the holy war, constructed this fort and took charge of the perilous post. It was proposed to raise a new fortress near the first, and as none of the leaders came forward to erect it, Tancred offered his services—a generous and loyal knight; he had nothing left but his sword and his renown. He asked his companions for money, and undertook the danger of the enterprise. All were eager to second his courageous devotion; the works he directed were soon finished; and from that time the besieged were closely shut up within the inclosure of their walls.

The Crusaders having thus blockaded the city, seized the Syrians who had been accustomed to bring provisions to Antioch, and only spared their lives upon their swearing to supply the Christian army. Learning that Accien had sent away a great many of his horses to a valley some leagues from the city, they repaired thither by by-roads, and gained possession of the rich booty. Two thousand horses and as many mules were led in triumph to the Christian camp.

Many of the Genoese and Pisans were skillful engineers, and they were employed in directing the labors of the siege. Machines of war were built, and Antioch was threatened on all sides. While despair supplied the place of courage with the Saracens, zeal and emulation increased among the Crusaders; many whom want or fear had driven away, returned to their standards, and sought every opportunity of wiping out the disgrace of their desertion. The besiegers no longer thought of repose, and breathed nothing but fight. The women seconded the valor of the warriors; some fought by their sides in the ranks, while others supplied them with food and munitions when they were engaged. The children even formed bands, and went through their military exercises. The inhabitants of Antioch opposed their children to those of the Christians, and several times these young combatants engaged in the presence of the besiegers and the besieged, who took an interest in the fight, and animated their party by voice and gesture when they appeared to give way.

There was formed at the same time another militia, much more formidable to the Saracens. The mendicants and vagabonds who followed the army were employed in the labors of the siege, under the orders of a captain who took the title of *Truand* King, or King of the Beggars. They received pay from the general chest; and as soon as they

were in a condition to purchase arms and clothes, the king denied them as his subjects, and made them enter into one of the corps of the army. This measure, while removing the vagabonds from their dangerous idleness, made useful auxiliaries of them. As they were accused of violating graves and feeding on human flesh, they inspired great horror and fear among the infidels, who fled away at their approach.

Antioch was so warmly pressed, and the garrison had so little means of defense, that the Crusaders expected every day to be masters of it. Accien demanded a truce, and promised to surrender if not speedily succored. The Crusaders, always full of blind confidence, had the imprudence to accept the proposals of the governor. As soon as they had made a truce with the Saracens, the leaders of the army, who seldom agreed anywhere but in the field of battle, and whom danger even could not always unite, were on the point of declaring war among themselves.

Baldwin, Prince of Edessa, had sent some magnificent presents to Godfrey, the two Roberts, the Count de Vermandois, and the Counts of Blois and Chartres; he had distributed sums of money to the whole army; but in bestowing his largesses, he had purposely left out Bohemond and his soldiers. This was quite enough to create a division. While the Christian army was loud in the praises of the liberality of Baldwin, the Prince of Tarentum and his warriors breathed nothing but complaints and murmurs.

At the same time, a richly ornamented tent, which an Armenian prince destined for Godfrey, and which, falling into the hands of Pancratus, and was sent to Bohemond, became a fresh subject of trouble and discord. Godfrey haughtily claimed the present which had been intended for him; Bohemond refused to give it up. Both parties proceeded to abuse and threats; they were eager to have recourse to arms, and Christian blood was about to flow in a contemptible quarrel. But at length the Prince of Tarentum, abandoned by the greater part of the army and conquered by the prayers of his friends, surrendered the tent to his rival.

While these quarrels occupied the Christian army, the inhabitants of Antioch received reinforcements and prepared for a fresh resistance. When they had obtained all they stood in need of, they broke the truce and recommenced the war with all the advantages a foolishly granted peace had given them.

Antioch, after a seven months' siege, would have escaped the hands of the Christians, if cunning, policy, and ambition had not done more for their cause than patience and valor had been able to do. Bohemond, whom the hopes of bettering his fortune had drawn into the Crusade, was always on the watch to realize his projects. The success of Baldwin had roused his jealousy. He ventured to cast his eyes upon Antioch, and was sufficiently favored by circumstances to find a man who had it in his power to place the city in his hands. This man, who was named *Phirous*, was the son of an Armenian, a maker of cuirasses. Of a restless, uneasy character, he was constantly in hopes of changing his condition. He had abjured the Christian religion in a spirit of inconsistency and with the expectation of advancing his fortune. To satisfy his ambition and avarice, nothing appeared unjust or impossible. Being active, cunning, and insinuating, he had obtained the confidence of Accien, who admitted him to his councils. The Prince of Antioch had confided the command of three of his principal towers to him. He at first defended them with zeal, but without any advantage to his fortune: he grew weary of a sterile fidelity as soon as he was brought to think that treacher ymight be more profitable to him.

In the intervals between the battles he had had frequent opportunities of seeing the Prince of Tarentum. These two men divined each other's character at first sight, and were not long in coming to an understanding. They afterward saw each other several times, but always with the greatest secrecy. At every interview, Bohemond told Phirous that the fate of the Crusaders was in his hands, and that it only remained with himself to obtain an immense recompense from them. On his side, Phirous protested that he had a great desire to serve the Crusaders, whom he looked upon as his brothers; and to assure the Prince of Tarentum of his fidelity, or to excuse his treachery, he said that Christ had appeared to him and advised him to give Antioch up to the Christians. Bohemond had no need of a similar protestation. He had no trouble in believing what he wished for with so much ardor; and when he had agreed with Phirous upon the means by which the projects they had a long time meditated should be executed, he called an assembly of the principal leaders of the Christian army. He dwelt with great warmth upon the evils which to that period had desolated the Crusaders, and the yet greater evils with which they were still threatened. He added that a powerful army was advancing to the succor of Antioch; that they could not retreat without shame and danger; and that there was no safety for the Christians but in the conquest of the city. The place, it was true, was defended by inexpugnable ramparts; but they must be aware that all victories are not gained by arms or

in the field of battle; that those which were obtained by address were neither the least important nor the least glorious. They who could not be conquered might be seduced, and enemies might be overcome by an adroit and generous enterprise. Among the inhabitants of Antioch, widely differing in morals and religion, opposite in interests, there must be some to be found who would be accessible to baits of gold or to brilliant promises. It concerned a service of so much importance to the Christian army, that all sorts of attempts were justifiable. The possession even of Antioch itself did not appear to him to be too much to hold out as a reward to him who should be skillful or fortunate enough to throw open the gates to the Crusaders.

Bohemond did not explain himself more clearly, but several of the leaders, who, perhaps, entertained the same views, easily fathomed his meaning. Raymond, in particular, spoke strongly against the artful insinuations of the Prince of Tarentum. "We are all," said he, "brothers and companions in arms, and it would be unjust, that having all run the same risk, one alone should gather the fruit of our labors. "As for myself," added he, casting a look of anger and contempt upon Bohemond, "I have not traversed so many countries, and braved so many perils; I have not been prodigal of my blood, my soldiers, and my treasures, to pay with the price of our conquests some gross artifice, some disgraceful stratagem, the invention of which should be left to women." As none of the Crusaders were actuated by a more palpable ambition, or by meaner or more sordid views than Bohemond of Tarentum and Raymond of Toulouse, they were upon all occasions at variance, and by their wrangling laid their characters open to the whole army. Raymond's vehement words produced all the effect that might be expected among warriors accustomed to conquer by arms, and who valued no advantage that was not purchased by bravery. Most of the leaders rejected Bohemond's proposals, and joined their railleries to those of Raymond. Bohemond, with his Ulyssian tact, did his best to conceal his vexation and malice. He left the council with a smile on his lip, perfectly satisfied that necessity would soon bring the Crusaders to his opinion.

He made it his first business to spread, by means of emissaries, the most alarming reports throughout the camp. Some of the leaders went out to reconnoitre, and to learn if there were any foundation for these rumors. Thy speedily returned, announcing the approach of Kerbogha, Sultan of Mossoul, with an army of 200,000 men. This army, which had threatened Edessa and ravaged Mesopotamia, was within seven days' march of Antioch. At this account the fears of the Crusaders were redoubled. Bohemond went among the ranks, exaggerating the peril. The leaders again assembled to deliberate upon the measures that ought to be taken under such perilous circumstances. Two opinions divided the council. Some proposed that they should raise the siege, and go and meet the Saracens; others, that the army should be divided into two bodies, one of which should march against Kerbogha, and the other remain in charge of the camp. This last advice was about to prevail, when Bohemond demanded permission to speak. He had not much difficulty in demonstrating the difficulties of both plans. If they raised the siege, they would be placed between the garrison of Antioch and a formidable army. If they continued the blockade, and half the army only went to meet Kerbogha, they would certainly risk a double defeat. "The greatest perils," added the Prince of Tarentum, "surround us. Time presses; to-morrow, perhaps, it will be too late to act; to-morrow we shall have lost the fruit of all our labor and all our victories. But no, I can not think so; God, who has conducted us hither, will not permit that we should have fought in his cause in vain. If you will listen to the proposal I am about to make to you, to-morrow the standard of the cross shall float over the walls of Antioch, and we shall march in triumph to Jerusalem."

On finishing these words, Bohemond exhibited the letters of Phirous, in which he promised to surrender the three towers he commanded. Phirous declared that he was ready to fulfill his promises, but that he would have nothing to do with any one but the Prince of Tarentum. He required, as the price of his services, that Bohemond should remain master of Antioch. The Italian prince affirmed that he had already given considerable sums to Phirous; that he alone had obtained his confidence, and that a reciprocal confidence was the surest guaranty of success in so difficult an enterprise. "As to the rest," added he, "if a better means of saving the army can be found, I am ready to approve of it, and will willingly renounce my share of a conquest upon which the safety of all the Crusaders depends."

The peril daily became greater; it was disgraceful to fly, imprudent to fight, and dangerous to temporize. Fear put all the interests of rivalry to silence. The greater the opposition the leaders had at first shown to the proposals of Bohemond, the more abundant did they now find the reasons for adopting them. A divided conquest was no conquest; besides, a partition of Antioch might give birth to a thousand differences in the army, and lead to its ruin. They only

gave away that which they did not possess, and they gave it to secure the lives of the Christians. Better one should profit by the labors of all, than that all should perish out of opposition to the good fortune of one. Besides, the taking of Antioch was not the great object of the Crusade; they had taken arms to deliver Jerusalem. Every delay was contrary to what religion hoped for from its soldiers, and to what the West expected from its bravest knights. All the leaders, except the inflexible Raymond, united in granting the principality of Antioch to Bohemond, and conjured him to press the execution of his project.

The moment he left the council, Bohemond informed Phirous of what had taken place, and the latter sent him his son as a hostage. The execution of the plan was fixed for the next day. To leave the garrison of Antioch in the greater security, the Christians were to quit their camp and direct their march toward the route by which Kerbogha's army was expected, and were to return to the walls of Antioch during the night. The next day, at dawn, the troops received orders to prepare for their departure; they left the camp a few hours before nightfall, with trumpets sounding and ensigns flying, and after a short march retraced their steps, and came in silence toward Antioch. At a signal given by the Prince of Tarentum, they halted in a valley west of the city, near the tower of the Three Sisters, commanded by Phirous. It was there that the secret of the great enterprise which was to open the gates to them was revealed to the Christian army.

These deeply-laid plans, however, were very near failing. At the moment the army left the camp, a report was circulated in Antioch that a plot was on foot. The Christians and newly-converted Mussulmans were suspected, and the name of Phirous was heard coupled with accusations of keeping up an intelligence with the besiegers. He was obliged to appear before Accien, who interrogated him sternly, with his eyes fixed upon him, to read his purpose in his countenance: but Phirous dispersed all suspicions by his self-possession. He himself proposed measures for detecting the traitors, if there were any; and advised his master to change the commanders of the principal towers. This advice was highly approved of, and Accien said he would follow it the next day. At the same time orders were issued to place all the Christians in the city in chains during the darkness of night. The renegade was then sent to his post, loaded with praises for his exactitude and fidelity. As night approached, every thing appeared tranquil in Antioch, and Phirous, thinking his danger was over, awaited the Crusaders in the tower he had engaged to surrender.

As his brother commanded a tower next to his, he went to him, and endeavored to draw him into the plot, but his brother refused with threatening words, and the renegade saw that he was at least suspected. He acknowledged no brother in the man who refused to be his accomplice, and, as his only reply, plunged his dagger into his heart.

The decisive moment arrived. The night was dark, and a storm which had risen, considerably augmented the obscurity. The wind, which shook the roofs of the houses, together with the incessant peals of thunder, prevented the soldiers from hearing any noise round the ramparts. The sky looked inflamed toward the west, and the sight of a comet, which appeared above the horizon, seemed to announce to the superstitious minds of the Crusaders the moment destined for the destruction of the infidels. They awaited the signal with impatience. A Lombard, named Payen, sent by Bohemond, ascended the tower by a ladder of leather. Phirous received him, told him all was prepared, and, to convince him of his fidelity, pointed to the dead body of his brother. While they were talking, an officer of the garrison came to visit the posts. He presented himself with a lantern before the tower. Phirous, without showing the least fear, concealed Bohemond's messenger, and went forward to meet the officer. He received praises for his vigilance, and then hastened to send back Payen. The Lombard rejoined his comrades, and conjured Bohemond, on the part of Phirous, not to lose a moment.

But all at once a panic seized the soldiers: at the moment of execution, they perceived the full extent of the danger. Not one came forward to mount the ladder. In vain Godfrey and the Prince of Tarentum employed by turns promises and threats: both leaders and soldiers remained motionless. Bohemond then ascended by a rope ladder, with the hope that his example would be followed by some of the bravest, but nobody felt it his duty to meet the risk. He arrived alone on the tower, where Phirous reproached him warmly for his tardiness. Bohemond redescended in haste, and told the soldiers all was ready to receive them. His words, but still more his example, at length revived the courage of the men. Sixty Crusaders prepared for the escalade. Encouraged by one Foulcher of Chartres, they seized the ladder of leather and ascended the tower. Among these sixty was the Count of Flanders, with many of the principal leaders. Sixty others soon followed the steps of the first, and these were followed by such numbers, and so precipitately, that the parapet to which the ladder was fastened gave way, and fell with a crash into the ditch. Those who were near

the summit of the walls fell upon the lances and swords of their companions. All was confusion and disorder among the assailants; the leaders of the enterprise, nevertheless, looked on with a tranquil eye. Phirous, over the bloody body of his brother, embraced his new companions, gave up to their swords another brother who was with him, and put them in possession of the three towers confided to his command. Seven other towers soon fell into their hands. Phirous then called upon all the Christian army to advance; he fastened a fresh ladder to the rampart, by which the most impatient ascended, and pointed out to others a gate they could break in, and by which they entered the city in crowds.

Godfrey, Raymond, and the Count of Normandy were soon in the streets of Antioch with their battalions. All the trumpets were sounded, and the four hills of the city resounded with the terrible cry, "*Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!*" At the first report of the tumult, the Christian inhabitants of Antioch believed their last hour to be come, and that the Mussulmans were about to cut their throats. The latter, half-asleep, crawled from their houses to inquire the cause of the noise they heard, and died without knowing who were the traitors, or by what hand they were struck. Some, when aware of the danger, fled toward the mountain upon which the citadel was built; whilst others rushed out at the gates of the city. All who could not fly fell beneath the swords of the conquerors.

Notwithstanding the confusion, Bohemond did not fail to take possession of Antioch; and when day appeared, his red flag was seen floating over one of the highest towers of the city. At sight of this, the Crusaders left in charge of the camp uttered loud shouts of joy, and flocked to the city to partake of the new conquest. The slaughter of the Mussulmans was pursued with fury. The Christians, who had suffered much, exhibited their chains to their liberators, and increased their thirst for blood: the public places were covered with dead bodies, and blood flowed down all the streets. Every house and thing that was not marked with a cross was the object of their fury; all who did not pronounce the name of Christ were massacred without mercy.

In a single night, more than ten thousand of the inhabitants of Antioch perished; many who attempted to escape were brought back to either death or slavery. Accien, finding he was betrayed, and not daring to place confidence in any of his officers, resolved to fly toward Mesopotamia, and meet Kerbogha. After leaving the gates, he was proceeding without any escort, through forests and over mountains, when he fell in with some Armenian woodcutters. These men recognized the Prince of Antioch, and as he was without a train, and bore upon his countenance the marks of depression and grief, they judged the city must be taken. One of them went up to him, snatched his sword from him, and plunged it into his heart. His head was brought to the new masters of Antioch. After having received great wealth as the reward of his treachery, Phirous re-embraced the Christianity he had abandoned, and followed the Crusaders to Jerusalem. Two years after, his ambition not being satisfied, he returned to the religion of Mahomet, and died abhorred by both Mussulmans and Christians.

When tired of slaughter, the Christians turned their attention toward the citadel; but that, being situated upon an almost inaccessible mountain, set their efforts at defiance. They satisfied themselves with surrounding it with machines of war and soldiers, and proceeded to indulge in all the intoxication inspired by their victory. The pillage of Antioch yielded immense treasures; and, although provisions did not abound, they gave themselves up to intemperance and debauchery.

These things took place in the early part of June, 1098; the siege had commenced in the month of October, the preceding year. After this success, for we can not call it a victory, three days quickly passed away in rejoicings and festivity; but the fourth was a day of fear and of mourning.

A formidable army of Saracens approached Antioch. All the powers of the East were roused by the success of the Christians, and Asia Minor seemed to be in arms to repel the attack of Europe. Kerbogha, Sultan of Mossoul, commanded the Mussulman forces. This formidable leader had gained great experience in civil wars. Three sultans, the Governor of Jerusalem, and twenty-eight emirs, marched in his train. Animated by the thirst of vengeance, the Mussulman soldiers swore by their prophet to exterminate the Christians; and, three days after the taking of Antioch, the army of Kerbogha pitched their tents upon the banks of the Orontes. Their approach was announced to the Christians by the appearance of three hundred horsemen, who came under the walls to reconnoitre. Anxiety and alarm instantly succeeded to joy and excess; for they at once perceived that they had not provisions for a siege. Troops were sent to forage in all directions, but as the territory of Antioch had been ravaged for several months, they returned, to the consternation of their comrades, almost empty-handed. The moment the infidels arrived, they attacked the advanced posts of the Cru-

saders. In these early combats, the Christians had to lament the loss of some of their bravest warriors. Bohemond was wounded in a sortie. In vain Tancred and Godfrey performed prodigies of valor; the Mussulmans drove the Christians into the city, in which they were now, in their turn, besieged.

Placed between the vast Mussulman army and the garrison of the citadel, the position of the Crusaders was awful. Kerbogha took possession of the port of St. Simeon, so that no provisions could reach them by sea, and famine very quickly began to exercise cruel ravages upon the besieged.

At the very commencement of the siege, the commonest necessaries were worth their weight in gold. After having slaughtered most of their horses, they were obliged to have recourse to unclean animals. The soldiers and the poor who followed the army lived upon leaves and roots; some even went so far as to devour the leather of their bucklers and shoes: the most destitute exhumed the bodies of the Saracens, and, to support their wretched existence, disputed his prey with death. In this frightful distress, agonized mothers could no longer support their children, and with them died of despair and hunger. Princes and knights, whose pride had been most conspicuous, were debased to the asking of charity. More than one leader sold his equipments and his arms to purchase food for a single day.

Many of the Crusaders endeavored to fly from a city which presented nothing but the image and the prospect of death; some fled toward the sea, through a thousand dangers; others cast themselves among the Mussulmans, where they purchased a morsel of bread by abandonment of Christ and his religion. The soldiers lost courage at seeing the Count de Melun fly, for the second time: he could brave any dangers in the field of battle, but he could not endure hunger and misery. His desertion was preceded by that of the Count de Blois, who bore the standard of the Crusaders, and presided in council. He had quitted the army two days before the taking of Antioch; and when he learned the arrival of Kerbogha, marched toward Constantinople. The deserters escaped during the darkness of night. Sometimes they precipitated themselves into the ditches of the city, at the risk of their lives; and others slipped down the rampart with the aid of ropes.

Stephen, Count of Chartres, arrived safely at the camp of Alexius, who was advancing at the head of an army toward Antioch. To excuse his desertion, he did not fail to paint in the darkest colors the ills and perils of the Christians, and to make it evident by his recital that God had abandoned the cause of the Christians. The despair of some Latin pilgrims who followed the army of the Greeks was so violent, that it inspired them with horrible blasphemies.

The Emperor Alexius, who had advanced as far as Philomelum, terrified at all he heard, did not dare to continue his march toward Antioch. He returned toward Constantinople, dragging in his train half the inhabitants of the countries he passed through, they being afraid of being left to the mercy of the Mussulmans.

The news of this retreat completed the despair of the Christians: hope was gone; deaths increased awfully; their enfeebled hands could scarcely wield the lance or the sword; they had neither the strength to defend their lives nor to bury the dead. Amid such frightful misery, no more tears were seen to flow, no more groans were heard, the silence was as complete in Antioch as if it had been perpetual night, or that no one was left in it. The Crusaders were abandoned even by the courage of despair. The last feeling of nature, love of life, became fainter in their hearts every day; they dreaded to meet each other in the public places, and remained concealed in the interior of their houses, which they looked upon as their tombs.

The towers and ramparts were almost without defense. Bohemond, as lord of the place, in vain endeavored by words and exertions to keep up the courage of the Crusaders; the summons of the serjeant-at-arms, or the trumpet-call, was equally unresponded to. While the army without, and the garrison of the citadel within, renewed their assaults daily, the Christian warriors remained motionless in their dwellings. In order to rouse them, Bohemond set fire to several quarters of the city, destroying, as a pompous poet said, churches and palaces built with the cedar of Lebanon, in which shone marble from the Atlas, crystal from Tyre, brass from Cyprus, lead from Amathonte, and steel from England. The barons, unable to command the obedience of their soldiers, had not strength to set them an example.

They offered to give up the city, upon being permitted to return to their country; but Kerbogha would listen to nothing but unconditional surrender. The European invasion of Asia was such an extraordinary event, that the Saracens, perhaps wisely, deemed a severe lesson necessary.

But some of the leaders, who knew how the minds of many of the Crusaders had been worked upon to undertake the enterprise, had recourse in this extreme distress to similar motives of action: they industriously circulated accounts of visions and supernatural revelations, all pointing to a happy issue.

In order to realize the promises of heaven, a priest of the diocese of Marseilles, named Pierre Barthélemi, appeared before the council of the leaders, for the purpose of revealing an apparition of St. Andrew, which had been repeated three times while he was asleep. The holy apostle had said to him—"Go to the church of my brother, Peter, at Antioch: near the high altar you will find, on digging the earth, the iron of the lance which pierced the side of our Redeemer. In three days, that instrument of eternal salvation shall be manifested to His disciples: that mystic iron, borne at the head of the army, will effect the delivery of the Christians and pierce the hearts of the infidels."

Adhemar, Raymond, and the other leaders affected to believe this tale. The report of it was soon spread throughout the army. The soldiers believed that the glory of Christ was interested in their safety, and that God ought to perform miracles to save his disciples and defenders. During three days the Christian army prepared itself by fasting and prayer for the discovery of this holy lance.

On the morning of the third day, twelve Crusaders, chosen from among the most respectable of the clergy and knights, repaired to the great church of Antioch, accompanied by a vast number of laborers provided with the necessary tools. They began to dig the ground under the high altar; the greatest silence prevailed in the church; every instant the spectators expected to behold the glittering of the miraculous iron. The whole army, assembled outside the closed doors, awaited impatiently the result of the search. The diggers had worked during several hours, and had thrown out the earth to the depth of twelve feet, without the appearance of any lance. Night came on, and nothing was discovered; and yet the impatience of the Crusaders seemed to be increased rather than diminished by disappointment. The laborers rested for awhile, and then in the darkness of the night resumed their operations. While the twelve witnesses were bent in prayer round the hole, Barthélemi leaped into it, and in a very short time reappeared with the sacred iron in his hand! A cry of joy was uttered by all present; it was repeated by the anxious army at the doors, and soon resounded through every quarter of the city. The iron to which so many hopes were attached, was exhibited in triumph to the Crusaders; it appeared to them a celestial weapon with which God himself would disperse his enemies. Enthusiasm gave fresh life to the Crusaders, and seemed to restore strength to the soldiers.

The leaders of the army who had thus excited the enthusiasm of the soldiers were too prudent to let it slumber. They sent deputies to the Saracens to offer them either a single combat or a general engagement. Peter the Hermit, who had, in the lance-scene, evinced more exaltation than any one, was selected for this embassy. Although received with contempt in the camp of the infidels, he spoke with none the less haughtiness and pride: "The princes assembled in Antioch," said he to the Saracen leaders, "have sent me to you, to demand justice. These provinces, marked with the blood of martyrs, have belonged to Christian peoples, and as all Christian peoples are brothers, we are come into Asia to avenge the outrages of those who are persecuted, and to defend the heritage of Christ and his disciples. Heaven has allowed the cities of Syria to fall for a time into the power of infidels, as a chastisement for the offenses of his people; but learn that the vengeance of the Most High is at length appeased; learn that the tears and repentance of the Christians have wrested the sword from the hand of divine justice, and that the God of armies is risen to combat for us. Nevertheless, we still consent to speak of peace; I conjure you, in the name of the all-powerful God, to abandon the territories of Antioch, and return into your own country. The Christians promise you, by my voice, not to interrupt your retreat. We will put up vows that the true God may touch your hearts, and show you the truth of our faith. If heaven deigns to listen to us, how delightful it will be to us to give you the name of brethren, and to conclude with you a durable peace! But if you are unwilling to receive either the advantages of peace or the blessings of the Christian religion, let the fate of arms decide the justice of our cause. As the Christians do not wish to be surprised, and as they are incapable of stealing a victory, they offer you the choice of the battle."

On finishing these words, Peter fixed his eyes upon the countenance of the leaders of the Saracens: "Choose," said he, "the bravest of thy army, and let them fight with a similar number of the Crusaders; fight thyself with one of the Christian princes, or give the signal for a general battle. Whichever be thy choice, thou shalt soon learn what thy enemies are, and shalt know who is the God we serve."

Kerbogha, who was acquainted with the situation of the Christians, but who knew nothing of the kind of succor they had received in their distress, was extremely surprised at such language. He remained for some time mute with astonishment and rage; but at length recovering himself: "Return," cried he to Peter, "return to those that sent thee, and tell them that the conquered re-

ceive conditions, and do not dictate them. Miserable vagabonds, attenuated wretches, phantoms can inspire fear in none but women. The warriors of Asia are not to be terrified with words. The Christians shall soon learn that the land we tread on belongs to us. Nevertheless, I am desirous of showing them some pity, and if they will acknowledge Mahomet, I may be able to forget that the city, ravaged by hunger, is already in my power; I may leave it in their power, and give them clothes, food, women—all they stand in need of; for the Koran commands us to pardon those who submit to its laws. Tell thy companions to be quick, and profit to-day by my clemency; to-morrow they shall not leave Antioch but by the sword. They will then see if their crucified God, who could not save himself on the cross, can save them from the fate which is prepared for them."

This speech was warmly applauded by the Saracens, whose fanaticism it rekindled. Peter wanted to reply, but the Sultan of Mossoul, laying his hand upon his saber, commanded the miserable mendicants, who united insolence to blindness, to be driven out of his camp. The Christian deputies retired in haste, and several times ran great risk of their lives in passing through the army of the infidels. On his return to Antioch, Peter gave the assembled princes and barons an account of his mission; and they prepared for the great contest. The heralds-at-arms visited the various quarters of the city, and the impatient valor of the Crusaders was promised battle on the ensuing day.

The priests and bishops exhorted the Christians to render themselves worthy of fighting in the cause of Christ: the whole army passed the night in prayer and acts of devotion. Injuries were forgiven, alms were bestowed; all the churches were filled with warriors, humbling themselves before God, and asking absolution for their sins. The evening before, a considerable quantity of provisions had been discovered, and this unexpected abundance was looked upon as a kind of miracle. The Crusaders repaired their strength by a frugal repast: toward midnight, all the bread and flour that remained in Antioch served for the sacrifice of the mass. A hundred thousand warriors approached the tribunal of penitence, and received, with all the marks of piety, what they believed to be the God for whom they had taken up arms.

At length day appeared; it was the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul. The gates of Antioch were thrown open, and the Christian army marched out, divided into twelve bodies, which reminded them of the twelve apostles. Hugh the Great, although weakened by a long illness, appeared in the foremost ranks, bearing the standard of the Church. All the princes, knights, and barons were at the head of their men-at-arms. The Count of Toulouse was the only leader not in the ranks; detained in Antioch, in consequence of a wound, he was charged with keeping the garrison in check while the battle was fought.

Raymond of Agiles, one of the historians of the Crusade, bore the holy lance, and exhibited it to the soldiers. Bishop Adhemar marched by his side, announcing to the Crusaders the assistance of the heavenly legions which God had promised them. A part of the clergy advanced in procession at the head of the army, singing the martial Psalm: "Let the Lord arise, and let his enemies be dispersed." The bishops and priests who remained in Antioch, surrounded by the women and children, from the heights of the ramparts, blessed the arms of the Crusaders, and raising their hands toward heaven, prayed the Lord to save his people, and confound the pride of his enemies. The banks of the Orontes and the neighboring mountains seemed to reply to these invocations, and resounded with the war-cry of the Crusaders, *Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!*

Amid this concert of acclamations and prayers the Christian army advanced into the plain. To consider only the state to which it was reduced, it had rather the appearance of a vanquished army than of one which was marching to victory. A great number of the Crusaders were almost without clothes. Most of the knights and barons marched on foot. Some were mounted on asses, and some on camels; and, which is worthy of note on such a day, Godfrey Bouillon was obliged to borrow a horse of the Count of Toulouse. In the ranks were sickly attenuated men, marching with difficulty, and only supported by the hope of either conquering or dying in the cause of Christ.

All the plains near Antioch were covered with Mussulman battalions. The Saracens had divided their army into fifteen bodies, arranged in *echelons*. In the midst of all these bodies, that of Kerbogha looked like an inaccessible mountain. The Saracen general, who had no expectation of a battle, at first supposed that the Christians were coming to implore his clemency. A black flag, hoisted on the citadel of Antioch, which was the signal agreed upon to announce the resolution of the Crusaders, soon convinced him that he had not to deal with supplicants. Two thousand men of his army, who guarded the bridge of Antioch, were cut to pieces by the Count de Vermandois. The fugitives carried terror to the tent of their general, who was playing at chess at the time. Roused from his false security, Kerbogha ordered the head

of a deserter, who had announced to him the speedy surrender of the Christians, to be struck off, and prepared for battle.

On leaving Antioch, the Christian army advanced westward, toward the point where the mountains approach the Orontes. Drawn up in battle-array on a vast space where the mountains formed a half-circle around them, and secured them from surprise, their line extended into the plain a league from the city. Hugh, the two Roberts, the Count de Belesme, and the Count of Hainault placed themselves at the head of the left wing; Godfrey was on the right wing, supported by Eustache, Baldwin du Bourg, Tancred, Renaud de Toul, and Erard de Puyset. Adhemar was in the center, with Gaston de Bearn, the Count de Die, Raimbaut of Orange, William of Montpellier, and Amenjeu d'Albret. Bohemond commanded a body of reserve, ready to fly to any point where the Christians should require help. When Kerbogha saw the dispositions of the Christians, he ordered the Sultans of Nicea, Damascus, and Aleppo to make the tour of the mountain, and afterward reascend the Orontes, so as to place themselves between the Christian army and the city of Antioch. He at the same time drew up his army to receive the Christians and repulse their attack. He placed his troops partly on the heights, partly in the plain. His right wing was commanded by the Emir of Jerusalem, and his left by one of the sons of Accien. For himself, he remained upon a lofty hill, to give his orders, and watch the movements of the two armies.

At the moment the battle began, Kerbogha was seized with fear, and he sent to the Christian princes to propose a combat between a given number on each side, to prevent the general carnage. But this offer, which he had rejected the day before, was not likely to be adopted by the leaders of an army full of ardor and confident of victory. The Christians did not doubt that heaven would declare for them, and this persuasion must render them invincible. In their enthusiasm they looked upon the most natural events as prodigies which announced the triumph of their arms. A ball of fire, which the evening before had passed over Antioch, and burst over the Saracen camp, appeared to them a certain forerunner of victory. As they left Antioch, a slight rain refreshed the hot air of the season and the climate, and appeared in their eyes a fresh proof of the favor of heaven. A strong wind, which added speed to their javelins and impeded those of the enemy, was, for them, like the wind of celestial anger, raised to disperse the infidels. Animated by these persuasions, the Christian army was impatient for the fight. They marched toward the enemy in perfect order: a profound silence prevailed, broken alone by the voices of the commanders, the hymns of the priests, and the exhortations of Adhemar.

All at once the Saracens commenced the attack; they discharged a shower of arrows, and rushed upon the Christians, uttering barbarous howlings. In spite of their impetuous charge, their right wing was quickly repulsed and broken by the Christians. Godfrey met with greater resistance in their left wing: he, however, succeeded in shaking it, and throwing their ranks into disorder. At the moment the troops of Kerbogha began to give way, the Sultan of Nicea, who had made the tour of the mountain and returned along the banks of the Orontes, fell upon the rear of the Christians with such impetuosity as to threaten the destruction of the body of reserve under Bohemond. The Crusaders, who fought on foot, could not stand against the first charge of the Saracen cavalry. Hugh the Great, when warned of the danger of Bohemond, abandoned the pursuit of the fugitives and flew to the succor of the reserve. Then the fight was renewed with fresh fury. Kilidj-Arslan, who had to avenge the disgrace of several defeats, as well as the loss of his states, fought like a lion at the head of his troops. A squadron of three thousand Saracen horsemen, all bristling with steel, and armed with clubs, carried disorder and terror into the ranks of the Christians. The standard of the Count de Vermandois was borne off and retaken, covered with the blood of Crusaders and infidels. Godfrey and Tancred, who flew to the aid of Hugh and Bohemond signalized their strength and courage by the death of many Mussulmans. The Sultan of Nicea, whom no reverse could subdue, still sustained the shock of the Christians. In the heat of the fight he caused lighted flax to be cast among the heath and dried grass which covered the plain. A conflagration quickly ensued, which encircled the Christians with volumes of fire and smoke. Their ranks were for a moment broken, and they paid no attention to the voice of their leaders. The Sultan of Nicea was about to gather the fruit of his stratagem, and victory was on the point of escaping from the hand of the Christians.

At that moment, say the historians, a squadron was seen coming down from the mountains. It was preceded by three horsemen clothed in white, and covered with shining armor: "Behold!" shouted Bishop Adhemar, "behold the celestial succor that was promised you. Heaven declares for the Christians; the holy martyrs, George, Demetrius, and Theodore, are come to fight for us." Immediately all eyes were turned toward the celestial legion. A new ardor took possession of the hearts of the Crusaders, who were persuaded

that God himself was come to their succor; the war-cry *Dieu le veut* was shouted with as much vigor as at the commencement of the battle. The women and children animated the warriors by their acclamations from the battlements; and the priests continued to pray and sing aloud their hymns and sacred songs of encouragement to the host.

Every Crusader became a hero; nothing could resist their impetuous shock. In a moment the Saracens were shaken everywhere, and only fought in wild disorder. They made an effort to rally on the other side of a torrent, and again on an elevated spot, whence their clarions and trumpets resounded; but the Count de Vermandois attacked them in this last intrenchment, and quickly put them to the rout. There was shortly no safety for them but in flight. The banks of the Orontes, the woods, the plains, the mountains were covered with fugitives, who abandoned their arms and their baggage.

Kerbogha, who had prematurely announced the defeat of the Christians to the Caliph of Bagdad and the Sultan of Persia, fled with all speed toward the Euphrates, escorted by a small number of his most faithful soldiers. Several emirs had fled before the end of the battle. Tancred and some others, mounted upon the horses of the conquered, pursued till nightfall the Sultans of Aleppo and Damascus, the Emir of Jerusalem, and the dispersed wreck of the Saracen army. The conquerors set fire to the intrenchments, behind which the enemy's infantry had taken refuge. A great number of Mussulmans perished there in the flames.

According to many cotemporary historians, the infidels left a hundred thousand dead on the field of battle. Four thousand Crusaders lost their lives on this glorious day, and were placed in the list of martyrs.

The Christians found abundance in the tents of their enemies; fifteen thousand camels and a vast number of horses fell into their hands. In the camp of the Saracens, where they passed the night, they admired at leisure the luxury of the Orientals, and examined with surprise the tent of the King of Mossoul, in all parts of which glittered gold and precious stones, and which, divided into long streets, flanked by high towers, resembled a fortified city. They employed several days in carrying into Antioch the spoils of the conquered. The booty was immense, and every soldier found himself richer than when he left Europe.

The Saracen army was composed of newly raised troops, from nations generally at feud one with another; and of the twenty-eight emirs who accompanied Kerbogha, scarcely any two were disposed to act in concert, or acknowledge the authority of one leader. On the contrary, strange to say, the most perfect union prevailed on that day among the Christians.—*Robson.*

ANTWERP.—This great commercial city of Belgium, is situated on the right bank of the Scheldt, twenty-seven miles north of Brussels. It is strongly fortified, its walls and other defenses completely encompassing the city on the land side, from the river on the north to the citadel on the south, a distance, following the line of fortification, of about two and three fourth miles. Antwerp has been several times subjected to siege, of three of which only we think it necessary to offer any details.

First Siege, A.D. 1583.—The Netherlands, tired of Spanish domination, made the false step of getting rid of one evil by adopting another quite as bad, and elected as their sovereign Francis of France, who, known as the Duke d'Alençon, had recently assumed the title of Duke d'Anjou. The worthy brother of Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.—the son of Catherine de Medici—the Duke of Anjou, might have been thought the last prince to be selected for the purpose of reigning over a people so situated as the Netherlanders were; but France was the enemy of Spain; was the most powerful neighbor they had, and the wily Catherine and wicked Henry III., were liberal in their promises.

Very little satisfied with the name of leader and a limited authority, the Duke of Anjou soon made an effort to throw off the yoke of the States, and to reign as monarch. His first design was to gain possession of the citadel of Antwerp. On the 17th of January, 1583, he left his palace early in the morning, followed by several Frenchmen on horseback, and passed out of the city, by the gate of St. James. He had scarcely left the city, when those who accompanied him pretended to quarrel among themselves, and fell sword in hand upon the *corps de garde*, the soldiers of which they massacred, or put to flight, and, at the same time, seized upon that gate. All the citizens of that quarter hastened to the spot, while the French took possession of the Emperor's gate, and of the curtain which was between those two entrances. The troops who had been left in the city, ran through the streets, exclaiming: "The city is won! the city is won! Vive la Messe! Vive la Messe!" which was their rallying cry. Fifteen ensigns of foot and ten cornets of horse came to their assistance. The Swiss were approaching likewise. But an accident they might have prevented, disconcerted the enterprise. They had forgotten to take possession of the portcullis of the St. James gate; and the citizens, on perceiving this omission, rushed to the top of it, let it down, and thus

impeded the entrance of the French. The whole people took up arms: every man became a soldier. The enraged citizens combined instantly to drive out an enemy who aimed at their property and their lives. So much in earnest were they, that they took the money from their purses, and molded or cut it into bullets with their teeth, and loaded their guns with it. The women disputed with the men the glory of defending their country. The disconcerted French were surrounded, pursued, and completely routed. In vain the Duke endeavored to withdraw them from the rage of the Flemings; they were all killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Fifteen hundred were left on the field of battle; among whom were persons of the most illustrious houses in France; the Flemings did not lose a hundred men.

Second Siege, A.D. 1585.—This is considered one of the most remarkable sieges of modern times, from its cause, the parties concerned, the events, and the result.

The Prince of Parma presented himself, in 1585, before Antwerp, at the head of a powerful army. His operations commenced by the attack of the forts of Lillo and Liestenstoech, constructed by the Dutch upon the banks of the Scheldt. The Italians conceived a stratagem which very much facilitated the capture of this last fort. They got together a large number of wagons, loaded with green hay, to which they set fire. The wind carried the smoke directly toward the fort. Smothered and stifled by this cloud, the garrison were constrained to draw a little on one side, and the besiegers taking advantage of this short absence, mounted the ramparts, and carried the place. The prince was not so fortunate at Lillo. Mondragone, not having attacked it briskly enough, allowed a reinforcement to enter, by which six weeks and two thousand men were lost. This enterprise was abandoned, and the Spaniards contented themselves with masking the fort on the land side, and stopping the excursions of the troops who were shut up in it. The duke next undertook to close the Scheldt. In the month of September, he built two forts, opposite each other; furnished them with artillery, and then began the construction of a bridge, in appearance a chimerical project, but upon which the success of the siege depended. The Spanish general dug a broad and deep canal, two leagues in length, to facilitate the transport of materials; this was called the *Parma Canal.* To animate the laborers, the prince fixed his quarters in the village of Beversen. The Count de Mansfeld, lieutenant-general, commanded on the Brabant side, and was encamped at Stabrock. Mondragone was intrenched on the banks of the river, opposite Lillo, where he held the enemy in check. On all parts forts were built, to secure the dykes, and prevent the Dutch from inundating the country; communication between the city and the neighboring places was completely cut off, as was all means of its receiving succor by the Scheldt. The Marquis de Roubais was charged with the construction of the bridge. He exhibited so much activity in this important work, that a speedy completion of it was hoped for.

The besieged, terrified at the progress of the Spaniards, were a prey to the most serious inquietudes. In this wealthy place, every one trembled for his property, and yet could see no means of escaping the storm which growled over their heads. The firmest hearts were shaken. It was given out that they would no longer sustain a siege which must cost so much blood and treasure. Roused by this, Sainte-Aldegonde, the mayor of Antwerp, ventured, though alone, to combat this resolution. In speeches of fire he revived the fallen courage of his fellow-citizens, he inspired them with republican sentiments, and induced them to swear, with a common voice, an eternal renunciation of the yoke of Philip of Spain. An edict forbade, under pain of death, the least approach to accommodation with the royalists. The greatest ardor was evinced for the defense of their country. To prolong the means of resistance, provisions were distributed very economically, and every preparation that could be devised was made to thwart the construction of the fatal bridge which was to reduce Antwerp.

To prevent or retard this work, and destroy what was done, several singular vessels were employed, which were to be filled with fireworks. The redoubts the prince had built on the banks of the river interfered with the cruises of the Antwerp frigates; a vessel of enormous size was constructed, provided with large guns, for the purpose of attacking them. This immense mass in some sort resembled a floating fortress. The besieged conceived such magnificent hopes from this vessel, that they named it *The End of the War;* a boastful title, of which the skill and activity of the Prince of Parma made the vanity known.

Already the straccadoes, which formed the butments of each end of the bridge, approached completion, in spite of the efforts of the citizens, who gave unceasingly brave and sanguinary battle. In one of these conflicts, Roubais took Teligny prisoner, a captain equally brave and skillful. The Count of Hohenlohe was named in his place. This able officer did every thing possible, both by land and on the Scheldt, to impede the operations of the besiegers. But, notwithstanding all his efforts, they at length succeeded in procuring a sufficient number of vessels to

close the river in the middle of its course; and, on the 25th of February, 1585, the bridge was entirely finished.

The spot for this famous bridge was chosen between the villages of Ordam and Calloo, because the bed of the river was narrower there than at any other part. Its course made a marked elbow, which would prevent the vessels of the enemy from sailing full upon the bridge. On commencing it they had driven, on each side of the Scheldt, long rows of large piles, which were continued as far as the depth of the river would permit. They were joined together transversely, and in all their length, with very strong and solid pieces of wood: this formed what they called *staccadoes:* that of Calloo was 200 feet long, and that of Ordam 900. The space left between them was 1,250 feet. Upon each of these was formed a kind of place of arms, capable of containing a body of troops sufficient to defend it, and to protect the vessels which were to continue the bridge. These were lined by a parapet, from which the soldiers, protected from the shots of the enemy, could annoy them with their fire. The two forts constructed at the two *têtes du pont*, that is to say, at the extremity of the staccadoes, on the land side, protected the two flanks of them; for this purpose they were furnished with a numerous artillery. Batteries also were established in the places of arms. To these precautions, was added that of bristling, on both sides, the staccadoes with large posts, terminating in sharp iron points. They protruded a considerable distance; and great piles, driven into the bed of the river, held them fast just above the water. It was proposed by this to keep off the enemy's vessels, and weaken their attacks. When the staccadoes were completed, the vessels were brought up that were intended to close the remainder of the Scheldt in the deepest and widest part. Thirty-two barks, 60 feet long and 12 feet wide, were selected for this purpose; they were placed at 22 feet from each other; they were fixed in their positions by two good anchors each, and were fastened together by a great number of strong chains. Each bark was manned by thirty soldiers and four sailors, and armed with two cannon at the extremities. The total number of cannon distributed over the staccadoes and the bridge amounted to 97. The bridge likewise was protected by an outward defense, in order to secure it from surprise. It was known that the garrison were preparing fire-ships, with which they meant to assail the bridge. It was likewise feared that the armed vessels in the besieged city might attack it from above, at the same time that the ships of the confederates might attempt it from below. To secure it from this double danger, some large rafts were made with a great number of masts solidly fastened together, which were set afloat in the width of the bridge, and presented a sort of rampart or large parapet to the enemy. This immense work, which was two miles four hundred feet in length, required for its construction seven months of incessant fatigue and application. The engineers who had the direction of it were named Jean Baptiste Plato and Prosperce Barrochio. It was the latter who formed the idea of the rafts which covered the bridge. The Duke of Parma, to reward them for their labors, made them a present of all the materials, after the capture of Antwerp.

The city, however, neglected nothing that might impede or destroy this astonishing undertaking. It retained in its service a celebrated Italian engineer, named Frederic Giambelli, a native of Mantua. It was he who invented and brought into play those destructive vessels since known by the name of *infernal* machines. They were built of very thick and solidly-joined timbers, among which were constructed chambers for mines, proportioned to their size. These were formed of good bricks and mortar, and required but one light to set fire to the powder with which they were filled. These terrible vessels were loaded with blocks of stone, bullets of different calibres, in short, with all sorts of materials of great weight, heaped together as closely as possible, in order that the effect of the mine might be increased by the resistance opposed to it. Giambelli employed more than eight months in getting every thing ready. The large vessel of which we have before spoken was not so soon completed. It was a ship with two very lofty decks: the under one was armed with several large and small cannon; the upper was a large place of arms, whereon were a number of troops, who from the elevation of that deck could keep up a warm fire of musketry. This enormous vessel had but two large masts of equal size, placed at the two extremities, and of nearly the same shape. To facilitate its approach to the redoubts constructed by the royalists upon the banks of the river, it was quite flat, and only sunk into the water in proportion to its weight, being kept afloat upon a vast raft of enormous beams, supported by empty barrels. Such were the means to which the inhabitants of Antwerp had recourse to keep open the navigation of the Scheldt. They had placed all their hopes in them. The confederates were expected to aid their endeavors. A great number of armed vessels awaited near Lillo the effects of the infernal machines, with the view of acting at the same time. They attempted to recapture the fort of Liestenstoech, and succeeded.

On the 4th of April at length appeared on the river the two redoubtable machines called *Fortune* and *Hope*, followed by some smaller vessels. They were left to the tide; having nobody on board, they floated, abandoned to themselves, and were carried by the reflux. Scarcely were they in motion, than there burst from them a column of fire, which, after having burnt for a few instants, appeared to sink and be extinguished. The spectators were astonished. All at once one of the smaller vessels blew up, when at a considerable distance from the bridge, and produced no other effect than a cloud of thick smoke. All that were constructed in the same manner proved equally abortive. There was nothing to be feared but from the two large vessels, which insensibly drew nearer to their object. The first, the *Fortune*, ran upon the left bank of the river, burst with a horrible crash, destroying the garrison of a neighboring redoubt and a number of soldiers dispersed about the environs. However serious was the effect of this, that of the *Hope* promised to be more terrific, and, in fact, caused considerable damage. This vessel had been guided to the point of union of one of the staccadoes and the barks which formed the bridge. It was at this spot it blew up. The air remained for a long time darkened; the shock experienced by the earth extended miles round; the Scheldt rushed from its bed, and threw its foaming waters over the neighboring country; the bodies of the miserable victims to this explosion were so mutilated as to preserve no resemblance to the human figure. The vast mass of stones and instruments of death which were hurled abroad by this frightful volcano, falling in all directions, a great number of unfortunates were killed, wounded, or bruised in the most cruel manner. Five hundred royalists perished, and thousands were either lamed or dangerously hurt. The death of the Marquis de Roubais was the crowning incident of this fatal day. The damage sustained by the bridge was not so great as was at first feared; but the disorder was so great, that if the enemy had attacked the work at that moment, all would have been lost. They were quite ignorant of the effect of their own machine; and the good face put upon the affair by the besiegers led them to believe that the bridge had sustained but little injury.

The citizens of Antwerp had now no hope but in the large vessel which they had named *The End of the War*. It was put to work. This vast castle drew near to one of the redoubts built on the banks of the river, on the Brabant side. The men on board commenced a brisk fire: they amounted to more than a thousand; they supported the effects of the lower cannon by a continual discharge of musketry; they landed for the purpose of attacking a redoubt; but in this they failed. The fort braved their batteries, and their assaults proved useless. On the other side, their enormous vessel was so knocked about by the artillery of the redoubt, that they had much difficulty in repairing it, and rendering it capable of being employed again. A second attempt was as unfortunate as the first; and all the efforts made afterward, either to carry the works or break down the bridge, proved equally fruitless. The most memorable of the combats fought on these occasions was that of the counter-dyke. The field of battle was only seventeen feet wide. The townspeople were desirous of carrying it, at any price. Animated by the example and exhortatians of Sainte-Aldegonde and the Count of Hohenlohe, they more than once repulsed the royalists, and believed themselves masters of the object of their generous efforts. But, overwhelmed by the number of their enemies, rather than conquered, they yielded their triumph, and retreated within the walls of their city, having lost 2500 men and thirty ships. After this bloody victory, which had cost him more than 1000 men, the Prince of Parma took from the besieged all the neighboring posts that belonged to them, and shut them up closely in their city. Despair was then at its height; the citizens had no other prospect but the horrors of starvation from famine, which began to be not only dreaded but felt, or the painful necessity of yielding to the conqueror. The people assembled, and openly opposed the leaders who wished to continue the defense: and it became necessary to enter into negotiations. Deputies were sent to the Prince of Parma to arrange the articles of surrender. Sainte-Aldegonde, who was at their head, protracted for two months, under various pretexts, the conclusion of the treaty, believing by this skillful delay he should give time for the succors he expected to come up, At length, on the 17th of August, 1585, the capitulation was signed. The conqueror then made his public entrance into the city, with all the pomp of a triumph. Mounted on a superb courser, in complete armor, he marched amid bodies of cavalry and infantry, which opened and closed this brilliant procession. Like other conquerors, though he had obtained a sanguinary victory over a city which was in arms for freedom of action and opinion, he ended his triumph by offering up thanks to the God of Battles, who holds defeat and victory in his hands.—*Robson.*

Third Siege, 1832.—On the 30th of October, 1832, Marshal Gérard, commander of the French army sent the following summons to General Chassé, commander of the Dutch

forces who occupied the citadel of Antwerp:

"To General Chassé, commanding the citadel of Antwerp:

"M. Le General—I am arrived before the citadel of Antwerp, at the head of the French army, with orders from my government to demand the execution of the treaty of the 15th of November, 1831, which guaranties to his majesty the King of the Belgians the possession of that fortress, as well as the forts depending upon it, on both sides of the Scheldt. I hope to find you disposed to recognize the justice of this demand. If, contrary to my expectations, it prove otherwise, I am ordered to make known to you that I must employ the means at my disposal to take possession of the citadel of Antwerp.

"The operations of the siege will be directed against the outer fronts of the citadel; I have, therefore, a right to hope, conformably with the laws of war, and the usages constantly observed, that you will abstain from every kind of hostility against the city. I cause a part of it to be occupied, with the sole view of preventing what might expose it to the fire of your artillery. A bombardment would be an act of useless barbarity, and a calamity to the commerce of all nations.

"If, notwithstanding these considerations, you fire upon the city, France and England will exact indemnities equivalent to the damages caused by the fire of the citadel, and of the forts, as well as by that of the vessels of war. It is impossible but that you, yourself, foresee, that in this case you would be personally responsible for the violation of a usage respected by all civilized nations, and for the evils resulting therefrom.

"I await your reply, and trust that you will find it expedient to enter immediately into negotiations with me, for delivering up the city of Antwerp, and the forts depending upon it. Receiving, etc."

To this, General Chassé replied that he was resolved to defend himself, and the siege was opened. The French soldiers were cheerful and eager; but the inclement season of the year served greatly to check their ardor. They were compelled to dig trenches in a soil, naturally very moist, amid drenching rains, which increased their difficulties. In some places the soldiers sank two feet in the mud. Timber was brought from the city of Antwerp, which, with a great number of fascines, was intended to make the trenches more accessible. At length, after incredible exertions, all the batteries were pronounced ready for action, on the night of the 2d of September, excepting Nos. 7 and 8 upon the left wing. The guns for these last two places were planted the following night. At eleven o'clock, on the 4th of December, the besiegers opened their fire upon the citadel, with eighty-two guns, which were soon increased to the number of 104, the half of which were mortars. The Dutch, who, in the mean time, had striven to harass the operations of the besiegers, now opened a brisk fire, and began an obstinate resistance, determined to triumph themselves, or compel the French to purchase victory at a heavy cost. To prevent General Chassé from fulfilling his threat of bombarding the city, Marshal Gérard felt that it was indispensable to isolate the citadel by closing the Scheldt. General Sébastiani occupied the embankment upon the left side of the river, while General Achard was stationed upon the right bank. The French also garrisoned Fort St. Marie and prepared to put Fort St. Phillipe in a condition to command the course of the river. The Dutch fleet advanced to interrupt the operations of the besiegers; and, after some useless parleys, began a cannonade, which was without effect, as the French were covered by the embankments. On the 8th of December, a Dutch frigate and corvette, and twelve gun-boats, appeared off Fort Frederic, which was occupied by a detachment of the French army. The captain was immediately summoned to evacuate the fort, and upon his refusal, the Dutch prepared to land under cover of a very brisk fire; but these attempts were valiantly repulsed by the enemy. Fort Phillipe was then put into a state of service; two mortars were placed permanently upon Fort la Croix, and Gérard took all proper measures to isolate the citadel, and hinder the rupture of the embankments. The French mean while directed their attacks against the body of the citadel with increasing ardor. The moon was in its full, and afforded so much light that the French could not safely carry on their works by night, for the garrison vigorously defended itself, pouring upon the besiegers an incessant hail of bullets, balls, and shells. The havoc committed by these missiles was terrible; but the French batteries were directed with so much steadiness and precision, that the Dutch were compelled to take shelter in their casements, until at length not a man was seen moving about in the citadel, except those absolutely necessary to work the batteries. On the 13th of December the siege was already very far advanced. The progress of the engineering works in front of the St. Laurent lunette had allowed of a raft being formed upon the ditch on the left face, and of mining operations being begun by the besiegers upon the escarpment near the saillant. The work which had been delayed during the first two nights by the extreme hardness of the masonry, had been steadily resumed, and was approaching its conclusion;

the fire of the French batteries, and that of the musketry were perseveringly kept up, ever since morning, so as to occupy the attention of the enemy; and the maréchal de camp, Georges, who was in the trenches with the 65th regiment of infantry, received orders to lead the attack. The engineers had constructed three new rafts to be joined with the first one, and, in order to form a bridge, over which the French soldiers should pass to the breach at the moment of the explosion of the mine, the rest of the ditch had been filled up with fascines loaded with stone. Upon the 14th, at five o'clock in the morning, the mine exploded, opening a practicable breach for the French. Three picked companies of French infantry were put in motion, and advanced in silence upon the rafts and ruins of the ramparts, while twenty-five grenadiers, led by Carles of the 61st, passed around the lunette to the right front, and proceeded with ladders to the gorge, to escalade or cross the barrier. At the same time another light company, under Captain Montigny, debouched by the right, in order likewise to attack the lunette at the gorge, and to cut off all retreat from the garrison. The soldiers marched with fixed bayonets; they climbed the breach; and rushed with the utmost intrepidity upon the Dutch garrison, which, thus surprised and surrounded, laid down its arms after a short but desperate resistance. Many Dutch soldiers escaped; a few were killed or wounded, and sixty were made prisoners. But this first piece of ill-success did not dismay the besieged; they still poured forth incessant showers of shell and shot upon the French from the yet unimpaired portions of the citadel. The fire of the French was directed with extreme precision, and soon began to tell seriously upon the citadel. At length the moment arrived when the Dutch were obliged to give way. For several days the sufferings of the besieged had reached the highest point. The French had laid dry the ditches of the citadels, and the Dutch could no longer procure the necessary supply of water. The two remaining wells were destroyed by the bombs of the besiegers. There was not a building uninjured. The casemated hospital appeared in danger of falling. Lastly the garrison crowded together in the posterns felt its strength entirely exhausted. An enormous breach had been made upon the left front of bastion No. 2, which had filled up nearly half the fosse. The descent into the fosse was effected; and to render it possible to storm, nothing more was requisite than to explode the mine. At this juncture General Chassé sent two superior officers to treat with the commander of the French army, and after a warm altercation, on the 24th of November, 1832, a capitulation was agreed on for the evacuation of the citadel of Antwerp and the forts depending on it.

AQUILEIA, A.D. 387.—Aquileia is situated in Italy, near the bottom of the Adriatic. It is surrounded by a wall and fosse, and is connected by a canal with the port of Grado, the residence of a few fishermen. This is all that remains of one of the principal cities of ancient Italy.

About the year 388, Maximus, Emperor of the Western Roman dominions, invaded Italy with a large army. Justina, Empress of Italy, and her son Valentinian, who were at Milan, were first warned of the hostile approach of strangers, by the gleam of armor and clouds of dust which arose before the gates of the city. Flight was their only hope, Aquileia their only refuge. Thither they immediately fled. Maximus entered Milan in triumph. Justina reached Aquileia in safety; but she distrusted the strength of the fortifications. She dreaded the event of a siege, and she determined to implore the aid of Theodosius, the great Emperor of the East, whose power and virtue were celebrated in all the countries of the West. The imperial family accordingly were secretly placed on board a small vessel, in Venetia, and after a long but successful voyage, they arrived at Thessalonica. Theodosius had some unknown reason to fix the residence of his royal guests at Thessalonica, instead of inviting them to the palace of Constantinople. But, with the greater part of his court and senate, he visited Thessalonica, and the heart of the emperor was touched by the tears of the beautiful empress. His affections were insensibly engaged by the graces of youth and innocence. He wedded her, and the celebration of the royal nuptials was the signal of the civil war. Shortly afterward (A.D. 388) Theodosius, at the head of a brave and disciplined army, advanced to encounter Maximus, who had fixed his camp in the neighborhood of Liscia, a city of Pannonia, strongly fortified by the broad and rapid stream of the Lave. Arriving within sight of the enemy, the army of Theodosius, notwithstanding the fatigue of a long march, in the heat of summer, spurred their foaming horses into the waters of the Lave, swam the river in presence of the enemy, and charged the troops who guarded the high ground on the opposite side, with such impetuosity, that they were entirely routed. Marcellus, the brother of Maximus, advanced to the aid of the defeated troops with the select cohorts, and obstinately contended with the enemy till nightfall. Both armies slept on the field of battle. In the morning the conflict was renewed, and, after a desperate resistance, the surviving remnant of the bravest troops

of Maximus threw down their arms at the feet of the conqueror. Theodosius immediately pressed forward, determined to terminate the war by the death or captivity of his rival, who fled before him with the diligence of fear. On the evening of the first day he reached Aquileia, in which city Maximus had sought shelter. Maximus had scarcely time to shut the gates of the city when he found himself encompassed on all sides. But the gates could not long resist the efforts of a victorious enemy. They were leveled to the ground, and Maximus was dragged from his throne, rudely stripped of the imperial ornaments—the robe, the diadem, and the purple slippers—and conducted like a malefactor to the camp of Theodosius, who delivered him over to the mercy of his soldiers. But no sooner was he removed from the imperial presence, than his head was severed from his body. His son, Augustus, died shortly afterward by the order, perhaps by the hand, of the bold Arbogastes; all the military plans of Theodosius were successfully executed, and the war was terminated with much less difficulty and bloodshed than he had naturally expected.

After the death of Maximus, the Roman world was in the possession of Theodosius. He seated Valentinian on the throne of Milan, and restored to him the absolute dominion of all the provinces from which he had been driven by the arms of Maximus. Satisfied with the glory he had acquired, the emperor returned from Milan to Constantinople, and, in the peaceful possession of the East, insensibly relapsed into his former habits of luxury and indolence. But the empire was soon again to be plunged into a civil war. Arbogastes, a gallant soldier of the nation of Franks, had joined the standard of Theodosius, and, after the death of Maximus, to whose destruction he had contributed by his valor and skill, was appointed master-general of the armies of Gaul. His real merit, his seeming fidelity, won the confidence of both prince and people. His boundless liberality corrupted the allegiance of the troops; and while he was universally esteemed as the pillar of the state, the crafty barbarian was secretly resolved to rule or to ruin the empire of the West. The Franks received all the important commands of the army; the creatures of Arbogastes were promoted to all the honors and offices of civil government; the progress of the conspiracy removed every faithful servant from the presence of Valentinian, and the emperor, without power and without intelligence, was reduced to the precarious and dependent condition of a captive. The young emperor felt the danger of his position, and contrived to apprise Theodosius of his helpless situation. He declared that, unless the Emperor of the East could speedily march to his assistance, he must attempt to escape from the palace, or rather the prison of Vienna, in Gaul, where he had imprudently fixed his residence, in the midst of the hostile faction.

But the hopes of relief were distant, and as every day increased his danger, the emperor resolved to risk an immediate contest with his powerful general. He received Arbogastes on the throne, and delivered to him a paper which dismissed him from all his employments. But Arbogastes announced, with insulting coolness, that his authority did not depend on the smile or frown of a monarch, and contemptuously threw the paper on the floor. The emperor was enraged to such a degree, that snatching a sword from one of the guards, he would have used the deadly weapon against his enemy or himself, had he not been prevented by the guards. A few days after this extraordinary quarrel, the unfortunate Valentinian was found strangled in his apartment. The provincials now awaited with tame resignation the unknown master whom the choice of Arbogastes might place on the imperial throne of the West. He bestowed the purple on the rhetorician Eugenius, for the judicious barbarian thought it more advisable to reign under the name of some dependent Roman. Upon receiving the news of the elevation of Eugenius, the Emperor of the East was aroused to the highest pitch of indignation. The perfidy of a barbarian had destroyed in a moment the labors and fruit of his former victory. He determined to revenge the fate of the unhappy Valentinian, and once more assert by arms the violated majesty of the throne. But as the second conquest of the West was a task of difficulty and danger, two years were consumed in the preparations for the civil war. At length, in the year 394, he set forth with a large army. The Roman, the Iberian, the Arab, and the Goth, all marched under the standard of the same prince. Arbogastes fixed his station on the confines of Italy; the troops of Theodosius were permitted to occupy, without resistance, the provinces of Pannonia as far as the foot of the Julian Alps; and even the passes of the mountains were negligently, or, perhaps, artfully abandoned to the bold invader. He descended from the hills and surveyed with astonishment the formidable camp of the Gauls and Germans, which covered with arms and tents the open country that extends to the walls of Aquileia and the banks of the Frigidus.* The Emperor of the East immediately attacked the fortifications of his rivals. He assigned the post of honorable danger to the Goths, and cherished a secret wish that the bloody conflict might dimin-

* Now called the Vipao.

ish their pride and number. The troops of Arbogastes fought with the utmost courage and fury, and resisted the repeated attacks of the enemy with such success, that under the cover of night the troops of Theodosius fled in disorder to the mountains. Ten thousand Goths, and Bacurius, the Iberian general, were killed. Theodosius retreated to the hills, and passed a disconsolate night, without sleep, without provisions, and without hopes. The camp of Eugenius was a scene of rioting and revel; while the active and vigilant Arbogastes secretly detached a large body of troops to occupy the passes of the mountains, and to encompass the rear of the eastern army. The dawn of day revealed to Theodosius the extent and extremity of his danger; but his apprehensions were soon dispelled by a friendly message from the leaders of those troops who expressed their inclination to desert the standard of Eugenius. The rewards for their perfidy were granted without hesitation. The spirits of the troops were revived by this reinforcement, and they again marched, with confidence, to surprise the camp of the tyrant. The battle which followed was fierce and bloody; but when it was at its height, a violent tempest arose from the east, which blew clouds of dust in the faces of the Gauls, throwing their ranks into disorder, wresting their weapons from their hands, and diverting or repelling their ineffectual javelins. The troops of Theodosius, sheltered by their position from the impetuosity of the wind, handled their weapons with their usual skill, and victory declared itself for the Emperor of the East. The troops of Eugenius, dismayed by the storm, which their superstitious terrors magnified, yielded to Theodosius, whom they considered as aided by the powers of heaven. Eugenius, who had almost acquired the dominion of the world, was reduced to implore the mercy of the conqueror; but the unrelenting soldiers severed his head from his body as he lay prostrate at the feet of the emperor. Arbogastes escaped, and after wandering several days among the mountains, the intrepid barbarian, imitating the example of the ancient Romans, fell upon his own sword and expired.—*Gibbon.*

ARADUS, B.C. 38.—Aradus, a small island on the coast of Syria, was inhabited by a people who refused to pay contributions to Mark Antony. They had burnt alive Curtius Sallaffus, who had come to levy upon them, and as they had offended Antony too much to hope for favor, they persisted in rebellion, even after all Syria had been regained by the Romans. But in the year 38 B.C., they were attacked by the Roman army under Ventidius, and after a long and obstinate resistance, for they were a brave and skillful people, they were conquered, and punished for their presumption.

ARBELA, B.C. 331.—Twice had Darius, King of Persia, sued for peace from Alexander of Macedon, and twice had he been denied. Again he sent his embassadors to Alexander; but they were sent back to the Persian king, with the reply: "Tell him that the world will not permit two suns, nor two sovereigns. Let him, therefore, choose to surrender to-day, or fight me to-morrow, and not flatter himself with the hopes of better success than he has had hitherto." Darius now immediately prepared for battle. He had pitched his camp near the village Gaugamela, and the river Bumellus in Assyria. He caused the plain, which he intended should be the field of battle, to be leveled, in order that his chariots might have full room to act, for he had before learned that they could not be made useful on rough ground. He also caused *caltraps*, an instrument of spikes, to be planted in positions best calculated to injure the feet of the enemy's horses. After hearing of these preparations on the part of Darius, Alexander remained four days in his camp, during which time he intrenched it, and surrounded it with pallisades, for he was determined to leave all his captives, wounded, and sick soldiers, and baggage here, that his army might march against the enemy with no other equipage than the weapons they carried. At about nine o'clock on the evening of the fourth day, the Macedonians set forth, in order that they might commence the battle at daybreak. Darius, meanwhile, had drawn up his men in the order of battle, and Alexander's army marched in battle array also, for the armies were within a few leagues of each other. When the Macedonians had arrived within sight of the Persian army, they halted, and Alexander consulted with his generals as to whether they should immediately attack the enemy, or wait until daybreak. The latter plan was adopted, and after exhorting his men, Alexander, as was his usual custom before a battle, consulted his soothsayers, who, with him, offered prayers to Jupiter, Minerva, and Victory. The army of Darius, who constantly expected an attack, remained under arms throughout the night. The Persian army consisted of at least 600,000 foot soldiers, and 40,000 horsemen; while Alexander's army numbered only 40,000 footmen, and 7,000 or 8,000 horsemen. But the Macedonians were soldiers born and bred, while the Persians were totally inexperienced in the art of war. The two armies were disposed in nearly the same array. The forces were drawn up in two lines; the cavalry on the two wings, and the infantry in the middle, and were under the particular conduct of officers of the different nations of

which they were composed, and in general commanded by the principal crown-officers. The battle-front of the Persian army, was protected by two hundred chariots armed with formidable scythes, and by fifteen elephants. Darius took his post in the center of the first line. He was surrounded by his body guards, the flower of his army, and by the Grecian infantry. In order to avoid the caltraps, of whose position he had been informed, Alexander extended his army to his right, and Darius, fearful that the Macedonians might draw his army from the level plain into rough ground, and thus prevent the use of his scythe-armed chariots, directed the cavalry of his left wing to charge upon them and prevent this movement. A detachment of Macedonian cavalry immediately rushed upon the advancing Persians; but recoiled from the shock unable to break through the overwhelming mass which opposed them. Alexander quickly sent the division commanded by Aristos to their assistance, and after a desperate struggle the Persians were put to flight, leaving the ground behind them strewn with their dead and wounded. Now Darius ordered his scythe-armed chariots to be driven against the Macedonian phalanx; but the soldiers, striking their swords against their bucklers, created such a terrible noise, that many of the chariot horses, frightened by the clamor, and enraged to madness by the goads of the clouds of arrows directed against them, became unmanageable, and turned back against their own troops. Others were seized by the bridles, and their drivers were cut down by the Macedonians. Notwithstanding their formidable appearance, the chariots did but little execution. Darius now set his whole army in motion, to charge upon the enemy, and Alexander perceiving the success of the cavalry charge under Aristos, advanced to his support, with the flower of his troops. He broke through the Persian line on the left, and then wheeled to the left in order to fall upon the body in which Darius had posted himself. And now the presence of the two kings inspired both armies with new vigor. Darius was mounted on a chariot; Alexander was on horseback, and both were surrounded by brave officers and soldiers, whose sole endeavor was to save the life of their respective kings, at the hazard of their own. The bravest men of the two armies met in close encounter, and the struggle was fearful and bloody. Alexander wounded Darius's equerry with a javelin, and the Persians as well as the Macedonians imagined that the king was dead. The Persians broke out in loud lamentations, and their whole army was filled with consternation. The relations of Darius, who were at his left hand, fled away with the guards; but those at his right took him into their center. Those near their king fought with the desperation of death; but, deserted by their comrades, they slowly retired before the murderous blows of their conquering adversaries. It was not a battle; it was a slaughter. Then Darius, turning about his chariot, fled with the rest, and the victorious Macedonians were wholly employed in pursuing him. But while the right wing of Alexander's army was thus successful, the left was in great danger. A detachment of the Persian cavalry, having broken through the line of the Macedonian infantry on the left, advanced even to Alexander's late encampment; the captives there confined were set at liberty, and arming themselves with whatever weapon they could find, they joined the Persian cavalry, and rushed upon the Macedonian infantry, which was thus attacked before and behind. Learning this, Parmenio dispatched a messenger to Alexander, who commanded him not to regard the baggage but to devote his energies to the battle. Parmenio immediately attacked the Persians in the rear with the infantry of the center of the second line. The Persians resisted vigorously; but were overpowered, and many were cut to pieces. The rest were compelled to retire; but, as they were mounted, the Macedonian footmen could not follow them. Shortly afterward Parmenio's division was attacked by the Persians under Mazeus, and the Macedonians were about to be surrounded. In this strait Parmenio dispatched a messenger after Alexander, declaring that he could not keep his men together unless he was immediately succored. Alexander was in hot pursuit after Darius, for he fancied that he was nearly up to him. But when overtaken by Parmenio's messenger, he turned back, shuddering with rage to see his prey and victory thus swept from him. On his return he met the Persian cavalry, which had plundered his camp, on their way to rejoin their army. They marched in good order; rather as victorious soldiers than defeated ones. They were marching in close columns; not in order of battle, but of march, and it was with great difficulty, that Alexander, even with his greatly superior force, could break through them. They did not amuse themselves by casting their javelins, according to their usual custom; but each choosing a man, engaged him in hand to hand combat, each endeavoring to unhorse his adversary. Sixty of Alexander's chosen men were slain in this encounter. Three of his generals were wounded; yet he conquered, and cut the Persians to pieces, except a very few who forced their way through his squadrons. In the mean time Mazeus had heard the news of Darius's defeat, and dispirited and alarmed, although he possessed

NAPOLEON AT THE BRIDGE OF ARCOLA.

Page 50.

a decided advantage, for the Macdonians were now in complete disorder, he ceased his formerly incessant charges upon the enemy. Parmenio could not account for this sudden cessation of battle; but, like an able general, he took advantage of the apparent terror of the enemy, and incited his soldiers to new exertions. At the sight of the terror of the Persians, the Macedonians regained their courage, and, infused with new life, they gave rein to their horses, and dashed upon the enemy with such fury, that the Persians were thrown into disorder, and fled precipitately across the plain. Alexander came up at this moment, and, rejoiced at this unexpected fortune, he resumed, with Parmenio, the pursuit of Darius. He rode as far as Arbela where he hoped to overtake the flying monarch, and all his baggage; but Darius had only passed by it, leaving his treasure a prey to the conqueror, with his bow and shield.

Such was the success of this famous battle, which gave an empire to the conqueror. Arrian says that the Persians lost 300,000 men killed, and many were taken prisoners. Alexander lost 1,400 men, mostly of his cavalry. As Gaugamela was a place of little note, this battle was called the battle of Arbela, that being the nearest city to the field of strife.

ARCADIA.—In 1169, B.C. Arcadia was invaded by the Lacedemonians, and a pitched battle occurred between the women of Arcadia, whose husbands were absent, and the invaders, which resulted in the total defeat of the latter.

ARCIS-SUR-AUBE, A.D. 1814.—Arcis-sur-Aube is a town in the south of France, in the Department of the Aube. On the 20th and 21st of March, 1814, it was the scene of an important action between Napoleon and the allies under Prince Schwartzenberg.

The battle commenced by skirmishes at the outposts. Gradually, however, fresh squadrons of cavalry were brought up on either side, together with some horse artillery; and a serious cavalry action was the result. The cavalry of the French was led by General Sebastiani, that of the allies by Kaisaroff.

The French were overpowered by the weight and numbers of their opponents, and although they fought with that impetuous bravery which characterizes the French soldiers, yet they were forced back and driven in confusion to the bridge of Arcis. Napoleon instantly rode forward to the bridge, and drawing his sword, exclaimed, "Let me see which of you will pass before me." These words had an electric effect on the retreating squadrons. They immediately rallied and reformed, and a fresh division coming to their assistance, they charged the allied cavalry and drove them from the bridge. An obstinate combat had now commenced on the French left. Ney, with his division, there held the village of Torcy, which Marshal Wrede attempted to storm with an Austrian brigade. They were at first successful, and the French were driven out; but Ney quickly charged the Austrians, and they, in their turn, were forced from the village. Wrede again carried it with three battalions, but Napoleon seeing the importance of the village in the coming battle, brought up a body of his Old Guard who retook it, and maintained their position till night, notwithstanding the greatest efforts of the Austrians to dislodge them.

The French position was now sufficiently strong to counterbalance the superiority of the allies in numbers. Their army occupied a semicircular position, facing outward, with each flank resting on the river Aube. In this position, their flanks were secure from being turned; and in their rear was the town of Arcis, which would prove a secure place of retreat in case of disaster.

The allied position was not so strong; they formed a much larger concave semicircle facing inward: with Marshal Wrede on the right wing, the Russian reserves and guards under Barclay de Tolly in the center, and Raieffsky and Gurlay on the left. As soon as the corps under the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg had come up, Schwartzenberg ordered the Russian reserves and the guards, under Barclay de Tolly, to advance. The artillery was immediately hurried to the front, and a general attack commenced. The sun was now sinking behind the western horizon. Arcis and Torcy were already in flames, and the sight which now presented itself to the eye, was at the same time sublime and terrific. The Russian horse artillery on the allied left succeeded in silencing the French guns, and as they advanced to the semicircle of heights commanding the town, the effect of their fire was truly terrible. There stood the French troops, motionless and undaunted. With the instinct of discipline the ranks closed to the center, as shot after shot plowed through their columns with fearful effect. During this terrific cannonade Napoleon was frequently in imminent danger; almost all his staff were killed or wounded. His horse was shot under him; he coolly mounted another, and when some of his generals urged him to retire, he replied, "Fear nothing, gentlemen, the bullet is not yet cast which is to kill me." The carnage ceased about ten o'clock at night, from mutual exhaustion. Both armies slept on their own position, on the field, and neither could claim any advantage. During the night, great efforts were made by the allies to bring up their remote detachments. The position which they occupied on the second day, differed somewhat from that on

the first. Marshal Wrede was stationed in front of the blood stained-ruins of Torcy, the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg at the hamlet of Meuil, Gurlay on his left, and next Raieffsky, with his Russians. The grenadiers and cuirassiers formed the second line, in the rear of the center, at Meuil-la-Comtesse. Napoleon's troops were disposed in the same manner as on the previous day.

The sun rose bright and cloudless on the morning of the 21st of March, and the sight which it revealed was at once grand and animating. 150,000 men on the two sides were there drawn up in battle array, trained to the most perfect discipline, yet at the same time animated by the fiercest passions. The infantry in both armies were standing at ease, with their muskets at their shoulders. The cavalry were mostly dismounted, but every bridle was over the horseman's arm. The gunners stood beside their pieces, with the slow matches burning in the front of the lines, ready, at a signal, to vomit forth destruction and death on their enemies. But neither general gave the signal to commence the action. This state of inactivity continued for several hours, but meantime Napoleon had thrown a second bridge over the Aube, and at one o'clock in the afternoon, his troops commenced defiling in that direction. Schwartzenberg did not think it prudent to attack the French till three o'clock, when his whole line advanced, preceded by a hundred pieces of cannon, which opened their fire on the retreating columns. Pahlen attacked on the right wing, and Raieffsky in the center. The town of Arcis was soon in flames from the bombs which fell upon it from the Russian artillery. But Macdonald, who commanded the rear guard, maintained such a gallant resistance, that it was dark before the allies could penetrate Arcis, at which time the bulk of Napoleon's army was established on the other bank of the river. However, the troops under Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg succeeded in driving back Oudinot, and with their cavalry took possession of the bridge, thus cutting off the means of retreat to those of the rear guard who had not yet crossed over. A sanguinary conflict took place in the streets, and numbers were drowned while attempting to swim across the river. The French artillery kept up a tremendous fire from the opposite bank, so that it was impossible for the allies to pursue. When the morning dawned, Napoleon was far advanced with the main body of his troops on the road to Vitry, leaving a powerful rear-guard in front of Arcis to retard the passage of the river.

In this battle the French lost 4000 men, of whom 800 were prisoners, and 6 pieces of cannon; that of the allies was equally as great; but its immediate result was to throw Napoleon upon the eccentric line of operation which immediately led to his fall.

ARCOLA, A.D. 1796.—On the 15th, 16th, and 17th of November, 1796, a series of the most sanguinary engagements that occurred during Napoleon's campaign in Italy, took place near the small town of Arcola, on the river Alpora, fifteen miles east of Verona, in Austrian Italy.

Napoleon, with an army of 20,000 men, fatigued by fighting and surrounded by enemies, was in Verona, a city of Italy, situated on the river Adige. Suddenly there appeared before the city a fresh Austrian army of 30,000 men, and the French troops, dispirited and discouraged by the overwhelming force of the enemy, murmured and seemed on the point of an open rebellion. But Napoleon, whose genius never deserted him, determined upon a movement, the danger of which was only eclipsed by its brilliancy. On the night of the 14th of November, without communicating to any one his design, he conducted his army in the most profound silence out of the city. Sorrow now filled the hearts of the French soldiers; those brave men, who knew not what it was to retreat before an enemy, were filled with indignation at the thought that their general had abandoned the fair fields of Italy to their rivals. Crossing the Adige, the French army in three columns, marched on the road toward Milan. Suddenly an order was given to turn to the left, and descending the course of the river, the army arrived before daybreak at Ronco. On the opposite shore of the river was an immense morass, and beyond the morass was the Austrian army. Now joy reigned universally in the French army; the conquest of Italy was not to be abandoned, and passing quickly from one extreme to another, the soldiers were ready to follow Napoleon into the very jaws of death. A bridge of boats being already prepared, the army immediately crossed the river. From Ronco three roads branch off across the morass, one following the left bank of the Adige, remounts that river to Verona; one in the center, leads directly across the marsh to Arcola, by a stone bridge over the little stream of the Alpora; the third on the right, follows the descending course of the Adige to Albano. On the two first causeways, Napoleon determined to place his army. Along these narrow roads numbers gave no advantage. On the courage and firmness of the heads of the columns, every thing depended. At daybreak on the 15th, Massena at the head of his division, moved along the first causeway, as far as a small eminence, which brought him in sight of the steeples of Verona, and removed all anxiety

in that quarter. Augereau led his division along the center causeway, as far as the bridge of Arcola. Here his advanced guards were met by three battalions of Croats, who poured such a tremendous fire upon the head of the column, that, notwithstanding the powerful exertions of the soldiers they were driven back. Augereau seeing his men recoil, hastened to the spot, and led them back to the charge. But the bridge, swept by a fearful storm of lead and iron, was untenable. Unable to withstand the fire of the enemy, the French troops were again driven back. In the meantime, Alvinzi, the Austrian general, whose attention was fixed on Verona, where he imagined the bulk of the enemy's forces to be, was confounded at hearing a violent fire in the marshes. He soon learned that the French were advancing in force on all the dykes, and threatened the flank and rear of his army. He immediately dispatched two divisions along the causeways, by which the enemy was approaching. Mitrouski's division advanced to defend the village of Arcola, while that commanded by Provera, marched against Massena's division. Provera's men soon commenced an attack on the French; but Massena's grenadiers charged them with such impetuosity that they were driven back with great loss. Mitrouski, at the same time, passed through Arcola, crossed the bridge, and attacked the corps of Augereau. The French troops met the charge with such boldness and courage, that they repulsed the Austrians and drove them back to the bridge. Now a desperate struggle commenced; the French column advanced with the utmost intrepidity; but the Austrians received them with a tremendous fire from the artillery in front, sweeping the bridge, and committing frightful havoc upon the head of the column, which faltered and fell back. The possession of Arcola was indispensable to Napoleon. The safety of his army, the success of his future operations, all depended upon it. Perceiving the repeated repulses of his men at the bridge, he placed himself at the head of the column, and seizing a standard, he cried, "Follow your general," and without shrinking he advanced, closely followed by his troops through a hurricane of grape-shot, and planted the standard on the middle of the bridge. But now the iron tempest raged around him with apparently tenfold vigor; his grenadiers hesitated; then grasping their beloved chief in their arms, they bore him back amid clouds of smoke, and over heaps of the dead and dying. The Austrians instantly rushed over the bridge and pushed the fugitives into the marsh, where Napoleon lay up to the middle in water. Soon the French grenadiers discovered that their commander was left behind; the cry ran through their ranks, "Forward to save your general!" Wheeling about they returned to the charge, and driving back the Austrians, extricated Napoleon from his perilous position. During this deadly encounter, Lannes received three wounds. Napoleon's aid-de-camp, Muiron, was killed by his side, when covering him with his body, and almost all his personal staff were severely wounded. In this strife of the heads of columns, and successive advances and repulses, the day wore away. Toward evening the Austrians abandoned Arcola, and drew up their army, facing the marshes, at the foot of the heights of Caldiero. During the night, Napoleon on his side, drew back his forces to the right bank of the Adige, leaving only an advanced guard on the left bank; while the Austrians re-occupied the village of Arcola, and all the ground which had been so vehemently disputed on the preceding day. In the morning the strife was renewed. The Austrians, in two columns advanced along the dykes, to within six hundred yards of the village of Ronco. The French met them with such a furious charge with the bayonet, that the Austrians were routed with great bloodshed. The battle continued through the day with various success, and at nightfall, both parties retired, the Austrians over the Alpora, the French across the Adige. Again the morning dawned on the bloody field, and both parties with diminished numbers, but with undiminished fury, advanced to the struggle. They met in the middle of the dykes, and fought with the ferocity and animosity of tigers, rather than men.

The Austrian column in the center, committed terrific slaughter on the French grenadiers, who finally fell back before the irresistible fire of the enemy, so far that the Austrian balls fell upon the bridge of Ronco. There the action was restored by a regiment which Napoleon had planted in ambuscade among the willows, on the side of the road, which assaulted the Austrian column in flank, when disordered by success, with such vigor, that they were almost all driven into the marshes. Massena, on his side experienced similar vicissitudes, and was only enabled to keep his ground by placing himself at the head of the column, and leading the soldiers on with his hat on the point of his sword. But toward noon, Napoleon perceiving that the enemy was exhausted with fatigue, ordered a general charge of all his forces along both causeways. The Austrians, unable to withstand the terrible shock of the French charge, was soon swept off both dykes, and shortly afterward evacuated Arcola. Napoleon now drew up his army in order of battle at the extremities of the causeways, on the firm ground, his right wing toward

Porto Legnago, and his left at Arcola. The garrison of Arcola, by Napoleon's directions, issued forth with four pieces of cannon, so as to take the enemy in the rear. The French general also sent a body of trumpeters into a marsh of reeds by the extreme left flank of the Austrians, with directions to sound a charge the moment the action became general. He then ordered his generals to advance. The Austrians bravely resisted in front, but suddenly, hearing the sound of trumpets and cannon on their flank and rear, and thinking that they were assaulted by a whole division of cavalry on their flank, and threatened with a cannonade in their rear, the Austrian commanders ordered a retreat, and yielded a victory which they had so long and so bravely contested. While this desperate struggle, in the marshes of Arcola, was going forward, the Austrian general, Davidowich, advanced with his forces to the neighborhood of Verona. Without losing time Napoleon, after his victory at Arcola, immediately marched toward Verona, and fell upon the Austrian forces under Davidowich. The Austrians, after an obstinate resistance, were at length compelled to retire into Tyrol.

The loss of the French at the battle of Arcola, including the actions with Davidowich, was 15,000 men. The Austrians lost 18,000.

ARGENTARIA, A.D. 378.—Colmar, a city of France, thirty-six miles north of Strasbourg, is generally believed to stand on the site of the more ancient Argentaria. In the year 378, a battle was fought near Argentaria, in the plains of Alsace, between the Romans, commanded by Manienus and Mellobrandes, and the Alemanni, led by their king, Priarius. The undisciplined Germans, though impetuous and brave, were unable to contend against the missile weapons, and well practiced evolutions of the Romans. The Alemanni fought with the most obstinate valor, and were slaughtered with unrelenting fury by the Romans. Out of 40,000 barbarians, 5,000 only escaped to the woods and mountains. Priarius met a glorious death in the midst of his enemies. This signal victory secured the peace of the Gauls. The Germans no longer dared to contend against the power and perseverance of the Romans.

ARGIVES, B.C. 735.—This celebrated battle was fought between 300 select heroes of each nation, and all perished except two Argives and one Spartan. The latter remained on the field, while the two former went to Argos to announce their victory. Each party claimed the advantage; the Argives, because they had lost the fewest men, and the Lacedemonians, because they remained masters of the field. A second battle was fought in which the Argives were beaten.—*Pausanias.*

ARGOS, B.C. 272.—This is one of the most ancient and celebrated of the Grecian cities. It is situated about two miles from the bottom of the Gulf of Argos, and about four and a half miles north-west of Napoli di Romania.

The ambitious, quarrelsome Prince Pyrrhus fell upon Argos, at a time when it was divided by the factions of Aristias and Aristippus. The Argives at first sent to Pyrrhus to beg him to evacuate their territories. He promised to do so, but that very same night entered their gates, aided by the treachery of Aristias. A great part of his troops had already spread themselves throughout the city, when an act of imprudence deprived him of his victory and his life. Whoever reads the life of Pyrrhus will observe the importance he always attached to his elephants —engines of war, if we may so call them, introduced for a time into Europe by the conquests of Alexander. He had tried to terrify the Romans with these monstrous animals, but without success. So partial was he to these bulky assistants, that he insisted upon their being brought into Lacedemon, though the gates were not large enough, or the streets sufficiently wide to make them at all available. Alarmed by the noise created by the confusion the elephants produced, the Argives flew to arms, and their houses became so many citadels, from which they poured all sorts of missiles down upon the troops of the King of Epirus. The elephants so completely blocked up the way, as to prevent the entrance of fresh troops, and were of more injury to their masters than to the Spartans. Abandoned by his people, Pyrrhus maintained his character for personal valor by the brave manner in which he fought his way through the enemy. An Argive attacked him, and hurled his javelin at him; but the point was blunted by the thickness of his cuirass. The furious prince was about to strike him dead, when the mother of the Argive, who beheld the fight from the roof of her house, threw a tile at Pyrrhus, which, striking him on the head, stretched him senseless on the ground. One of the soldiers of Antigonus coming up, was rejoiced to find their great enemy in such a state, and immediately cut off his head. His soldiers, deprived of their leader, were soon put to the rout. Thus perished, by the hand of an old woman, a captain famous for his exploits against both Rome and Carthage, and whose victorious arms had made Greece tremble more than once.

ARGAUM, A.D. 1803.—This village is situated in the Deccan, presidency of Bombay, in British India.

After the reduction of Asseghue, an important fortress in the Deccan; Scindiah, the leader of the Mahratta forces, made proposals

to General Wellesley, who commanded the British troops, for peace. An armistice on certain terms was agreed to by the British general, but the stipulations not having been fulfilled by the Mahratta chiefs, he determined not to lose the opportunity of striking a decisive blow, and thus terminate the war. For this purpose, on the 28th of November, 1803, he effected a junction with Colonel Stevenson, and marched to meet the enemy. On this occasion the British forces numbered fourteen battalions of infantry, and six regiments of cavalry, in all about 14,000 men, besides 4,000 irregular horse. Scindiah's troops were discovered drawn up in battle array, on the plains in front of Argaum. His army did not exceed 40,000 men; and, although Wellesley's troops were somewhat exhausted by their long march on a sultry day, he deemed this opportunity too favorable to be lost, and accordingly made preparations for immediate attack. The infantry, with the 74th and 78th regiments, were posted on the right, in advance of the other columns, so as to enter first into action; the cavalry were stationed in the second line, in échelon, and the Mysore and Mogul horse thrown back on the left, more for the purpose of protecting the rear than taking part in the battle, while at the same time they opposed an impassable barrier to the immense mass of Mahratta horse which were stationed on the enemy's right wing.

The first British line, consisting of the infantry, with the 74th and 78th regiments at their head, advanced to the attack, but the regiments in front were received with a tremendous fire from the enemy's batteries, while they were at the same time assailed in flank by a great body of Persians who, for some time, kept up a fierce hand-to-hand combat, but on this, as on all other occasions, the European bayonet maintained its superiority over the Asiatic cimeter, and, after a sanguinary struggle, the assailants were repulsed, and almost wholly destroyed. Three battalions of sepoys or native troops, who next came into action, disbanded and fled as soon as they came within cannon range of the enemy, although in previous engagements they had fought quite bravely under a much heavier fire than was now directed against them. This might have been attended with disastrous results to the British had not General Wellesley, who was on the spot, rallied them, and putting himself at the head of them, again led them on against the enemy, and restored the fortune of the day. They succeeded in capturing a large number of the enemy's guns, and in forcing them to abandon their position. Scindiah made another last effort for victory: he detached a considerable portion of his horse to charge the British left wing; but they were quickly repulsed by the steadiness of a battalion of sepoys. Finding his position carried by the enemy, and himself unable to make any impression on their lines, he resolved to retreat. He was pursued by the British cavalry, who captured all his elephants, baggage, and ammunition, together with such of his cannon as he had been able to get off the field of battle. Night came, and with it a cessation of the pursuit. We have the authority of Wellington for the assertion, that had there been another hour of daylight, or had the delay consequent on the break of the sepoys not occurred, the whole of the enemy would inevitably have been destroyed.

ARNHEIM, A.D. 1795.—In 1795, Arnheim, a fortified town of the Netherlands, on the right bank of the Rhine, was taken by the French, who in the month of November 1813, were attacked and driven out of the place by the Prussians.

ARRAS, A.D. 1654.—Arras is situated in the middle of an extensive and fertile plain, on the rivers Scarpe and Corinchon, sixty miles south-east of Calais, in France.

Two of the most illustrious generals, not only of France but of the world, were opposed to each other before Arras. The great Condé had allowed party feeling so far to prevail over his sense of duty as to lead him not only to deprive his country of his services, but to turn them against it. It is rather a remarkable fact, that one of the generals of whom France has most to boast, earned his brightest laurels when in arms against her. Condé proposed to the Spanish court to besiege Arras, to avenge itself for the siege of Stenay. Arras contained a garrison of little more than 2,000 men; the army of the Archduke Leopold consisted of 32,000 men, Italians, Lorrains, Flemings, Spaniards, and discontented Frenchmen. Alarmed at this enterprise, Mazarin had recourse to Turenne, and an army of 14,000 men was sent under his command to succor Arras. Six hundred determined Frenchmen broke through the enemy's lines, and threw themselves into the place before the Spaniards had completed their intrenchments. The army of Turenne, too weak to venture to contend with the superior forces of the enemy in an open country, awaited some time at Peronne for the necessary provisions. Turenne's first object was to starve his enemy, and to occupy a position, the strength of which might render his army respectable.

His camp was at first at Monchi-le-Preux, upon a height which commanded a valley, watered on one side by the Scarpe, and on the other by the Cogel. From this point he intercepted the enemy's communication with

Douai, Bouchain, and Valenciennes; the Marquis de Beauvais, sent to Bapaume, prevented their receiving any thing from Cambrai. Two thousand men posted toward Lens, intercepted the passage of Lille, while Lilleboane, with 1,500 men, was to scour the country and block up the road of Aire and Saint-Omar. The Spanish army, thus inclosed, might have been forced by famine to raise the siege, if it had been possible to stop up the roads of Saint-Pol; but that could not be accomplished. The Spaniards opened their trenches on the 14th of July; the besieged defended their ground so completely, foot by foot, that they had only lost a single horn-work at the end of the month; still more, they had cost the besiegers 2,000 men. Marshal d'Hocquincourt, having entered Stenay, came to reinforce the viscount before Arras. On his route he took Saint-Pol, and carried off a detachment of 500 men from the abbey of Saint Eloi. Turenne, who had been to meet him with fifteen squadrons, made on his return a reconnaissance upon all the enemy's lines to the north: they were of two toises in width, and ten feet in depth; in front was a fosse, nine feet wide and six feet deep. Twelve rows of *trous de loup*, placed checkerwise, were between the intrenchments and the *avant-fossé;* little pallisades of a foot and a half high were planted in the intervals of these, to prevent the approach of cavalry. The Spaniards, commanded by the Count de Fuensaldagne, occupied the north of these long lines, on the road to Lens; the Prince de Condé was on the opposite side with the French. The archduke, with the Germans and the Flemings, extended to the east, from the road of Cambrai to the Scarpe; Don Ferdinand de Solis completed the investment from the west to the south, with Italians and Lorrains. In a second reconnaissance, the marshal went so close to the quarters of Fuensaldagne, that some of his officers represented to him that he would expose himself to an almost certain defeat if the Spaniards availed themselves of the opportunity offered. "Oh! there is nothing to fear," said Turenne; "they will employ more time in consulting and holding council than it will take me to examine their lines." He was right: the Spaniards did not put themselves in motion till he was out of sight. Terrified by these formidable lines, none of the French generals dared attempt to succor Arras; Turenne alone maintained that certainly some weak point would be found if they were attacked by night; he often conversed with his officers on the conduct to be observed on entering intrenchments, and upon the means of overcoming all the obstacles that art can oppose to valor. The court were of the opinion of Turenne, and gave orders for an attack on the 24th of August.

The principal effort was to be made against the quarter of Don Ferdinand de Solis, and on the part nearest to that of Fuensaldagne: these points had been considered as the weakest or the most remote from the Prince de Condé, whose activity and talents they dreaded, and from the French, whose vivacity and vigilance were likewise formidable.

To divert the attention of the enemy and divide their forces, false attacks were to be made at the same time: one on the quarter of the Prince de Condé, another upon the most distant part of the camp of Fuensaldagne, and the third upon the lines of the Prince of Lorraine. At sunset, the armies crossed the Scarpe upon four bridges, the soldiers being provided with hurdles and fascines. The march was conducted with good order and in profound silence; its precision was such, that the troops arrived exactly at the time appointed for forming a junction with Marshal d'Hocquincourt. Without waiting for him, Marshals Turenne and De la Ferté marched directly to the lines, from which they were distant half a league: favored by a dark night, in which the moon only appeared at intervals, and lighted only by the fires of the matches of the musketeers, they marched till within a hundred paces of their works, without the enemy's having the least suspicion of the enterprise. Here the report of three cannon gave the alarm, and a row of cresset-lights appeared all along the lines of circumvallation. The Italians were still preparing for fight, when the foot of Turenne's first line had already passed the *avant-fossé*, covered the *puits* or wells and pulled up the pallisades. Meeting with little resistance, the French easily gained the second fosse: some troops even leaped over it before it was entirely filled up with the fascines. Fiscia, a captain of the regiment of Turenne, planted the color of his company upon the parapet; so much courage and good fortune were requisite to keep up the spirits of the rest of the troops. In the darkness they were afraid to advance; but at the cry of "Vive Turenne!" all were animated with equal ardor. Five battalions broke in at several points at the same time, and cleared the way for the cavalry. Marshal de la Ferté had not been so fortunate on the part of the Spaniards; his soldiers, repulsed, only penetrated the lines by favor of the large gaps made by Turenne's troops. As for Marshal d'Hocquincourt, arriving toward the end of the night in the midst of the enemy's consternation, he easily made himself a passage. Forced in almost all directions, the Italians and the Lorrains abandoned their posts, and

flying into the other quarters, carried disorder and terror wherever they went.

At daybreak the Prince de Condé, crossing the quarter of the archduke, advised him to retreat. To protect this movement, Condé marched with the cavalry to meet the French, and check their victorious impetuosity. He at first gained a not very difficult advantage over those engaged in pillage, and then beat the Marshal de la Ferté, who had imprudently descended from a height; but he did not dare to pursue him. The marshal had been replaced upon that height by a considerable body of troops. At seeing this, Condé took possession of a neighboring elevation, to wait for his infantry. His intention was then to attack the column which appeared upon the height. Marshal Turenne had there fortified himself. Some artillery and fresh troops had joined him at this respectable post. Condé led his troops to the attack, but his soldiers were stopped by the fire of Turenne's cannon: in spite of all his efforts, the prince was obliged to fall back. A sortie of the garrison of Arras made him hasten his retrograde movement the more; Condé and Turenne, in face of each other, divined who their opponent was by his maneuvers. The prudent Turenne did not pursue Condé; the Marquis de Bellefonds, not so wise, attacked his rearguard at the passage of the Scarpe, and was repulsed with loss. Still formidable in the midst of a reverse, Condé left his intrenchments, like a general quitting a camp he is tired of occupying, rallied his scattered troops, and retired to Cambrai, always presenting a bold and redoubtable front to his enemies. His fine retreat, in which he covered the conquered Spaniards, formed a striking contrast with the shameful flight of the archduke and the Count de Fuensaldagne, who escaped with a few squadrons through some French baggage-wagons. Turenne lost but few men, but he was wounded; the loss of the Spaniards amounted to 3,000 men, 63 cannon, 2,000 horses, 2,000 wagons, and all the equipages of the army.—*Robson.*

ARROYO DEL MOLINO, A.D. 1811.—On the 28th of October, 1811, the English troops, under Lord Hill, surprised and defeated the French, on the verge of the ridge of Montaches near Arroyo del Molino, in Spain.

ARTEMISIUM, B.C. 480.—On the same day on which the glorious action between the land armies of the Persians and Spartans, at Thermopylæ, took place, there was also an engagement between the fleets at sea, near Artemisium, a promontory of Eubœa upon the northern coast of Greece, toward the straits. The Grecian fleet consisted of 271 vessels; that of the enemy amounted to about the same number. The battle was very fierce and obstinate, and the success nearly equal on both sides, except that the Persians, incommoded by the largeness of their vessels, sustained much the greater loss. Both parties, however, retired in good order.

ASCALON, A.D. 1099.—Ascalon, an ancient seaport town of Palestine is situated forty-five miles east of Jerusalem. Nothing remains of the former magnificence of Ascalon save a heap of solitary ruins.

A terrible battle was fought near this city in the year 1099, between the Christian forces and an army of 300,000 Saracens and other infidels. The Christians arrived in the plain of Ascalon which is bounded on the east by mountains and extends on the west to the sea. On the coast stood the city of Ascalon, over whose walls the banners of Jerusalem waved. At the extremity of the plain, the army of Saladin was drawn up in battle array, with the sea and the mountains behind it. The Crusaders advanced in two lines; the Count of Toulouse commanded the right wing; the two Roberts and Tancred were placed on the left; Godfrey commanded a body of reserve, which was at the same time to keep the garrison of Ascalon in check, and fight with the army of Egypt.

The nearer they approached the enemy, the more were the Christians filled with hope and confidence. Their drums, cymbals, hymns, and war-songs, animated them to fight, and they marched forward fearlessly and willingly. While the Christian army was thus marching in battle array, the droves of oxen and camels that they had met on their route, came to their rear and followed all their movements. The confused noise of these animals, mingled with the sound of the drums, trumpets, cymbals, and war-songs, and the clouds of dust which arose from under their feet, caused them to be taken for squadrons of horse; and the Saracens were persuaded that the Christian army was more numerous than their own. The infidels were drawn up, like the Christians, in two lines. The Turks, from Syria and Bagdad, were on the right; the Moors and Egyptians were on the left; the Emir Afdhal occupied the center with the main body of the Egyptian forces. This army covered an immense space of ground, and, says Foulcher de Chartres, like a stag that projects its branching horns, it extended its wings to envelop the Christians; but a sudden terror had made it motionless. In vain the emir endeavored to rouse the courage of his troops; they fancied that millions of Crusaders had arrived from the West; they forgot both their oaths and threats, and only remembered the fate of the Mussulmans immediately after the conquest of Jerusalem. Before engaging, all the Crusaders, fully armed, fell on their knees and implored the protection of heaven, and, ris-

ing full of ardor and hope, marched against the Saracens. If the most truthful historians are to be believed, the Christians had not more than 15,000 foot and 5,000 horse. When they arrived within bow-shot, the foot soldiers made several discharges of javelins; at the same time the cavalry, increasing their speed, precipitated themselves upon the enemy's ranks. At this charge the Duke of Normandy, the Count of Flanders, and Tancred broke through the center of the Egyptians. Duke Robert, followed by his bravest knights, penetrated to the place where Afdhal fought, and got possession of the great standard of the infidels. The foot soldiers followed the horse into the mêlée, and cast away their bows and javelins to make use of the sword and lance. On all sides the Saracens were thrown into disorder. Toward the end of the battle, Godfrey had to contend with a troop of Ethiopians, who bent on one knee to the ground to launch their javelins, and then springing up, rushed forward upon the Christians with long flails armed with iron balls. This redoubtable battalion could not alone resist the lances of the Crusaders, and were soon dispersed. An invincible terror seemed to paralyze the arms of the Mussulmans. While the King of Jerusalem was pursuing the Ethiopians and Moors, who fled toward the mountains in the vicinity of the field of battle, the Syrians and Arabs, who fought in the left wing of the infidel army, were broken by the Count of Toulouse. Hotly pressed by the conquerors, a great number of the fugitives precipitated themselves into the sea, and perished beneath its waters; others sought an asylum in the city of Ascalon, which they struggled so furiously to enter, that 2,000 were crushed to death upon the draw-bridge. Amid the general rout, Afdhal was on the point of falling into the hands of the conquerors; and, leaving his sword on the field of battle, had great difficulty in gaining Ascalon. Historians add, that, when from the walls of the city he contemplated the destruction of his army, he shed a torrent of tears. In his despair he cursed Jerusalem, the cause of all his evils, and blasphemed Mahomet, whom he accused of having abandoned his servants and disciples. This was a day of terror and death for the Mussulmans. From the beginning of the battle the infidels, who had previously burned with a thirst for vengeance, appeared to have no purpose but to escape by flight from an enemy who had granted no mercy to the vanquished. In their mortal fear they let fall their arms and suffered themselves to be butchered without offering any resistance. This terrified crowd stood motionless on the field of battle; and the sword, to use the expression of a cotemporary, mowed them down, like the grass of the field. Some cast themselves down on the ground and sought concealment beneath the heaps of the slain; others plunged into caverns, or scrambled up rocks or trees, where they were shot down with arrows, like birds. Afdhal, who did not believe himself safe in Ascalon, embarked on board a fleet which had arrived from Egypt. Toward the middle of the battle, all the Egyptian vessels which were near the shore spread their sails and gained the open sea. From that moment no hope of safety remained for the shattered army of the infidels, who were, as they had said, to deliver the East, and whose multitude was so great that, according to the expression of old historians, God alone knew their number.—*Michaud's History of the Crusades.*

ASPERN, A.D. 1809.—Aspern, a small village of the archduchy of Austria, is situated on the left bank of the Danube, on the island of Lobau, about two miles below Vienna. This and the neighboring village of Essling, were, in 1809, the scene of a tremendous conflict between the grand French army, commanded by Napoleon, and the Austrians under the Archduke Charles.

During the week which immediately followed the occupation of Vienna, by the French army, the Emperor Napoleon, around whose standard were gathered 80,000 effective men, resolved to cross the Danube without delay, and give battle to the Archduke Charles of Austria, who had concentrated his forces, consisting of 100,000 men, in the immediate vicinity of Aspern and Essling. After mature deliberation, Napoleon resolved to attempt the passage of the river at Nussdorf, about half a league above Vienna, and at the island of Lobau, at the same time. Lannes was charged with the undertaking at Nussdorf, Massena at Lobau. Marshal Lannes, with 600 men, pushed forward to Nussdorf, and attempted to cross the river; but his advanced guard was met by the Austrian General Hiller, who fell upon it with an overwhelming force, and before any assistance could arrive, the French troops were obliged to surrender. Marshal Massena was more successful than Lannes. He easily dislodged the Austrians from the isle, and at ten o'clock, on the 19th of May, his troops commenced crossing the river at Lobau, and by daybreak on the 21st, 40,000 Frenchmen already stood in battle array on the northern shores of the river Danube. In the mean time Archduke Charles, with a great body of forces, lay on the woody heights of the Bisermberg, and, from this elevated position, he could distinctly perceive, by the aid of telescopes, the movements of the French army on both sides of the river. The Archduke concluded wisely, to fall, with all his forces, upon that part of

the French army which had crossed the Danube, and possibly reduce it to extremities before the other portion on the opposite bank could effect a passage. Stretching from the foot of the Bisermberg to the margin of the Danube, lies the plain of Marchfield, spread like a carpet between the hill and the river. Midway between the villages of Aspern and Essling, each situated at the distance of half a mile from the bank of the Danube, the bridge by which the French had crossed the river from the island, opened upon the plain of Marchfield. Napoleon's army extended in a line across the open space, a mile broad between the two villages, which, therefore, formed the bastions, on either flank of the army. The villages were built of stone houses, most of them two stories in height, and surrounded by enclosures and garden-walls, of the same durable materials. Both offered valuable *points d'appui* to the bridge, under cover of which it was hoped Massena and Bessières would be able to maintain themselves, until the remainder of the French army could be brought over to their support. Essling had a stone granary, three stories in height, capable of containing several hundred men. Aspern, a long straggling village, above two miles in length, was strengthened by a church-yard surrounded by a strong wall. A double line of trenches, intended to draw off water, extended between these two natural bastions, and served as a wet ditch, which afforded perfect security to troops issuing from the island of Lobau. On the right of the French army, the glittering pinnacles of Breitenlee, and the massy tower of Neusüedel, were conspicuous; while on the left arose the woody heights of Bisermberg, resplendent with the watch-fires of the Austrians. In front the ground arose with gentle slope toward Raschdorf. The plain was covered with verdure, and here and there could be seen, scattered over its green surface, groves of trees, which partially concealed little villages whose whiteness afforded a pleasant contrast with nature's favorite color. This beautiful plain seemed the cherished abode of peace. How soon the balmy air was to be torn by the sharp rattle of musketry, and the rude sounds of warring men! The grass which now was dampened with the gentle dews of summer, would soon be drenched with the gore of human beings The lovely landscape would soon become a scene of terrific strife; the tempest of war was soon to sweep its fair surface and blast its beauty.

Napoleon was alarmed at the magnitude of the Austrian forces, and dispatched orders in every direction to assemble his forces on the north bank of the river. But it was too late, the narrow breadth of the bridges would only permit a very limited number of soldiers to march abreast upon them. The cavalry and artillery alone were, with the greatest difficulty, enabled to cross the river. Mean while, the Austrian army, 80,000 strong, of whom 14,000 were cavalry, with 280 pieces of cannon, were already upon them. The Austrians advanced in five massy columns, preceded by a strong body of horse, which concealed their direction and probable points of attack from the enemy. The first column was commanded by Hiller, and moved along the northern bank of the Danube direct upon Aspern. The second, under Bellegarde, with the generalissimo by his side, advanced upon Leopoldau, and also directed its steps toward the same village. The third, commanded by Hohenzollern, moved by Breitenberg also upon Aspern. The fourth, led by Rosenberg, was to advance by Raschdorf, toward Essling. The fifth, also directed by Rosenberg, was to turn the right flank of the enemy, by Enzersdorf, and cooperate in the attack upon Essling. The cavalry, all massed together, was to move over the open country, between Raschdorf and Breitenlee, so as to assist any column which might find itself assailed by the enemy's horse. Eleven of the Austrian batteries were of position, and as they drew near the French lines, they sent a destructive storm of round-shot through their ranks. The Austrian forces were far superior in numbers, and in the weight of their artillery, to the enemy. The French army consisted only of 50,000 men, 20,000 of whom were native troops. Massena, with two strong divisions, was around Aspern; Lannes, with his troops, was in Essling; the intermediate space was occupied by the remainder of Massena's corps, the Imperial Guard and German auxiliaries, with the formidable cuirassiers of Bessières glittering in their front. Massena had not sufficient time to throw an adequate garrison into Aspern, before the enemy was upon it. The advanced guard of Hiller, commanded by Gurlay, carried the village; but the French marshal quickly attacked it, with the whole division of Molitor, and not only retook it, but pursued the Imperialists to a considerable distance to the northward. Now the broad and deep columns of Hiller, Bellegarde, and Hohenzollern, advanced to the support of the fugitives, and warned the skillful French commander of the necessity of withdrawing all his troops to the defense of the village itself. The prospect which now presented itself was capable of daunting the most intrepid hearts. On the left, three broad and deep columns were seen advancing toward Aspern; on the right, vast clouds of dust announced that other masses were threatening Essling; while along the whole front a formidable

array of artillery, vomiting forth fire and smoke, steadily advanced, rendering more awful the scene, by the obscurity in which it involved all behind its traces. Soon, with loud shouts, Hiller's Austrian battalions advanced to the attack. But the French received the assault of the Austrians with a heroism unparalleled. Massena, stationed in the church-yard of Aspern, under the boughs of the huge trees which overshadow the church, calmly awaited the result. He heeded not the terrific tempest of grape-shot which crashed through the branches of the trees over his head, and clattered against the church steeple; but with the coolness and precision of an able and experienced commander, he directed the movements of his troops. For several hours the murderous conflict continued; fresh troops were brought up, on both sides, to supply the places of those who had fallen, or were exhausted in the strife. Every street, every house, every garden of the village, became the theater of mortal combat. The shouts of transient victory; the yells of despair; the screams of the wounded, mingled with the terrific roar of the artillery, created an uproar and turmoil which stunned the senses and appalled the stoutest heart. The bombs and shells from the Austrian batteries spread death on all sides, among friend and foe. The village took fire in several places, and, by the ghastly light of the burning houses, the work of destruction was maintained by both parties, with equal obstinacy and animosity. At the same time a desperate conflict continued in the marshy plain between Aspern and the Danube. For a long time the French center prevented the Austrians from attacking the village on more sides than one; but at about eleven o'clock at night, in spite of the most heroic efforts on the part of Massena, Moiltor, and his officers, Aspern was carried amid deafening shouts. The French, exasperated to madness by the success of the Austrians, made a gallant effort to regain their ground, and succeeded in wresting some of the houses from the enemy. But the greater part of this blood-stained village, with the church-yard, remained through the night in the hands of the Austrians.

While Massena was thus struggling to hold the village of Aspern, the space occupied by the French army, between Essling and the village, was exposed to the fire of Austrian batteries. A storm of grape-shot continually passed through their ranks, with such fury that the field was almost swept of the soldiers. Napoleon, galled by the incessant and sustained discharge of this tremendous array of guns, ordered a grand charge of cavalry in his center to wrest them from the enemy. Marshal Bessières first sent forward the light horses of the Guard. They advanced at a furious gallop; but were met with such terrific disharges of grape from the Austrian batteries, that, reeling beneath the iron storm, they turned and fled, leaving the field strewed with the mangled corses of men and horses. Bessières now placed himself at the head of his heavy armed cuirassiers, and ordering the trumpets to sound, he swept across the plain toward the batteries. Cased in shining armor the gallant horsemen galloped swiftly toward the enemy, shaking their sabers above their heads, and making the air tremble with cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* On, like a whirlwind, they swept; the earth trembled beneath their steady gallop, and the Austrians, fearing the result, hastily discharged one volley of grape, which tore through the advancing horsemen, and then withdrew their guns to the rear, while the infantry quickly threw themselves into squares to receive the shock. Enveloped in the smoke of the sudden discharge, the French horsemen charged upon the infantry. But when the vapor cleared away, those solid squares stood unbroken and defiant. In vain did the French cavalry renew the charge on every side. Nothing could break the formidable array of bristling steel. The Austrian infantry kept up an incessant fire on every side, and firmly resisted every shock. At length, the French cuirassiers, shattered and defeated, were compelled to retire to their own lines, and both parties at this point slept on the field of battle.

Rosenberg did not attack Essling until five o'clock in the afternoon of the first day of the battle. The French evacuated Enzusdorf on the approach of the Austrians. Lannes, at the head only of a single division, was thus threatened with an attack, by forces more than double his own, both in front and flank. No sooner did the fourth column attack the village on the western side, than Bessières detached a body of French cavalry from the center of the line, and vigorously charged it in flank as it advanced. The necessity of forming squares to resist these attacks, retarded considerably the assault on that side. On the defeat of the French cavalry in the center, the archduke ordered a general advance of the whole line, at the same time that a combined attack of Rosenberg's two columns, now perfectly able to co-operate, was made on Essling. In spite of the utmost efforts of Napoleon, the Austrian center sensibly gained ground, and it was only by the most devoted gallantry, on the part of the French cuirassiers who again and again, though with diminished numbers, renewed the combat, that he was able to prevent that part of his line from being broken through. Lannes's division within Essling, however, poured forth such a constant and violent fire of musketry and grape, that the progress of

the Austrians was arrested, when they arrived abreast that village, and, although Rosenberg's columns frequently assaulted it, and it was repeatedly set on fire by the Austrian shells, yet the heroic marshal, with his brave division, fought with such desperation that all the assailants could do was to drive them entirely within its walls. Darkness alone suspended the conflict. Essling still remained in the hands of the French.

Night rested upon the field of battle, shrouding in its dark mantle both the dead and living. In spite of their misfortunes, the brave Frenchmen sternly determined to conquer on the morrow or die on the field of battle. Confident of an easy victory, the Austrians awaited the approach of day with impatience. Sleep at length closed the eyes of the weary soldiers. The silence of night was broken only by the low moans of wounded soldiers, battling with death, as they lay in their own gore on the bloody field. Napoleon, wrapped in his cloak, reposed on the sand of the Danube, within half a mile of the Austrian batteries. But the French generals slept not. During the night the rest of Lannes's corps, the infantry of the Imperial Guard, and the troops of Oudinot, were with much difficulty brought across the bridges. Early in the morning the two armies were again ready for battle. Both parties were now nearly equal, the French numbering full 70,000 men, while Davoust with 30,000 more was just commencing the passage of the bridges. The archduke had also received reinforcements during the night, so that each army now consisted of about 100,000 men. Morning had scarcely dawned before Rosenberg's columns again assailed Essling in front and flank, and Massena with strong reinforcements renewed his attack on the church-yard of Aspern. Rosenberg was at first successful; but St. Hillare, coming up to the assistance of Lannes, who was now driven out of all parts of Essling except the great granary, the gallant marshal rallied, and by a sudden effort, the Austrians were expelled, and were never again able to recover their footing in that important village. The French division of Cara St. Cyr, took Aspern with the battalion in the church-yard and four pieces of cannon. The Austrians made the utmost efforts to retrieve their loss. Klebeck's regiment rushed with fixed bayonets into the burning ruins of Aspern; the French were expelled by the violence of the shock, but they returned to the charge, reinforced by several battalions of the Imperial Guard, and after a struggle of an hour's duration, the Austrians were again driven from the church-yard, which by this time was literally covered with the dead. Hiller again formed a column of attack, determined not to be outdone in this tremendous struggle. In conjunction with Bellegarde's corps, he himself led on the charge at the head of the regiment of Benjossky, and by great exertion succeeded in driving the French, under St. Cyr, entirely out of the village.

Bonaparte, weary at length, of remaining on the defensive, commenced preparing for a great and decisive movement on the center. For this purpose, Massena, who had not yet been expelled from Aspern, was instructed to maintain himself in that village; Davoust was to march toward Essling, while Lannes and Oudinot were ordered to make a united attack on the Austrian's center. At seven o'clock in the morning, Napoleon pointed out to Lannes, whom he had called to his side, the course he wished him to take. Lannes hastened to his post. Shortly afterward Napoleon rode through the lines of the troops who were to advance, and was received with enthusiastic shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, which rose above the din of battle, and attracted the attention of the enemy, who immediately concentrated the fire of their cannons in that direction, in the hopes of cutting down the French emperor, though the fog which still hung over the banks of the Danube, concealed him from their sight. General Montholon was killed by his side. In a few minutes the columns of Lannes were advancing over the plain. Two hundred cannon arrayed in front of their whole line, poured forth destructive volleys, as they were rapidly moved over the ground toward the enemy. Behind the infantry was the cavalry, and the Imperial Guard formed the reserve. Thus arrayed and supported, the French columns advanced into the fire of the batteries and infantry, and charged upon the weakest part of the Austrian line with such terrible force, that they soon forced their way through, and throwing the battalions into confusion, formed a large gap, into which the French cavalry rushed with appaling fury. The Austrian battalions, in the center of their line broken and routed, fled in dismay, spreading in all directions the report that the battle was lost. Onward moved the gallant French columns, piercing through their enemies till they reached the reserved grenadiers of the Austrian army. The archduke now exhibited the bravery and skill of a heroic soldier, and an experienced commander. He saw that without a powerful effort all was lost. Seizing the standard of Zach's corps, which was already yielding before the determined valor of the French, and shouting to the men, he led them back against the enemy. His generals, emulated the noble example. They dashed into the thickest of the fight, and leading on their respective regiments they attacked the French columns,

with the utmost fury. The struggle which ensued was fierce and bloody. The Austrian generals were killed almost to a man in this fearful conflict. But Lannes's column was stopped, after having penetrated into the checker of squares which formed the Austrian line, by these heroic efforts. The Austrian squares poured incessant and destructive volleys on all sides, and their batteries, playing at half musket-shot, occasioned a frightful carnage in the deep masses of Napoleon's troops, who could neither deploy nor return the terrific fire with which they were assailed. From that moment the French soldiers felt that the day was lost. In vain cuirassiers dashed into the intervals of the squares; in vain they rode round and round the firm squares, charging them repeatedly to the very points of the bayonets. Not one square broke, not one column gave way. Charged in turn by an overwhelming number of Austrian cavalry, the French cuirassiers were driven back upon their own infantry. At this moment, Hohenzollern, perceiving a considerable opening on the right of the French line, occasioned by the unequal advance of some of their regiments, seized the favorable moment to dash in with Troluk's regiment, and occupying the place. Here he maintained his ground until he was supported by the archduke with six regiments of Hungarian grenadiers. At this time the want of ammunition began to be sensibly felt in the French army, especially by the artillery. Just then, too, a report began to circulate, and soon spread through the ranks that the bridges over the Danube, were carried away by the heavy boats which the Austrians had floated against them. In fact, the fire-ships and heavy barks which the archduke had sent down the river, had, with the swelling of the water, swept away a considerable part of the bridge over the main stream. It was a terrible moment. The French defeated and hemmed in by a victorious army, which poured incessant and terrible discharges of cannon and musketry upon them, were filled with terror when they learned that their only means of escape was nearly cut off. Yet the courage and coolness of Napoleon did not desert him. His calmness allayed the fears of those around him. Seeing that no time was to be lost, he ordered the suspension of the attacks at all points, and a general retreat toward the island of Lobau. The Austrians resumed the offensive at all points. Forming two fresh columns of attack, they made a sudden assault on Essling, which, with the exception of the great granary, was carried at the very moment that the French center, slowly retiring, reentered the narrow plain between that village and Aspern.

Aspern, in spite of the most heroic efforts of Massena and Legrand, was in a great part already taken by the Austrians, and the capture of Essling precluded almost entirely the possibility of a retreat to the river side. Napoleon, seeing his position well-nigh desperate, made the utmost exertions therefore to gain the village of Essling. General Mouton at the head of a brigade of the Imperial Guard, advanced at a run, and drove out the enemy at the point of the bayonet. The Anstrians again returned, and pushing up to the very foot of the granary, thrust their bayonets through the loop-holes from which issued the deadly fire which thinned their ranks. In the tumult the upper part of the building took fire, but still the invincible French soldiers maintained themselves in the lower stories, amid the roar of musketry, and the crash of burning timbers. Five times did the Hungarian grenadiers rush up to the burning walls, and five times were they repulsed by the indomitable courage of the Old Guard. At length Rosenberg, finding it impossible to dislodge the enemy, desisted from all further attack on the village, and confined himself to an incessant fire of grape and round-shot upon the French columns which were now in full retreat toward the island of Lobau. As they concentrated on the shore of the river, at the entrance of the bridges leading to the island, they presented such a mighty mass that every shot told with fatal effect. The archduke, determined to rout the French entirely, immediately advanced with his whole army upon them. At the same time his entire artillery, was brought forward, and, arranged in a semicircle around the dense body of French soldiers, poured a constant storm of grape and round-shot upon the struggling masses, with terrible effect. To the French all seemed lost; but Lannes rallying his best troops in the rear of the retreating army, supported by the infantry and cuirassiers whom Napoleon sent up to his assistance, prepared to resist the attacks. Massena, on his side, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, with his sword in his hand, and fire in his countenance, rushed through the ranks, animating his men by voice and action. The French veterans reserving their fire, until the Austrians were within pistol-shot, poured in so close and destructive a volley, that the enemy was checked, and a close contest with fire-arms commenced. Lannes, dismounting from his horse to avoid the tempest of cannon-balls which swept down every thing above the heads of the soldiers, was struck by a shot, as he touched the ground, which carried away both his legs. The wounded marshal was placed in a litter and carried over the bridges into the island of Lobau, where Na-

poleon was engaged in directing the position of some batteries to protect the passage. Napoleon saw the appearance of the litter, and when it came up, he beheld the bleeding form of Lannes, his early companion in arms. The dying marshal seized his hand, and in a tremulous voice, said, "Adieu, Sire! Live for the world; but bestow a few thoughts on one of your best friends, who soon will be no more." Napoleon kneeling beside the litter, bowed himself over the form of the expiring hero, and wept tears of bitter grief. "Lannes," said he, "do you not know me? It is Bonaparte, your friend: you will yet be preserved to us." "I would wish to live," replied Lannes, "to serve you, and my country; but in an hour I shall be no more." Soon after, he fainted, and several days afterward he died. St. Hillare was brought in with Lannes, also mortally wounded. The French cavalry were now all withdrawn into the island; but still the rear guard, with unconquerable firmness, maintained the combat. At length the Austrians fatigued with fighting, desisted from all further attacks, maintaining only a tremendous fire from all the batteries until midnight. Then the last of the enemy, having withdrawn from the field of battle into the island, the artillerymen, exhausted by fatigue, sunk into sleep beside their guns. Thus ended the famous battle of Aspern. It was the first great battle which Napoleon had lost. The slaughter on both sides was enormous. The Austrians lost 87 superior officers, and 4,200 privates, killed, besides 16,300 wounded. The loss of the French is variously estimated. Mr. Alison, from whose history the account of this battle is taken, sets down the French loss at 30,000 men, of whom 7,000 were buried on the field of battle, by the Austrians. A few guns and some hundred prisoners were taken on both sides; 5,000 wounded fell into the hands of the Austrians. For several days after the battle, the Austrians were constantly engaged in burying the dead. Countless numbers of corpses were found in the smaller channels of the Danube. Even the waters of that mighty river were for some days poisoned by the multitude of slain which encumbered its banks, and a pestilential air was wafted down from the theater of death.

ASSAYE, A.D. 1803.—This village is situated a few miles from the city of Aurungabad, in the presidency of Bombay, in British India.

On the 23d of September, 1803, it was the theater of a sanguinary engagement between the British under General Wellesley, and the Mahrattas under their renowned leader Scindiah.

After the storming of Aurungabad and Baroach by the British, Scindiah commenced concentrating his forces, and those of his allies, who had been placed under his command. In a short time his army exhibited the imposing spectacle of 50,000 admirably disciplined soldiers, of whom 30,000 were horse, with 100 pieces of well-equipped cannon. Almost all his infantry and artillery were under the command of French officers.

Wellesley at once resolved to take the field, as without striking a decisive blow at this formidable body, it would be impossible for him to maintain himself in his conquest. He therefore broke up from his encampment on the 22d of September, and on the day following arrived within sight of the Mahrattas. The sight which met his eye, was sufficient to daunt the bravest heart.

His whole force did not exceed 8,000 men, of whom 1,600 were cavalry, with 17 pieces of cannon; the effective native British were only 1,500, and the remainder of his army were composed of Sepoys, or native Indian troops. Such was the force with which Wellesley determined to give battle to Scindiah and his 50,000 men.

He very wisely resolved to attack the left wing of the Mahrattas, as the infantry, which were there crowded together, presented less formidable difficulties to surmount, than the great mass of cavalry which glittered on their right. In pursuance of this design, the great body of the British troops were moved off to their own right, this movement being covered by the cavalry, and fording the river Kaitna, formed in two lines, having their cavalry in reserve. Scindiah, on seeing these movements on the part of the British, immediately changed his front, and disposed his guns along the crest of his position at Asssaye. The British line with the 74th regiment and the pickets of the 85th in front, on the right, and the 78th on the left, advanced with a swift and steady pace to the attack, but when they came within range, their guns were almost immediately dismounted by the superior fire of the enemy's artillery, but this could not arrest the steady advance of the pickets, and the 74th, who moved direct upon Assaye; but when they came within range of the enemy's grape-shot, frightful chasms became visible in their ranks; still on they pressed, nothing daunted, till a large body of Mahratta horse, who had succeeded in getting around the village unperceived, taking advantage of the openings thus made in the ranks, dashed through them, committing fearful havoc and penetrating almost to the center of the British line. At this critical juncture, the battle seemed lost, but Wellesley ordered the British and Sepoy cavalry, under Colonel Maxwell, to charge this body of horse. They obeyed and ad-

vanced at the gallop. The 19th dragoons, headed by their gallant and heroic leader, bore down with irresistible force upon the Mahratta horse, who, being disordered with their success, were speedily routed, and driven headlong into the Juah. The pickets and 74th being relieved from this weight, soon rallied, and the second line coming up, they advanced against and captured a large number of those guns which had been spreading death and devastation around them. Still the enemy held Assaye with a large body of infantry, and in order to dislodge them it was necessary to carry those guns which commanded the left of that position. For this purpose Wellesley put himself at the head of the 78th and a regiment of native horse. He advanced against the guns, and after a closely contested fight, they were at length carried. The enemy fought bravely, and resisted to the last, the artillerymen being in many instances bayoneted at their guns. After a short resistance the village of Assaye was stormed, and the victory on the part of the British might now be said to be complete. In this decisive charge Wellesley had a horse shot under him.

During the retreat of the enemy, a large body of infantry rallied, and for a short time showed a determined front, but they were speedily dispersed by a brilliant charge of the 19th dragoons, headed by the gallant Colonel Maxwell, in which that heroic officer lost his life.

Now that the flight had become general, some of Scindiah's gunners, fearing the sabers of the cavalry, threw themselves on the ground, feigning to be dead; and as soon as the horsemen had passed, sprung to their feet and poured a destructive volley upon the advancing horsemen. The British troops, indignant at the fraud which had been practiced upon them, wheeled about, again stormed the batteries, and bayoneted the deceitful gunners at their pieces. At length, as night set in, they fled on all sides, leaving in the hands of the British 97 pieces of artillery and almost all the ammunition and stores of the army. The Mahrattas lost 2,000 killed and 6,000 wounded; while the loss of the British was 1,500 killed and wounded.

ATHENRY.—This battle was fought in Ireland, between the English army and the Irish, in the year 1599. The Irish had put all the inhabitants of Athenry to the sword: a slaughter which is described as the most merciless and indiscriminate that occurred in those barbarous times. The Irish were defeated in the battle.

ATHENS.—This city, so called from Αθηνη, Minerva, the patroness of the city, is one of the most famous cities of antiquity, and the new capital of Greece. It is situated on the west side of Attica, about twelve miles from the Gulf of Ægina, and is built on the west side of an abrupt and rocky eminence rising out of an extensive plain, surrounded by mountains and hills.

First Siege, b.c. 480.—During the invasion of Xerxes, all the Grecian cities in his passage were subdued or felt the disastrous effects of his vengeance. The Athenians, too proud to submit, and too weak to defend themselves alone by land, sent to consult the oracle at Delphi. The god replied: "*It is only within walls of wood the city will find safety.*" Themistocles persuaded the people that Apollo ordered them to instantly quit their city, and embark on board a good fleet, after having provided places of security for their wives and children. In consequence of this advice, they embarked, after having sent their aged, their women, and their children to Trœzene, in the Peloponnesus. We can not imagine a more affecting spectacle than the departure of this fleet; the unfortunate inhabitants kept their eyes, bathed in tears, fixed upon their abandoned homes till distance or darkness rendered them invisible. The very animals shared the common grief, running along the shore, and seeming to call back their masters by their cries. It is said that a dog belonging to Xantippus, the father of Pericles, threw himself into the sea, and swam by the side of his vessel till it reached Salamis, where it sunk exhausted upon the beach and died. This imaginative people erected a monument to this faithful dog, called "The Grave of the Dog." In the mean time, the Persian army entered Athens, forced the citadel, defended to the last by a small number of self-devoted men, and reduced the superb city to ashes.

Second Siege, b.c. 404.—After the battle of Platæa, the citizens of Athens returned to their country, and built a superb city upon the ruins of the ancient one. By recovering its splendor, it attracted the jealousy of its rival Sparta, the capital of Lacedemonia. This was the commencement of the famous Peloponnesian war. In the twenty-ninth year of this war, Lysander, having conquered the Athenians at Ægospotamos, marched directly against Athens. Though without vessels, without provisions, without hope, the Athenians defended themselves for eight months, and then surrendered, conquered alone by famine. The Spartans disgraced themselves by destroying the walls of the first city in Greece to the sound of musical instruments; and they established a government of thirty tyrants, in order to subdue the spirit of the unfortunate inhabitants.

This servitude did not last long; Athens was delivered from the yoke of the thirty,

by means of 500 soldiers, raised by a simple Syracusan orator, named Lysius, out of veneration for the common country of eloquence. The expulsion of the thirty tyrants took place the same year that the kings were expelled from Rome.

After being opposed strongly to Philip, and submissive to Alexander, Athens was taken successively by his successors, Antipater, Demetrius, and Antigonus; its wealth being a rich bait for these captains, whose vanity was continually wounded by the haughtiness of the city, which gave rise to aggressions often but little merited.

Third Siege, B.C. 87.—Archelaus, a general of Mithridates, King of Pontus, entered Athens by means of a sophist named Aristion, to whom he gave the principal authority of the place. The Athenians claimed the assistance of the Romans, and Sylla took the matter upon his own hands.

Upon Sylla's arrival in Greece, all the cities opened their gates to him, with the exception of Athens, which, subject to Aristion, was obliged unwillingly to oppose him. When the Roman general entered Attica, he divided his forces into two bodies, the one of which he sent to besiege Aristion, in the city of Athens, and with the other he marched in person to the port Piræus, which was a kind of second city, where Archelaus had shut himself up, relying upon the strength of the place, the walls being sixty feet high, and all of hewn stone. This had been the work of Pericles during the Peloponnesian war.

The height of the walls did not amaze Sylla. He employed all kinds of engines in battering them, and made continual assaults. If he would have waited a little, he might have taken the higher city without striking a blow, for it was reduced to the last extremity by famine; but being in haste to return to Rome, where he apprehended changes might happen in his absence, he spared neither danger, attacks, nor expense, to hasten the conclusion of the war. Without enumerating the rest of the warlike stores and equipage, 20,000 mules were perpetually employed in working the machines alone. Wood falling short, from the great consumption of it in the machines, which were constantly being broken, in consequence of the vast weight they carried, or burned by the enemy, he did not spare the sacred groves. He cut down the beautiful avenues of the Academy and the Lycæum, and caused the high walls which joined the port to the city to be demolished, for the sake of the ruins, which were useful to him in the works he was carrying on. Having occasion for a great deal of money, both for the expenses of the war, and as a stimulus to the soldiers, he had recourse to the hitherto inviolable treasures of the temples, and caused the finest and most precious gifts, consecrated at Epidamus and Olympia, to be brought thence. He wrote to the Amphyctions, assembled at Delphi, "That they would act wisely in sending him the treasures of the god, because they would be more secure in his hands; and that if he should be obliged to make use of them, he would return the value after the war." At the same time he sent one of his friends, named Caphis, a native of Phocis, to Delphi, to receive all those treasures by weight. When Caphis arrived at Delphi, he was afraid, through reverence for the god, to meddle with the consecrated gifts, and bewailed with tears, in the presence of the Amphyctions, the necessity imposed upon him. Upon which some person there having said that he heard the sound of Apollo's lyre from the interior of the sanctuary, Caphis, whether he really believed it or not, was willing to take advantage of the circumstance to impress Sylla with a religious awe, and wrote him an account of it. Sylla, deriding his simplicity, replied, "That he was surprised he should not comprehend that singing was a sign of joy, and by no means of anger and resentment; and, therefore, he had nothing to do but to take the treasures boldly, and be assured that the god saw him do so with pleasure, and gave them to him himself."

Sylla was exceedingly anxious about this siege, and was, as we have said, in great want of money. He was desirous of depriving Mithridates of the only city he held in Greece, which might almost be considered as a key to Asia, whither the Romans were eager to follow the King of Pontus. If he returned to Rome without achieving this conquest, he would find Marius and his faction more formidable than ever. He was besides sensibly galled by the keen raillery which Aristion vented every day against him and his wife Metella.

It is difficult to say whether the attack or defense was conducted with the most vigor; for both sides behaved with incredible courage and firmness. The sallies were frequent, and were, in character, almost battles, in which the slaughter was great, and the loss generally not unequal. The besieged were supported by several seasonable reinforcements by sea.

What did them most damage was the secret treachery of two Athenian slaves, who were in the Piræus. These slaves, whether out of affection for the Roman interest, or desirous of providing for their own safety in case the place was taken, wrote upon leaden balls all that was going forward within, and threw them from slings to the Romans; so that, how prudent soever were the measures adopted by Archelaus, none of them suc-

ceeded. He resolved to make a general sally; the traitor slung a leaden ball, inscribed, "To-morrow, at such an hour, the fort will attack your works, and the horse your camp." Sylla laid ambushes, and repulsed the besieged with loss. A convoy of provisions, sadly wanted, was to be thrown into the city by night; upon advice, conveyed in the same way, the provisions were intercepted.

Notwithstanding all these disappointments, the Athenians defended themselves bravely. They found means either to burn most of the machines erected against the walls, or, by undermining them, to throw them down, and break them to pieces. The Romans, on the other side, behaved with no less vigor. By means of mines, they made a way to the bottom of the walls, under which they hollowed the ground; and having propped the foundation with beams of wood, they afterward set fire to the props, with a great quantity of pitch, sulphur, and tar. When these beams were burned, part of the wall fell down with a horrible noise, and a large breach was opened, through which the Romans advanced to the assault. This battle was contested with great obstinacy, but at length the Romans were obliged to retire.

The next day they renewed the attack. The besieged had built a fresh wall during the night, in the form of a cresent, in the place of that which had been destroyed, and the Romans found it impossible to force it.

Sylla, discouraged by so obstinate a defense, resolved to make no more assaults, but to take the place by famine. The city, on the other hand, was at the last extremity. A bushel of barley had been sold for a thousand drachmas (about $125). The inhabitants did not only eat the grass and roots which they found about the citadel, but the flesh of horses, and the leather of their shoes, which they boiled soft. In the midst of the public misery, the tyrant passed his days and nights in reveling. The senators and priests went to throw themselves at his feet, imploring him to have pity on the city, and to obtain a capitulation from Sylla; he had them dispersed with a shower of arrows, and in that brutal manner drove them from his presence.

He did not demand a cessation of arms, or send a deputation to Sylla, till reduced to the last extremity. As those deputies made no proposals, and asked nothing of him to the purpose, but ran on in praise of Theseus, Eumelpus, and the exploits of the Athenians against the Medes, Sylla was annoyed by their discourse, and interrupted them by saying: "Gentlemen orators, you may go back, and keep your rhetorical flourishes for yourselves; for my part, I was not sent to Athens to be made acquainted with your ancient prowess, but to chastise your modern revolt."

During this audience, some spies having entered the city by chance, overheard some old men talking in the Ceramicus, and blaming the tyrant exceedingly for not guarding a part of the wall, which was the only place where the enemy might easily take the city by escalade. At their return to the camp, they related what they had heard to Sylla. The parley had been to no purpose. Sylla did not neglect the intelligence given him. The next night he went in person to take a view of the place, and finding the wall actually accessible, he ordered ladders to be raised against it, began the attack there, and having made himself master of the walls, after a weak resistance, he entered the city. He would not suffer it to be set on fire, but abandoned it to be plundered by the soldiers, who in several houses found human flesh, which had been dressed to be eaten. A dreadful slaughter ensued. The following day all the slaves were sold by auction, and liberty was granted to the citizens who had escaped the swords of the soldiers, but their numbers were but few. Sylla at once besieged the citadel, where Aristion, and those who had taken refuge there, were soon so much reduced by famine that they were forced to surrender. The tyrant, his guards, and all who had been in any office under him, were put to death. Some few days after, Sylla made himself master of the Piræus, and burnt all its fortifications, especially the arsenal, which had been built by Philo, the celebrated architect, and was a wonderful fabric. Archelaus, by means of his fleet, had retired to Munichia, another port of Attica. To do this commander justice, he deserved to have conquered, for he had failed in neither courage nor skillful exertions during the siege. With his own hand he set fire to one of the Roman galleries, and destroyed all the machines upon it. On another occasion, his soldiers being repulsed, took to flight, and he in vain endeavored to rally them. He was soon left so completely alone, that he had to be drawn up the wall by ropes. His bravery formed a strong contrast with the cowardice and infamous debaucheries of Aristion.—*Robson.*

AUERSTADT, A.D. 1806.—Six miles west of Naumberg, in Prussian Saxony, is situated the village of Auerstadt, ever memorable as the scene of the sanguinary battle between the French and Prussian armies, on the 14th of October, 1806.

On the morning of the 14th of October, the united corps of Hohenlohe, and Ruchel encountered the French army under the Emperor Napoleon, at Jena, and on the same day the King of Prussia, and his troops, were attacked by the French forces under Davoust

on the plateau of Auerstadt. The Prussian army, commanded by the king and the Duke of Brunswick, in person, had bivouacked in close array around the village of Auerstadt. On the 12th of October, Davoust, Bernadotte, and Murat, had marched upon Naumberg, and on the 13th had made themselves masters of considerable magazines. No sooner was the Duke of Brunswick informed of the occupation of Naumberg by the enemy, than he directed the division of General Schmettan to occupy the heights of Koessen, and present itself in battle array before the French, whom he supposed to be only a few thousand strong. Under the cover of Schmettan's division, the remainder of the Prussian army leisurely took up its march toward the Elbe. Schmettan, however, contented himself by occupying the heights in the neighborhood of Auerstadt, and neglected to send forward detachments to seize the defile of Koessen. Davoust, on the morning of the 14th, speedily took advantage of this omission, and seized upon the important pass. At six o'clock that morning, the French marshal received an order from Napoleon, dated three o'clock A.M., from his bivouac on the Landgrafenberg, in which the emperor announced his intention to attack the Prussian army in a few hours. He imagined the enemy's army to be concentrated in his front, and directed Davoust to march without loss of time upon Apolda, in order to fall upon their rear, leaving him the choice of his route provided he took a part in the action. The dispatch added: "If the Prince of Ponte Corvo (Bernadotte) is with you, you may march together; but the emperor hopes that he will be already in the place assigned to him at Dornberg." Davoust immediately repaired to the head-quarters of Bernadotte, who at that moment was in communication with his corps at Naumberg, and showed him this order—proposing that they should march together to Apolda. Bernadotte, however, conceived it his duty to march at once to Dornberg, as the "emperor hoped he would be in the position assigned to him at Dornberg." He at once set out with his whole corps in the direction of that town.

Davoust was thus left entirely to his own resources. Yet he at once commenced his march toward the spot which the emperor had designated. The French army consisted of 26,000 infantry, and 4,000 horse; while the army commanded by the King of Prussia consisted of 50,000 infantry, and 10,000 horse. Neither army was aware of the coming engagement. While Davoust was urging forward his men in the direction assigned by Napoleon, eager only to arrive in season to serve his emperor, the King of Prussia was leisurely proceeding on his march along the Elbe.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 14th, the Prussian army arrived at the plateau of Auerstadt. A heavy mist hung over the plain. Suddenly the tramp of an approaching body of men was heard coming through the mist. The sound was produced by the approaching vanguard of Davoust. The French emerged from behind a long and steep ascent, and drew up in battle array on either side of its summit. So thick was the fog that neither party saw the enemy until they had approached within a few yards of each other. Upon discovering the proximity of enemies, both sides drew back to collect reinforcements, to clear their advance—the Prussians to drive the enemy back again down the defile, and the French to clear their front and pursue their route by the cross road they were on to Apolda. Speedily reinforced, both parties returned to the charge. The advanced guard of the French was supported by the whole division of Gudin, and were instructed by Davoust to maintain themselves to the last extremity on the level space at the upper end of the defile, in order to gain time for the remainder of the corps to debouch. On the other hand, the King of Prussia, impatient at the check given to the march of his army, ordered Blucher, with 2,500 hussars to ride over the Lonnenberg, and clear the plateau of the enemy. The Prussians anticipating an easy victory, hastened forward to the charge; but they were received by the French with a steady and destructive fire of musketry, which threw them in disorder, and compelled them to fall back. For an instant the Prussian cavalry prevailed over the cavalry of the French, but Gudin quickly brought his powerful artillery to bear upon the compact mass of the Prussian horsemen; and poured upon it such deadly discharges of grape, that it was shattered and driven from the field in confusion. The King of Prussia, although surprised at the obstinate resistance of the enemy, nevertheless, believing that it was only a detached column which occasioned the delay, refused to be advised by the Duke of Brunswick, who strongly urged him to wait until the mist was dispelled, and he could ascertain the precise strength of the enemy before he again attacked them. As fast as his divisions appeared successively, he ordered them forward to the attack. The divisions of Wartensleben, and the Prince of Orange, were ordered to pass the defile of Auerstadt, where the road runs through a winding hollow, skirted with copsewood or rough slopes, and advance to the support of the retreating cavalry. The moment Wartensleben's division emerged from the defile to assail the flank of the French under Gudin, who had advanced on the plateau beyond the village of Hassen-Hausen, the sun came forth in all his bril-

liancy. The French now for the first time beheld the imposing array of the Prussian army, advancing in beautiful order, but their courage quailed not; they awaited the approach of the enemy with calm deliberation. The Duke of Brunswick put himself at the head of the Prussian infantry, and led them to the attack. Smeltan pressed forward with his division of foot; while Blucher, re-forming his cavalry, led them back to the charge. But Gudin's brave men forming themselves into squares, resisted all their charges with unconquerable firmness. The nature of the ground prevented the Prussians from bringing all their overwhelming force at once upon the French. Yet the odds were strong against the French. Attacked at once in front and flank by a force far superior in numbers to their own, they struggled against hope. Placing themselves behind the hedges and walls of Hassen-Haussen, they resisted every effort of the enemy to dislodge them, and poured forth an incessant and murderous fire of musketry upon them, while the cannon of Gudin's artillery sent a terrific storm of iron hail into the midst of the Prussians, scattering death and destruction on every side. The Duke of Brunswick fell, mortally wounded; Smeltan was killed; the horse of Wartensleben was shot under him; and the Prussians, terrified and discouraged by the carnage committed upon their ranks, wavered in the attack. A shout of joy arose from the French ranks; the discharges of musketry became still more rapid, and the thunder of the cannon rolled over the field with redoubled violence. At this moment the French were reinforced by Morand's division, which gradually drew up on the left of Gudin, toward the Sonnenberg. Shortly afterward the division of Friant arrived, and took up a position upon the right of the French, extending their line to the foot of Speilberg. And now the battle became more equal, although the Prussians still had the advantage in numbers. No sooner had Morand's division formed than it was furiously assailed by the Prussian cavalry under Prince William, which had crossed the Lonnenberg and arrived on the French left. But Morand's admirable troops forming themselves into squares, received the repeated and impetuous charges of the Prussian cavalry, with rapid and destructive discharges. In vain did the Prussian horsemen furiously spur their horses to the very muzzles of the French muskets; the solid squares, encircled by walls of living fire, and protected by hedges of bristling bayonets, which the first rank kneeling, presented to the advances of the enemy, were impregnable. At length, dispirited by their fruitless efforts, and by the loss of their commander, who was severely wounded, the Prussians flew in disorder, leaving the ground behind them strewn with the bodies of one half of their number, and sought refuge partly on the heights of the Sonnenberg, and partly in the inclosures of Neuzalza. In the mean time, the division of Friant on the right, extended itself on the ground to the right of Hassen-Haussen, and drove the enemy, who assailed it, to the village and heights of Speilberg, both of which it speedily carried. The Prussian left was thus threatened; but their principal danger lay on their right. Here the French not only repulsed the vigorous attacks of the enemy, but rapidly pressed forward toward the heights of Sonnenberg, whence their guns would command the whole field of battle, and render the ground occupied by the Prussian reserves, which had taken no part in the action, untenable. The King of Prussia saw that if these heights fell into the hands of the enemy, the battle was lost. Placing himself at the head of a body of picked troops, he led them to the charge. The French sprang forward to meet the enemy. Morand himself led on his regiments. Gradually beating back the Prussians, the French finally succeeded in planting their guns on the heights, and opened such a tremendous fire of grape upon the enemy's columns, that they were driven back with terrible slaughter, and with the blood-stained Sonnenberg, and the village of Rehausen, the whole left of the field of battle fell into the hands of the French. Davoust immediately made preparations to strike a decisive blow. The heights of Eckhartsberg commanded the line of the enemy's line of retreat as those of Sonnenberg did the field of battle. To gain this point, Davoust moved forward his center under Gudin, who advanced, driving before him the broken remnants of Smeltan's and Wartensleben's divisions, which had lost more than one half of their numbers during the bloody struggle in which they had been engaged.

The Prussians, however, made one more effort to repair their misfortunes. Their broken battalions which had retired from the field, were rallied under cover of the powerful reserve, commanded by Kalkreuth, and consisting of two divisions which had hitherto taken no part in the action, and placed in front; while the whole cavalry under Blucher's orders, was posted in a second line immediately behind the infantry to take advantage of any hesitation which might appear in the enemy's columns. The French soldiers, wearied by their morning's march, and four hours' hard fighting, had now to withstand the shock of 15,000 fresh troops, to whom they had no corresponding reserve to oppose. The Prussians were strongly posted on an eminence, and protected by the fire of a powerful battery; but they

were charged with such intrepidity by Gudin's division supported by a part of Friant's, that they were driven from their advantageous position with terrible slaughter and with the loss of 20 pieces of cannon. In the mean time the Prussians violently assailed the troops which Morand had stationed on the heights of Sonnenberg; but the assailants were met with a fearful discharge of musketry, and their ranks were torn by showers of grape from that commanding position, which drove them back in huddled disorder. The gallant Frenchmen descended from the heights and eagerly pursued the retreating enemy, carrying every thing before them, and driving the reserves which opposed them through the defiles of Auerstadt. Defeated at all points, the Prussians left the field of battle to Davoust and his heroic soldiers. Thus closed the famous battle of Auerstadt. The Prussians lost 10,000 men killed and wounded. One hundred pieces of cannon and ten standards fell into the hands of the victors. The loss of the French was 7,500 men killed and wounded. The King of Prussia, who during the day had evinced the most signal coolness and intrepidity, and during the repeated charges which he made at the head of his troops, had lost two horses killed under him, gave directions for his army to retreat in the direction of Weimar, intending to fall back on the corps of Prince Hohenlohe, of whose disaster at Jena he was still ignorant.

But, as the troops were in extreme dejection, and with little order following the great road which leads to that place, they were suddenly startled in the twilight by an extensive line of bivouacs on the heights of Apolda. These lights were made by the corps of Bernadotte, who, adhering to his original instructions to march to Dornberg, had arrived in this position; ignorant of the combats which had taken place,he was preparing to fall on the rear of the Prussian army on the following day. This sudden apparition of a fresh corps of unknown strength on the flank of their retreat at that untimely hour, compelled the Prussians to change their direction and abandon the great road. About the same time, obscure rumors began to circulate through the ranks of a disaster experienced at Jena, and soon the appearance of fugitives from Hohenlohe's and Ruchel's corps, flying in the utmost haste and confusion, across the line which the troops retiring with the king were following, announced but too certainly the magnitude of the defeat sustained in that quarter. The men were now seized with a general consternation. The firmest hearts were filled with despair, as the cross tide of the battalions flying from Jena, mingled in greater proportion with the wreck which had survived the fight at Auerstadt; the confusion became inextricable, the panic universal—infantry, cavalry, and artillery disbanded, and leaving their guns, horses, and ammunition-wagons, fled in mingled disorder across the fields, without either direction, command, or rallying point. The king himself narrowly escaped being made prisoner during the tumults and horrors of that night; and it was not till five in the morning that, by a long circuit, he arrived at Sommerda, where he received the official news of his mournful disaster at Jena.

AUGHRIM, A.D. 1691.—Aughrim is a small town, distant about ten miles from Athlone, in the west of Ireland. It was the scene of a memorable action on the 12th of July 1691, between the Irish, under the French general St. Ruth, and the English, under General Ginckle.

After the battle of the Boyne, King James, deeming his cause irretrievably ruined, left his army under the command of St. Ruth, and fled to the sea-coast, where he embarked for France. General Ginckle, who commanded the English, in the absence of William, crossed the Shannon, and carried the fortress of Athlone, after a severe struggle. St. Ruth immediately marched to Augrhim, and there posted his troops, determined to await the English army and at once decide the fate of Ireland. He had under his command 25,000 men, who were planted in an advantageous position. Their front extended over a rising ground, before which was a large bog. Their right wing was covered by intrenchments, and their left by the castle of Aughrim. In this position, Ginckle, whose forces did not exceed 18,000 men, resolved at once to attack the enemy, made the necessary dispositions, and after a severe cannonade, at twelve o'clock, the English army commenced fording the bog, as it was of vital importance for them to possess the heights on the other side.

The Irish fought with surprising valor and steadiness, and several times repulsed the English horse, but Ginckle ordered up some cannon to the assistance of the right, and after an obstinate conflict, that position was carried. But the left wing could make no impression whatever on the enemy; as often as they attacked them, so often were they repulsed, and it was not till six o'clock in the evening, that the Irish, after having become completely exhausted, were forced to abandon their position. At the same time a general attack was made in the center, which resulted in the Irish being driven from that part of the field. Meantime St. Ruth was killed by a cannon-shot, and his death so dispirited his troops that they gave way on all sides, and hastily retreated toward Lim-

erick. Their loss on this occasion amounted to 7,000 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. The English loss was 600 killed and 960 wounded.

AUGUSTA, A.D. 1781.—This city is situated on the south-west side of the Savannah river, in Richmond county, Georgia, 120 miles north-west of Savannah. In 1781, Augusta was occupied by the British troops under Colonel Brown. The Americans, under Major Eggleston, laid siege to Augusta in the latter part of May, 1781, and on the 4th of June, when the besiegers were upon the point of making a general assault, the garrison agreed to a conditional surrender. The British troops marched out and laid down their arms, and Brown and his fellow-prisoners were paroled. In this siege the Americans lost twenty-three killed, and twenty-eight wounded. The British lost fifty-two killed, and 334 including the wounded, were made prisoners. By this victory the Americans deprived the British of a very important post. They never again occupied the city of Augusta.

AUSTERLITZ, A.D. 1805.—The night of the first of December, 1805, was a night of anxiety to Napoleon Bonaparte. It was the night before the battle of Austerlitz. He had decided upon a battle which he had determined should completely overthrow the allied forces of Austria and Russia. He had rapidly concentrated his forces in a plain near Lake Moenitz, in the vicinity of Austerlitz, and now, on the evening of the first anniversary of his coronation, he was awaiting a battle which should decide the fate of the campaign. The French army, which consisted of nearly 80,000 men, was drawn up on the plain; the right wing resting on Lake Moenitz, and the left six miles distant on a hill, which was covered with artillery. Directly opposite the French army, stretched a line of heights. Mount Pratzen, the loftiest of these heights, formed the center of the allies. The army of the allies numbered 90,000 men, and was commanded by the Emperors of Russia and Austria in person. At four o'clock, on the morning of the second of December, 1805, Napoleon quited his tent, and, mounting his horse, gazed thoughtfully on the plain outspread before him. The morning was calm, and a thick fog shrouded the field. Nothing could be seen of the immense host which was gathered on the opposite heights; but a sound, muffled and heavy, of marching men and rumbling artillery, was borne across the field by a sluggish breeze, and betokened that the enemy were preparing for the conflict. Nearly three hours elapsed, and the sun slowly rose from behind the heights of Pratzen, which glowed in the light like heated gold, and the dense forms of dark columns of infantry came out clear and distinct in the illuminated background. The allies were drawing their forces from their center to the left, for the purpose of outflanking the French, and Napoleon's marshals, at once perceiving the mis-movement, turned to him and eagerly asked to take advantage of it. But Napoleon deemed it imprudent to interrupt the enemy when they were making a false movement, and, therefore, decided to wait until the enemy had so far weakened their center, as to be incapable of resistance at that point. At eight o'clock Napoleon gave the signal to attack, and Murat, Lannes, Bernadotte and Soult, who had been near him, separated from him, and galloped swiftly to their respective divisions. Soult, at the head of his powerful battalions, hastened up the hill of Pratzen. In an instant the summit of Pratzen belched forth a sheet of flame upon the French. The smoke descended like a curtain, enveloping the combatants; but the rapid and heavy discharges of artillery, the rattling and constant reports of musketry, and the shouts of the soldiers, were borne on the breeze to Napoleon's ear, and assured him that his men were struggling fearfully for mastery. For two hours the top of the hill was enveloped in fire and smoke; for two hours the air was stunned with the incessant discharges of cannon; but at length the smoke slowly ascended toward the skies, and Napoleon's quick eye saw the French flag waving triumphantly on the height. Successful in his attack on the enemy's center, Soult next descended on their left wing, but with less success. The Imperial Guard, under Bessières, were charging upon the enemy in the valley, and the whole field resounded with the thunder of the cannon. The French under Murat, Lannes, Davoust, and Augereau, incited by the desperate valor and brave exploits of their leaders, were strewing the field with dead. Soult soon received assistance, and finally the enemy's left wing was put to flight, fighting desperately as they fled. Seven thousand soldiers of the allied army fell in this retreat beneath the hands of the victorious French. The survivors attempted to escape by crossing a frozen lake, with their artillery and cavalry. The ice was weak, and could scarcely sustain their weight, yet they had advanced to the center of the lake, when Soult, suddenly observing them, ordered his cannon to play upon the ice. The result was horrible; the ice, broken and separated by the shower of iron which constantly fell upon it, yielded, and two thousand men, with their horses, were plunged into the water. Still the relentless cannon played upon the men and horses, struggling for their lives in the icy water. They sank, benumbed by the cold, and mutilated by the shot, and the record of

BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

their fate forms one of the blackest pages in the history of Napoleon Bonaparte. The bloody battle of Austerlitz was over. Thirty thousand corpses strewed the plain. Eighteen thousand of the Russian and Austrian army were destroyed, while 12,000 Frenchmen met a like fate. The success of this battle firmly established Napoleon's seat upon the French throne.

AYACUCHO, A.D. 1824.—Near this town in South Peru, South America, was fought a battle between the combined forces of Columbia and Peru, and the Spanish army, the 9th of December 1824, which resulted in the total defeat of the latter, and put an end to Spanish dominion on the American continent.

AZINCOUR, A.D. 1415.—In the year 1415, Henry V., of England, invaded France with an army of 6,000 men-at-arms, and 24,000 foot, mostly archers. He landed near Harfleur, and immediately began the siege of that place, which was valiantly defended by D'Estoutville, and under him by De Guitri, De Gaucort, and others of the French nobility. But as the garrison was weak, and the fortifications in bad repair, the governor was at last obliged to capitulate, and on the eighteenth of September, Henry took possession of the town, placed a garrison in it, and expelled the French inhabitants, with the intention of peopling it anew with English. The unusual heat of the season, and the fatigues of the siege had so wasted the English army, that Henry could enter on no further enterprise, and was obliged to think of returning to England. As he had dismissed his transports, which could not anchor in an open road upon the enemy's coasts, he was under the necessity of marching by land to Calais, before he could reach a place of safety. A numerous French army, of 14,000 men-at-arms, and 40,000 foot, had, meanwhile, assembled in Normandy, under Constable D'Albret; a force, which, if prudently conducted, was sufficient either to trample down the English in open field, or to harass and reduce their small army to nothing, before they could finish so long and difficult a march. Henry, therefore, offered to sacrifice his conquest of Harfleur for a safe passage to Calais, but the French indignantly rejected his proposal, and he determined by valor to make his way through all the opposition of the enemy. He made slow and deliberate marches till he reached the Somme, which he proposed to pass at the ford of Blanquetague, the same place where Edward, in a like situation, had before escaped from Philip of Valois. But the ford was strongly guarded by a strong body of French, on the opposite bank, and he was compelled to march higher up the river in order to seek for a safe passage. At length, after a long and painful march—his troops constantly harassed by flying parties of the enemy, his passage across the river continually cut off by bodies of French troops on the opposite bank, his provisions failing, his soldiers languishing with sickness and fatigue—he was so fortunate as to seize, by surprise, a passage near St. Quentin, which had not been sufficiently guarded, and he safely carried over his army. Still subjected to the harasses of the enemy, he bent his march northward toward Calais, and when he had crossed the small river of Ternois at Blangi, he was surprised to observe the whole French army drawn up on the plains of Azincour, and so posted that it was impossible for him to proceed on his march without coming to an engagement. The English army was little more than half the number which had disembarked at Harfleur, while the French army was four times more numerous, and was headed by the dauphin and the princes of the blood. The French were plentifully supplied with provisions, while the English were illy fed, and worn out with their tedious march. Henry drew up his army on a narrow ground between two woods, which guarded each flank, and then patiently awaited the attack of the enemy. Had the French constable been wise, he would have waited until the English were obliged to advance, and relinquish their advantageous position. But the impetuous valor of the nobility urged him on to an immediate attack. The French archers on horseback advanced upon the English archers, who, from behind pallisades which they had erected to break the impression of the enemy, safely hurled upon them a shower of arrows which nothing could resist. The clay soil, moistened by a late rain, proved a serious obstacle to the force of the French cavalry; horses and men, wounded by the incessant clouds of arrows which were hurled upon them by the English, threw their ranks into disorder; and the whole army soon became a scene of confusion, terror, and dismay. Then Henry ordered the English archers to charge upon them, and seize the moment of victory. Like bolts from the bow, the stalwart men of England, battle-axe in hand, rushed from behind their defenses, and fell upon the French, hewing them to the earth, without resistance. The men-at-arms seconded their efforts; pushing on against the French, until the field was covered with the killed, wounded, dismounted and overthrown. All opposition on the part of the French was at an end; and the English had leisure to make prisoners. They advanced with uninterrupted success to the open plain, and saw the remains of the French rear guard, which still maintained the order of battle. At this moment they heard an alarm from behind. Some gentlemen of

Picardy, having collected about six hundred peasants, had fallen upon the English baggage, and were doing execution on the unarmed followers of the camp, who fled before them. Henry, seeing the enemy on all sides of him, was fearful that his prisoners would revolt, and therefore gave generals orders that they should be slain; but, discovering the truth, he stopped the slaughter, after a great number of the prisoners had been put to death. This battle occurred on the 25th day of October, 1415. The French lost a large number of princes and nobles, slain or taken prisoners. The Constable D'Albret, the Count of Nevers, and the Duke of Brabant, brothers to the Duke of Burgundy, the Count of Vaudemont, the Duke of Barre, the Duke of Alençon, and the Count of Marle, were among the slain. The French lost, killed, 10,000 men, and 14,000 prisoners taken by the English. It is doubtfully estimated that the English lost in this battle only forty men. The Duke of York was killed while fighting by the side of his king.

AZOTH, OR AZOTUS, B.C. 670.—As the siege of Azoth, although the longest recorded in history, affords but little matter for relation, we will merely mention it.

Azoth was anciently one of the five capital cities of the Philistines. The Egyptians having seized it some time before, had fortified it with such care that it was their strongest bulwark on that side. Nor could Sennacherib enter Egypt till he had made himself master of this city, which was taken by Tartan, one of his generals. The Assyrians had possessed it hitherto, and it was not till after a siege of twenty-nine years, that the Egyptians, under Psammetichus, recovered it. The extraordinary length of this siege ceases to surprise us, when we consider that the siege was nothing but a badly-guarded blockade, where that was expected from lassitude and famine which could not be obtained by either bodily strength, which necessarily failed against stone walls, or by military art, which had not yet learn how to overthrow them, or even to scale them.

BABYLON, B.C. 538.—Nothing now remains of the former magnificent palaces of this great Asiatic city, but immense and shapeless masses of ruins. Babylon was the capital of Chaldea, and of the Assyrian empire, and was probably one of the largest, as it is certainly one of the most famous, cities of antiquity. The site of the city of Babylon is occupied by the modern and meanly built town of Hillah, the capital of a district, and the residence of a Dey, appointed by the Pacha of Bagdad. This town lies on the west bank of the river Euphrates, and occupies nearly the center of the south part of the old inclosures of the ancient city. It contains a population of 6,000 or 7,000, Arabs and Jews. It is surrounded by mud walls, and a deep ditch, and has four gates. It has a rude citadel, the only public building within the walls, except a single mosque, and six or seven oratories. The river Euphrates, at Hillah, in its medium state, is 450 feet wide, and seven and a half feet deep. Its mean velocity is about two and a half miles an hour. The whole surrounding country is intersected with canals. The undoubted antiquity of many of these works, is not a little surprising, considering the nature of the soil, which is wholly alluvial, and so soft, that the turning of the course of the river by Cyrus, does not appear to Mr. Rich, who visited Hillah, in 1811, an exploit of any great difficulty. Such is the present state of Babylon, "the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency."

The magnitude assigned by ancient writers, to this celebrated city, is so immense, as to stagger belief. It was a perfect square, and, according to Herodotus, 480 stadia (about fifty-four and a half statute miles,) in circumference. Strabo gives the circumference at 380 stadia, (forty-five and three quarter miles); Diodorus Siculus at 360 stadia (forty-two and a third miles), on the credit of Ctesias; but at 365 (forty-three miles) on that of Clitarchus, who was on the spot with Alexander. Quintius Curtius gives it at 368 stadia, and Pliny at sixty Roman miles (about fifty-five statute miles). The population of Babylon has been estimated to have been at the time the city was taken by Cyrus, between 1,000,000 and 1,200,000. The buildings and population bore no proportion to the extent of the city, and in the words of Rich, "it would convey the idea rather of an enclosed district, than that of a regular city."

According to Herodotus, the city was built on both sides of the Euphrates, the connection between its two divisions being kept up by means of a bridge formed of wooden planks, laid on stone piers. The streets are described as having been parallel, and the houses from three to four stories in height. The city was surrounded by a deep and broad ditch, and by a wall of extraordinary dimensions, flanked with towers and pierced

by 100 gates of brass,* whose hinges and frames were of the same metal. The wall was built of bricks, formed from the earth taken out of the ditch, and cemented by a composition formed of heated bitumen and reeds; the former being brought from Is (Hit) on the Euphrates, about 128 miles above Babylon. The temple of Jupiter Belus (most probably the tower of Babel,) occupied a central position in one of the divisions of the city. Herodotus describes it as a square tower of the depth and height of one stadium (625 feet) upon which, as a foundation, seven other towers rose in regular succession, the last tower having a large chapel, a magnificently adorned couch, and a table of solid gold. The building was ascended from without by means of a winding stair. The space in which it was built, was inclosed by walls, eight stadia in circumference. The gates to the temple, which were of brass, and of enormous size, were seen by Herodotus. In the other division of the city, stood the royal palace, which seems to have been a sort of internal fortification, and was, no doubt, of vast dimensions.

God had decreed that Babylon should fall, and made use of Cyrus as an instrument for the executing of his design. We find the prophecies, relating to the destruction of Babylon, and the name of its destroyer, recorded in the Holy Scriptures, full 200 years before Cyrus was born; but for a detailed account of the fulfillment of those prophecies, we are obliged to look to profane history.

Cyrus, after entirely reducing all the nations of Asia Minor, from the Ægean sea to the river Euphrates, proceeded to Syria and Arabia, which countries he also subjugated. He then entered into Assyria, and advanced toward Babylon, the only city of the East that stood out against him. He at length arrived at Babylon, with a mighty multitude of horse, and a countless host of archers, spearmen, and slingers. When he had reached Babylon, he posted his whole army around the city, and then rode around the city himself. Having thus viewed the walls and defenses, he saw that the taking of this important place would be no easy task. The walls were of prodigious height, and appeared inaccessible, without mentioning the immense number of people within them for their defense. After he had encamped with his army around the city, Cyrus summoned to his tent the proper persons, and said: "Friends and allies! we have taken a view of the city round, and I can not discover how it is possible that one, by an attack, can make himself master of the walls that are so strong and high. But the greater the number of inhabitants in the city, the sooner may they be taken by famine. Therefore, unless you can propose some better method, I say that the city must be taken in that manner." "Does not this river," said Chrysantas, "run through the midst of the city?" "Yes," declared Godryas, "but it is so deep that the city is better protected by the river than by its walls." Then Cyrus said: "Chrysantas, let us lay aside these things that are above our force; it is our business, as soon as possible, to dig as broad and deep a ditch as we can, each of us measuring out his proportion, that by this means we may want the fewer men to keep watch."

Cyrus, therefore, caused a line of circumvallation to be drawn quite round the city, with a deep ditch, and, that his troops might not be over-fatigued, he divided his army into twelve bodies, and assigned to each of them its month for guarding the trenches. The besieged, thinking themselves out of all danger, by reason of their ramparts and magazines, and being, withal, provided with a twenty years' stock of provisions, insulted Cyrus from the top of their walls, and laughed at all his attempts, and all the trouble he gave himself, as so much unprofitable labor.

At length the ditch was completed, and Cyrus began seriously to think of putting his vast design into execution. Providence soon furnished him with as fit an opportunity for this purpose as he could desire. He was informed that a great festival was to be celebrated in the city,* and that the Babylonians, on occasion of that solemnity, were accustomed to pass the whole night in drinking and debauchery.

Belshazzar,† King of Babylon, made that day a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine with them. And while he was tasting the wine, he commanded the golden and silver vessels which his father, Nebuchadnezzar, had taken out of the temple, which was in Jerusalem, that the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines, might drink therein. Then all drank from the golden vessels, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. And while they were thus engaged, the fingers of a man's hand appeared, and wrote, over against the candlestick, upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace, and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

The king was terribly frightened and surprised at this vision, and immediately sent

* "Thus saith the Lord to his anointed Cyrus: I will go before thee; I will break in pieces the gates of brass." —*Isaiah.*

* "And I will make drunk her princes, and her wise men, her captains, and her rulers, and her mighty men; and they shall sleep a mighty sleep, and not wake, saith the King, whose name is the Lord of Hosts."—*Jeremiah*, xli. 57.

† Daniel, v. 1, 29.

for all his wise men, his divines, and astrologers, that they might read the writing to him, and explain its meaning. But they all came in vain; not one of them was able to expound the matter, or even able to read the characters. The queen-mother (Nitocris, a princess of great merit) hearing of this great prodigy, entered the banquet-hall, and endeavored to compose the mind of her son, advising him to send for Daniel, with whose abilities she was well acquainted, and whom she had always employed in the government of the state. Daniel, therefore, was immediately sent for, and spoke to the king with a freedom becoming a prophet. He reminded him of the dreadful manner in which God had punished the pride of Nebuchadnezzar.

"And thou, his son, O Belshazzar," said Daniel to the king, "hast not humbled thy heart, though thou knewest all this; but hast lifted thyself up against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, and thy lords, thy wives, and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified. Then was the part of the hand sent from him; and this writing was written. And this is the writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE: God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. TEKEL: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. PERES: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." Belshazzar then commanded Daniel to be clothed in scarlet, and placing a chain about his neck, he proclaimed that Daniel should be the third ruler in the kingdom. But, notwithstanding the warning, Belshazzar continued the festival, and protracted his revelings to a very late hour.

In the mean time Cyrus, according to Xenophon, as soon as it grew dark, took a number of men with him and opened the ditches into the river. He had posted a part of his troops on that side where the river entered into the city, and another part on that side where it went out; and had commanded them to enter the city that very night, by marching along the channel of the river as soon as ever they found it fordable. The water, as soon as the ditches were opened, rapidly ran off, leaving the bed of the river through the city, nearly dry. Cyrus now ordered his officers to attend him, and addressed them as follows: "Friends and allies! The river has yielded us a passage into the city. Let us enter boldly, and fear nothing within, for these are the same people whom we defeated when they were assisted by their allies; when they were awake, sober, armed, and in good order. But now we march against them, at a time when many of them are asleep, many drunk, and all of them in confusion; and when they discover that we are upon them, their consternation and affright will render them still more unfit for service. Do not apprehend that they will discharge their weapons down on us from their house-tops on every side, for we have Vulcan for our fellow-combatant; their porches are easily set fire to; their doors are made of the palm-tree, and smeared with bitumen, which will nourish the flame. We have abundance of torches; we have plenty of pitch and tow, and we shall presently raise such a conflagration that they will be compelled to fly from off their houses, or immediately be consumed. Come on, then, take to your arms, and, with the help of the gods, I will lead you."

If the besieged,* says Herodotus, had either been aware of the designs of Cyrus, or had discovered the project before its actual accomplishment, they might have effected the total destruction of the Persians who entered the city by means of the river. They had only to secure the little gates which led to the river, and to have manned the embankments on either side, and they might have inclosed the Persians in a net from which they could never have escaped.

But God had said, through His prophets: "I will break in pieces the gates of brass," and He made the general negligence and disorder of that riotous night subservient to His design. The gates were left open, and their keepers, instead of guarding them, were carousing with their companions, and the Persians, in two bodies, the one commanded by Gobrydas, and the other by Gadatas, entered Babylon through the channel of the river, both on its entrance into and its departure from the city. The two bodies of troops penetrated into the very heart of the city, without encountering any opposition. They met, as they had agreed, at the palace of the king, and surprised and slew the royal guards. Disturbed by the noise, the king commanded those that were within to examine what was the matter. They immediately threw open the gates and ran out; but they were quickly met by the Persians, who cut them to pieces, and pressing forward through the gates, made themselves masters of the palace. The king, surrounded by his immediate friends, sword in hand, stood ready to contend for his life. But the Persians rushing upon him in a body, overthrew and slew both him and his protectors. Cyrus

* Clio, cxci.

now sent a body of cavalry through the streets, bidding them kill all the inhabitants they found abroad. He also issued a proclamation in the Syrian language, commanding all those who were in their houses to remain within, for if they were found abroad they should be killed. The next morning, those who guarded the castles, seeing that the city was taken and the king dead, gave up their strongholds to the conqueror. Cyrus immediately took possession of the castles and garrisoned them. He gave up the dead to be buried by their relations, and ordered heralds to make proclamation, that the Babylonians should all deliver up their arms, and that in whatsoever house any arms should be found, all the people in it should suffer death. The arms were accordingly brought out, and Cyrus deposited them in the castles, that they might be ready in case of any future emergency. He then distributed houses and palaces among such of his men as had been sharers with him in all the actions he had performed (having first set aside certain portions of ground for sacred purposes), and gave to each a certain number of Babylonians, as slaves and bondsmen. Thus was the great city of Babylon conquered; its king, the proud Belshazzar, slain, and its vain and frivolous people subjected and inslaved by the Persians.—*See Battle of Thymbra.*

BABYLON, Revolt and Reduction of, B.C. 516.—In the year 521, Darius ascended the Persian throne, and in the beginning of the fifth year of his reign, the Babylonians growing impatient of the Persian yoke, revolted, and could not be conquered till after a siege of twenty months. The Babylonians had taken advantage of the troubled state of the affairs of Persia, and for four years had secretly made preparations for war. When they had stored the city with many years' supply of provisions, they raised the standard of rebellion, and Darius was obliged to besiege it with all his forces.

God had decreed that Babylon should not only be humbled and brought down; but that it should be depopulated and laid waste with fire and blood. He, therefore, permitted them to rebel against Darius, and by that means to draw upon themselves the whole force of the Persian empire.

The Babylonians, to make their provisions last the longer, and to enable them to hold out with greater vigor, took the most desperate and barbarous resolution that was ever heard of. They resolved to destroy all such of their own people as were unserviceable on this occasion. For this purpose they assembled together all their wives and children and strangled them. Only every man was allowed to keep his best beloved wife, and one maid-servant to do the business of the family. On the first intelligence of this event, Darius assembled his forces and marched against the city. On his arrival he besieged it in due form; but the Babylonians assembling on the ramparts, amused themselves with dancing, and mocking, and insulting the Persians, so confident were they of their security in the strength of their fortifications, and the vast quantity of provisions they had laid up. For the space of eighteen months did Darius and his army lay siege to the city. They used every possible stratagem, and they applied their most powerful engines of war. Neither did they forget to make use of the same means, by which Cyrus twenty-three years before, had happily gained entrance into the city. But their every attempt proved ineffectual. The Babylonians were ever vigilant, and repelled the besiegers at every attack. Darius began almost to despair of taking the place, when a stratagem, till then unheard of, opened the gates of the city to him. Zopyrus, one of his noblemen, conceived the idea of mutilating himself, and then to pass over to the enemy, as if deserting from Darius on account of the cruelty he had received at his hands. He scrupled not to wound himself beyond the power of being healed. He cut off his nose, and his ears, and clipped his hair close to his head. In this state, his wounds still fresh and bleeding, he presented himself before Darius. No sooner had the king beheld a man of his illustrious rank in such a disgraceful plight, than leaping from his throne in anger, he thundered forth, "Who, Zopyrus, has dared thus inhumanely to treat you?" "No man, O king," replied Zopyrus, "save yourself, could thus maltreat me. I, myself, have thus disfigured my body; I could no longer see those Babylonians mock at and insult us." "Wretched man!" said the king, "why do you endeavor to call a shameful action by an honorable name? Will the enemy surrender because you have thus mutilated your person? You must, indeed, be mad." Zopyrus now made the king acquainted with his design, and requested him, as he hoped for success, to follow implicitly his directions. Darius, moved by the zeal and confidence of the young nobleman, at once assured him that all he wished should be done. "Then," said Zopyrus, "on the tenth day after my departure, do you detach to the gate of Semiramis 1,000 men of your army, whose loss can be of no consequence. After an interval of seven days more, send to the Ninian gates, 2,000 men, and then, after the lapse of twenty days send a body of four thousand men to the Chaldean gates. But let none of these detachments be armed with any weapons except their swords. Then let your whole army advance and surround

the walls. Be careful that Persians are stationed at the Belidian and Cissian gates. In the mean time I shall advance with the Babylonians and cut to pieces the troops which you have sent, and after they have witnessed my exploits in the field, they will, I think, intrust me with the keys of those gates. Doubt not but the Persians, with my aid, will then easily accomplish the rest."

After giving these injunctions he proceeded toward the gates of the city, and to be consistent with the character which he assumed, he frequently halted and looked behind him, as fearful of being pursued. The sentinels on the watch-towers, perceiving this, ran down to the gates, which they opened slightly and inquired who he was, and what he wanted. He told them that his name was Zopyrus, and that he had deserted from the Persians. He was, therefore, admitted, and was at once conducted before the magistrates. He then told a piteous tale of the indignities he had suffered at the hands of Darius, for no other reason than that he had advised him to withdraw his army, because he saw no likelihood of his taking the city. "And now," said he, "O ye men of Babylon, I come a friend to you, but a bitter and fatal enemy to Darius and his army. I am well acquainted with all his designs, and his treatment of me shall not pass unrevenged."

When the Babylonians beheld a Persian of such high rank, deprived of his ears and nose, covered with wounds and blood, they entertained no doubts of his sincerity, or of the friendliness of his intentions toward them. They therefore acceded to all his requests, giving him the command of as many troops as he desired. He then proceeded to the execution of what he had concerted with Darius. On the tenth day, after his arrival, he made a sally from the town, at the head of a body of Babylonian troops, and encountering the body of 1,000 Persians, whom Darius had stationed as had been agreed upon, he fell upon them. and in spite of their desperate resistance, put every one of them to death. The Babylonians, observing that his actions corresponded with his words, were full of exultation, and were ready to yield him the most implicit obedience. A second time he advanced from the city, with a chosen troop of Babylonians, and falling on the 2,000 Persians, slew them to a man. The joy of the citizens at this second exploit was so great that the name of Zopyrus resounded with praise from every tongue. Again, for a third time, he sallied forth from the city with his troop, and attacked fiercely the 4,000 Persians whom Darius had planted to receive him. The Persians, armed only with the sword, were unable to cope with the Babylonians, and they too were slaughtered. Now the city of Babylon was filled with rejoicings. The citizens could not heap sufficient honor on the head of their brave defender. They gave him the entire command of their army, and appointed him guardian of the walls. And now Darius with all his force advanced to the walls. The Babylonians mounted the ramparts to repel the assault of the Persians; but Zopyrus now proved faithless to them. He immediately opened the Belidian and Cissian gates to his countrymen. The Babylonians seeing this fled for refuge to the temple of Jupiter Belus, and the Persians without molestation entered the city. Thus was Babylon taken a second time. As soon as Darius became master of the place he caused the one hundred gates to be torn from their fastenings, and all the walls to be leveled to the ground. This he did in order to prevent the proud Babylonians from ever again rebelling against the power of the Persians. He impaled alive 3,000 of the most distinguished inhabitants, the rest he suffered to remain as they were. Nay more, he ordered the neighboring nations each to send a stipulated number of females to Babylon, to supply the places of those whom the citizens had slain before the commencement of the siege. These women in all amounted to 50,000.

Zopyrus was loaded with favors by the grateful monarch. Darius settled upon him during life, the whole revenue of Babylon, and heaped all the honors upon him that a king could possibly confer on a subject. He frequently asserted, that could he restore Zopyrus to the condition he was in before he had so cruelly mutilated himself, he would cheerfully resign the conquest of twenty Babylons.

BACTRA, B.C. 2134.—In all arts the East has led the van, and has evidently been as far advanced before the western nations in the great one of fortifying its cities as in most others. The first siege we can obtain any account of is that of Bactra, and we are told it was so fortified by nature and art, that Ninus, at the head of 400,000 men, would never have been able to take it, if a stratagem had not been suggested to him by Semiramis, the wife of one of his officers. Every thing in the East seems to have been upon a gigantic scale: the cities were immense in extent, the height of the walls and towers, and the depth and width of the surrounding moats or ditches, almost incredible.

Ninus, King of Assyria, one of the most ancient of the great disturbers of the peace of mankind called conquerors, was desirous of putting the crown to his glory by the conquest of Bactriana, now Corassan. Nothing in the open country could resist an army of

400,000 men; but Bactra, the capital, for a length of time withstood all his endeavors. As the defense of a city consisted in its walls, ditch, and advantages of position only, so the means of attack were correspondingly simple; and we are not surprised at the inhabitants holding out for a time which in modern warfare would be impossible. We are told that the genius of Semiramis conceived a stratagem—what, we do not learn—by which the city was at length taken, and her master, in a truly eastern manner, showed his gratitude by seeking a cause for putting her husband to death, and making her his wife. Some accounts do not hesitate to say that the lady, at least as ambitious as Ninus, repaid him by removing him as he had removed her first husband, in order to reign alone.

BADAJOZ, A.D. 1811.—This ancient city of Spain is situated in an extensive plain, in the province of Estramadura, near the frontier of Portugal, in an angle between and at the point of the confluence of the river Rivellas with the Gaudiana, 198 miles south-west of Madrid. A castle, situated on a high eminence at the confluence of the two rivers, commands them and the town, which is further defended by various very strong fortifications.

On the 2d of January, 1811, Soult, with an army of 20,000 French soldiers, set out from Seville, taking the road by Llerena, for Badajoz. The Spanish and Portuguese troops under Mendizabel and Ballasteros consisted of 12,000 combatants, and too weak to oppose any resistance to Soult's force, they retired under the cannon of Badajoz and Olivenza. Four thousand men were thrown into the fortress of Olivenza, which, after a resistance of twelve days, surrendered on the 22d of January, and then Soult, collecting all his forces, took up his position before Badajoz. Wellington, who was at the lines of Torres Vedras, no sooner heard of the danger which threatened that important fortress, than he resolved to dispatch Romana with two Spanish divisions to co-operate in its relief. But scarcely had this noble Spaniard set out, than he was seized with a disease in the heart, of which he suddenly died at Cartalo. His troops, however, reached Badajoz on the 6th of February, and joined Mendizabel, whose forces were drawn up under the guns of Badajoz, with his right resting on the fort of St. Christoval, forming one of the outer walls of the city. Soult's situation was highly critical: the necessity of keeping up his communications with the main body of the French army, had reduced the forces under his command to sixteen thousand men, and the Spaniards, with a force full as great, occupied a strong position, resting on the cannon of the fortress. But he was soon relieved from his critical position by the negligence and fatuity of the Spanish general. Wellington had repeatedly advised Mendizabel to strengthen his position under the walls of the place, with intrenchments, in order that he might possess an impregnable station from which he might co-operate in its defense; but he deemed it entirely unnecessary to follow this advice. His position was separated from that of the French, by the river Gaudiana and Gebora, both of which were flooded with rains. He contented himself, therefore, by breaking down a bridge, which crossed the latter stream, and left his army in negligent security on its banks. Soult observed the self-confidence of the Spanish general, and conceived the audacious plan of crossing both rivers, and surprising the Spaniards amid their dream of security. He forded the Gaudiana at the French ferry, four miles above the confluence of the Gebora, late in the evening of the 18th of February. The Gebora, however, was yet to be crossed; but before daybreak the passage was accomplished under cover of a thick mist. At sunrise the mist was dispelled, and the Spanish outposts near the ruined bridge were alarmed by the French skirmishers, who had already gained the opposite bank. The cavalry forded the river five miles further up, and speedily threatened the Spanish flank, while Mortier, with six thousand foot, assailed their front. The struggle was only of a few minutes' duration; horse, foot, and cannon were speedily driven together in frightful confusion into the center; the cavalry cut its way through the throng, and escaped; but the infantry were almost all cut down or taken. Mendizabel fled, with a thousand men, to Elvas, 2,000 got into Badajoz; but 8,000, with the whole artillery, were taken, and not a vestige of the Spanish army remained in the field. The French immediately resumed the siege of Badajoz. The undertaking was an arduous one, for the ramparts of the city were of great strength; the garrison was nine thousand strong, amply supplied with provisions. But with indomitable energy, Soult rapidly advanced his works. Manecho, the Spanish governor, prepared for a vigorous defense. A few days after the fire began, however, this gallant Spaniard was killed, and was succeeded by Imaz. The French kept up an incessant fire, from six battering guns; the ramparts were soon breached, and the fire of the place considerably weakened. At length, after losing one thousand men, the Spanish governor surrendered the place, with 8,000 men, and 170 guns. Thus in the space of one month, Soult had achieved two most brilliant victories. With an army of 20,000 men, he had carried two fortresses, and had

destroyed or taken an equal number of the enemy.

The loss of Badajoz, the Duke of Wellington saw would constantly endanger the west of the Peninsula, and he considered it as by far the greatest calamity which had befallen the allies since the taking of Madrid by Napoleon. While Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz were in the hands of the French, Wellington felt that he could not undertake any serious enterprise either in Portugal or Spain. In the middle of May, 1811, Wellington having determined to act on the offensive against the French in Spain, and to endeavor in the onset to recover the important fortress of Badajoz, moved his head-quarters to Estramadura, taking with him 12,000 men to reinforce Beresford.

General Beresford had previously begun the campaign in that province, and had, on the 17th of April, made himself master of the fortress of Olivenza, with its garrison of 380 men. Thus re-inforced, Beresford immediately blockaded Badajoz, and, as soon as the Gaudiana was fordable, the town was invested on both banks of the river. Soult no sooner heard of the enterprise, than he began to collect troops at Seville for its relief. A double attack was projected by the English—one on the castle, and another on the fort of St. Christoval. On the night of the 8th of May, the besiegers had broken ground at a distance of 400 yards from the latter fortress. The French garrison within the place, however, kept up an incessant fire upon the workmen, and as their aim was assisted by a bright moon, their fire was very destructive. Two days afterward, the besieged made a vigorous sally, and were repulsed with loss; but, as the allies pursued the fugitives too far, they were torn in flank by a discharge of grape-shot from the ramparts, which, in a few minutes, struck down 400 men. In the mean time, the fire from Christoval was so effective that five of the guns which the besiegers had placed in the trenches, were speedily dismounted. On the 12th, the besiegers had broken ground in front of the castles, and a battery was opened against the *tête-du-pont*. Intelligence was now received by the allies that Soult, with a large army, was approaching. Beresford immediately gave orders to discontinue the siege and assemble all the forces in front to give battle. The battle was fought on the 16th and 17th of May, near the village of Albuera, where, on the heights in front of that village, Beresford's army was concentrated. Soult's army consisted of 19,000 infantry, and 4,000 horse. The troops of Beresford numbered 30,000 men, of whom 16,000 were English.* The battle of Albuera resulted in the defeat of the French, and as soon as Soult had retired toward Seville, by the road he had advanced, the British resumed their position around the bastions of Badajoz. Wellington took command of the siege of Badajoz, and Beresford set out for Lisbon. Wellington had no sooner arrived than he re-commenced the siege with the utmost vigor. Both parties had improved to the uttermost the brief breathing-time afforded by the battle of Albuera. Both the besiegers and the besieged knew that succor was approaching, and that, unless the place was carried within a fortnight, Marmont and Soult would arrive from the north and compel the raising of the siege. During the absence of the allied forces, Phillippon, the French governor of Badajoz, had leveled the trenches and destroyed the approaches of the besiegers, and had repaired his own works where injured by their fire. He had also constructed strong intrenchments behind such places where breaches were expected, and considerably augmented his supplies of provisions. On the 27th of May, the place was wholly invested; two days after, ground was broken against Fort Christoval, and fifty heavy pieces of artillery were mounted. The besiegers pushed their operations with vigor, and, on the 6th of June, the breach was declared practicable. At midnight the storming party advanced to the attack. They reached the glacis in safety, and descended unobserved into the ditch. But, immediately after dark, the French had cleared away the rubbish at the foot of the breach from the bottom of the ditch slope, so that it could not be ascended. The troops, however, refused to retire, and boldly attempted to gain admittance by escalade. But the French made a stout resistance, and poured such destructive volleys upon the besiegers, that they were at length obliged to retreat. This check taught the British to be more prudent in their future operations. They continued their fire with great vigor, both on Christoval and the body of the place, for three days in succession. A heavy fire was also kept up against the castle, but though the breaching-batteries played on it at the distance of only 500 yards, yet, at the end of nine days, they had produced no decided effect. The guns of Fort St. Christoval swept along the foot of the wall, and over the ground in its front, and thus prevented an assault on the castle, even if a breach had been effected. A second attempt was therefore made to carry Christoval. The garrison of this fort, which at the late attack consisted only of seventy-five, was now increased to 200 men. The French troops were in the highest degree animated and encouraged by their recent success, and, mounting their bastions, they invited the British,

* See battle of Albuera.

with loud cheers, to come on. Each soldier of the garrison was provided with four loaded muskets, and on the top of the ramparts were arrayed a formidable array of bombs, hand-grenades, and powder barrels, ready to be ignited and rolled over among the assailants the moment they reached the foot of the walls. The British storming party, bearing ladders, slowly advanced to the walls, and, notwithstanding the heroic exertions of the garrison, who fought valorously in the defense of their post, the assaulting columns united at the bottom of the breach and applied their ladders to the walls. But only a few of those brave men reached the summit of the wall, and those few were instantly bayoneted by the French troops. At the same moment the garrison rolled over the bombs, grenades, and powder barrels, down among the besiegers in the ditch, and the explosion of these terrible weapons committed fearful havoc in all directions. The British soldiers hastily leaped from the ditch, and, leaving their wounded behind them, fled to their intrenchments. The cries of the wounded Englishmen aroused the sympathy of the besieged. Desiring them to raise their ladders, the generous Frenchmen assisted their wounded enemies into the fort, where they were treated with the utmost kindness. In these two attempts upon Christoval the British lost 400 men, and Wellington, learning that Napoleon, who also deemed the possession of Badajoz of the utmost importance, had sent positive orders to Marmont to collect his forces and co-operate with Soult in the most vigorous manner for its deliverance, and that those generals were rapidly approaching with overwhelming forces, on the 10th and 11th of June, raised the siege, and retired into Portugal. On the 18th the junction of the armies of Soult and Marmont was effected, and on the 28th they entered Badajoz in triumph.

The campaign of 1812 was commenced by the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, as Wellington was fully determined to reduce that place and Bajadoz, without the possession of which he could not enter regularly on his intended operations. The investment of Ciudad Rodrigo was begun on the 8th of January, and on the 18th of January the town was carried by storm after one of the bloodiest and most desperate struggles of the Peninsular war.* After putting Ciudad Rodrigo into a situation of defense, Wellington resolved to attack Badajoz, the only remaining fortress on the frontier. The town had been blockaded for some time by General Hill, and now it became necessary to reduce it as speedily as possible, as there was reason to apprehend that the French would otherwise make an attempt for its relief. On the 17th of March they had regularly and completely invested Badajoz, forming the first parallel within 200 yards of the French outworks called Fort Picurina. During the six months that had elapsed since the last attempt of the British on the place, Phillippon, whose great experience and skill had been proven in the last siege, had been indefatigible in improving the fortifications, and adding to the strength and resources of the place. He had 5,000 men under his command, drawn by equal numbers from the armies of Marmont, Soult, and Jourdan at Madrid. He had repaired the old breaches, and constructed strong additional works to retard the operations of the besiegers in the quarters where the former attacks had been made. The ditches had been cleared out, deepened, and filled with water; the glacis was everywhere elevated, so as to cover the scarp of the rampart; the *tetes-du-pont*, on the other side of the river, ruined in the former siege, had been thoroughly repaired, and ample provisions laid up, for the numerous garrison. The castle, standing on a rock, more than a hundred feet above the level of the Guadiana, and surrounded by walls, seemed perfectly impregnable. Alarmed by the rapid approach of the enemy's parallels against Fort Picurina, Phillippon on the 19th of March, ordered a sortie of 1,500 men, foot and cavalry against the right flank of the British works. The French approached under cover of a thick mist, and entering the enemy's trenches, drove the whole working parties from their posts, sweeping away several hundred intrenching tools, and spreading confusion as far even as the bivouacs and dépôts in the rear. The gallant Picton, however, quickly called his men to arms, and fiercely attacked the French, who after a most obstinate resistance were at length obliged to retreat. In this encounter the French lost about 300 men; the English loss was 150 men, among whom was Colonel Fletcher, their chief engineer. The next day after the sortie, the rain commenced falling in torrents, filling the British trenches, and saturating the earth, so that it was impossible to cut it into any regular form. For four days in succession the rain descended without intermission, and both the besieged and besiegers remained inactive. On the 24th of March, however, the atmosphere cleared up, and the British completed their investment on the right bank of the Guadiana. A fire was opened from 28 guns on the Picurina, and the British sharp-shooters kept up such an incessant fire from the trenches, that no man ventured to look over the parapet of that fort. The heavy discharges from the battery soon produced a visible effect upon

* See siege of Ciudad Rodrigo.

the pallisades of the fort, and although the defenses were not breached, the British general determined without delay to carry it by storm. General Kempt with 500 men made the attack. On the night of the 25th, the British troop rushed to the assault, and gained the foot of the pallisades, but the French had so thoroughly repaired their defenses that an entrance was impossible. As the assaulting party hesitated and paused in this place of danger, a streaming fire from the top of the walls, cut them down on all sides. The French marksmen shot fast from the ramparts; the alarm-bells in the town rang violently, and the guns of the castle were opened in rear on the struggling masses of the assailants. Thus hemmed in by destructive fires on both sides, the British soldiers fell with fearful rapidity; but Kempt, in the midst of the tumult, was cool and courageous; he drew the troops around to that part of the fort sheltered from the fire; the reserves were quickly brought up, and sent headlong in to support the front. The shock was irresistible; the scaling-ladders were applied in an instant, and the besiegers, loudly cheering, mounted the ramparts. At the same time the axe-men discovered the gate, and hewing down the barriers, also entered the fort on the side next the town. During this assault, which lasted an hour, the British lost 350 men. No sooner did the French governor of Badajoz learn the capture of Fort Picurina, than he opened a tremendous fire upon it from every gun on the bastions which could be brought to bear, and with such effect that the lodgment effected in it was destroyed, as the troops could not remain in the work. A sally was made to recover it; but it was quickly repulsed. However, on the following night (the 27th) the British had completed their second parallel in front of Fort Picurina; enfilading and breaching batteries were erected in it; and after five days' continual firing, the sap being pushed up close to the walls, the Trinidad bastion of the castle began to crumble beneath the British balls, and soon three large chasms appeared in its walls. On the morning of the 6th of April, they were all declared practicable, and an assault was determined to be hazarded on the following day.

The plan of the attack was as follows: General Picton's division, on the right, was to file out of the trenches, to cross the Rivillas rivulet, and endeavor to scale the castle walls when the tumult at the breaches had drawn the principal attention of the enemy to the other side of the fortress. Leith's division, on the left, was to make a feint on the near Pardaleras outwork, and a real attack by escalade, on the more distant San Vincente bastion. The glacis at this point were mined; the scarp was twenty-eight feet high, and the ramparts were lined with bold and determined men. General Colville and Colonel Barnard, in the center, were to assault the breaches. The light division was to assault the bastion of Santa Maria; the fourth division that of Trinidad. All the assaulting columns were furnished with ladders and axes, and preceded by storming parties of 500 men, led by their forlorn hopes. The divisions that were to assault the breaches were nearly 10,000 strong. The French governor had chosen sixteen companies to defend the three breaches. These were arrayed behind the parapets which had been constructed on the *terre pleine* of the ramparts. In a retrenchment which had been formed in the rear of the menaced bastion, immediately behind the ramparts, was placed a strong battalion. A raft which was floated in the inundation which immediately adjoined the foot of the trenches, and flanked the assaulting columns, was crowded by a company of sharp-shooters. At the gate of Trinidad, another battalion was in reserve, ready to carry succor to any point which might require it. Every soldier had four loaded muskets beside him, to avoid the delay of charging them at the critical moment; shells were arranged in abundance along the parapet, to roll down on the assailants the moment they filled the ditch; heavy logs were provided to crush whole files by their descending weight, and at the summit of each breach an immense beam of wood, sunk three feet deep into the earth, at either extremity, was placed, thickly studded with sword-blades, with the sharp ends turned outward. Similar preparations, with the exception of the sword-blades, were made at the castle and the bastion of San Vincente, which was menaced by escalade; and pits dug, in considerable numbers, at the foot of the great breach, to entangle or suffocate those of the enemy who might have descended into the fosse. The French soldiers looked down from their lofty ramparts on the dark columns of the distant enemy, and waited the assault with courage and eagerness. Both armies longed for the decisive moment which was to determine this long-continued duel between the two nations. The British intended to assail the whole points at once. Ten o'clock at night was the hour assigned for the attack. A bomb, however, bursting close to the third division, destined for the assault of the castle, discovered their position, and Picton was obliged to hasten on the assault. The ramparts now strewed forth fire in every direction; the fourth and light divisions in the center of the besiegers, advanced swifty toward the breaches; while the guard in the

trenches, leaping out with a loud shout, enveloped and carried the little outwork of San Roque, by which the column attacking the castle might have been enfiladed in flank. They were discovered, however, as they reached the crest of the glacis, by the accidental explosion of a bomb, and its light showed the ramparts crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, which the next instant were clouded in gloom. Silently the hay-packs were let down, the ladders placed to the counterscarp, and the forlorn hopers and storming-parties descended into the fosse. Five hundred were already down, and approaching the breaches, when a stream of fire shot upward into the heavens as if the earth had been rent asunder; instantly a crash, louder than the bursting of a volcano, was heard in the ditch, and the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels, blew the men beneath to atoms. For a moment only, the besiegers halted, then, with a shout, they leaped down into the fiery gulf. And now a scene ensued unparalleled even in the long and bloody battles of the French Revolutionary War. The British columns furiously rushed forward; the rear constantly urging on the front, and pushed down into the ditch. Many who kept too far to the right fell into the inundated part of the ditch, and were drowned. But their dead bodies filled it up and formed a bloody bridge, over which their comrades passed. Others, inclining to the left, came to the dry part, and shunned a watery death; but fell into the still more appalling terrors of fire. The besiegers had now descended into the ditch which was of very confined dimensions, with the enemy's ramparts in front and on both flanks, so that the troops, crowded together in a narrow space at the bottom, were exposed to a cross and plunging fire on every side, except their rear, where stood a ravine filled with British soldiers, whose loud cheers, and incessant, but ineffectual, fire against the parapets, rather augmented than diminished the general confusion.

The shouts of the French soldiers from the breaches and walls; the bursting of the shells; the explosion of the powder-barrels; the heavy crash of the descending logs; the continued stream of fire from the ramparts; the roaring of the guns from either flank; and the distant thunder of the British batteries, which still threw howitzers on the breaches, formed a terrible confusion of deafening sounds, which stunned the ear and confounded the senses. The brave Britons again and again rushed up to the breaches; but their attempts were all in vain; the ponderous beams, bristling with sword-blades, barred further progress; the numerous spikes set among the ruins transfixed their feet, discharges of grape and musketry within pistol-shot on either flank, tore down their ranks, and even the desperation of the rear, who strove to force forward the front, in order to make a bridge of their writhing bodies, failed in shaking the steady girdle of steel which opposed them. Some of the besiegers endeavored to make their way under it, but having forced their heads through, their brains were beaten out by the but-ends of the enemy's muskets. Notwithstanding this terrible slaughter, the besiegers remained two hours in that bloody ditch, but at length after 2,000 had fallen, they were compelled to retire. While this conflict was going on at the breaches, a struggle of a different but hardly less violent kind took place at the castle. No sooner was Picton's division discovered by the explosion of the bomb, than the whole moved forward at a steady pace, about half an hour after the fight began at the breaches. While crossing the stream of the Rivillas, in single file, they were exposed to a terrible fire from the ramparts; for the enemy brought every gun and musket to bear on the advancing mass, and the light of the discharges which spread on all sides, showed each man as clear as day. Gaining the opposite side of the stream, they rapidly formed and rushed up the rugged steep to the pallisades outside the castle wall. Kempt, who led the assault, was here cut down. Picton alone was left to conduct the column. The pallisades were soon broken through, and in ran Picton, followed by his men; but when they had arrived at the foot of the wall they were assailed by such a terrific fire, which poured down almost perpendicularly from the ramparts, that the besiegers wavered. But the loud voice of their brave leader arose above the din, calling on them to advance; and they rushed in, bearing on their shoulders the ponderous scaling-ladders, which were instantly raised against the walls. Now descended from the ramparts a terrific storm of huge logs of wood, heavy stones, shells, and hand-grenades, while the musketry, with deadly effect, was plied from above, and the bursting projectiles illuminating the whole battlements, enabled the besieged to take aim with unerring accuracy. Several of the ladders were broken by the weight of the throng which pressed upon them; and the men falling from a great height were transfixed on the bayonets of their comrades below, and died miserably. Still fresh assailants swarmed around the foot of the ladders; hundreds had died, but hundreds remained eager for the fray. But the besieged defended themselves with equal valor and obstinacy, and soon the British were obliged to recoil and take shelter under a projection of the hill. Repeatedly had the gallant troops attempted to scale the walls; but the besieged, equally brave and

desperate, as repeatedly drove them back. Picton, himself, was badly wounded, and several of his officers were also severely injured. At length, however, the voice of Picton again summoned the besiegers to the attack, and he directed it a little to the right of the former assault, where the wall was somewhat lower, and an embrasure promised some facility for entrance. Here Colonel Ridge, a young officer, sprang forward and mounted the first ladder himself. He quickly ascended the rounds, holding his broadsword in guard above his head. The bayonets of his grenadiers projected from behind on either side. He reached the summit! Cranch, of the grenadiers, quickly mounted another ladder, and the two gallant officers stood side by side on the ramparts. The troops with shouts and cheers pressed up after them, and the castle was won. The French fought for every inch of ground; but at length were driven through the inner gate into the town. Here they were reinforced from the reserve, and a sharp conflict took place at the gate. During this struggle, Colonel Ridge was slain. But before succors arrived from Phillippon the English had established themselves in the castle. During these struggles at the breaches and in the castle, Walker, with his brigade, was escalading the distant bastion of San Vincente, so that the town was literally girdled with fire. The besiegers approached the counterscarp undiscovered, and immediately planting their ladders they descended into the ditch; but at that moment the moon shone out, and a heavy fire began from the walls. The Portuguese in the division instantly threw down their ladders and fled, but the British pushed on, and soon reached the foot of the rampart. Their ladders, however, were too short, for the wall was thirty feet high. No sooner had they discovered this unpleasant fact, than a mine was exploded under their feet, and a shower of logs of wood, shells, and powder-barrels, was poured upon them from the ramparts, crushing and tearing in pieces whole companies at once.

The besiegers hastily withdrew; but suddenly discovering a part of the scarp only twenty feet high, they placed three ladders against an empty embrasure, at a favorable moment, when the besieged were disordered and alarmed by the carrying of the castle. The ladders, however, were yet too short; but the besiegers bravely mounted to the top round, and assisted the first man up to the summit of the wall. He, in turn, stooped down and drew up his companions. Having mounted the embrasure, they hastened, led by their commander, to the ramparts. The French soldiers turned upon them with the utmost fury; Walker, himself among the foremost, was struck down, severely, but not mortally wounded. Strenuously fighting, the besiegers advanced toward the breaches, where the incessant roar, and awful conflagration told that the struggle was still going on. They had taken several bastions when they were alarmed by the report that a mine was about to be sprung beneath them; a panic spread throughout their ranks, and they fled back to the original one they had won; but a battalion left there, by a crushing volley arrested the pursuers, and the troops again rallying, fought their way forward toward the breaches, while another body marched toward the great square of the town. Then sounding their bugles they announced their victory to their companions, and were answered by a similar note from the castle. The breaches were soon abandoned, and the victors poured in from all quarters. Phillippon, the French governor, crossed the bridge, and took refuge in Fort Christoval, where he surrendered, at discretion, the next morning, but not till he had sent off messengers to Soult, to warn him of the great disaster, and in time to avert a greater one from himself. Thus ended the siege of Badajoz, and Wellington found himself in possession of one of the strongest fortresses on the frontier of Spain and Portugal. The French loss, out of a garrison of 5,000 men, during the siege, was 1,300 killed and wounded, and 3,800 men, including the governor, Phillippon, were made prisoners. The English lost, during the siege, 5,000 men and officers. And of these 5,000, no less than 3,500 had been struck down during the assault; an unparalleled loss, proving alike the skill and intrepidity of the defense, and the desperate valor of the attack. One hundred and seventy heavy guns, 5,000 muskets, and 80,000 shot, fell into the hands of the conquerors. The siege was of nineteen days' duration; eleven of which were with open trenches. No sooner had the British secured their victory, than the soldiers entered into a scene of riot and violence of the most disgraceful hue. Wine shops and vaults were broken open and plundered, pillage was universal, every house was ransacked for spirits and wine, and for two days the streets were crowded with throngs of drunken soldiers, who committed the most fearful barbarities upon the citizens, sparing neither sex nor age. It was not until the third day that these disgraceful scenes were ended. Wellington, incensed at the continuance of the disorders, marched two fresh divisions into the town; a gallows was erected in the great square, a few of the worst plunderers were executed, and thus order was restored.

BANGALORE, is an inland, fortified town of Mysore, in South Hindoostan. The town is enclosed with double walls; but the chief

fortress, which contained the palace of Tippor Saib, is quite detached from the other, and is built in a solid manner, with a deep ditch and spacious glacis. On the 6th of March, 1791, the British troops, under Lord Cornwallis, laid siege to Bangalore, and the town was taken by storm on the 21st of March.

BAGDAD, A.D. 1559.—This famous city of Asiatic Turkey, stands on the Tigris, 196 miles, in a direct line, from the junction of that river with the Euphrates.

Bagdad has been besieged several times. In 1559 it was taken and sacked by Holakoo, grandson of Gengis Khan. It afterward underwent several changes, falling successively into the hands of the Persians and Turks. Since it was taken in 1638 by Amurath IV., however, it has remained in the possession of the Turks. Amurath IV. had twice besieged Bagdad—in 1625 and 1634; twice his generals had been compelled disgracefully to raise the siege, when the sultan, in 1638, determined to punish a city which had so roused his anger. During thirty days his artillery thundered against its ramparts. Cannon, steel, and fire, spread desolation within the walls; assault upon assault was given. The grand seignor appeared, cimiter in hand, striking down such of his own men as even advanced slowly. He killed the vizier Mahommed, who appeared to him not sufficiently eager to court danger. At length the city was carried. Thirty thousand unarmed Persians were slaughtered before the eyes of the cruel conqueror. This savage prince was about to exterminate all the inhabitants of Bagdad, when a musician threw himself at his feet, and spoke as follows: "Sublime emperor! will you permit so divine an art as that of music to perish this day with me, with Schah-Culi, your slave! Ah! preserve, by preserving me, a divine art of which I have not yet discovered all the beauties." This speech made the sultan laugh, and casting a favorable look upon the artist, he permitted him to prove his talents. Schah-Culi immediately took up a *scheydor*, a kind of six-stringed harp, and adapting his voice to the sounds of that instrument, he sang the tragic capture of Bagdad and the triumph of Amurath. The sultan at first appeared astonished; fury was depicted in his countenance: he fancied himself amid his warriors, animating the combatants, and leading them to victory. All at once the artist touched another chord: by plaintive and affecting sounds he subdued the heart of the implacable conqueror: the haughty sultan melted into tears; his stern heart was, for the first time, accessible to pity; he shudders at the barbarous orders he had given to immolate so many thousand victims; he revokes them and puts a stop to the carnage. Overcome by the charms of music, he restored liberty to the compatriots of Schah-Culi, attached the musician to his personal service, and loaded him with benefits. —*Robson.*

BALAKLAVA.—See Sebastopol.

BALKAN, A.D. 1829.—The Balkan was supposed to form almost an insurmountable barrier to an army invading Turkey; but the passage through these mountains was effected by the Russian army under Diebitsch, in spite of the most strenuous exertions of the Turks to prevent him. The march of the Russians through these mountains may be considered a memorable achievement of the Russian and Turkish war. The passage was completed on the 26th of July, 1829.

BALLINAHINCH, A.D. 1698.—Near this small town of Ireland, in Ulster county, was fought, in the month of June, 1698, a battle between the royal troops and the Irish insurgents, in which the latter were defeated.

BALTIMORE, A.D. 1814.—This city is situated on the north side of Patapsco river, fourteen miles from its entrance into Chesapeake bay, in Maryland.

The success of the British at Washington induced General Ross to undertake the capture of Baltimore. He boasted that he would make that nest of privateers his winter quarters, and with the force which he commanded, he could march through Maryland in any direction he pleased. The Americans, however, were not unprepared for an attack in this quarter. They assembled for the defense of the city a force of militia from Maryland, and the neighboring States, which, with the regular troops who had been lately engaged at Washington, amounted to 15,000 men. The command of these troops was given to General Smith, of the Maryland militia, assisted by General Winder.

On the 6th of September, 1814, the whole British fleet, consisting of more than forty sail, moved slowly up the Chesapeake, carrying a mixed, heterogeneous land force of 5,000 men. Six days after, it reached the Patapsco, and landed the troops at North Point. The first object of attack was Fort M'Henry, situated about two miles from Baltimore. The capture of this, it was thought, would open a passage to the city. Having put their forces in marching order, Generals Ross and Cochrane moved forward toward the intrenchments erected for the defense of Baltimore, while the vessels of war advanced against the fort.

After marching four miles, the leading column of the army was checked by General Stricker, who with three thousand men had taken post near the head of Bear creek. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which the two companies of Levering and Howard, under

Major Heath, and Captain Aisquith's rifle company, fought gallantly. General Ross, hearing the firing, rode forward, and mingled with the skirmishers, to ascertain the cause of it, when he was pierced by the unerring ball of a rifleman, and fell in the road. His riderless horse went plunging back toward the main army, his "saddle and housings stained with blood, carrying the melancholy news of his master's fate to the astonished troops." Stretched by the road-side the dying general lay writhing in the agonies of death. He had only time to speak of his wife and children, before he expired. He was a gallant, skillful, and humane officer, and his part in the burning of Washington, must be laid to his instructions rather than to his character.

The command devolved on Colonel Brooke, who gave the order to advance. General Stricker defended his position firmly, but at length was compelled to fall back upon his reserve, and finally took post within half a mile of the intrenchments of the city. This ended the combat for the day. The next morning Colonel Brooke recommenced his march, and advanced to within two miles of the intrenchments, where he encamped till the following morning, to wait the movements of the fleet.

In the mean time, Cochrane had moved up to within two miles and a half of the fort, and forming his vessels in a semi-circle, began to bombard it. These works, under the command of Major Armstead, had no guns sufficiently heavy to reach the vessels, which all that day threw shells and rockets, making a grand commotion but doing little damage. At night, Cochrane moved his fleet further up, and opened again. The scene then became grand and terrific. It was dark and rainy, and amid the gloom, rockets and shells, weighing, some of them, two hundred and fifty pounds, rose heavenward, followed by a long train of light, and stooping over the fort burst with detonations that shook the shore. Singly, and in groups, these fiery messengers traversed the sky, lighting up the fort and surrounding scenery in a sudden glow, and then, with their sullen thunder, sinking all again in darkness. The deafening explosions broke over the American army and the city of Baltimore like heavy thunderclaps, calling forth soldiers and inhabitants to gaze on the illumined sky. The city was in a state of intense excitement. The streets were thronged with the sleepless inhabitants, and the tearful eyes and pallid cheeks of women, attested the anguish and fear that wild night created. As soon as Armstead discovered that the vessels had come within range, he opened his fire with such precision that they were compelled to withdraw again, content with their distant bombardment. At length a sudden and heavy cannonade was heard above the fort, carrying consternation into the city, for the inhabitants believed that it had fallen. It soon ceased, however. Several barges, loaded with troops, had passed the fort unobserved, and attempted to land and take it in the rear. Pulling to the shore with loud shouts, they were met by a well-directed fire from a battery, and compelled to seek shelter under their ships.

During this tremendous bombardment, Francis Key lay in a little vessel under the admiral's frigate. He had visited him for the purpose of obtaining an exchange of some prisoners of war, especially of one who was a personal friend, and was directed to remain till after the action. During the day his eye had rested eagerly on that low fortification, over which the flag of his country was flying, and he watched with the intensest anxiety the progress of each shell in its flight, rejoicing when it fell short of its aim, and filled with fear as he saw it stooping, without exploding, within those silent inclosures. At night, when darkness shut out that object of so much and intense interest, around which every hope and desire of his life seemed to cling, he still stood straining his eyes through the gloom, to catch, if he could, by the light of the blazing shells, a glimpse of his country's flag, waving proudly in the storm. The early dawn found him still a watcher, and there, to the music of bursting shells and the roar of cannon, he composed "The Star-Spangled Banner."*

In the morning, Brooke not deeming it

* The scene and the occasion which called forth this beautiful ode, have helped to make it a national one. It requires but little imagination to conceive the intense and thrilling anxiety with which a true patriot would look for the first gray streak of morning, to see if the flag of his country was still flying, while the heart involuntarily asks the question:

"O, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming—
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

"On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner: O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."—J. T. H.

prudent to assail those intrenchments, manned by 10,000 brave and determined men, while the heights around bristled with artillery, resolved to retreat. Waiting till night, to take advantage of the darkness, he retraced his steps to the shipping.

From the extreme apprehensions that had oppressed it, Baltimore passed to the most extravagant joy. Beaming faces once more filled the streets, and the military bands, as they marched through, playing triumphant strains, were saluted with shouts. The officers were fêted, and exultation and confidence filled every bosom.—*Headley's Second War with England.*

BANNOCKBURN, A.D. 1314.—The name of this village is imperishably associated with one of the most memorable events in English history. In its immediate vicinity, on the 24th of June, 1314, was fought the great battle, between the English, under Edward II., and the Scotch, under Robert Bruce, which secured the permanent independence of Scotland, and established the family of the conqueror on its throne. The village is situated in the county of Stirling, in Scotland, on both sides of the small river Bannock, which, after a course of a few miles, falls into the Frith of Forth.

The forces of the English king were 100,000 strong. He had summoned the most warlike of his vassals from Gascony; he enlisted troops from Flanders, and other foreign countries; he invited over great numbers of the disorderly Irish, promising them an easy victory and great booty, and induced also a body of Welsh, by the same means, to join him. Then assembling all the military force of England, he marched with this mighty army to the frontiers. Robert Bruce's army was small, when compared with that of his rival. It consisted of only 30,000 men, but these men were all soldiers, inured by long service, and distinguished alike by their bravery and skill. The castle of Stirling which, with Berwick, was the only fortress in Scotland that remained in the hands of the English, had long been besieged by Edward Bruce; and Philip de Mowbray, after an obstinate defense, was at length obliged to capitulate, and to promise, that if, before a certain day, he was not relieved, he should open his gates to the enemy.

Robert Bruce, therefore, was sensible that the English would hasten to the assistance of the governor of Stirling. He posted himself at Bannockburn, about two miles from Stirling, where he had a hill on his right flank, and a morass on his left; and not content with having taken these precautions to prevent his being surrounded by the more numerous army of the English, he foresaw the superior strength of the enemy in cavalry, and made provisions against it. Having a rivulet in front, he ordered deep pits to be dug along its banks, and sharp stakes to be planted in them; and he caused the whole to be carefully covered with turf. The English arrived in sight in the evening, and a bloody conflict immediately ensued between two bodies of cavalry, where Robert, who was at the head of the Scotch, engaged in single combat with Henry de Bohun, a gentleman of the family of Hereford, and at one stroke cleft his adversary to the chin with a battle-ax, in sight of the two armies. The English horse precipitately fled to their main body. The coming of night prevented further operations; both parties awaited the approach of morning with impatience; the English, confiding in their numbers, expected an easy victory; the Scots, encouraged by their success, were equally as confident of victory on the morrow. Before sunrise, Edward drew up his army in battle array, and advanced toward the Scots. The Earl of Gloucester, his nephew, who commanded the left wing of the cavalry, impelled by the ardor of youth, rashly rushed on to the attack, and fell among the covered pits which Bruce had prepared for the reception of the enemy. This body of horse was thrown into the most complete disorder; Gloucester himself was overthrown and slain; and Sir James Douglass, who commanded the Scottish cavalry, gave the enemy no time to rally; but charging them furiously, drove them off the field with great loss, and pursued them in the very face of their whole line of infantry. The English army, alarmed and disheartened at this unfortunate beginning of the action, remained in a state of inactivity and indecision. Suddenly a large army appeared on the heights toward their left, marching toward them, apparently with the intention of surrounding them. This army, in truth, was simply a number of wagoners, and sumpter boys, whom Robert had collected; and having supplied them with military standards, they had the appearance at a distance, of a formidable body of soldiers; but the English were seized with such a panic that they threw down their arms and fled. With shouts of triumph the victorious Scots pursued the fugitives, cutting to pieces all whom they overtook. Besides an inestimable booty, the Scots took many persons of rank prisoners. Edward himself narrowly escaped by taking shelter in Dunbar, whose gates were opened to him by the Earl of March. He thence passed by sea to Berwick. The loss of the English in the battle and pursuit, is estimated at 30,000 men, including a great number of nobles and persons of distinction. The Scots lost 8,000 men.

BARANOW, A.D. 1656.—This place, situated on the Vistulan, in Austrian Gallicia, 42

miles north of Tarnow, was, in the year 1656, the scene of a battle between the Poles and the troops of Charles Gustavus of Sweden, in which the former were defeated.

BARCELONA, A.D. 801.—This Spanish city has sustained several sieges. It was subjugated by the Arabs, in the beginning of the eighth century, and was taken from them by the Catalonians, aided by Charlemagne and Ludovico Pio, in 801. In 1705, it was taken, after a long siege, by the Earl of Peterborough, who commanded the army of the Archduke Charles, competitor with Philip V., of France, the grandson of Lous XIV., in conjunction with the Prince of Darmstadt. During the course of the siege the Prince of Darmstadt was killed. It was taken by the French in 1808, who kept possession of it during the Peninsular war.

BARDIS, A.D. 1799—This town is in upper Egypt, three miles south of Gisgeh. A battle was fought here on the 6th of April, 1799, between the French and the Turks; the latter were defeated.

BARNET, A.D. 1471.—The town of Barnet crowns a hill on the line of the great north road from London, at a distance of eleven miles from that metropolis. On the 14th of April, 1471, a decisive battle took place between the armies of Edward IV. and the Earl of Warwick, on Gladsmuir heath, in the vicinity of this town. The battle began early in the morning and lasted till noon, and never did two armies fight with greater obstinacy and bravery. They fought not alone for honor; their very lives depended on the issue of the contest. The soldiers, in imitation of their leaders, rushed to the strife with a desperate bravery; and the victory long remained undecided between them. But an accident threw the balance on the side of the Yorkists. The badge of the followers of Edward was a sun; that of those of Warwick a star, with rays; and the mistiness of the morning rendering it difficult to distinguish them, the Earl of Oxford, who fought on the side of the Lancastrians, was by mistake attacked by his friends, and chased off the field of battle by his retainers. Warwick, contrary to his more usual practice, engaged that day on foot, resolved to show his army that he meant to share every fortune with them. Leading a chosen body of troops into the thickest of the slaughter, he there fell, covered with wounds, in the midst of his enemies. His brother underwent the same fate; and as Edward had issued orders not to give any quarter, a great and indiscriminate slaughter was made in the pursuit. Ten thousand of the Lancastrians were slain; while the victors lost only about 1,500 men.

BARROSA, A.D. 1811.—On the 6th of March, 1811, the allied armies of Spain and England, consisting of 16,000 men, commanded by Sir Thomas Graham, encountered the French forces, under Victor, which were about 15,000 strong, on the heights of Barrosa, about four miles from the mouth of the Santa Petri, in Spain. The battle, although very obstinate and bloody, was indecisive, and closed with the day. The English lost 1,200 men, while the French loss amounted to about 2,000 killed and wounded, and 300 taken prisoners.

BAR-SUR-AUBE, A.D. 1814.—This ancient town of France is twenty-eight miles east of Troyes, on the river Aube. A combat occurred here, on the 27th of February, 1814, between the French troops under Marshal Oudinot, and the allies, under Schwartzenberg. The French were about 17,000 strong; the allies numbered 35,000 men. After an obstinate conflict, the French were defeated, and effected their retreat with a loss of 2,500 men in killed and wounded, and 500 made prisoners. The allies lost about 2,000 in killed and wounded. Among the wounded were Count Wittgenstein, and Prince Schwartzenberg.

BASSANO, A.D. 1796.—This city is in northern Italy, nineteen miles north-east of Venice, was, on the 9th of September, 1796, the scene of an engagement between the French, under Bonaparte, and the Austrians, under Wurmser, in which the former were victorious.

On the 7th of September, Wurmser, the commander of the Austrian forces, collected all his troops at Bassano, in order to bar the passages, and throw the French army, under Massena, back into the defiles; the heavy infantry and artillery were placed on a strong position, in front of the town, and round its moldering towers, while six battalions of light troops occupied the opening of the valley into the plain. These were speedily overthrown, and the divisions of Massena and Augereau, emerging from the defiles, found themselves in the presence of a force of 20,000 men, drawn up in order of battle. But the Austrians, discouraged by repeated defeats, made but slight resistance. Massena speedily routed them on the right, and Augereau on the left; the fugitives rushed in disorder into the town, where they were followed by their opponents, who made 4,000 prisoners; and captured thirty pieces of cannon, besides nearly all the baggage, pontoons, and ammunition of the army.

BATTLE, A.D. 1351.—After the death of Sir Thomas Daggerworth, Sir Walter Bentley was appointed commander of Brittany. The English being much irritated at the death of Daggerworth, and not being able to revenge themselves on those who slew him, did so on

the whole country by burning and destroying it. The Marshal de Beaumanoir, desirous of putting a stop to this, sent to Bembro, who commanded in Ploermel, for a passport to hold a conference with him. The marshal reprobated the conduct of the English, and high words passed between them, for Bembro had been the companion in arms to Daggerworth. At last one of them proposed a combat of thirty on each side; the place appointed for it was at the half-way oak between Josselin and Ploermel; and the day was fixed for the 27th of March, the fourth Sunday in Lent, 1351. Beaumanoir chose nine knights and twenty-one squires. Bembro could not find a sufficient number of English in his garrison; there were but twenty, the remainder were Germans and Bretons. Bembro first entered the field of battle and drew up his troops. Beaumanoir did the same. Each made a short harangue to his men, exhorting them to support their own honor, and that of their nation. Bembro added that there was an old prophecy of Merton, which promised victory to the English. As they were on the point of engaging, Bembro made a sign to Beaumanoir he wished to speak to him, and represented that he had engaged in this matter rather imprudently, for such combats ought first to have the permission of their respective princes. Beaumanoir replied that he had been somewhat late in discovering this; and the nobility of Brittany would not return without proving in battle who had the fairest mistresses. The signal was given for the attack. Their arms were not similar, for each was to choose such as he liked. Billefort fought with a mallet twenty-five pounds in weight, and others with what arms they chose. The advantage at first was for the English; as the Bretons had lost five of their men. Beaumanoir exhorted them not to mind this, as they stopped to take breath; when each party had had some refreshments the combat was renewed. Bembro was killed. On seeing this Croquart cried out, "Companions, don't let us think of the prophecies of Merton, but depend on our courage and arms; keep yourselves close together, be firm, and fight as I do." Beaumanoir, being wounded, was quitting the field to quench his thirst, when Geoffrey de Bois cried out, "Beaumanoir, drink thy blood, and thy thirst will go off." This made him ashamed, and he returned to the battle. The Bretons at last gained the day, by one of their party breaking on horseback, the ranks of the English; the greater part of whom were killed. Knolles, Calverly and Croquart were made prisoners. Tinteniac on the side of the Bretons, and Croquart on that of the English, obtained the praise of valor. Such was this famous battle of thirty, so glorious to the Bretons, but which decided nothing as to the possession of the duchy of Brittany.—*Histoire de Britagne.*

BAUTZEN, A.D. 1813.—The town from which the famous battle of Bautzen derives its name, is the capital of upper Lusatia, in Saxony, and is situated on a height, at the foot of which runs the river Spree, thirty-three miles east of Dresden.

During the early part of the month of May, 1813, the allied armies of Prussia and Russia, retired to the superb position which they had selected and fortified with care on the heights around Bautzen. Their entire army amounted to 90,000 men. Their principal stronghold was placed on the famous knolls of Klein Bautzen and Kreckwitz, where Frederic the Great found an asylum, after his disaster at Hochkirch, during the Seven Years' War, and where the strength of his position enabled him to bid defiance to the superior and victorious army of Count Daun. The ground which the allied army now occupied was an uneven surface, in the middle of a country in the hollows of which several small lakes were to be found; while its eminences terminated, for the most part, in little monticules or caves, forming so many citadels where artillery could most advantageously be placed, commanding the whole open country at their feet. The position in this uneven surface which they had chosen for their battle-field, was composed of a series of heights, running from the great frontier chain of Bohemia to the neighborhood of the little lake of Molschwitz, and the village of Klix, behind which the right was stationed in a situation difficult of access. The Spree ran along the whole front of the position, and it was difficult to approach it in that direction, as well on account of the broken nature of the ground, and the variety of ravines, with streamlets at their bottom, by which it was intersected, as of the number of villages, constituting so many forts, occupied by the allies, contained within its limits, and the hills planted with cannon, which commanded the whole open country. The principal of these villages were Klein Bautzen, Preitetz, Klix, and Krechwitz. This was the first line of defense; but behind it at the distance of three miles in the rear, was a second line, strengthened by intrenchments more contracted than the former, and still more capable of a protracted defense. This position commenced at the village of Hochkirch, on the one flank, and extended through Bautzen and the three villages of Boswitz, Inckowitz and Kubchitz, and then fell back behind the marshy stream of the Kayna, terminated at the heights of Krechwitz which overhang the Spree.

The French army consisted of 150,000 men, of whom 16,000 were cavalry, and all were under the immediate command of Napoleon. But the strength of the position of the allies, more than counterbalanced the superiority of the forces of Napoleon. At eight o'clock on the evening of the 15th of May, Napoleon advanced to the village of Klein Wilke, almost within musket-shot of the outposts of the enemy, and then his plan of attack was formed. Sometime before, he had dispatched orders to Ney, who had passed the Elbe at Torgau with his own force and that of Victor and Lauriston, to incline to the right, and, instead of moving on Berlin, as originally intended, to cut across the country and come up so as to form the extreme left of the army in the great battle which was expected near Bautzen. Ney received these orders on the 17th, and on the evening of the 19th he had already arrived in the neighborhood of the army. As Ney approached, marching in *echelons*, Napoleon detached Bertrand's corps toward the left, to open up the communication with him. The allies having received intelligence of the approach of this double body of the enemy, detached Kleist with his Prussians to meet Ney, and Barclay de Tolly with the Russian veterans to encounter Bertrand. De Tolly surprised Bertrand while his Italian troops were leisurely reposing after dinner, and in disorder, and after a sharp conflict, defeated him with a loss of 2,000 men. The Prussians encountered Lauriston near Weissig, but were, in turn, defeated, with a loss of about 2,000. The success was thus equally divided.

On the morning of the 20th, the allied army occupied the following positions. On the left, Berg and D'York were stationed from Jenkowitz to Barchutz with ten thousand Prussians. The plain thence to Kreckwitz was protected by the regiments of Prussian cuirassiers which were stationed at its upper extremity in the second line, and by the heights of Kreckwitz, crowned with Blucher's guns, which commanded its whole extent. Blucher's infantry 18,000 strong, extended from Kreckwitz, and further on, beyond the little lakes, Barclay de Tolly was stationed with 14,000 Russians near Gleina. Milarodowitch, with 10,000 Russians, was placed in front of the whole in Bautzen and its environs, with Kleist and 5,000 Prussians near him on the heights of Berg. The second line consisted of the Russian Guards and reserve, 16,000 strong, who were about a mile in the rear, behind the left and center; and near them were the Russian cuirassiers, 8,000 in number. Drawn up in a semicircle on the heights, the lines of the allied army stretched across the country full six miles. At their feet ran the river Spree, whose banks were dotted with the fortified villages, and before them spread out the plain thickly studded with rocky cones, whose summits were crowded with cannon, and alive with men.

On the morning of the 20th, Napoleon made his disposition for the attack at all points. Wisely judging that the right wing of the allies was the vulnerable point, he accumulated force in that direction so as to put at Ney's disposal nearly eighty thousand men. Lauriston, who commanded the army on the right, received orders to pass the Spree, and move upon Klix, and thence to press on around the right flank of the enemy toward Wurschen and Weisenberg, so as to appear in their rear when the engagement in front was hottest. On the right, the allied positions, in the mountains were to be assailed by Oudinot, near Sinkowitz; to his left Macdonald was to throw a raft over the Spree, and assault Bautzen; half a league to his left, Marmont was directed to throw another bridge over the same river, and advance to the attack in the center; the whole of the corps there were put under the direction of Soult, while the reserves and the Guards were in the rear, on the great roads leading to Bischoffswerda, behind Bautzen, ready to succor any point that might require assistance. At nine o'clock in the morning, Napoleon was on horseback; but such was the distance which the greater part of the columns had to march, before they reached their destined point of attack, that it was nearly eleven o'clock before the passage of the Spree commenced. A powerful array of cannon was, in the first instance, brought up by the emperor, and disposed along every projection which commanded the opposite bank, and the fire, as far as the eye could reach, looking from the heights near Bautzen, both to the right and left, grew hot and furious; for the enemy's batteries answered with great spirit, and the vast extent of the line of smoke, as well as the faint sound of the distant guns, gave an awful impression of the magnitude of the forces engaged on both sides. Under cover of this cannonade, the bridges in the center were soon established, and then a still more animating spectacle presented itself. The emperor mounted a commanding eminence, on the banks of the Spree, near the point where Marmont's bridge was established, whence he could see the whole field of battle, direct the movements of the troops, and enjoy the splendid spectacle which presented itself. Never had war appeared in a more imposing form. The plain, as far as the eye could reach, was one mass of moving men.

On all sides the troops, in long glittering lines, preceded by their artillery, which continually vomited forth flames and smoke, ad-

vanced toward the river. At first the plain seemed covered with a confused multitude of horses, cannon, chariots and men; but as they approached, the throng gradually assumed the appearance of order. Like an experienced chess-player, Napoleon stood watching the movements of his army on the plain, which extended out beneath him like an immense chess-board, and his eye kindled with satisfaction and pride, as he saw the cavalry, infantry, and artillery, separate and defile each to their respective points of passage, and the marvels of military precision appear in their highest luster. The passage of the river was effected with scarcely any opposition, and by five o'clock the river was passed at all points. The allies evacuated Bautzen, and the French troops rapidly moved toward the eminences occupied by the enemy; but it was now so late that no serious conflict could take place till next day. On the French right, however, the action soon became hot and bloody. Oudinot pressed vigorously up the Bohemian mountains, and fiercely fell on the left wing of the allies. Slowly creeping up the hills, in a line of flame, the incessant fire of his artillery consumed every thing before it. The woods resounded with the roar of his cannon, while the echoes from the Bohemian mountains rolled back upon him. Tempests of contending grape-shot crashed through the trees, and the vivid and incessant discharges of musketry gleamed through the shadows of the woods, now darkened by approaching night. Upward, upward, mounted that sheet of destructive fire, while far above blazed an equally as destructive line of flame. Fire seemed to fight fire. The French line was rapidly approaching the enemy, threatening to overwhelm the entire left wing of the allied army, when Prince Wirtemberg and St. Priest's divisions of Milarodowitch, corps, arrived to its aid, and for a time arrested the progress of the ascending flame. The French troops, however, redoubling their exertions again advanced, and the enemy began to fall back. At this critical moment, the Emperor Alexander, who commanded the Russians in person, re-inforced them by three brigades of infantry, and one of cavalry, under General Diebitch, and with their aid the Russians were able to maintain themselves for the night in the villages of Prelitz, Mehlthener and Falkenberg, still keeping the commanding points of the mountains. While this obstinate conflict was going on among the hills, on the allied left, a still more serious attack was made on Kleist's Prussians on the heights of Burg, and the remainder of Milarodowitch's corps, commanded by himself in person, on the eminences in the rear of Bautzen, to which the Russians had retired after the evacuation of that town. At noon, General Milarodowitch was violently assailed by Campan's division, followed by the whole of Marmont's corps, while Bonnet advanced toward Nieder Kayna, and commenced an attack on Kleist. The resistance, however, was as obstinate as the attack; and Napoleon deeming it essential to his plan to make a great impression in that quarter, in order to withdraw attention from the grand movement he was preparing on his left, brought forward the whole of Bertrand's corps, still about 24,000 strong, notwithstanding its losses, with Latour Mauborg's formidable cuirassiers, to support Marmont and Macdonald. About 50,000 combatants were thus accumulated in the center, supported by a powerful artillery; and the allies were compelled to retire. This was done, however, in good order; the troops halting and facing about, by alternate companies, to fire, as they slowly withdrew toward the intrenched camp, their artillery keeping up an incessant fire on the pursuing columns. The French center, meanwhile, steadily advanced, and, as soon as they reached it, assaulted Kleist's troops on the heights of Burg with great gallantry. Despite all their efforts, however, the brave Prussians maintained their ground with undaunted resolution. Seeing that they could not carry the position by an attack in front, the assailants attacked the village of Nieder Gurkan on its right, in order to threaten it in flank. There, however, they experienced such a vigorous resistance, from Rudiger's men of Blucher's corps, some regiments of which had been detached, under Ziethen, to occupy that important post, and the fire from Blucher's guns, on his commanding heights, immediately behind, was so violent that, after sustaining heavy losses, they were obliged to desist from the attempt. At length, at seven o'clock in the evening, bringing up the celebrated 10th regiment of light infantry, the French carried the village. The whole allied center now slowly retreated over the plateau of Nadelwitz to their intrenched camp in their rear. Blucher, however, still retained his advanced positions on the heights of Kreckwitz, from the summit of which his artillery never ceased to thunder, as from a fiery volcano, in all directions, till utter darkness drew a vail over the field of battle. That night the French bivouacked in squares on the bloody ground they had won. The allied army also sunk to rest, and nothing disturbed the silence of night save the low moans of the wounded soldiers who were lying scattered over the plain. The stars shone tranquilly upon the gory field, and the flames of the burning villages gleamed in the distance, casting a flickering and sickening light upon the white faces of the slain.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 21st, the fire began with unwearied vigor in the wooded recesses of the Bohemian mountains. But the Emperor Alexander had sent such large reinforcements during the night to that quarter, that Milarodowitch was enabled to repulse the attacks of the French on his position on the heights of Meltherer. Napoleon, perceiving the superiority of the enemy in numbers in that quarter, immediately ordered up Macdonald's corps to the support of Oudinot. At the same time, immense masses, above 40,000 strong, were deployed in front of Bautzen, to arrest the attention of the enemy. Before Macdonald, however, could get up to his assistance, Oudinot was so hard pressed by the enemy that he was unable to maintain his ground: step by step, the Russian tiralleurs gained upon the Bavarian sharp-shooters in the woods, and at length he was fairly driven out of the hills and forced to assume a defensive position in the plain at their feet, where the arrival of Macdonald enabled him to stop the progress of the enemy.

In the mean time, Marmont and Bertrand's battalions thundered in the center, and the battle raged furiously along the whole lines. Napoleon anxiously listened for the sound of Ney's guns on the left. He felt assured that ere long that gallant marshal would turn the right wing of the enemy's army. In effect, Ney, at the head of his own corps and those of Lauriston, had advanced early in the morning against the position of Barclay, near Gleina, while Victor's corps, and Regnier's Saxons were directed, by a wider circuit, to turn his extreme right, by the wood and heights of Baruth, and get entirely into the rear of the allies. Barclay's veterans were advantageously placed on the heights of Windmuhlenberg, near Gleina; and the strength of their position, joined to the admirable fire of the artillery on its summit, long enabled those iron veterans of the Moscow campaign to make head against the French. At length, however, the approach of Regnier and Victor's corps turned the position in flank, and Barclay was obliged to fall back, fighting all the way, to the heights of Baruth. Here Kleist was detatched to his support; but his corps, reduced to little more than 3,000 men by the losses of the preceding day, could not restore the action in that quarter; and at eleven o'clock, Southan, with the leading divisions of Ney and Lauriston's corps, made himself master of Prelitz, near Klein Bautz n, behind Blucher's right, and between him and Barclay. Napoleon was lying on the ground in the center, under the shelter of a height, a little in front of Bautzen, at breakfast, when the sound of Ney's guns in that direction was heard. At the same time a bomb burst over his head. Without paying any attention to the latter circumstance, he immediately wrote to Marie Louise, to announce that the victory was gained; and, instantly mounting his horse, set off at a gallop with his staff, to the left, and ascending a height near Neider Kayna, whence he could descry the whole field of battle, in the center, directed Soult, with the four corps under his orders, to assault with the bayonet the numerous conical knolls crowned with artillery, which formed the strength of the allies in that quarter, in order to distract their attention, and prevent them from sending succors to Blucher, on their right. Blucher was fully alive to the importance of the village of Prelitz, and immediately made a great effort to regain it. Kleist was detached with the remains of his corps, and several Russian regiments of infantry, with two regiments of Prussian cuirassiers, were sent in the same direction. The arrival of these fresh troops, who vied with each other in the ardor of their attack, enabled the allies to drive out Southan, who was routed with great slaughter, and thrown back on the remainder of his corps in a state of utter confusion; while twenty of Blucher's guns playing on the flank of Ney's dense columns, did dreadful execution, and caused him to establish himself on some heights behind Klein Bautzen, whence his artillery could reply on equal terms to that of the enemy. At one o'clock, however, Ney again resumed the offensive, and succeeded in completely turning the right wing of the enemy. Napoleon, in the mean time, made a combined attack on the center and left of the enemy. Eighty thousand men, in admirable order, moved against the heights of Krechwitz, the guns from which had so long carried death through the French ranks. A hundred pieces of cannon, which the French disposed on the highest points of the ground they traversed, kept up a vehement fire on the enemy's batteries. This grand attack gave the victory to Napoleon. Blucher, assailed in front by Marmont, in flank by Bertrand, and in rear by Ney, was soon obliged to recall Kleist and the other reinforcements which he had sent to the assistance of Barclay de Tolly; and, in consequence, Ney, whose reserves had at length come up, was enabled, not only to take Prelitz without difficulty, but to spread out his light troops over the whole level ground as far as Warschen. The allied right was thus entirely turned. And now the allied army was forced to retreat. Orders were at once given to both Barclay and Blucher to retreat, and the whole army, in two massy columns, began to retreat, the Russians by the road of Hochkirch and Lobau, the Prussians by Wurschen and Weissenberg. Napoleon, standing on a

commanding eminence, surveyed the battle-field, which now presented a spectacle more thrilling and magnificent than that he had viewed the day before. How great must have been the pride of the conqueror when he viewed and directed the motions of the host which his voice alone had called together. He ordered his troops to advance, and, like a mighty wave, the whole French army swept across the plain. Before it, retreated the allied army in two black columns, around whose extremities hovered clouds of cavalry, in protection. Onward poured the French army into the valley of the Neider Kayna, and the beams of the setting sun gilded the forests of bayonets, and were reflected in the dazzling lines of helmets, sabers, and cuirasses with which the plain at the bottom of the valley was filled. From the heights of Krechwitz, yet in the hands of the enemy, poured forth a constantly-increasing fire on all sides. A hundred and twenty cannon in front of the advancing French army, continually thundered against the retreating columns. Night alone put an end to this tremendous cannonade, and the two armies lay down to rest.

This night the slain of the previous day received new companions; many, who in the morning had gazed with sorrow upon the corpses of beloved comrades were now stretched upon the same bloody bed of death. During the two days the allies lost 15,000 men, killed and wounded, and the French took 1,500 prisoners. The French lost about the same number. As night advanced, men, women, and children were to be seen issuing forth from the villages, carrying litters, pushing wheelbarrows, or drawing little carts. They hastened to the field of battle; not to plunder the dead, but to rescue the wounded. Russians, French, Prussians, and Italians, were all alike carefully attended and provided with all the comforts and necessaries which the humble cottages of the kind-hearted peasantry could afford. What a sublime spectacle! At the close of one of the bloodiest battles of modern times, Christian charity was to be seen healing the wounds and alleviating the sufferings equally of the victors and the vanquished. The next morning at daybreak Napoleon renewed the pursuit. Soon the French army came up with the rear guard of the enemy, who now stood firm on the heights behind Reichenbach, in order to gain time for the immense files of chariots, cannon, and wounded men to defile by the roads in their rear. Milarodowitch had the command, and the veterans of the Moscow campaign were prepared to defend the position to the last extremity, while forty pieces of cannon were placed on the summit, and a large body of cuirassiers stood on the slopes. The position was admirable. Napoleon caused a furious cannonade to be opened against it, and awaited the arrival of the cavalry of the Guard. The French, after a desperate struggle, carried Reichenbach itself, which was in front of the allied position. But no sooner did the French column show themselves on the opposite side, than they were torn by the point-blank discharge of the enemy's batteries from the heights behind. Upon this, Napoleon brought up Latour Mauborg, with the whole cavalry of the Guard, 6,000 strong, and at the same time made dispositions for outflanking and turning the enemy. These measures were attended with the most brilliant success; the allies were driven from their position, and retreated to Gorlatz. Napoleon hastened to the advanced posts, and himself pressed on the movements of his troops. And so promptly were his orders obeyed, that the setting sun shone on the sabers and bayonets of 50,000 men accumulated in a front of a mile and a half in breadth, and closely advancing in pursuit. The enemy, as they retreated, poured upon the advancing line an incessant fire of cannon and musketry. As the balls were flying thick around him, one of Napoleon's escort fell dead at his feet. He turned to Duroc, and said: "Duroc, fortune is determined to have one of us to-day." The melancholy anticipation was soon realized. The enemy retired to a fresh position behind the ravine of Makersdorf; and Napoleon, who was anxious to push on before night to Gorlatz, himself hurried to the front to urge on the troops who were to dislodge the enemy from the ground which they had occupied to bar the approach to it. His suite followed him, four abreast, at a rapid trot, in such a cloud of dust that hardly one of the riders could see his neighbor. Suddenly a cannon-ball glanced from a tree near the emperor, and struck a file behind, consisting of Duroc, Caulaincourt, Kirgener, and Mortier. In the confusion and dust, it was not at first perceived who was hurt; but a page soon came up and whispered in Napoleon's ear that Kirgener, was killed and Duroc severely wounded. Duroc's entrails were torn out by the ball, and the dying man was carried into a cottage near Makersdorf. Napoleon dismounted, and casting a stern and long glance on the battery whence the fatal shot had issued, he entered the cottage, and ascertained with tears in his eyes, that there was no hope. "Duroc," said he, pressing the hand of the dying hero, "there is another world, where we shall meet again." The next morning, a little before sunrise, Duroc died. When Napoleon received the sorrowful intelligence, without uttering a word, he placed into the hands of Berthier a paper, ordering the erection of a monument on the

spot where he fell, with this inscription: "Here, General Duroc, Duke of Friuli, grand marshal of the palace of the Emperor Napoleon, gloriously fell, struck by a cannon-ball, in the arms of the emperor, his friend." He placed two hundred Napoleons in the hands of the owner of the house, and the clergyman of the parish, to defray the expenses.*

On the 23d, the allied army continued to retreat, in two columns, and the French in three columns pressed on in pursuit. During the retreat and pursuit sharp conflicts frequently took place between the cavalry on both sides. At length, on the 27th of May, the allied army returned by Leignitz, to the neighborhood of Schweidnitz, where they had constructed an intrenched camp, and where it was intended that a strand should be made. The progress of the French arms, as well as the position of their forces, excited just disquietude in the breasts of the allied sovereigns, and measures were at once taken to arrange an armistice with Napoleon.

BAYONNE, A.D. 1813.—At the confluence of the river Neve with the Adom, stands Bayonne, one of the most noted towns of France. Bayonne is divided into three equal parts, which communicate by bridges. On the left bank of the Neve is the great Bayonne. On the right bank of that river and the left bank of the Adom is the little Bayonne, and on the right bank of the Adom is the suburb of St. Esprit, joined by a long wooden draw-bridge to the rest of the town. Although often besieged, Bayonne has never been taken; hence it derives its motto: *Nunquam polluta.* The military weapon called the bayonet, takes its name from this city, where it is said to have been first invented, and brought into use during the siege of 1523.

On the 11th of November, 1813, the French army retired before the victorious armies of England, Spain, and Portugal, to the intrenched camp in front of Bayonne. The intrenchments extended semicircularly on the south side of the Adom, above and below the junction of the river Neve. While Wellington remained with his army on the side of the Neve toward the Pyrenees, supplies of all kinds were brought down the Adom to Bayonne; and as the intrenched camp of the French was uncommonly strong, the British general could not expect to drive the enemy from it by main force; it therefore became necessary to cross the Neve in order to intercept the supplies that were brought down the Adom to Bayonne. The army of the British commander consisted of 88,600 men, of whom 8,600 were cavalry, and his powerful artillery numbered 100 pieces. The French army consisted of 76,000 men, and was commanded by the able general, Marshal Soult. Soult's position was most admirable. Bayonne, situated at the confluence of the rivers Adom and Neve, commanded the passage of both. The camp being defended by the guns of the fortress of Bayonne, immediately in its rear, could not be attacked in front. The French general, therefore, stationed only his center there, composed of six divisions under D'Erlon. The right wing, consisting of Reille's two divisions, and Villatte's reserves, was stationed to the westward of the fortress, on the Lower Adom, where there was a flotilla of gun-boats; and the approach to it was covered by a swamp and artificial inundation. The left wing, under Clausel, posted to the westward of Bayonne, stretched from its right to the Neve, and was protected partly by a large fortified house, which had been converted into an advanced work. The country in front consisted of a deep clay, much inclosed and intersected with woods and hedge-rows, and four divisions of D'Erlon's men occupied it beyond the Neve, in front of the Ustaritz, and as far as Cambo; the remainder being in reserve, occupying a strong range of heights in front of Mousserolles, stretching from Villefranque, on the Neve, almost to the Old Moguerre, on the Adom. The great advantage of this position was, that the troops, in case of disaster, might securely find refuge under the cannon of Bayonne, while the general-in-chief, having an interior and protected line of communication through that fortress, could, at pleasure, throw the weight of his forces from one flank to another, when unforeseen and unguarded against, upon the enemy. Wellington, having taken his resolution to force his adversary's position in front of Bayonne, collected materials for throwing bridges over the Neve, and, on the 8th of December, he gave orders for the right wing of his army, under General Hill, to pass the river at day break on the 9th, by the fords of Cambo, and advance by the great road from St. Pied-de-port, toward Bayonne. At the same time Beresford, in the center, with the third and sixth divisions was to cross the Neve, by bridges to be thrown over it during the night. Sir John Hope, and General Charles Allen, with 24,000 men, horse and foot, and 12 pieces of cannon, were to drive back the French advanced posts, along the whole front of the intrenched camp, from the Nivelle to the sea.

* But the monument was never erected, for after the defeats, which soon followed, the allies claimed this money as a part of the spoils of war. For the paltry sum of eight hundred dollars, they could prevent a monument from being raised to genius and true worth, and insult a noble heart by denying it this last tribute of affection to a dear friend. What a contrast does this present to Marshal Soult at Corunna, who ordered a monument to be reared to Sir John Moore, on the spot where he fell.—*J. T. Headley.*

The necessary preparations having been made, a huge fire was lighted on the height behind Cambo, at daybreak, on the 9th of December, as a signal of attack. Notwithstanding the destruction of the bridges during the night, the British troops forced the passage of the Neye in the center, under cover of a heavy fire of artillery, and the French immediately opposite were driven back. At the same time, Hill forced the passage on the right, above and below Cambo, and drove the French left wing back on the road from St. Jean Pied-de-port to Bayonne.

In consequence of Wellington's having succeeded in crossing the Neve, he nearly inclosed the French camp. He commanded the navigation of the Adom, and always had it in his power to throw detachments across the river above the city, either to intercept convoys, or even to bombard the town, or to storm the works to the north of Bayonne. Soult saw that he could not safely remain in his intrenched camp, after the passage of the Neve by the British, and he resolved to attempt to drive back the allies to their original position. For this purpose he assembled his troops in great force on a range of heights that run parallel with the Adom, keeping the village of Villefranque on their right. This village, Wellington ordered to be attacked, and, after an obstinate struggle, it was carried by a Portuguese brigade, and the British light infantry battalions of the sixth division. No sooner had they gained possession of the village, than they proceeded to the attack of the heights, which they also carried. Neither of these advantages was obtained without great difficulty. The French furiously contested every inch of ground, and it was not until overpowered by numbers, that shortly after noon, they slowly retired through a heavy rain, toward Bayonne. Soult now determined to make a grand effort to drive back the enemy. On the morning of the 10th, he moved out of his intrenched camp with his whole army, with the exception of that division which was opposite Sir Rowland Hill, and made a most desperate attack on the posts of the light division, and on the advanced posts of Sir John Hope's corps, on the high road from Bayonne to St. Jean de Luz. The brunt of this attack fell principally on the first Portuguese brigade, and on a brigade of the fifth division which advanced to their support; but in spite of the most strenuous efforts on the part of the French, they were repulsed, with considerable loss. After this action was over, two regiments, one Dutch and the other German, abandoned the French, and came over to the British. The French, although repulsed, still continued in considerable force in front of the British posts, on the ground from which they had driven the pickets. In the course of the night, however, most of them retired, except those who occupied the ridge on which the pickets of the light division had stood. But though they had changed their position, they were still in front of the left of the British army.

On the 12th nothing but a severe cannonade, which consumed fruitlessly four hundred men on each side, took place. During the night, Soult marched 35,000 men through Bayonne, and succeeded, before daylight on the 13th, in placing them on the right of the Neve at St. Pierre, in front of the British General Hill's position, while with seven thousand more he menaced his rear. Hill's force was stationed on both sides of the road, from Bayonne to St. Pied-de-port, and occupied a line about two miles in length. The center consisted of Ashworth's Portuguese and Barnes's British brigade, and was strongly posted on a rugged conical height, one side of which was broken with rocks and brushwood, while the other was closed in by high and thick hedges, with twelve guns pointing directly down the great road by which the French were to advance. The left, under Pringle, occupied a wooded and broken ridge, in the middle of which was the old chateau of Villefranque; the right, under Byng, was posted on the ridge of Old Moguerre, nearly parallel to the Adom. Between the two armies was a wide valley or basin, open, and commanded by the guns in every part. As the bridge of boats across the Neve was destroyed, Hill's corps was, during the early part of the action, entirely separated from the remainder of the allied army. On the morning of the 13th, a heavy fog settled on the plain, and Soult, under cover of the mist, was enabled to form his columns of attack unperceived by his antagonist. In front, on the great road, came D'Erlon, leading on D'Armagnac's, Abbe's, and Daricaus's infantry, with a large body of cavalry, and twenty-two guns. Next came Foy's and Maransin's men, and behind, the two other divisions in reserve. At half-past eight o'clock the sun broke forth, and the formidable array of the approaching enemy became visible to the allies. Soult immediately pushed forward his light troops, and drove in the allied pickets in the center, which fell back toward St. Pierre. Abbe attacked them in the center with great vigor; D'Armagnac, standing off to the left, directed his troops against Old Moguerre, and Byng's men; the flaming line gradually crept up the slopes on either side of the basin, and the roar of forty guns re-echoed over the plain. The Portuguese brigade soon gave way before the impetuous attack of Abbe's men, and the British, who were sent to their aid, were also forced back. But receiving additional aid, the

French, in their turn, were repulsed. The French now opened a vigorous cannonade upon the British center, with terrible effect. Abbe, seeing the center of the enemy weakened, pushed forward a strong and massy column, which advanced with such gallantry, that in spite of the tremendous volleys from the British batteries, which tore its front and flanks, it drove back the Portuguese and British, and won the crest of the hill in the center. Barnes now brought up his Highlanders, who were in reserve behind St. Pierre, and determined to regain the hill, he charged down the highway, soon clearing away the skirmishers on either side, and, driving home, met the shock of two French regiments, which were advancing up the causeway. The struggle which ensued was terrible; but, at length, the French wavered, broke and fled in disorder, closely followed by the hardy mountaineers. Soult immediately advanced his guns on either side, and opened a destructive fire upon the flanks of the pursuing mass. The Highlanders were arrested in their pursuit, and in turn retreated in disorder. The French corps in front steadily advanced forward, with admirable resolution, and the 92d British regiment, were borne back, in disorder, to their old ground, behind St. Pierre. The Portuguese hastily withdrew their guns, and took up a post in the rear. The French skirmishers every where crowded forward to the summit. Barnes fell, seriously wounded. The French directed their fire upon the Portuguese gunners with such fatal accuracy, that they fell so fast beside their pieces that their fire was almost extinguished. The British were driven back in every quarter, and the cries of victory resounded through the French ranks.

Hill, who had stationed himself on a hill in the rear, whence he could survey the whole battle field, saw the critical position of the right and left, and hastily descending from the eminence, he led on, in person, one brigade of Le Cor's Portuguese infantry, to support Barnes's men in the center, and dispatched the other brigade to aid the right on Old Moguerre, against D'Armagnac. The Highlanders re-formed, and Cameron, then commander, again led them with colors flying, and music playing, down the road. The skirmishers on the flank again rushed forward. The French skirmishing parties in front were driven back in their turn, and the Highlanders, charging rapidly down the highway, met the solid column of French infantry, which, in all the pride of victory, was marching up. For a moment the two masses stood firm, with fixed bayonets; the soldiers on either side eyed their enemies with resolute bravery; but the French suddenly wheeled about and retired to their original position. The Highlanders were too much exhausted with fatigue, by their desperate encounter, to follow them. The right center of the French was also forced back by Le Cor's Portuguese, after a desperate conflict, in which Le Cor himself fell seriously wounded. In the mean time D'Armagnac's corps on the French left, with the aid of six pieces of horse artillery, had attacked Byng's men with such vigor that he had nearly carried the ridge of Old Moguerre. But at the very moment when the French troops had reached the summit of the hill, and when about to fall upon the right of the British center, the brigade of Portuguese, detached by Hill, arrived in double quick time, and ascending the reverse slope of the ridge, under a raking fire from the French guns, now established on the summit, and uniting with the former defenders of the ridge, charged up the hill, with loud shouts, and after a sharp conflict won the top. The French in turn were driven back from the heights at all points, and were obliged to fall back to their original position on the other side of the basin. Here they were attacked by the other divisions of the allied army, which had crossed the re-constructed bridge. And now the battle raged with the utmost fury. Wellington commanded his army in person, and urged forward his men in all quarters of the field. The French, dismayed at the overwhelming force of the enemy, fought with the courage of despair; but slowly recoiling before the British, they fell back to the ground they had occupied before the commencement of the action. The battle now died away, the discharges of musketry gradually ceased on either side, and the sound of distant cannon became less frequent. At length, despairing of success, Soult withdrew his troops into the intrenched camp in front of Bayonne, and the battle was at an end. During this bloody battle, 6,000 men were killed or wounded. The loss on both sides was nearly equal. The British generals Hope, Robinson, Barnes, Le Cor, and Ashworth, were severely wounded. After the bloody operations of Wellington and Soult near Bayonne, a considerable rest was allowed to both armies. Wellington fixed his winter quarters at St. Jean de Luz, and Soult remained in his intrenched camp near the town. It was not until the middle of February, 1814, that the British general re-commenced active hostilities against the French. Soult's army had been materially reduced during the two months of idleness by large draughts which Napoleon had been compelled to make from the army at the south. Soult's force now barely amounted to 40,000 men. Wellington on the contrary had greatly increased the number of his army. He had received reinforcements from England, Spain, and

Portugal, until his whole army swelled to the immense number of 100,000 men, and a hundred pieces of cannon. The Anglo-Portuguese army alone amounted to 70,000 men, of whom 10,000 were cavalry, and the Spaniards were 30,000 more. Soult's army, therefore, was less than one half the number of that of his antagonist, yet he occupied a most advantageous position. His right wing was protected by the now powerful and fully armed fortress of Bayonne. Deeming his right sufficiently secured by the fortress, Soult, during the month of January, draughted off the bulk of his forces to his left, in the mountains toward St. Jean de Pied-de-port, and there strengthened his position by field-works. On the 14th of March, Wellington put his army in motion. Hill marched with 22,000 men against Harispe, who lay at Hellette with 5,000 men, while another column marched against the enemy's pickets on the Joyeuse streamlet. The French made a most obstinate resistance, but, overwhelmed with numbers, they were forced back to St. Martin, and the fortress of St. Jean de Pied-de-port was immediately invested by Mina's battalions. At the same time the allied center, under Beresford, advanced against the French center, under Clauzel, who, in obedience to his orders, fell back successively across the Joyeuse, the Bidouse, and the Gaue de Mauleon, behind which the French finally took up a position. In the mean time Harispe, who had taken up a strong position on the Garris mountain, was assaulted by the 28th and 30th British regiments, who, after losing 160 men, gained the hill. The French lost 300 killed and wounded, and 200 prisoners. On the 17th the French on the left were driven across the Gaue de Mauleon, and in the night retired across the Gaue de Oleon, and took up a strong position near Launeterre. Hill pushed forward his advanced post, and was next morning on that river, but as the bridges were all broken down it could not be passed until the pontoon-train arrived. Soult now concentrated his forces on the ridge of Launeterre on his left, to defend the passage of the Gaue de Oleon.

On the evening of the 23d, the pontoons arrived, and the allied army immediately made preparations to force the passage of the river. On the morning of the 24th, Hill effected his passage at the head of three divisions, while Beresford, passed near Monfort with the whole center. Soult, not deeming the position of Launeterre tenable against the superior forces which by these movements threatened its front, drew back his whole force, leaving Bayonne, garrisoned by 6,000 men, to its own resources, and took post a little way further back at Orthes, behind the Gaue de Pau. On the 26th and the following day, the British army having passed the Gaue de Pau, found the enemy in a strong position near Orthes, with his right on the heights along the high-road to Dax, and occupying the village of St. Baes. Beresford, after, an obstinate resistance, carried the village of St. Baes; the victors, pursuing the beaten columns of the enemy, began to move along the narrow elevated ridge which extended from the village to the center of the French army, where they were arrested. The French troops, slowly retiring, kept up an incessant and rolling fire upon the pursuers; while Reille's batteries skillfully planted against them, committed such fearful havoc upon their ranks, that they were obliged to turn back. At the same time a detachment which Picton sent forward to endeavor to gain a footing on a tongue of land jutting out from the lofty ridge on which the enemy's center was posted, was repulsed with loss. Shouts of joy now rang through the ranks of the French. Both extremities of their line were victorious, and Soult hoped for final victory. But now Wellington ordered a simultaneous attack on the right of the center of the French line, and the left of their right wing. Three divisions, under Generals Picton and Clinton, and Lieutenant-colonel Colburn, advanced against the enemy at the point designated. The strife was brief and bloody. Borne back by the superior numbers of the enemy, the French abandoned that important part of their position. Meanwhile Hill, having forced the passage of the Gaue above Orthes, moved forward upon the left of the enemy, who retired in good order. Soult now ordered a general retreat, and the French troops with admirable discipline retired in the finest array, the rear guard constantly facing about, and obstinately resisting whenever the intervention of a ridge afforded a favorable opportunity for making a stand. The victorious army eagerly pursued, and as soon as the French had gained the level plain, which was utterly void of rock or bush, they closed with them so rapidly, and poured such constant and deadly volleys of musketry and cannon upon the fugitives, that the French troops fell into confusion and the field was covered with scattered bands. The pursuit was continued till dark; the French suffered severely; the whole country was covered with their dead, and the victors took six pieces of cannon and a great number of prisoners. At length the scattered bands, after crossing the stream of the Luy de Beam, five miles from the field of battle, reassembled on the opposite bank, with that readiness for which the French troops have ever been distinguished; and the wearied British soldiers formed their

bivouacs on the southern shore of the same stream. The French lost on this occasion 3,900 killed and wounded, and prisoners on the field; the British lost 2,300.*

During these operations on the right of the army, Sir John Hope availed himself of an opportunity which offered itself on the 23d to cross the Adom below Bayonne, by means of rafts made of pontoons, and to take possession of the river at its mouth. The vessels destined to form the bridge could not arrive till the 24th, when they were safely brought into the river. The citadel of Bayonne was invested on the 25th; and on the 26th, the bridge being completed, Sir John Hope attacked and carried the village of St. Etienne, and established his posts within 900 yards of the outworks of Bayonne. Hope now exerted himself with the utmost zeal and diligence to forward the siege of Bayonne. On the 7th of April, the works were in such a state of forwardness that he was ready to attack the citadel, when rumors of the overthrow of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons reached him. Having afterward received official intelligence that peace had been restored, he forwarded the papers to Thouvenot the governor of the fortress of Bayonne, who returned for answer, "that you shall hear from me on the subject before long." He had determined upon a brilliant exploit which he hoped would terminate the siege. On the morning of the 14th of April, the French commencing with a false attack on the left of the Adom, as a blind, suddenly poured out of the citadel to the number of 3,000 men. They broke through the line of pickets, and with loud shouts they rushed into St. Etienne, and drove the enemy out of every quarter of that village, except one house, which was occupied by a picket, commanded by Captain Forster, which maintained its ground till General Hinuber came up with some of the German legion. A battalion of Portuguese arrived also, and after a tremendous struggle at the point of the bayonet, the village was retaken, and the French driven back toward the works. Meanwhile the guns of the citadel, guided by the flashes of musketry, fired incessantly on the scene of combat; the British gun-boats, which had dropped down the stream, opened upon the flanks of the fighting columns, without being able to distinguish friend from foe; and amid the incessant clang of small arms, and alternate cheers of the combatants, the booming of a hundred guns added to the horror of this awful nocturnal combat. On the right the conflict was still more terrible. The French rushing with the fury of rage and hate upon the pickets and reserves, broke through; and the troops, broken into small bodies by the inclosures, fought in the darkness, bayonet to bayonet, sword to sword, and man to man, with desperation and bravery. Hand to hand, unable scarcely to see their antagonists, the soldiers fought with the ferocity of beasts. Sir John Hope spurring his horse to the front, was met by a point-blank discharge from the French, and fell severely wounded. He was immediately captured by the enemy, who hastily conveyed him into their works. At day-break the French troops retired within their walls. In this melancholy battle, fought after the peace had been concluded, 2,000 gallant men were slain, or cruelly wounded. The loss on both sides was equal.

* See battle of Toulouse.

BAZA, A.D. 1489.—This Spanish city was, in the year 1489, taken from the Moors by the Spaniards, after a siege of nearly seven months. In the year 1810, a battle was fought near Baza, between the Spaniards, under Generals Blake and Freire, and the French, under Marshal Soult. The Spaniards were defeated with great loss.

BEAUVAIS, A.D. 1472.—Beauvais is situated at the confluence of the river Avelon with the Thérian, in France.

Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, in 1472, was engaged in an inveterate war with Louis XI. Learning there was but a weak garrison in Beauvais, he marched toward that city, with the expectation of entering it without opposition; and so it proved with the faubourgs, and the Burgundians thought themselves masters of the place; but the citizens, the moment they were aware of their danger, closed their gates, and took their posts on the walls like men. Not only these: the women and maidens insisted upon taking part in this honorable defense. Led by Joan Hachette, they ranged themselves on the parts of the walls the least protected; and one of these heroines even obtained an enemy's standard, and bore it in triumph into the city. The principal attack of the besiegers was directed against the gate of Bresle: the cannon had already beaten it in; the breach was open, and the city would have been taken, if the inhabitants had not heaped together on the spot an immense mass of fagots and combustible matters. The flames of this pile proved an efficient check to the Burgundians. The assault began at eight o'clock in the morning, and was still raging, when, toward the decline of day, a noble body of troops was seen entering by the Paris gate. These brave fellows, having marched fourteen leagues without halting, gave their horses and equipments to the care of the women and girls, and flew to those parts of the walls where the fight was hottest. The besiegers, though numbering 80,000,

could not resist the united valor of the garrison and the new comers; they soon wavered, and at length fled to their camp in disorder. More defenders arrived by daybreak; the citizens received them as liberators; they spread tables for them in the streets and public places, cheered them with refreshments, and afterward accompanied them to the walls. The Duke of Burgundy then perceived, but too late, a great error he had committed. Instead of investing Beauvais with a numerous army, he had attacked it on one side only: succors and convoys arrived from all parts. The duke himself began to experience the horrors of famine; the French, scouring the country, intercepted his convoys. Every thing announced a fruitless enterprise; but he resolved, before raising the siege, to attempt a general assault. The besieged, under the orders of Marshal De Ronault, prepared to receive him. The marshal wanted to relieve La Roche-Tesson and Fontenailles; but as they had arrived first, and had established themselves at the gate of Bresle, which was the post of danger, they complained of removal as an affront, and obtained permission to retain a post they had kept night and day. The trumpets sounded, the cannon roared, the Burgundians advanced, fire and sword in hand; they planted their ladders, mounted the breaches, and attacked the besieged: the latter received them with firmness; they precipitated them, they crushed them, or beat them back from their walls. Raging like a wild bull, Charles rallied his soldiers and led them back to the assault; but they were again repulsed with greater loss than before. How willingly we may suppose, Charles sounded a retreat. Had it not been for the excessive precaution of some of the burgesses, his army must have been entirely destroyed: they had walled up the gates on the side next the Burgundians, which impeded the sortie. Charles raised the siege on the 10th of July. Louis XI. rewarded the valor and fidelity of the inhabitants by an exemption from imposts. As the women had exhibited most ardor in defense of Beauvais, he ordered that they should take precedence of the men in the fête which was celebrated every year, on the 10th of July, in honor of their deliverance from the power of a man known to be a sanguinary conqueror.—*Robson.*

BEAVERDAMS, 1813.—Colonel Boestler, with six hundred Americans, in 1813, was attacked at Beaverdams, in Canada, a few miles from Queenstown, by a body of British and Indians, and after a brief conflict, surrendered his whole detachment prisoners of war. The British force consisted only of about three hundred men; but they were maneuvered in a manner which led the Americans to believe that they were the light troops of a very superior army which was in fact approaching; but had not yet come up.

BEDLIS, A.D. 1554.—In the year 1554, the army of Solyman the Magnificent encountered the Persians near Bedlis, a town of Asiatic Turkey, and, after a bloody battle, Solyman's army was defeated and put to rout, with great slaughter.

BELGRADE, A.D. 1717.—This celebrated town of European Turkey is the capital of Servia, and is situated on the side of a hill, at the conflux of the Save and the Danube. It was formerly a very strong place, but it is now destitute of fortifications. The possession of Belgrade has been repeatedly disputed between the Turks and the Austrians. In 1521, it was taken by the Turks, after having been attacked in vain by Amurath II. in the preceeding century. It was retaken by the imperial army, under the Elector of Bavaria, in 1688, but restored to the Turks two years afterward, with whom it remained till August, 1717, when it surrendered to Prince Eugene, and was secured to Austria by the peace of Passarowitz. Belgrade is chiefly famous in military history on account of the battle fought in its vicinity, in the year 1717, the result of which was the last victory obtained under the auspices of the celebrated Prince Eugene, and which decided the event of the war then depending between the German and Ottoman empires. Notwithstanding the heavy losses they had sustained during the campaign of 1716, the Turks were determined to make the most vigorous efforts for the preservation of their Hungarian acquisitions. The Austrians were equally desirous of terminating the war by some important action. Prince Eugene having concentrated the Austrian forces in the bannot, on the 15th of June effected a passage of the Danube, in boats, with 30,000 of his troops, without the loss of a man, in presence of some Turkish corps, stationed on the southern bank, who, without attempting to obstruct his passage, threw themselves into Belgrade. Having constructed a bridge of boats, the rest of the army—the cavalry and artillery—were passed over; and by the 19th of the same month, Belgrade was completely invested. Eugene carefully fortified his camp, for he foresaw that the Turks would hazard a battle to relieve the place. He accordingly began to cast up lines of circumvallation and contravallation, strengthening them with redoubts, intrenchments, and other necessary field-works. Within these lines the army incamped to the south of Belgrade, its front toward the open country, its left resting on the Danube, and its right extending toward the Save. A bridge of boats was thrown

across the Save, and, as well as that already constructed across the Danube, secured by strong *têtes-du-pont*. The line of contravallation, looking toward Semedria, consisted of a ditch sixteen feet wide, of proportionable depth, and defended by a strong parapet. The proper openings were left for the troops to issue and form in order of battle, without confusion, covered in front by ravelins and redans; upon the right, a large redoubt was erected, for the purpose of commanding a hollow ground which the Turks might otherwise have found serviceable in their approaches. The field-pieces of all the different battalions, planted at regular distances along the front of the contravallation, secured it from any sudden assault. As, however, the army was not sufficiently numerous to occupy the whole extent of ground between the two rivers, cross intrenchments were formed, connecting the principal lines on the right and left, and still preserving a communication with the different bridges.

As the Turkish garrison consisted of between twenty and thirty thousand regular troops, and had also a strong flotilla on the Danube, Prince Eugene found it absolutely necessary to maintain two flying camps, one of several thousand men at Semlin, to keep up a communication with Peterwarodin, whence the imperialists derived their supplies of provisions, under Count de Hauben; and another of five battalions and some cavalry, to cover the head of the bridge over the Danube. Four ships of war protected the navigation of that river, and watched the motions of the Turkish flotilla. But a violent storm, which happened on the 13th of July, had rendered nearly abortive the projects of the besiegers. The bridges of the Danube and Save were broken by the violence of the tempest. Several vessels, detached from the rest, were carried floating at random down the stream, and the Turks, taking advantage of this accident, made a sally across the Save, and attacked the redoubt which covered the head of the bridge. The gallant defense of a captain and sixty-four men, who alone garrisoned the post, preserved it, together with that part of the bridge which remained on the north side of the river from falling into the hands of the enemy. To prevent such sorties in future, the camp of Semlin was strongly reinforced, and the command intrusted to Count Martigny. More serious operations commenced; and during the night of the 18th, trenches were opened against Belgrade, to the north of the Save, by 1,200 pioneers, covered by a large detachment under General Massigli. The Turks, however, on the following morning, opened a terrible fire upon them from all the batteries of the place, the flotilla on the Danube, and the islands in that river, and, making a sortie with 4,000 men in boats, assaulted so furiously the guard of the trenches, that, if Prince Eugene had not animated the troops by his personal presence and bravery, in repulsing the attack, a total defeat must have ensued. As it was, General Massigli, with twenty other officers of note, and 400 soldiers perished in this affair. It became necessary to augment the guard of the trenches to nine battalions, and to construct new lines. In six days a complete chain of works was established from the bridge along the Save to its influx with the Danube, and thence, ascending the course of the latter river, to the camp of Semlin, defended with redoubts, and well provided with artillery. From the moment of the completion of these formidable works the garrison attempted no further sallies.

On the 23d of July, the cannonade and bombardment commenced from all the Austrian batteries, with such terrible effect that, in seven days, the lower part of the town was reduced to a heap of ruins. But the excellent state of their fortifications on the side of the besieging camp, and the expectation of speedy aid, animated the besieged to maintain a most vigorous resistance. And their expectations were not delusive. The grand vizier, having drained the Turkish provinces of soldiers to complete his army, had already commenced his march; and on the 28th his advanced guard appeared in sight, and began to skirmish with the Austrian outposts. The number of these troops daily increased, and on the last of July, the vizier, with his whole army, arrived in the presence of the imperialists. Instead of attacking the Austrians immediately, as Eugene had expected, the Turkish commander encamped upon the heights above the Austrian camp with all his forces, with his right flank resting on the Danube, and his left stretching toward the Save. He next proceeded to fortify his position by throwing up intrenchments, to erect batteries, and to make approaches against the Austrian works, as if they had literally been a town besieged. This mode of attack compelled Eugene to adopt new dispositions. He mounted additional artillery in his own lines; defended all the avenues with *chevaux-de-frize;* mined the ground in front of the great redoubt, and collected in part of his troops from the opposite bank of the Save. The Turks pushed forward their works with the utmost vigor, in spite of the dreadful havoc incessantly made among them by the Austrian bombs and bullets, until they had approached to within musket-shot of the contravallation. The Turkish army consisted of 200,000 men; and their works were mounted with 140

pieces of cannon and mortars. The garrison, who now sustained some respite from the fire of the Austrian batteries, directed their own upon the tents of the besieged; and thus situated between two armies, who from their situation, commanded the greater part his position, Eugene found himself infiladed by the fire of upward of 250 pieces of artillery. His situation became more precarious every day. The dysentery, which for the last two months had done great mischief in his camp, now raged to such a degree that hundreds were buried daily. A mortality prevailed among the horses, in consequence of which half the cavalry were dismounted; and an army which, at the opening of the campaign, amounted to 80,000 men, could not now muster 60,000 effective soldiers. Though no immediate scarcity of provisions or ammunition was experienced, yet the disappointment of the expectations Prince Eugene had conceived, that the Turks would be compelled to retire for want of provisions, obliged him to determine without delay on some decisive measure; especially as the vizier had occupied an eminence adjoining the Save, with a considerable body of troops, and might, by sending 20,000 or 30,000 men across the river, have rendered a retreat, in case of defeat, impracticable to the Austrians. Under these circumstances it was resolved, in a general council of war, held on the 15th of August, to anticipate the movements of the enemy, by making a decisive attack on their camp. The detachments beyond the Save were immediately called in, except about 1,400 foot and 300 horse. Seven regiments of cavalry, and ten battalions, with all the dismounted horse and dragoons, were left in the lines to observe the garrison. Eleven regiments of cavalry, commanded by Field Marshal Palfi and General Merci, composed two lines on the right, and marched out before midnight. The left wing, consisting of twelve regiments, marched out at the same time, commanded by Generals Montecucuti and Martigny. The infantry, under Prince Alexander of Wirtemberg, in chief, was drawn up in the center; the first line of twenty-two battalions, under the direction of Count Maximilian of Staremburg, and Count Harrach; the second of eighteen battalions, under the command of the Prince of Bevern. The reserve corps, consisting of eighteen battalions, under Marshal Seckandorf, remained in the works, ready to act as occasion should require. The effective force of the two lines, on whom the success of the day in a great measure depended, did not amount to more than 40,000 men. The morning of the 16th was dark and foggy. At one o'clock in the morning, the Austrians, under cover of the fog, marched out of their trenches; the right advancing toward the redoubt, which was assigned as its post of formation, and the left over the open ground adjoining the Danube. Two hours were spent in making the necessary preparatory movements, but the fog, which had hitherto favored the Austrians, increased to such a degree as to become productive of serious inconvenience. The right wing, missing its way, stumbled upon one of the Turkish advanced works, instead of the redoubt. The surprise was equal on both sides; but a discharge which immediately opened upon the Austrian cavalry, from the guard of the Turkish trenches, spread the alarm throughout the whole of the grand vizier's army. His troops hastily rushed from every part of the camp toward the scene of action, and in a few minutes Count Palfi became hotly engaged. The Austrians forming in haste, and their battalions, through fear of losing the support of the cavalry, inclining successively to the right flank, a wide vacancy was left in the center, and afforded the Turks an advantage of which they did not fail to profit. In the mean time the conflict, now fairly engaged on the right, commenced on the opposite flank. Prince Eugene had intended to begin the attack with both wings at the same time; but convinced by the heavy firing he heard toward the Save, that Palfi had already begun the battle, he was himself obliged to come to blows before the battalions of his left wing were completely formed. It was now between four and five o'clock in the morning, The fog continued so thick, that the combatants could not discern each other, until they had arrived almost close to the muzzles of their antagonists' pieces. In the midst of this obscurity, several small detachments of the Austrians, carried away by their desire to distinguish themselves, rushed into the thickest of the enemy, and were almost instantly cut to pieces. The Austrians, however, rapidly gained ground. The darkness compelled them to march with their muskets constantly presented, and the moment they perceived their enemies, they poured in such a close and well directed fire, that the Turkish battalions, as they advanced in succession were broken, dismayed, and precipitated headlong into their trenches, where the bayonet and saber made terrible havoc among them. The Austrian cavalry were not equally successful; the broken nature of the ground, compelled them to perform frequent evolutions in order to find some passages of easier access, and the Turks who lined the trenches galled them with severe and incessant firing. The center of the Turkish camp also, finding nothing to oppose them, threw several battalions into the void space between the flanks of the Austrian army, and completely inter-

cepting all communication, opened a heavy fire from right to left upon the divided forces. Victory seemed about to declare for the Turks; but at this critical moment the fog was suddenly dispelled, and Prince Eugene at a glance discovered the disposition of both armies and his own perilous situation. The advance of his second line prevented his total defeat. The Prince of Bevern, who commanded it, advanced upon the Turks, thrown into disorder by their own success, and charged them with such fury that the infidels, unable to sustain the shock, fled in disorder, and were pursued up to their very trenches, leaving the space behind them strewn with their dead.

This success changed the state of affairs. No time was lost in filling up the interval that had been so unwarily left, and in forming the two wings of the Austrians, for a new attack. The right wing commenced the attack. Advancing toward the Turkish works with the utmost rapidity, they carried with invincible impetuosity the batteries, whose fire they had so long sustained, and turned the cannon against the intrenchments which protected the Turkish camp. The left wing encountered a stronger resistance. The principal forces of the enemy were concentrated on that wing; and their number far exceeding that of the Austrians, was constantly increased by the arrival of troops, whom the success of Palfi had driven from the right. The Austrians advanced bravely to assail the enemy's works, but were driven back by the janizaries, who defended themselves with the utmost courage. But returning to the charge, the Austrians beat the Turks from their furthest advanced intrenchment, and pushing their advantage, advanced regularly up to the second intrenched line, without firing a musket till they came within ten paces of the enemy. This work was carried in less time than the first; the Turkish intrenchments were forced one after another, as well as several *coupures* with which the camp was defended; and notwithstanding resistance was attempted at each of them, and the Austrians were constantly exposed to a most terrible fire, yet the courage and skill of Prince Eugene, surmounted every obstacle, and obliged victory, after a struggle of six hours, to declare in his favor. The last serious stand made by the infidels, was at a grand battery, mounted with 18 pieces of cannon, and defended by 20,000 janizaries, sustained by 10,000 spahis, the bravest troops in the Turkish army. It was necessary to halt and form the Austrian troops anew, for this perilous attempt; but when the word was given, they rushed forward with an impetuosity which overthrew every thing before them. The Austrian grenadiers, in defiance of the fire from the battery, bore down all opposition, mounted through the embrasures, and drove the Turks from their guns, while the rest of the army made such slaughter that the bodies of the slain rose in heaps around the redoubt. The routed forces driven on all sides from their intrenchments, retired into the plains, as if to form once more for the defense of their camp; but observing that the Austrians had gained the heights, and were advancing toward them in good order, they scattered and fled in every direction, leaving their camp, baggage, and ammunition at the mercy of the conquerors. The victory was complete by nine o'clock in the morning. The plunder of the infidels' camp, which resembled a large city, was given to the soldiers. This battle, which was fought on the 16th of August, 1717, cost the Turks 10,000 of their best troops, killed in the action, and 3,000 in the pursuit. About 5,000 were wounded, and nearly the same number were made prisoners. Within the Turkish camp and lines, were found 131 pieces of brass cannon, 30 mortars, and an immense quantity of powder, bullets, bombs, and grenades. Fifty-two colors, nine horse-tails, and other military trophies fell into the hands of the victors. The Austrians lost 3,000 men killed, among whom were Generals Hauben and Dalbery, and 4,500 wounded. But the Turkish troops had used their weapons to such purpose, that only 2,000 of the wounded Austrians recovered. In consequence of this great victory, Belgrade surrendered on the 19th, the garrison still consisting of more than 25,000, being allowed to walk out with all their effects. The fortifications of the town, toward the land, were in a most excellent state, and more than 400 pieces of cannon and mortars were found on the works, in the arsenals, and on board the flotilla on the Danube.

Belgrade remained twenty-two years in the hands of the Austrians. In 1739, it was given up to the Turks on condition that they would demolish its fortifications. But so important did the Austrians consider the place, that they again invested it in 1789, under Field Marshal Lundohn, who, in his approaches, availed himself of the old line of circumvallation, conducted by Prince Eugene, which the Turks had carelessly neglected to fill up. The suburbs were soon carried, sword in hand, and the garrison surrendered on honorable terms. About 300 pieces of artillery and vast military stores were found in the fortress on its capture.

In 1791, Belgrade was again restored to the Turks by the peace of Lestovi, and has since remained under their authority.

BELCHITE, A.D. 1809.—This town is in Spain, 22 miles south of Saragossa. On the

18th of June, 1809, an engagement took place near Belchite, between the French under Suchet, and Spaniards under General Blake, in which the French were victorious.

BELZYER.—See Warsaw.

BEMUS'S HEIGHTS.—See Stillwater.

BENDER, 1770–1809.—Bender in Russia, in the environs of which is Vamitza, the retreat of Charles XII. after the battle of Poltowa, was taken by the Russians in 1770; and was also stormed, and taken by the Russian troops in 1809.

BENEVENTO, A.D. 1266.—In the year 1266, a battle was fought near Benevento, in southern Italy, 32 miles N. E. of Naples, betwen the troops of Charles of Anjou, and those of Manfred, King of Naples. The army of the king was defeated with great loss, and Manfred was slain during the engagement.

BENNINGTON HEIGHTS, 1777.—Bennington in Vermont, is 117 miles south-west of Montpelier, the capital of that State, and is famous in the history of our country, as the spot near which a battle was fought on the 16th of August, 1777, between a detachment of Burgoyne's army, and that of the Americans.

The British army, in the month of August, 1777, was on its way from Skenesborough toward Fort Edward on the Hudson river, and Burgoyne found it highly difficult to obtain provisions for his soldiers. He knew that the Americans had accumulated a considerable quantity of provisions at Bennington, about twenty miles north-east of the Hudson, whence they were accustomed to send supplies to their army as occasion required, and he resolved to send a detachment thither for the purpose of surpising the place, and bringing off the provisions of the enemy. Accordingly he detached Lieutenant-colonel Baum, a German officer of great bravery, with about 500 troops, consisting of Hessians, Canadians, Tories, and Indians. Two hundred were admirable cavalry. Baum was ordered to scour the country from Rockingham to Otter creek; to descend the Connecticut river as far as Brattleborough; he was not to allow his regular troops to scatter, but to keep them always in a compact body; the front and rear of his column were to be protected against ambuscade, by light troops, and he was to return by the road to Albany, where he was to rejoin Burgoyne. He was also instructed to make prisoners of all officers, civil or military, acting under the Congress, and to tax the towns where they halted, with such articles as they wanted, and to seize on all such horses as were suitable for cavalry use, with as many saddles and bridles as could be found. The British general insisted that Baum should return with thirteen hundred horses, at least, and ordered that they should be "tied in strings of ten each, in order that one man might lead ten horses." "This redoubtable commander," says Dr. Thatcher, in his military journal, "must have been one of the happiest men of the age, to imagine such prodigious achievements were at his command; that such invaluable resources were within his grasp. But, alas! the wisest of men are liable to disappointments in their sanguine calculations, and to have their favorite projects frustrated by the causalties of war." This is remarkably verified in the present instance. In order to facilitate the movements of this detachment, Burgoyne moved his whole army down the river and encamped at a place nearly opposite Saratoga.

He thus held the American troops, under General Schuyler, who had intrenched themselves at Stillwater, in check, and prevented them from sending succor to Bennington. Burgoyne also sent Lieuteuant-colonel Breyman, with a regiment of Brunswick grenadiers and light infantry, toward Bennington, with directions to post himself at Batton Kill, in order, if necessary, to support Baum. On the 13th of August, Baum set forward on his march, advancing rapidly; but with the utmost caution. Bennington, at this time, was occupied by General Stark, with a small body of New Hampshire militia. On the evening of the 13th, Baum reached Cambridge, and near this place, an advanced body of Indians and Tories fell in with a party of Americans, who were escorting some cattle. The Americans received the attack of the enemy with a well-directed fire; but were forced to fly before superior numbers, leaving five prisoners and the cattle in the hands of the enemy. Toward evening the fugitives arrived at Bennington, and informed Stark that a large body of British and Indians were advancing directly toward the town. He immediately sent to Colonel Warner, who was stationed with his regiment at Manchester, to march to his assistance at once; and detached Lieutenant-colonel Gregg to oppose the advance of the enemy. He also called on the militia in the neighborhood, and the inhabitants flocked to his standard from all sides. After the arrival of Colonel Warner, at Bennington, the whole American army, including the militia, consisted of about 2,000 men. General Baum, perceiving that the Americans were too strong to be attacked by his present force, sent to Colonel Breyman, urging him to advance speedily to his succor. Meanwhile he posted his army on a height near a bend in the Walloomsloick river, about four miles from Bennington, where he commenced intrenching. Stark, learning of the strength of the British army, rallied his brigade, and on the morning of the 14th set forward with his

whole army, for the purpose of supporting Colonel Gregg. As the Americans advanced to within a mile of the enemy's position, they met Colonel Gregg retreating. Stark fell back about a mile, and prepared to give battle to the enemy the next day. The 15th of August was exceedingly rainy, and both armies remained inactive with the exception of an occasional skirmish between detached parties. During the night Stark was reinforced by a body of Berkshire militia under Colonel Symonds. Among these troops was the Rev. Mr. Allen, of Pittsfield, who was impatient to a degree to be led against the enemy. Early in the morning of the 16th, before daybreak, the belligerent parson approached Stark, and exclaimed, "General, the people of Berkshire have often been summoned out to fight, but have never had a chance yet, and if you do not allow them to fight now, they say they will never turn out again." "Well," replied Stark, "do you wish to march out now, while it is dark and rainy." "No; not just this moment," answered the warlike parson. "Then," returned Stark, "if the Lord shall once more give us sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to come out again."

The morning broke brightly and beautifully; the sun bathing the fresh landscape in a sea of golden light. Stark advanced within half a mile of the enemy, and carefully reconnoitered their position. He then proceeded to act upon the plan of attack, which he had formed during the night. Two hundred men, under Colonel Nichols, were detached with orders to follow a circuitous route, and attack the left wing of the enemy in the rear; 300 men under Colonel Herrick were sent to attack the rear of their right, and both officers were ordered to join their forces before making a general assault. Colonel Nichols marched up along the banks of a little stream that empties into the Walloomscoick, a short distance above the bridge, on the Bennington road, and gaining the rear of the enemy's left, at three o'clock in the afternoon furiously assailed the Hessians in their intrenchments. Simultaneous with this attack, Herrick fell upon the rear of the right wing of the enemy, and the battle at the two wings of the British army raged furiously. At the sound of the musketry, Stark advanced with the main body of his army. He reached the base of the hill on which the Hessians were intrenched, and saw the enemy on the slope of the heights and in the plain rapidly forming in battle array, while the intrenchments on the hill were covered with smoke, and the sharp rattle of musketry proved that the fight in that quarter was raging fiercely. "See, men, see!" shouted Stark, pointing to the enemy, "there are the red coats. Before night they are ours, or Molly Stark will be a widow!" This laconic speech was received by his soldiers with a shout which sent terror into the ranks of the loyalists, and the Americans rushing with the utmost impetuosity on the troops of the enemy which guarded the bridge, quickly drove them across the creek back on their very intrenchments. The Americans pursued eagerly, and ascending the steep acclivity, attacked the Hessians in their works. The Hessians, after a short resistance fled, and the Indians having abandoned the allies at the commencement of the affair, the whole weight of the battle fell on the gallant troops of Reidesel, who were under the direct command of Colonel Baum. In vain did the Americans endeavor to break their unyielding columns; they stood firm, and replied to the incessant volleys of the enemy with vigor, and finally having expended all their ammunition, they charged down upon the patriots with their swords. But received by a well directed volley, and an answering charge, which shattered their columns, and threw them into the utmost confusion, Baum vainly endeavored to rally his men; they turned their horses and fled in disorder across the plain, leaving their artillery and baggage behind. The Americans not caring to pursue, dispersed to gather the plunder.

At this moment Colonel Breyman with reinforcements for Baum, arrived. He had been detained on the road by the heavy rain, and, although he had urged his men forward with all possible speed, he did not arrive to take part in the action. He met the flying party of dragoons, who rallying, joined him, and with the whole force, he advanced toward the abandoned intrenchments on the height. Stark saw the danger at once. Galloping across the plain in various directions he strove to rally his men, but they were so much scattered that he could only collect a few of his forces before the enemy was upon him, and for the time being, the tide of victory seemed to have changed. But at this critical moment, Colonel Warner, who with his regiment, had left Bennington in the morning, arrived and vigorously attacked the rear of the British and Germans. The militia, that were scattered in quest of plunder, on hearing the report of the artillery, immediately rallied, and Stark thus reinforced, charged furiously into the faces of the enemy. The British, overpowered by numbers, fell back, fighting fiercely as they retreated, toward the Hoosick. The Americans pursued until darkness prevented them from distinguishing friend from foe, and then Stark reluctantly withdrew his troops. Seven hun-

dred of the royalists were made prisoners. "Another hour of daylight," said Stark, in his official report, "and I would have captured the whole of them." The royalists lost, in both engagements, 200 killed and 34 wounded, besides the prisoners. Among the prisoners was Colonel Baum, who was mortally wounded. He died shortly afterward. The total loss of the British was 934 men. The Americans lost in killed and wounded about 200. Four pieces of cannon, nearly 1,000 muskets, and 250 sabers fell into the hands of the victors. Stark for his bravery and skill evinced in this battle, was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general; and the thanks of Congress were tendered to General Stark, and the officers and troops under his command, for their brave and successful attack upon and signal victory over the enemy on this occasion. The victory was of the utmost importance. It prevented Burgoyne from securing supplies for his troops, and was one of the causes which compelled him to make that disastrous movement that finally led to the surrender of his whole army at Saratoga.

BERESINA, A.D. 1812.—The Beresina, a river of Russia in Europe, rises in the district of Dessna, which it traverses from north to south, and falls into the Dnieper, a little below Ritchitza.

The broken remnants of Napoleon's once magnificent army, on their retreat from Moscow, approached the river Beresina. They were surrounded on all sides by the Russian troops, who, exasperated to madness by the invasion of their country, seemed determined to exterminate the army of the French emperor. Napoleon sent Oudinot forward to defend the bridge of Borrissou, the only passage over the river, and confidently expecting that his orders had been fulfilled, he continued to advance. But on the 23d of November, 1812, the advanced guard of the Russian army was met by the van-guard of Oudinot. The Russians were defeated with a loss of above 1000 men; but in their flight across the river they destroyed the bridge of Borrissou. Napoleon's situation was now indeed critical. Before him, on the further bank of a wide and deep river, stood a powerful enemy, with heavy artillery, awaiting his arrival to dispute his passage, while behind him threatened an immense host, hastening onward to his destruction. On the 24th of November the army approached the Beresina. And now were drawn up on either side of that river, two armies of different aspects. The French soldiers, squalid, unshorn, without uniforms, wrapped in blankets, female garments, and rags, presented a striking contrast to the well-clothed, and well-fed Russian troops on the opposite shore. Napoleon gazed anxiously across the river. An army of 30,000 men, were drawn up to dispute his passage, and thirty pieces of cannon frowned from the broken parapets of the destroyed bridge. The river full of broken ice presented apparently an insurmountable barrier to his progress. But Napoleon was not disheartened. To conceal his real intentions he endeavored to deceive the enemy as to his real point of passage. He even went so far as to make considerable preparations for a bridge lower down the river, as if he designed to effect a passage there. In the mean time he collected his forces on the heights of Borrissou, and finding that the enemy were attracted by his demonstrations further down the river, under the cover of a battery of forty pieces he began, on the night of the 25th, to throw two bridges over the river, nearly opposite Studienka. The task was arduous, surrounded by every difficulty. But nothing could arrest the French engineers. All night they toiled in the cold water; while the cavalry of General Carbineau swam across the river to drive back the Russian detachments which were beginning to collect on the opposite shore. The enemy were defeated; and the bridge for infantry, by the incredible exertions of the French engineers, was completed by daybreak, and a brigade of infantry was soon transported in safety to the opposite shore.

In the morning of the 26th, the French, who had passed a sleepless night, watching the Russian forces, beheld with astonishment, their bivouacs deserted, and their batteries in retreat, at the very time the bridge was beginning to acquire consistency. Tchaplitz, who commanded the Russian troops on the western side of the river, had been ordered, that very night, to march further down the river, to resist the attack which was anticipated in that quarter. Soon, however, Tchaplitz was informed of the real movements of the French. He made all haste to return; but he found the French advance guard so firmly established, that it was impossible to dislodge them from their position. The French soon completed a second bridge, for the passage of the carriages and artillery: fifty pieces of cannon, besides the artillery of the whole corps, defiled in a short time to the western bank. Oudinot's corps was transported across, and the Russians were driven back to the thickets at a distance from the river. Now Napoleon found himself master of the important defiles that lead to Zembia; and the passage of the Beresina was secured to his army. After repeated advices from Tchaplitz, Tchichagoff, the Russian general, who during these critical operations was lying with the main body of his

forces at Chabochwiezi, at length became convinced that the passage was in reality commenced at Studienka; and made all haste to march his army in that direction. In the meantime, Wittgenstein, commander of the Russian forces in the rear of Napoleon's army, attempted to march directly to Studienka, in order to destroy the rear guard on the left bank; but the state of the roads compelled him to relinquish that project, and he marched toward Staroi-Borissou, in the hope either to cut off Victor, if he had not yet passed that place, or to follow him up in the direction of Studienka. Victor's corps was extended along the left bank of the river as far as Borrissou, which was occupied by General Partonneaux, with a strong division. Napoleon's whole army consisted of 70,000 men; and his united artillery amounted to 250 pieces. But of his men 40,000 only were perfectly armed and in good fighting condition. During the whole of the 27th, the French army continued to pass over the river. Victor's corps gradually approached the bridge; but the division of Partonneaux, which formed his rear guard, remained in Borissou, and was commanded not to move along the Staroi-Borissou till six in the evening. But before that hour, Wittgenstein's force firmly established themselves across the great road, completely cutting off all communication between the French and the river. Partonneaux, finding his progress interrupted by so formidable a force, determined to cut his way through. The French advanced gallantly to the charge; but the overwhelming number of the enemy, overpowered them, and they were driven back with great loss. At that moment Platoff came up with his Cossacks, and cut off the retreat of the French to Borrissou. Surrounded on all sides by enemies, Partonneaux at length was obliged to capitulate. On the morning of the 28th, the Russians began a general attack on the French, on both sides of the river. Marshal Oudinot's corps, which had crossed the river the previous day, was fiercely assailed by the army of Tchaplitz. The French, however, fighting with the courage of despair, drove back the enemy at all quarters, and fully protected the bridge on that bank of the river. In the meantime, Wittgenstein, with 40,000 men, commenced a vigorous attack on the corps of Victor, which numbered about 25,000. An obstinate and bloody struggle ensued. At length the Russian general, Diebitch, established a battery of 12 pieces, so far in advance as to command the bridge, and the confused masses of soldiers, chariots, and baggage wagons, which were assembled in its vicinity. Soon he opened upon them a furious and incessant discharge which told with terrible effect upon the masses of living flesh. Then came a spectacle unparalleled in the history of war. The whole crowd of French soldiers, rushed toward the bridges, crushing each other, and blockading the passage in their efforts to get over. The loud rattle of the musketry of Victor's gallant corps, as they strove to cover the retreat of the bleeding army, and the roar of the Russian guns, which, steadily advancing, and forming in a semicircle, pouring death and destruction upon the struggling masses on the bridge, mingled with the fierce shouts of the Russians, who were burning with an ardent desire to annihilate their enemies, and the hoarse screams of the retreating French, created a chaos of sounds which added to the terrors of the day. In the midst of all this confusion the artillery bridge broke, and the crowd upon it, hurled forward by those behind, were precipitated into the water, and died miserably. Cavalry, artillery, and infantry now rushed promiscuously to the other bridge. Soon this was also choked up by the struggling masses. The Russian batteries vomited forth upon them a pitiless and incessant storm of iron. Thousands died upon the bridge, beneath this withering tempest; thousands were crushed beneath the feet of their companions, and thousands were hurled from the bridge, and perished miserably amid the masses of ice which were floating on the surface of the river. Yet onward struggled that frantic throng of men, women, and children; and in that struggle was exhibited every passion of our nature. Fear, rage, cruelty, selfishness, generosity, love, and pity, were mingled together. The coward, made brave by his fears, drew his own sword upon his comrades, and endeavored to hew a path for himself through the mass, until he was seized and precipitated into the water by those whom he assailed. The strong crushing along, heedless of the weak, trampled them down.

But in bright and glorious contrast to such baseness, stand the heroism and unselfishness of thousands of noble men, who, casting aside all thoughts of their own peril, endeavored to preserve the young and tender. Soldiers, seizing infants from dying mothers, vowed, with scalding tears, to cherish them as their own. Privates sacrificed their lives to preserve their officers, while officers harnessed themselves to sledges to extricate their wounded soldiers. During the whole of this fearful day, Victor, with his rear guard, had nobly sustained the arduous duty of protecting the passage. Toward evening, when nearly the whole French army were over, he gave orders to retreat, for the time had arrived when he should save his army, if ever. When he arrived at the entrance of the bridge, masses

were still struggling upon it. Stern necessity compelled his troops to open a passage for themselves through the helpless multitude. In vain did he endeavor to persuade them to pass over to the opposite shore. Despair and misery had rendered them incapable of the exertion. At length the morning dawned. The Russian troops approached the bridge. Victor's troops passed over to the opposite shore. Again did he entreat the multitude on the opposite shore to follow him. They heeded him not. Reluctantly the French marshal commanded the bridge to be set on fire. And now, when the flames arose, a frightful cry came up from those who had remained behind. Too late were they awakened to the horrors of their situation. Multitudes rushed across the burning bridge; but to avoid a horrible death by fire, they chose one almost as terrible, by leaping into the river. The others watched the receding lines of their countrymen, and when they disappeared, remained sitting on the shore in hopeless despondency, until death ended their miseries. In the spring, when the ice dissolved, 12,000 dead bodies were found along the banks of the river Beresina. After crossing the river, the French army, now reduced to 50,000 men, marched in disorderly and detached groups along the road to Wilna.

BERGEN, A.D. 1759.—Bergen is a town in the electorate of Hesse, three miles northeast of Frankfort. A bloody battle was fought here on the 13th of April, 1759, in the Seven Years' War, between the French and the allies, in which the latter were defeated. On the 19th of September, 1799, the allies were again defeated by the French, near Bergen, and in another battle, fought October 2d, 1799, the allies were again defeated by the French, before Alkmær.—*See Alkmær.*

BERGEN-OP-ZOOM, A.D. 1585.—This strongly-fortified town of Holland is situated on the left bank of the E. Schelder. It is not only strongly fortified, but is surrounded by marshes which render access to it very difficult.

This celebrated fortified place has been several times besieged. The Spaniards attacked it in 1585, when it was defended by Morgan, an intelligent and brave English captain. The Duke of Parma, knowing all the difficulties of the undertaking, thought to abridge them by attempting to win over two English officers, who passed for being not very delicate. These two soldiers discovered the duke's proposals to their commander, who ordered them to carry on the negotiations. They went into the enemy's camp; and a detachment of 4,000 men was intrusted to their guidance, to take possession of the place. They marched at the head of them, between two soldiers, who had orders to poniard them if they were treacherous, or if they did not introduce them into the citadel. They did, in fact, introduce them; but scarcely had forty men passed through the gate, when the portcullis was let down. The Spaniards who were within Bergen-op-Zoom did not dare to kill their guides, while the artillery of the place opened its thunders upon the detachment under the walls. The dishonor and defeat of this day both fell to the Spaniards, who, degenerating from Castilian valor, were taken in their own snare.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1622.—The court of Madrid had placed at the head of 60,000 men the famous Spinola. This general, to carry out the intentions of his master, entered the territories of Holland, and presented himself before Bergen-op-Zoom. The Spaniards took their posts, erected their batteries, thundered against the ramparts, gave many assaults, and caused the timid among the besieged to tremble; but the Prince of Orange having thrown in succors, the besiegers retired on the 2d of October, with the loss of 10,000 men, after two months of useless efforts, leaving Bergen-op-Zoom her glorious title of a *Maiden City.*

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1747.—During more than a century this *Maiden* remained intact, but in October, 1747, she was deprived of the proud title by the illustrious and impetuous Lowendahl. In order not to lose the fruits of the memorable day of Lanfeld, Louis XV. commanded the siege of this important place. In describing it, we will avail ourselves of the words of Voltaire:—

"Siege was laid to Bergen-op-Zoom, a place esteemed impregnable, less because the celebrated and ingenious Cohorn had there displayed all his art, than from its being constantly supplied with all it could want by the Scheld, which forms an arm of the sea behind it. In addition to these defenses and a numerous garrison, there were lines near the fortifications, and in those lines a body of troops, which might at any moment assist the city. Of all the sieges ever undertaken, this was, perhaps, the most difficult. The Count de Lowendahl, who had already taken a part of Dutch Brabant, was charged with this enterprise. The allies and the French, the besieged and the besiegers, were all equally of opinion that the undertaking would fail; Lowendhal was almost the only person who reckoned upon success. The allies neglected nothing: the garrison was reinforced; succors, provisions, and munitions, were thrown in from the Scheld; the artillery was well served; the besieged made frequent sorties; the troops from the lines were constant in their attacks, and mines were sprung in several places. The diseases to which the besiegers were subjected, from being en-

camped in an unhealthy spot, materially seconded the resistance of the city. These contagious maladies placed more than 20,000 men *hors de combat;* but that deficiency was soon filled up.

"At length, after three weeks of open trenches, the Count de Lowendahl made it apparent that there are occasions on which the rules of art may be exceeded. The breaches were not yet practicable. There were three works scarcely commenced—the ravelin of Edem and two bastions, one of which was called the Cohorn, and the other the Pucelle. The general determined to give the assault at all these three points at the same time, and to carry the city.

"The French, in pitched battles, often meet with their equals, and sometimes with their masters in military discipline; but they have none in those bold strokes and rapid enterprises, in which impetuosity, agility, and ardor, overcome all obstacles. The troops were ordered to assemble in profound silence, toward the middle of the night; the besieged imagined themselves in perfect safety. The French descend into the fosses, and go straight to the three breaches; twelve grenadiers only render themselves masters of the Fort of Edem, kill all who attempt to defend themselves, and compel the terrified remainder to lay down their arms. The bastions of La Pucelle and Cohorn are assailed and carried with the same spirit. The troops mount in crowds. Every thing is carried; they push on to the ramparts, and there form: they then enter the city with fixed bayonets. The Marquis de Luzeac seizes the port gate; the commander of the fortress of this port surrenders to him at discretion: all the other forts do the same. The aged Baron de Cromstron, who commanded in the city, flies away toward the lines. The Prince of Hesse Philipstadt endeavors to make some resistance in the streets with two regiments, one Scotch and the other Swiss; but they are cut to pieces. The remainder of the garrison flies toward the lines, and carries terror to the body to which they look for protection. All fly; arms, provisions, and baggage, everything is abandoned: the city is given up as legitimate plunder to the conquering soldiers.

"A seizure was made, in the name of the king, of seventeen large vessels lying in the port, laden with munitions of all kinds, and provisions, which the cities of Holland had sent to the besieged. Upon the chests which contained them there was printed in large characters, To THE INVINCIBLE GARRISON OF BERGEN-OP-ZOOM. Louis XV., on learning the news of this event, made the Count de Lowendahl a marshal of France. The surprise of London was great, but the consternation of the United Provinces was extreme. The army of the allies was discouraged."

The Count de Lowendahl, in the letter he wrote the day after the capture to Marshal de Saxe, estimated his loss at 400 men only, and that of the enemy at 5,000.

In 1794 Bergen-op-Zoom was again besieged by the French and taken. On the 8th of March, 1814, the British under Graham, endeavored to carry the fortress by storm; but they were defeated. After forcing an entrance their retreat was cut off, and a dreadful slaughter ensued, nearly all of the storming party being cut to pieces or made prisoners.

BERWICK, A.D. 1296. — This strongly fortified town and seaport of England, is situated on the north-east extremity of the kingdom on the north bank of the Tweed, and close to its mouth, 300 miles north of London. It was the theater of many bloody contests between the English and Scots; and while England and Scotland remained two kingdoms was always claimed by the Scots as belonging to them, because it stood on their side of the river. In the year 1296 it was taken by the English by assault, and the garrison, 7,000 strong, was put to the sword. After being taken and retaken several times, it was finally ceded to England in 1502. In 1648 the town surrendered to Cromwell, and afterward to General Monk. Since the union of the crowns (1603), the fortifications, which were formerly very strong, have been much neglected.

BILBOA, A.D. 1836.—This seaport town of Spain, was in 1836 invested by the chartists under Villanoe, and was in considerable danger, when it was delivered by the defeat of the besiegers, by Espartero, assisted by several British ships of war. On the 25th of December, the day after the defeat of the besiegers, Espartero entered Bilboa in triumph. The chartist general, Don Thomas Zumalacarregui, was wounded here, June 10th, 1835, and died eight days after at Cegama.

BLACKHEATH, A.D. 1497. — On the plains of Blackheath, in the vicinity of London, on the 22d of June, 1497, the Cornish rebels, 16,000 strong, were defeated by Danburcy, commander of the king's forces. The rebels made but slight resistance. Lord Audley, Flammoe, and Joseph, their leaders, were taken and all three executed. The rebels being surrounded on all sides by the king's troops, were almost all made prisoners, and immediately dismissed without punishment. About 3,000 perished on the field.

BLACK ROCK, A.D. 1813.—On the 11th of July, 1813, a detachment of the British army, under Colonel Bishop, 250 strong, suddenly crossed the Niagara river from Fort Erie, to Black Rock, a small village about

two miles from Buffalo, N. Y., and driving out the American militia at that place, destroyed the stores. The news of the arrival of Bishop reached Buffalo, and a few American regulars, with some friendly Indians, hastened to Black Rock and attacked the invaders, who were forced to retreat, with the loss of their commander, who was slain in the skirmish.

BLADENSBURG, A.D. 1814.—The village of Bladensburg, in Prince George county, Maryland, was, in the year 1814, the scene of a shameful defeat of the Americans by the British. Commodore Barney, with a few marines, made an obstinate resistance to the British; but, deserted by the militia, and surrounded by superior numbers, he was overpowered and obliged to surrender. *See Washington.*

BLENHEIM, A.D. 1704.—Blenheim is a small village of Bavaria, on the Danube. It has been rendered famous in history by the great and decisive battle which was fought in its vicinity on August 2d, 1704, between the English and Dutch on the one side, and the French and Bavarians on the other.

The English and Dutch army, commanded by the Duke of Marlborough and the Prince Eugene, consisted of 52,000 men. The French and Bavarians under Marshal Tallard numbered 60,000 men. Their right wing, which was covered by the Danube and the village of Blenheim, was commanded by Marshal Tallard in person. Their left, defended by the village of Lutzengen, was commanded by the Duke of Bavaria, and as his second in command, General Marsin an experienced Frenchman. In the front of their position, there ran a rivulet, which served in a great measure to defend them from attack in that quarter. Thus strongly posted the French general awaited Marlborough's attack. A severe cannonade commenced in the morning about 9 o'clock, and continued for three hours. Then the troops marched to the attack, the right wing commanded by Eugene, and the left, which was opposed to Marshal Tallard, headed by Marlborough. As soon as he had crossed the rivulet he attacked the French cavalry with great vehemence, and as Tallard was at that time inspecting the position of his troops on the left, his cavalry fought for some time without a commander; but when he learned that they had been attacked by Marlborough, he hastened to put himself at their head. They had already been twice repulsed, but as often rallied. At this moment he endeavored to bring a large body of the troops stationed in Blenheim to the charge, but they were attacked with such force by a detachment of British troops, that all their efforts to render any assistance to the main body were unavailing, and they were forced to retire from the position which they occupied. Marlborough now ordered his troops to attack the French cavalry in flank, and with such effect was his brilliant charge executed that they were totally routed. The English troops continued to penetrate through the French line, overthrowing every obstacle, till they had completely separated Marshal Tallard from his left wing. He, seeing the desperate state of affairs, proceeded to rally some of his troops, but being near-sighted, he mistook a detachment of Hessian troops in English pay, for his own, and was taken prisoner by them. On the right, Eugene had for a long time been endeavoring to force the Duke of Bavaria's position; he had already charged it three times, and as often had been repulsed. He renewed his charge with increased vigor, and so irresistible was it, that the enemy broke and fled in confusion. The officers lost all control of their men, and there was no general to preserve an orderly retreat. Marlborough and Eugene now surrounded the village of Blenheim, where were posted 13,000 men, who had maintained their ground during the action. These troops, seeing all means of retreat cut off, and the overwhelming numbers opposed to them, laid down their arms and surrendered as prisoners of war. The victory was now complete. The French and Bavarians lost 12,000 killed, and 13,000 prisoners, with their general, Tallard. The loss of the allies was about 5,000 killed, and 8,000 wounded or taken prisoners.

BLOREHEATH, A.D. 1459.—On the 23d of September, 1459, the second battle between the forces of York and Lancaster was fought at Bloreheath in the county of Stafford, England. The Lancasterian army consisted of about 10,000 men, and was commanded by Lord Audley. The Yorkists, not so numerous, were under the command of the Earl of Salisbury. Salisbury, at the advance of the enemy, caused his men to fall back as if in full retreat. The royalists pursued in confusion, and as soon as one half of them had crossed a rapid torrent, the fugitives turned, and fell on the pursuers with such fury that they were soon put to flight with great slaughter. Audley, with over 2,000 men, was slain; and Lord Dudley, with many knights and esquires, was made a prisoner.

BLUE LICKS, 1782.—The battle at the Blue Licks in Nicholas county, Kentucky, took place on the 19th of August, 1782. A strong body of Indians, commanded by the notorious Simon Girty, having committed various depredations in the neighborhoods, the inhabitants finally resolved to pursue and punish them. Daniel Boone, with a number

of men from Boonesborough; Trigg with a party from Harrodsburg, and Todd with a company from Lexington, united their forces at Bryant's Station, about five miles north-east of Lexington. The whole army consisted of 132 men, and on the 18th, they advanced in pursuit of the enemy. The number of the Indians was more than two hundred; but the little band of white men determined to rid the country of the Indians, and expecting to receive reinforcements from General Logan at Lincoln, within twenty four hours, marched all night, and on the following morning came within sight of the enemy at the lower Blue Licks. The Indians were ascending the opposite bank of the river; and the Kentuckians, holding a council of war, determined, with a few exceptions, to await the arrival of Logan before making an attack. Major McGarry, however, impatient and impetuous, urged his horse into the water, and waving his hat, cried out, "Let all who are not cowards follow me!" The Kentuckians, stimulated by this example, madly dashed, both horse and foot, into the water, and pushed, in disorder, through a deep ford to the opposite shore. Ascending the bank, they rushed forward in pursuit of the enemy, and—as Boone had suggested at the council—fell into an ambuscade which the Indians had prepared for them. As they advanced at a rapid pace, suddenly, as if by magic, they were surrounded by Indians, who sprang up from behind bush and tree, and poured deadly volleys into the Kentuckians who were standing upon a barren and elevated spot of ground between two bushy ravines. The Kentuckians fought with the ferocity of tigers; but the Indians, greatly superior in numbers, closed around them, and finally fell into their midst with tomahawk and knife, striking to right and left until the ground was strewn with the slain, and reeking with blood. Most of the Kentucky leaders, including a son of Daniel Boone, were slain. The Indians, extending their line, endeavored to cut off the retreat of the survivors. But the horsemen, turning, dashed through the enemy, and made good their escape; the footmen were slain almost to a man. A great number of the fugitives on foot were killed at the ford, and the water of the river was crimsoned with their gore. Those who succeeded in gaining the opposite shore, dived into the thickets, and by various paths escaped to Bryant's Station.

BOADICEA, A.D. 61.—Notwithstanding the defeat of the Britons at the battle of Shropshire, they were not totally subdued by the Romans. They resolved, by a general insurrection, to free themselves from that state of abject servitude to which they were reduced by the Romans. They had many motives to aggravate their resentment; the greatness of their taxes, which were levied with unremitting severity; the cruel insolence of their conquerors, who reproached that very poverty which they had caused; but particularly the cruel treatment of Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, drove them at last to open rebellion. Prastagus, King of the Iceni, at his death, had bequeathed one half of his dominions to the Romans and the other to his daughters; thus hoping by a sacrifice of a part to secure the rest in his family. But it had a different effect; for the Roman procurator immediately took possession of the whole, and when Boadicea, the widow of the deceased, attempted to remonstrate, he ordered her to be scourged like a slave, and violated the chastity of her daughters. These outrages were sufficient to produce a revolt throughout the whole island. The Iceni, being the most deeply interested in the quarrel, were the first to take arms; all the other states soon followed the example, and Boadicea, a woman of great beauty and masculine spirit, was appointed to head the common forces, which amounted to 230,000 fighting men. These, exasperated by their wrongs, attacked several of the Roman settlements and colonies with success. Paulinus, the Roman general, hastened to relieve London, which was already a flourishing settlement; but found on his arrival that it would be requisite for the general safety to abandon that place to the merciless fury of the enemy. London, therefore, was soon reduced to ashes; such of the inhabitants as remained in it, were massacred; and the Romans, with all other strangers, to the number of 70,000, were cruelly put to the sword. Flushed with these successes, the Britons no longer sought to avoid the enemy, but boldly came to the place where Paulinus awaited their arrival, posted in a very advantageous position with a body of 10,000 men. The battle was very obstinate and bloody, Boadicea herself appeared in a chariot, with her two daughters, and harangued her troops with masculine firmness, but the irregular and undisciplined bravery of her soldiers was unable to resist the cool intrepidity of the Romans. Her army was routed with great slaughter; 80,000 perished in the field, and an infinite number were made prisoners. Boadicea, herself, fearing to fall into the hands of the enraged victor, put an end to her own life, by poison.—*Goldsmith.*

BOMMEL, A.D. 1599.—Bommel is situated on the Wahal, in the Netherlands, and withstood a siege in 1599, which is interesting, both on account of its forming part of the noble struggle which rescued the Netherlands from the dominion of the Spaniards,

and from the fact that at this siege one of the great scientific operations of war was first brought into use.

The Spaniards having penetrated, in 1599, into the island of Bommel, formed by the Wahal, in the duchy of Gueldres, hastened to lay siege to the capital city of that island. Prince Maurice came to its succor, with the greater part of his army. He encamped on the opposite bank of the Wahal, reinforced the garrison with 1000 men, and, with great rapidity, threw two bridges over the river, above and below the besieged city; the first, destined for the infantry, was but a collection of little barks; but the second, for the cavalry, was composed of large pontoons, and was wide enough for the passage of two chariots abreast. Having completed this operation he ordered 3,000 infantry and 400 horse, whom he charged most particularly with the defense of Bommel, to cross over into the island. This place being too small for such a numerous garrison, it was lodged without, and immediately covered itself with a good intrenchment, well flanked with redoubts, and defended by a wide ditch. This intrenchment furnished the first model of what has since been called the *covered way*. This happy invention contributed much to the failure of the Spanish expedition. They had not yet perfected their intrenchments, when the Dutch artillery, established on the banks of the Wahal, the fire of the armed barks, and that of the place, thundered all at once against their ramparts. The Spaniards, however, after many efforts, succeeded in sheltering themselves from this multiplied tempest; they raised good intrenchments, they placed cannon in battery, and began to assail in earnest both the city and the intrenched camp. The besieged did not oppose a less number of works or less courage to the Spanish attacks. Toward the end of May, the garrison of Bommel fell all at once upon every one of the enemy's quarters; it might have been supposed that they came to fight a regular battle, and not to clear out trenches or overthrow works. Both sides fought with the greatest resolution; but at length the resistance of the Spaniards disheartened the Dutch, and they retreated after a contest of three hours. They returned to the charge the following night, persuaded that they should surprise the besiegers. They succeeded in the first moments; but the Spaniards having recovered themselves, the Dutch were obliged to abandon their attack. Three days after, they perseveringly made fresh efforts, which proved likewise unfortunate. Fatigued with their endeavors to overcome so many obstacles and such obstinate enemies, the Spaniards, finding they made no considerable progress, determined to raise the siege toward the end of June, after having lost 2,000 men.—*Robson.*

BORODINO, A.D. 1812.—Borodino is a small village of Russia in Europe, on the Kolatza, ten miles west from Mojaisk.

Napoleon, with an immense army, was marching through a barren and almost uninhabited country toward Moscow. As he approached that city he saw that a battle with the enemy was at hand, and he gave three days' rest to his army. He ordered a general muster-roll to be called of his troops along the whole line, and warned his detachments that, if they did not join their respective corps, they would lose the honor of the approaching conflict. At the same time, orders were dispatched to the parks of reserve ammunition to advance; to the artillery to have their pieces in the best order; to the cavalry to refresh their horses, and to the soldiers to sharpen their sabers and examine the locks of their muskets. Mean while the Russians took post at Borodino. The little stream of the Kolatza, flowing in a rocky dell, covered the right of the line as far as the village of Borodino, which stood in the center of the position on an elevated ridge. On the left, the army extended to the village of Semenowskoie, and the approach to it, though of easier access, was intersected by broken ravines, which promised to embarrass the movements of the enemy. To aid the advantages of nature, intrenchments were hastily thrown up by the Russian army on some parts of their line; a wood on the right was strengthened by some field-works; and in the center, on the sloping banks of the Kolatza, two heavy batteries were placed; while between the center and the left, where the position was most accessible, a great redoubt was erected on a height which commanded the whole plain in front of the army. On the extreme left three other batteries were placed, to aid by their cross fire the great redoubt; while, at the distance of 900 toises in front of the line, another redoubt was erected on an eminence to retard the advances of the attacking army. On the 5th of September, 1812, the French army, in three great columns, passed the vast and gloomy convent of Kolotskoi, without meeting an enemy; but as it approached the destined field, clouds of Cossacks were seen traversing the plain, and behind them the Russian army drawn up in battle array, presenting a brilliant and formidable appearance. At this sight the advanced guard halted, and Napoleon, instantly coming forward to an eminence in the front, surveyed the position of the enemy with the eye of a conqueror, and fixed, with the rapidity of lightning, on the points of attack. The first object was to seize the redoubt in front of the position,

where Prince Gorczakoff commanded 10,000 men, supported by twelve pieces of heavy artillery.

An attack was immediately ordered, and Murat, with a large body of cavalry, the divisions of Campans, and the corps of Prince Poniatowsky advanced toward the redoubt. The French infantry boldly approached to within twenty yards of the redoubt; the cannon on both sides vomited forth grape-shot on their opponents, and the fearless combatants stood firmly at that short distance discharging musketry at each other. At length the 57th French infantry fiercely assaulted the redoubt, and after a bloody struggle carried it; but the Russians obstinately returned to the charge, and during the evening it was taken and retaken three times. At length, however, the French firmly established themselves in the important position. Both armies now took up their positions, and the fires of the bivouacs were lighted. The French fires scattered here and there upon the field gleamed through the darkness of the night, and presented an animated appearance; while the Russian camp-fires, arranged in a huge semicircle, blazed up as it were in one immense flame, illuminating the half of the heavens with an unearthly luster. Nearly the whole night Napoleon labored incessantly, dispatching orders and asking questions. At length, toward morning, the French emperor, after assuring himself by the moving shadow, which surrounded the Russian watch-fires, that the enemy remained firm on the ground they had chosen, was prevailed upon to take a few hours of necessary repose. During the whole night the French camp presented a scene of busy activity; the soldiers repaired their arms, and the officers, sleepless from anxiety, walked hastily through the cold air, watching the Russian position to see whether a retreat was commencing. The Russian camp was silent; their watch-fires burned steadily throughout the night: morning alone extinguished their bivouacs.

At dawn the Russian army was discovered in their original position, and as it became evident that a general battle was to take place, a universal feeling of joy pervaded the French troops. Both officers and soldiers were animated to the highest pitch, and the impatience of the men to begin the battle, evinced itself in a general murmur throughout their lines. The emperor quitted his tent at day-break, and advancing into the midst of the circle of officers, who awaited his approach, mounted on horseback, and, riding to the heights in front, he surveyed the whole of the Russian position. The weakness of the left, made him resolve to make the principal effort at that point, and against the redoubt in the center. While he was gazing, the sun, breaking through a fog, appeared in cloudless splendor. "It is the sun of Austerlitz!" exclaimed Napoleon, and immediately the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the shouts of the soldiers echoed through the plain. The following proclamation was read to the troops: "Soldiers, the battle is at hand which you have so long desired: henceforth the victory depends on yourselves. It has become necessary, and will give you abundance, good winter-quarters, and a speedy return to your homes! Conduct yourselves as you did at Austerlitz, Friedland, Witepsk and Smolensko, and let the remotest posterity recount your actions on this day; let your countrymen say of you all, 'He was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'" The enthusiasm of the troops knew no bounds; a universal shout of joyful approbation filled the air, and penetrated even to the Russian camp. The Russian commanders employed the most powerful means to animate the courage of their troops. On the evening of the 6th, a procession of clergy, arrayed in religious robes, and bearing an image, to which miraculous powers were supposed to belong, passed through the whole lines of the army. The soldiers knelt as it passed, and mingled their voices with the chants of the priests, in prayers for victory. The priests bestowed their blessings on the prostrate army, and all, officers and men, felt penetrated by the resolution to conquer in the defense of their country, or to die in the attempt. Shortly afterward the Russian general, Kutusoff, preceded by an adored image, and accompanied by his entire staff, rode along the front of the line, and immediately afterward the following proclamation was read to the troops: "Brothers in arms! Before you, in that image, the object of your pious regard, you see an appeal addressed to heaven to join its aid to that of men against the tyrant who disturbs the universe. Not content with destroying millions of human beings, the images of God, that arch rebel against all laws, human and divine, has penetrated with an armed force into our sanctuaries, defiled them with blood, overturned our altars, and exposed the ark of the Lord, consecrated in that holy image of our church, to the desolation of the elements, and the profanation of impious hands. Fear not, therefore, that the Almighty, who has called the reptile from the dust by his power, should not be with you. Fear not that he will refuse to extend the buckler over your ranks, and to combat his enemy with the sword of St. Michael. It is in that being that I set out to combat, to conquer—if needs be, to die; assured that my eyes shall behold vic-

tory. Soldiers! perform your duties: think of your cities in flames; of your children, who implore your protection; think of your emperor, who considers you as the strength of his arm; and to-morrow, before the sun has set, you will have traced your fidelity and faith on the soil of your country, with the blood of the aggressors."

The Russian force was 132,000 men, with 640 pieces of artillery. The French army consisted of 133,000 men, of whom 30,000 were cavalry, and they brought into the field 590 pieces of cannon. Napoleon resolved to attack from the right by *echelon*, and disposed his masses to act accordingly. On the extreme right Poniatowsky was placed on the old road to Smolensko; next to him, three divisions of Davoust, 30,000 strong, stood near the redoubt, carried on the evening of the 5th; and on his left, Ney's corps was stationed, with Junot's directly in his rear, between the redoubt and the stream of the Kolatza; the heavy cavalry of the reserve was behind the wood on one side of the captured redoubt, while the whole Imperial Guard, also in reserve, was on the other. Morland and Gerard's divisions of Davoust's corps were placed on the left of Ney and Junot, under the orders of Eugene, whose corps, with the heavy cavalry of Grouchy, formed the extreme left of the line. Thus the great bulk of the French army was concentrated around the captured redoubt, within cannon-shot of whose batteries 80,000 veterans and 300 guns were accumulated, and it was easy to see that there the principal efforts of Napoleon were to be made. While these vast preparations were going on, in the French lines, the Russians, on their part, were making every thing ready to oppose to them a most vigorous resistance. The great road from Smolensko to Moscow ran perpendicularly through the center of their position: on its right, Bugawouth and Ostermann occupied the plateau which bordered the Kolatza; the second next the road, the first on the extreme right. On the left of Ostermann, and on the left also of the road, the massy columns of Doctoroff extended as far as the great redoubt, with the defense of which his left was charged. Beyond the redoubt, Rajewskoi lay with his right resting on that bulwark, and his left on the village of Semenowskoie; while the corps of Borosdin and division of Newerofskoie, on an eminence, stretched beyond it to the woods occupied by skirmishing parties; beyond which, on the extreme left, opposite to Poniatowsky, Touczkoff had taken a position at the village of Uliza, on the old road to Smolensko, with his own corps, and the militia of Moscow, which were placed under his orders. The Imperial Guard was in reserve, behind the center. The whole of the cavalry was drawn up in a third line in rear of the infantry, with the exception of one corps, which was on the extreme right near the Moskwa, while the formidable artillery lined the whole front of the position.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 7th of September, a cannon fired from one of the batteries of General Sorbier, announced the commencement of the battle. The French columns advanced in *echelon*, with the right, under Davoust, in front. Steadily onward moved their masses, under cover of their artillery, without flinching, notwithstanding the incessant discharge of all arms upon them from the Russian position. On through a tempest of grape-shot and round shell, marched those gallant troops. The slaughter committed on their ranks was terrible. Several generals, as they hurried over the plain or toiled at the foot of the intrenchments, were slain, and Davoust had a horse killed under him. Yet onward rolled the moving masses, toward the flaming line which marked the position of the enemy's batteries. General Campans was severely wounded, at the head of his division; Rapp, who succeeded him in command, soon shared the same fate; Dessaix, who succeeded Rapp, also was struck down, and Davoust himself injured by a contusion, received in the fall of his horse, was, for a short time, disabled. At length the redoubts on the left were carried; but the second line of Russians, hastening furiously to the charge, immediately retook them. The combat which ensued was fearful, and the slaughter on either side terrible. Kutusoff, soon perceived that his left wing could not long withstand the repeated attacks which Napoleon directed against it. He therefore moved the corps of Bugawouth from the right of the army, to its support.

During this fierce conflict, Ney, impatient for the fight, was still inactive in the center. At length the moment arived for him to support the left of Davoust; the orders to attack the redoubts were given; the drums beat, and Ney's three divisions precipitated themselves to the charge, preceded by 70 pieces of cannon, and Murat prepared to aid them with 10,000 of his redoubtable cavalry. The heads of the columns soon arrived in the awful tempest of grape-shot, but nothing could restrain their impetuosity. Gallantly facing the storm, they pushed on, till they reached the foot of the intrenchments, and then breaking off to the right and left, passed between them, and entered the redoubts by the gorge. Immediately afterward, Bagawouth's corps came up from the extreme Russian right, where it lay unengaged, and Bagrathion, putting himself at its head, not only expelled the enemy from their intrenchments, but pursued them for some

distance into the plain. On the extreme right, Poniatowsky, in the first instance, carried Uliza, by a rapid charge, but he was soon after arrested by Touczkoff, in the woody marshes which lay around that village, where the nature of the ground would only permit skirmishing parties to be employed. Eugene, however, on the left, carried the village of Borodino, on the right bank of the Kolatza, and immediately crossing his divisions over the bridges of that stream, prepared to assail the great redoubt in the center of the Russian line, where Barclay lay with the flower of the Russian infantry. Thus far, however, these contests were subordinate. It was in the right center where Davoust and Ney were striving for the heights of Semenowskoie, that the decisive blows were to be struck.

These important heights soon became the principal objects of contention; both parties strove by accumulating forces upon that important ridge, to gain possession of an eminence which promised to render them masters of the field. After four hours' hard fighting, Ney, finding himself overmatched by superior forces, anxiously demanded succor; and Napoleon, perceiving that these heights were still in the hands of the Russians, made preparations for a grand attack. The Young Guard, and a great part of the cavalry in reserve, were sent to the support of Davoust; 400 pieces of cannon were brought to bear upon the redoubts; while, under cover of this tremendous fire, immense columns of infantry advanced to the assault. As they marched over the plain, the grape-shot from the Russian batteries swept through them, demolishing entire battalions as they approached; but the survivors, hastily closing their ranks, marched over the corpses of their slain companions, and steadily and firmly advanced with an unbroken front against the rampart of death. The Russian general, Bagrathion, perceiving that the French were gradually gaining ground, ordered the whole left wing to issue from their intrenchments, leaving only the reserves to guard the works. And now a terrible scene occurred in the plain. Eighty thousand men, and seven hundred pieces of cannon, accumulated in a small space, strove with unparalleled fury, for above an hour. Whole ranks of men were swept away before the murderous discharges of grape, like grass before the mower's scythe. Neither party seemed willing to relinquish the strife; French courage and Russian obstinacy raged against each other with terrible effect. The ground trembled beneath the thunder of the cannon; and the screams of the wounded, and the groans of the dying, mingled with the sullen roar of artillery, the incessant rattle of the musketry, and the savage cries of the infuriated combatants, produced such a confusion of terrible sounds, that it seemed almost as if the demons of darkness had been let loose from their prison, and were engaged in a fearful carnival on the earth. And above this theater of bloodshed, hung the sable curtain of war, as if endeavoring to shroud the awful spectacle from the fair face of heaven. At length, the Russians, assailed in flank by Friant's division of Davoust's corps, and having lost their commander, Bagrathion, who, with St. Priest, the chief of his staff, was severely wounded, began to give ground. General Konownitsyn immediately assumed the command and drew back his troops, with their whole artillery, from the disputed ridge, and established them in a strong position in the rear, behind the ravine Semenowskoie. The victorious French endeavored to pursue their advantage, and the cavalry, under Nansouty, fell with the utmost fury upon the extreme left of the new Russian position; but the Russian guard, forming themselves into squares, under the tremendous fire from their abandoned works, now lined by French cannon, defeated all the efforts of the French, and, for the remainder of the day, maintained their ground alike against the impetuous charges of the horse and the fatal ravages of the artillery. In the mean time an obstinate conflict was raging in the center. Barclay, after losing the village of Borodino, still resolutely defended the great redoubt. The viceroy, after having crossed the Kolatza, advanced with the utmost intrepidity through the broken ground which lay in the front, overthrew the division of General Paskiewitch, and, aided by General Bonami, with his brave brigade, in the midst of the fire of eighty pieces of cannon, carried that formidable intrenchment. Kutusoff, sensible of the necessity of repairing this disaster, instantly brought forward his best troops, and, after an arduous conflict, not only retook the redoubt, but made Bonami and part of his troops prisoners. Napoleon was anxiously solicited to support that point by the Imperial Guard; but he deemed it imprudent to risk that last reserve at so great a distance from support. After much hesitation he refused the succor, and Eugene was left for two hours to support unaided the terrible fire of the great redoubt, and the repeated charges of the Russian cavalry. Suddenly the attention of the emperor was arrested by a violent outcry and confusion on the left. Kutusoff had ordered Ouvaroff, with eight regiments of Cossacks, to cover the divisions of Ostermann and Bagawouth, while they were traversing the field of battle, from the Russian right to their left, by an attack on the left flank of the French, under Eugene. This irruption was attended with the most signal success. A brigade of cav-

alry, under Ornano was speedily overthrown; the Cossacks soon passed Borodino; Delzon's Italian division avoided destruction only by throwing themselves into squares; the viceroy himself escaped being made prisoner only by throwing himself into one of the squares of infantry; the baggage and artillery drivers fled in confusion, and Napoleon himself deemed the attack so serious that he hastily galloped to the spot, accompanied by the cavalry and artillery of the guard. It turned out, however, to be a false alarm, as Ouvaroff, unsupported by infantry, retired across the Kolatza, when he found himself threatened by large bodies of the enemy; but the diversion produced the desired effect, and, by withdrawing a portion of the reserve destined for the attack of the great redoubt, sensibly retarded the success of the day. But after the Russian intrenchments on the left were carried, Napoleon resolved to make a desperate effort to regain his advantages in the center. For this purpose more than 200 pieces of cannon were directed against the great redoubt; and, while the viceroy reformed his divisions for the assault, Caulaincourt, in command of Montbrun's division of cuirassiers, which he had assumed as that general had just been struck down by a cannon-shot, was directed to penetrate through the Russian line, and, wheeling around, to enter the intrenchment by its gorge. "You will see me there immediately, dead or alive," cried the gallant young general, and, setting off at a gallop, he led his men against the redoubt. Soon the glittering mass was lost in the volumes of smoke which arose from every part of the intrenchment; the vivid discharges of the cannon gleamed through the vapor, and the hissing, death-dealing missales swept like an iron tempest through the ranks of the brave Frenchmen.

The Russians hastened to support the intrenchment; the corps of Ostermann was placed in front, and the regiments of the guards, Preobazinski and Semenowskoie, were stationed as a reserve in their rear. Caulaincourt's division, advancing with the utmost, rapidity, threw itself with such fury upon the regiments of Russian horse whom Kutusoff had opposed to it, that, crushed and overthrown, the Russians fled in disorder. The great redoubt continued to vomit forth an incessant fire upon its assailants. Eugene, with his infantry, was advancing to the attack; already were the bayonets of his troops gleaming on its slopes, when the columns of the cuirassiers were seen ascending through the clouds of smoke which enveloped the intrenchments; its sides seemed clothed in glittering steel; and the fire from its summit, after redoubling its fury for a few seconds, suddenly ceased. The flames of the volcano were extinguished in blood; and the resplendent casques of the French cuirassiers appeared, when the smoke cleared away, above the highest embrasures of the intrenchment. The brave Caulaincourt met a glorious death at the entrance of the redoubt; but his fall did not prevent the French from establishing themselves in their important conquest. The Russian soldiers, charged with its defense, refusing quarter, had almost all perished in the assault, and the interior presented a frightful assemblage of dismounted cannon, dying men, broken arms, and wounded horses. Marshal Grouchy hoping to profit by the consternation which its capture had occasioned, advanced at the head of his cavalry, against the corps of Ostermann, drawn up on the heights in the rear; but they were met by the chasseurs of the Russian guards, who, vastly superior in numbers, drove back the French with severe loss. Encouraged by this success, the Russian general resolved to make a forward movement in order to re-occupy the ground on which his army had stood in the center at the commencement of the battle. Ostermann's corps, with a great part of the guard, and a large body of cavalry, advanced on this perilous mission. The batteries which the French had now established on the heights, won from the Russians, opened with terrible effect upon the advancing columns; but still the Russians firmly marched onward, and even reached the foot of the intrenchment, when eighty pieces of cannon thundered on their close ranks, with a severity of fire unexampled in war. Notwithstanding the terrible storm of iron, which thinned their ranks, the Russian cavalry even carried some of the redoubts, by several gallant charges, and erected the Russian standards on their old strongholds. But all their efforts were in vain; they were speedily retaken, and the Muscovite battalions, unable to advance, unwilling to retire, toiled and died at the foot of the field-works which they had lost. At length Kutusoff drew off, covered by his immense artillery, and the Russians were again re-established along the whole line on the heights, immediately in rear of their original position. The Russian batteries were planted on the heights behind the redoubts, and from this second line the artillery opened upon the French who were in possession of the intrenchments. In the evening, Poniatowsky advanced against the corps of the Russian general Bagawouth, which then occupied the great road to Smolensko, on the left of the Russian line. After an obstinate struggle the French carried the position, and the Russians retired to the heights in the rear. Thus the Russians at all points, at the close of day, had lost their original position,

and on the succeeding day they retreated on the great road to Moscow.

The dreadful loss on both sides demonstrated the unparalleled obstinacy of the battle. The Russians lost one of their bravest and ablest generals, Prince Bagrathion, who fell severely wounded while defending the redoubts on the left, and subsequently died of his wounds; Generals Kaitaisoff and Touckoff killed, and thirty generals of an inferior rank wounded. Fifteen thousand killed, 30,000 wounded, and 2,000 prisoners, presented a total loss of nearly 50,000 men. On the French side, beside Generals Monbum, Caulaincourt, and many others killed, thirty generals were wounded; and the total loss was 12,000 killed, and 38,000 wounded. The trophies of victory were nearly equally divided. The French took ten pieces of cannon from their enemy, who captured thirteen pieces from them.

BOSSUT-LES-WALCOUR, A.D. 1792.—An engagement took place near this village in Belgium, fourteen miles south of Charleroi, between the Austrians and French, in 1792, in which the former were defeated.

BOSTON, A.D. 1775.—The siege of Boston includes the battle of Bunker's Hill, for which reason we have given the description of that battle under this head.

The Americans followed up their victory at Lexington, by laying siege to the British garrison in Boston. The left wing of the American army rested upon the river Medford, thus intercepting the communication of the besieged with Charlestown neck; the right wing was posted at Roxbury to repress the sallies of the British in that quarter, and the center occupied Cambridge. The American army was greatly superior in number to that of the English, it being stated that at one time, it consisted of 30,000 men; but the number was variable, for as yet the army was wanting in that discipline without which neither order nor stability can be maintained, and many of the soldiers, weary of life in the camp, returned to their homes, while other fresh volunteers were constantly arriving to take their places. The Americans were well provided with food, but their arms were far from perfect. Their artillery consisted of sixteen pieces, of which six only were in a serviceable condition, and these, with two or three exceptions, were of the smallest caliber.

Of powder they had only eighty-two half barrels; and they were provided with but a scanty supply of bombs and cannon balls. The infantry was armed with pieces of various sizes and caliber, each man having brought his own gun to the field; many of them being mere fowling-pieces, while none of them were provided with the bayonet. The principal head-quarters of the besiegers were at Roxbury and Cambridge.

The British army presented a strong contrast to that of the Americans. Their arsenals were filled with cannon of all sizes, muskets, swords, powder and ammunition of every description. The soldiers were well disciplined and practiced in the art of war; having fought many a battle in countries of the old world. Inured to fatigue and danger, they panted to engage with the "rebels," as they considered the Americans, and wipe out the disgrace they had experienced at Lexington. The British garrison was commanded by General Gage.

The Americans besieged the city so strictly, that a great scarcity of provisions began to be felt both by the soldiery and by the citizens; and soon they were reduced entirely to salted food. The inhabitants on several occasions had made earnest application to the British governor to be permitted to leave the city; but General Gage, notwithstanding that there was not a sufficiency of provisions for his own men, refused his consent. He wished apparently to hold the citizens as hostages for the safety of the town and his troops. At length however perceiving no immediate relief from England, whence he awaited reinforcements before commencing active operations against the enemy, he consented to the departure of as many of the citizens as should choose to go, providing they would give up all weapons in their possession to be deposited in Faneuil Hall. But no sooner had the citizens given up their arms, than the British commander, after allowing a few to depart, refused to grant passes, and the greater part of the inhabitants were obliged to remain. He afterward allowed a few others to depart; but they were not permitted to take their effects with them.

On the 25th of May, the British man-of-war *Cerberus* arrived at Boston, bringing from England three experienced officers, Burgoyne, Howe, and Clinton. The garrison, meanwhile, had been reinforced by accessions from England and Ireland, until it numbered 10,000 men. The besieging army at the commencement of June, consisted of about 16,000 men, and these were all fired with the one desire to drive the invaders from their soil. The army was composed of soldiers furnished by the several colonies, and each colony held supreme control over the movements of its own corps. But the colonies, by common consent, appointed General Ward, commander-in-chief of the besieging army. The Americans exerted their every power to intercept from the English all supplies of provisions. Hog's and Noddle's Islands in Boston harbor,

BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

abounded in corn and cattle, and the English frequently visited these islands in search of provisions. The Americans determined to put an end to this by destroying all the corn and removing the cattle. Accordingly a detachment was sent to Hog's Island. They effected a landing and were engaged in destroying the provender when they were fiercely attacked by a British foraging party and a severe skirmish ensued.

The British troops were aided by one or two armed vessels in the harbor. The fight raged until late at night, and a number of Americans were killed. They succeeded, however, in expelling the English from the island, and completed their work of destruction. Early on the following morning the provincials discovered that one of the enemy's vessels had grounded during the night, and was abandoned by its crew. They immediately boarded her, and having divested her of every thing of value, they returned with the cattle in triumph to their camp. The Americans made similar descents on Noddle's, Patrick's, and Deer Islands, with like success. Meanwhile the British generals were meditating on the most expedient method of extricating themselves from the unpleasant position in which they were placed; and, after a long deliberation, they resolved to commence operations by taking possession of Bunker's Hill, and Dorchester Heights. The American generals were immediately informed of the intended movements of the enemy, and the most strenuous efforts were made to defeat them. Colonel William Prescott was ordered to occupy Bunker's Hill, with a detachment of 1,000 men, and two pieces of artillery. There he was to throw up intrenchments, and await the coming of the enemy. On the night of the 16th of June, Prescott, with his forces, set forth from Cambridge for Charlestown. In the deepest silence the Americans continued their march until they had arrived at Charlestown neck, where they were joined by General Putnam and Major Brooks. Having placed a guard of ten men in Charlestown, Prescott advanced to Bunker's Hill. But with the advice and consent of his officers, he abandoned the original plan of fortifying Bunker's Hill, and marched to Breed's Hill,* which being nearer Boston, he considered better adapted for his purpose. He therefore directed his troops to throw up intrenchments on this height, at the same time causing them to fortify Bunker's Hill, in order to cover his retreat across the peninsula, in the event of a defeat. The Americans advanced rapidly with their work. Officers and men, with shovel and pick, labored with equal zeal, and before the break of day, they had constructed a strong redoubt, eight rods square. The east and west sides of the redoubt were protected by fences six feet in height, composed of rails and stone. The redoubt was defended by two cannon in embrasure. The Americans, at about four o'clock on the morning of the 17th of June, were busily engaged in completing the breastwork on the eastern side of the redoubt, when they were discovered by the watch on board the British vessel of war, *Lively*. The sailors were called to arms, and the captain of the *Lively*, without awaiting General Gage's orders, opened a brisk cannonade on the American works. Aroused by the sound of the cannon, the people of Boston flocked to the shores in crowds; and soon every house top and height in the city was black with spectators. The English generals gazed at the American position with astonishment, and bitterly did General Gage regret that he had not occupied Breed's Hill when it was in his power to do so. The Americans, protected by their intrenchments, worked incessantly, in spite of the shots from the *Lively*. The firing, by order of the naval commander of Boston, was discontinued; but soon afterward it was renewed from the vessel, and a battery on Copp's Hill, directly opposite the American position, also opened its thunders on the provincials.

The British generals at once saw the importance of dislodging the Americans before their fortifications were completed, for Breed's Hill commanded the city, and if the Americans planted a battery on this height, Boston would be no longer tenable. A council of war was called, and it was immediately decided that a force should be sent out to drive the Americans from the peninsula, and destroy their fortifications on Breed's and Bunker's Hills. A general fire, therefore, was opened on Breed's Hill from the artillery of the city, of the floating batteries in the harbor, and of the fleet. Bombs and balls fell like hail in the American lines. The battery on Copp's Hill, which was nearly on an equal elevation with the American position, especially annoyed the provincials. But amid this storm of missiles, the Americans worked on; both officers and men, encouraged by the voice and example of their patriotic and energetic commander. Prescott seemed everywhere, directing and encouraging, and with his own hand giving the finishing touches to the works. His courage and presence of mind are worthy

* The original name of the height on which was fought the famous battle of Bunker's Hill, is Breed's Hill. Breed's Hill is in Charlestown, Mass., and stands a short distance, in a southerly direction, from Bunker's Hill. It has an extreme elevation of about sixty-two feet above the level of the sea, and its south side descends in a gradual slope, toward the Charles River. Breed's Hill is about a mile directly north of Boston, which is connected with Charlestown by bridges across the Charles river.

of the highest praise. One incident deserves particular mention. A soldier recklessly exposed his person outside of the redoubt, and was instantly struck down by a cannon ball. A few of the Americans were so alarmed by this accident that they left the hill. Prescott, perceiving this, walked around the fortifications upon the parapet, in full view of the British. The balls whistled around him in a whirlwind of iron; but he was untouched. General Ward had been urged early in the morning to send fresh troops to relieve those on duty; but only a portion of Stark's regiment was allowed to go, as Ward apprehended that Cambridge would be the principal point of attack. Convinced otherwise, however, by certain intelligence, the remainder of Stark's regiment, and the whole of Reed's corps were ordered to reinforce Prescott. General Gage made immediate preparation to storm the American works.

It was nearly noon when two or three thousand British soldiers, commanded by General Sir William Howe, and General Pigot, embarked in twenty-eight barges, from Boston. They landed at Morton's Point, a little north of the eastern foot of Breed's Hill, under the guns of the *Falcon*, and the other vessels of war. The British force consisted of four battalions of heavy infantry, two of light infantry, and two of genadiers. The music of their martial bands reached the ears of the little band of Americans, as they deployed, the grenadiers on the right, and the infantry on the left, in a long line of gorgeous scarlet and glittering steel. General Howe, however, observing the strength of the American position, ordered a halt, and sent to Boston for reinforcements. Meanwhile, the American forces on the peninsula of Charlestown, were in a state of the greatest excitement. When the news of the landing of the British reached Cambridge, two miles distant, the bells were rung, and the military and the people made the most active preparations to defend the town. The regiments of Generals Ward, Paterson, and Gardner, and a portion of Bridge's regiment were stationed at Cambridge, while the soldiers of Massachusetts and Connecticut were marched to Charlestown. The Americans on Breed's Hill ceased working at twelve o'clock; their tools were sent to Bunker's Hill, and having partaken of some refreshments, the New England flag was hoisted, and the soldiers prepared to receive the enemy. In spite of the terrific fire of the British, they had completed a breastwork from the redoubt nearly to the foot of the hill, toward the Mystic river, and had lost but one man! At two o'clock, Howe was reinforced by a large body of British troops from Boston, so that his whole force now consisted of nearly 4,000 men. The dispositions of both armies for the approaching battle were as follows:

The center and left wing of the Americans formed themselves behind the trench which extended down the side of the hill, nearly to the Mystic river, and the right wing rested on Charlestown, occupying many of the houses. The extremity of the left wing was the weakest part of the line, for an open and level space of ground was left between the end of the breastwork and the river. To strengthen this spot, and obstruct the passage of the enemy, the Americans, while the British were forming, hastily constructed a barricade, consisting of two parallel rail fences, the interval between which being filled with fresh cut grass.

The British army was formed in two columns. The left wing, under General Pigot, was to assail the redoubt on Breed's Hill, and the center and right, under General Howe, was to attack the American left, near the Mystic river.

The Americans watched the movements of the enemy with breathless interest. They saw before them a magnificent array of the best disciplined soldiers of Europe; and they could not but feel their own inferiority when compared to the matchless force which they were about to engage. They saw, too, constant accessions made to the British army by troops from Boston, while they on their side had received only feeble reinforcements. But, with hearts animated by patriotism, they sternly awaited the approach of the enemy, determined to sell the victory at the highest price. The arrival of Dr. Warren and General Pomeroy, at a timely moment, filled the Americans with joy. Colonel Prescott offered to resign his command to Warren, but the latter refused to accept it, saying, "I am come to fight as a volunteer, and feel honored in being allowed to serve under so brave an officer."

Having completed his dispositions for the attack, the British general put his forces in motion. A signal-flag was displayed, and the battery upon Copp's hill, and the floating batteries and the fleet in the harbor, opened a terrible cannonade against the redoubt. Roxbury, the head-quarters of General Thomas, was also assailed by a furious cannonade, in order to prevent reinforcements being sent to Charlestown. The American artillery responded feebly to the guns of the enemy, and were soon silenced. Under cover of their guns the British slowly advanced toward the American line. As they moved up the acclivity their artillery poured forth its thunders; but finding the discharges ineffectual the cannon were abandoned, and they resolved to continue the fight with

* Lossing.

small arms alone. The day was intensely hot, and burdened by knapsacks and bearing muskets, the British soldiers toiled up the hill toward the enemy. A deep silence pervaded the American lines. The sun shone placidly on the rude intrenchments of the Americans, and his rays were reflected back a hundred times by the brilliant arms and gorgeous uniforms of the ascending host; while strains of martial music enlivened the air. It was the calm before a tempest. Fifteen hundred resolute men were behind those earthen walls, and the British troops were marching blindfold, as it were, to certain death. Prescott, aware that his men were but scantily supplied with ammunition, had directed them to spare their powder, and, in the language of that gallant officer, not to fire on the enemy until they could see the whites of their eyes. "Then," said he, "aim at their waistbands; and pick off the officers, known by their handsome coats!" When the British arrived within gun-shot of the American works, they opened a desultory fire. A few of the Americans, unable to restrain their impatience, returned the fire. Putnam, perceiving the importance of strict obedience to Prescott's command, hastened to the spot, and threatened to cut down the first man who should again be guilty of disobedience. On came the assailing column; they advanced to within a few yards of the breastworks. "FIRE!" shouted Prescott, and the Americans opened a volley of musketry on the enemy which mowed down the British by scores. Volley succeeded volley with the same deadly effect. The ground streamed with British blood, and the corpses of the slain lay piled in gory heaps. The English wavered, they broke, they fled. Down to the water's edge in an affrighted mass fled those troops which had a moment before so proudly marched to the assault. Again the American lines were wrapt in silence. The smoke of battle arose from the field, and the sun again shone placidly upon the American intrenchments; but now his rays were feebly reflected in the tarnished accoutrements of the British slain. The Americans were eager to pursue the flying enemy; and it was with considerable difficulty that they were held in check by their officers. Putnam hastened to Bunker's Hill for reinforcements, but only a few troops could be brought to Breed's Hill before the British made a second attack.

The British re-formed at the foot of the hill, and reinforced by four hundred marines from Boston, commanded by Major Small, they again moved up the hill in the same order as before, General Howe marching in the rear. They had moved their artillery toward the rail-fence, and having pushed it within a hundred paces of the breast-work, opened a furious fire on the Americans with considerable effect. During these movements the battery on Copp's Hill was directed against Charlestown; a carcass and some hot-shot were thrown into the village, and several of the buildings were set on fire. The fire spread rapidly, and soon the greater portion of the town was wrapped in flames. The English hoped under cover of the smoke of the burning village to approach the breastworks unperceived by the enemy; but a breeze sprung up from the west, and drove the smoke in a contrary direction, exposing to full view the advancing columns. The assailants who had reserved their fire, now opened a brisk discharge of musketry on the Americans. Three men were wounded and Major Moore was killed by this volley, which otherwise was ineffectual. But the Americans did not respond. Silently, with their gun-barrels grimly resting across the breast-works, they awaited the nearer approach of the enemy. At length the signal was given, a sheet of flame illuminated the verge of the parapet, and a leaden tempest swept through the British ranks, with terrible effect. Officers and men went down before that fearful storm like grass before the mower's scythe.

The dead of the former engagement received new companions; and British blood again gushed in crimson rivulets down the sides of the hill. The officers of General Howe's staff fell around him, until he stood alone among the dead. His troops faltered. Vainly he shouted for them to advance, a second withering discharge from the Americans sent them rushing in disorder toward the water. Here they came to a halt, and their officers made preparations for the third assault. General Clinton, who, from Copp's Hill, had observed all the movements of the day, hastened across the river, and joined the shattered army as a volunteer. Howe had discovered the weakness of the American line of defense, between the trench and the rail fence, and resolved to lead his left wing, with the artillery, against that point, while a feigned attack on the rail-fence, should divert the attention of the enemy from the real object of the assault. The soldiers were directed to stand the fire of the enemy, and then to carry the works at the point of the bayonet. The ammunition of the Americans was nearly expended; but with the firmness of men fighting for their liberty, they resolved to club their muskets, and sell their lives as dearly as possible. They endeavored to procure ammunition and reinforcements from the main body of the army; but the enemy's artillery, commanding all the approaches to Breed's Hill, effectually prevented them from doing so. Having completed their preparations for a final assault, the British troops advanced

Their artillery swept the interior of the American line, from one extremity to the other, and many of the patriots were slain by its incessant discharges. The British carried the breastwork at a single charge, and the Americans retreated to the redoubt. From this work they maintained, with terrible effect, a vigorous discharge on the enemy. The British officers were the especial aim of the enemy, and many of them were slain, among whom were Colonel Abercrombie, and Majors Williams, and Speedlove. Howe was wounded in the foot; but with bravery kept his place at the head of his men. The fire from the redoubt gradually weakened, for the Americans had loaded their pieces with their last charges. The British neared the wall: "Forward, for the glory of the marines!" shouted Major Pitcairn, and sprang upon the parapet. A ball struck him, and he fell back upon his soldiers. The English pressed forward, and mounting the wall, leaped down among the enemy. A furious hand-to-hand combat ensued; but the bayonts of the British were more powerful than the clubbed weapons of the Americans. They gradually drove back the defenders of the redoubt; their countrymen followed them, and Prescott, perceiving the folly of resisting a force so greatly superior, ordered his men to retreat. The little band of Americans was fairly surrounded by enemies; but with sturdy blows they fought their way through the mass, and retreated toward Bunker's Hill. Prescott and Warren were among the last to quit the redoubt. Prescott escaped unharmed, though his clothes were pierced in many places by thrusts of the sword and bayonet. Warren, when at a short distance from the redoubt, was shot through the head, and killed instantly. The British pursued the flying enemy, bayonetting all that came in their path. The Americans on Bunker's Hill, pressed forward, and poured a deadly volley on the enemy, and covered the retreat of their countrymen with the utmost bravery. Those at the rail-fence, had maintained their ground, and had effectually checked the enemy at that point, thus saving the defenders of the redoubt from being entirely cut off. When they saw the defeat of the main body, however, they abandoned their works, and fled also. Putnam endeavored vainly to rally them. He pleaded, cursed, and commanded; but so great was the panic that his efforts were fruitless. The whole army retreated to Prospect Hill, where they encamped for the night. The British took possession of Bunker's Hill, where they prepared to spend the night. Neither party was willing to hazard a new movement, and hostilities ceased.

The Americans lost in this battle 450 men, of whom 115 were killed and missing, 305 were wounded, and 30 were made prisoners. The British lost, according to General Gage's official statement, 226 killed, and 828 wounded, making a total of 1054. Five pieces of cannon, and all the intrenching tools, which the Americans left at Bunker's Hill, fell into the hands of the British. Thus ended this famous battle. The British no longer ridiculed the valor of the provincials, for it was sufficiently tested in this hard fought field, to prove that they were foes to be feared.

Breed's Hill is now crowned by a stately monument, erected by the descendants of those noble men, whose valor and patriotism it witnessed on that memorable day.

George Washington, two days before the battle of Bunker's Hill, had been elected by the Continental Congress, commander-in-chief of all the patriot forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty. The commander-in-chief immediately set out from Philadelphia to the scene of hostilities, and arrived at the American camp in Cambridge on the 2d of July. On the 9th, Washington called a council of war, to consult upon future operations, and it was unanimously decided to maintain the siege of Boston with the utmost vigor. On the 10th of July, the relative positions of the two armies were as follows: the British were strongly intrenched on Bunker's Hill, about a mile from Charlestown, and advanced about half a mile from the place of the late action, with their sentries extended about 150 yards on the Cambridge side of the narrowest part of the neck leading from Cambridge to Boston. Three floating batteries lay in the Mystic river near the British camp, and one twenty-gun ship below the ferry-place between Boston and Charlestown. They had also a battery on Copp's Hill, on the Boston side, and upon Roxbury neck they were also deeply intrenched and strongly fortified. The bulk of the British army occupied Bunker's Hill, and the remainder were posted on Roxbury neck, except the light horse, and a few troops in Boston.

The Americans had thrown up intenchments on Winter and Prospect Hills, in full view of the enemy's camp at the distance of a little more than a mile. At Roxbury, General Thomas had thrown up a strong work on the hill, about 200 yards above the meeting-house. The troops from New Hampshire, with a regiment of Rhode Islanders, occupied Winter Hill; and General Putnam, with some Connecticut troops, was posted on Prospect Hill. Cambridge was occupied by Massachusetts troops; and the remainder of the Rhode Island men were posted at Sewall's Farm. The residue of the army, to the number of 700 men, were posted in sev-

eral small towns along the coast to prevent the depredations of the British. The following letter, written by the Rev. William Emerson, a chaplain of the army, a few days after Washington's arrival at Cambridge, gives a life picture of the American camp: "New lords, new laws. The generals, Washington and Lee, are upon the lines every day. New orders from his excellency are read to the respective regiments every morning after prayers. The strictest government is taking place, and great distinction is made between officers and soldiers. Every one is made to know his place and keep it, or to be tied up and receive thirty or forty lashes, according to his crime. Thousands are at work every day from four till eleven o'clock in the morning. It is surprising how much work has been done. The lines are extended almost from Cambridge to the Mystic river; so that very soon it will be nearly impossible for the enemy to get between the works, except at one place which is supposed to be left purposely unfortified, to entice the enemy out of their fortresses. Who would have thought, twelve months past, that all Cambridge and Charlestown would be covered over with American camps, and cut up into forts and intrenchments, and all the lands, fields, and orchards, laid common—horses and cattle feeding in the choicest mowing-land, whole fields of corn eaten down to the ground, and large parks of well-regulated locusts cut down for fire-wood and other public uses. This, I must say, looks a little melancholy. My quarters are at the foot of the famous Prospect Hill, where such preparations are made for the reception of the enemy. It is very diverting to walk among the camps. They are as different in form as the owners are in their dress, and every tent is a portraiture of the temper and taste of the persons who encamp in it. Some are made of boards, and some of sail-cloth, some partly of one and partly of the other. Again others are made of stone, or turf, brick or brush. Some are thrown up in a hurry; others are curiously wrought with doors and windows, done with wreaths and withes, in the manner of a basket. Some are proper tents and marquees, looking like the regular camp of the enemy. In these are the Rhode Islanders, who are furnished with tent equipage, in every thing the most exact English style.

The British strength, on the 27th of July, was computed by Washington, to be about 12,000 men, including their marine forces; the American, including sick and absent, was about 16,000; but then the latter had to guard a semicircle of eight or nine miles, to every part of which they were obliged to be equally attentive, while the British, situated as it were in the center of the semicircle, and having the entire command of the water, could bend their whole force against any part of it with equal facility. The American army was formed into three grand divisions, under the command of Generals Ward, Lee, and Putnam.

On the night of the 26th of August the Americans took possession of a hill in advance of their lines, and within point-blank shot of the enemy on Bunker's Hill. The men worked incessantly the whole night, and before morning they had thrown up an intrenchment which bade defiance to the enemy's cannon. At about nine o'clock on Sunday morning, the British opened their guns on the American intrenchment, and maintained a heavy cannonade during the whole day. The works, however, were not injured; two men were killed and two wounded. The Americans did not return the enemy's fire, owing to the scarcity of ammunition, except with one nine pounder, with which they sunk one of the British floating batteries. The close investment of Boston soon caused much suffering among the troops and citizens in the town. They suffered greatly for want of fresh provisions; and being unaccustomed to the use of salt food, of which they had an abundance, many fell sick. The American lines were advanced so close to those of the enemy, that they could see every thing that passed in the British camps on the two peninsulas of Boston and Charlestown; but the patriots could make no assault, as both of the peninsulas were surrounded by British ships-of-war and floating batteries, and the narrow necks of land leading to them were fortified in such a manner as to be impracticable. The two armies remained in close proximity, but almost entirely inactive, during the remainder of the year. On the 1st of January, 1776, the Union Flag was, for the first time, unfurled over the American camp, at Cambridge. Washington's army had dwindled to about 10,000 effective men. Meanwhile, the British Parliament had made active preparations to crush the rebellion. A land and naval force of 55,000 men was voted for the American service, and 17,000 mercenary troops were hired by the government of Great Britain from the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel and other petty German rulers. On receiving intelligence of these proceedings, the American Congress saw the necessity of immediate and energetic action. Washington was urged to attack the British in Boston at once, and, by strenuous efforts, his army was increased to 14,000 efficient men. On the evening of the 2nd of March, a heavy cannonade was opened on Boston from all the American batteries, with considerable effect. The fire was returned with spirit, and the cannonade on both sides was con-

tinued, with brief intermissions, until the 4th. At seven o'clock on the evening of the 3d, General Thomas, with 2,000 men, proceeded to take possession of Dorchester Heights, and, by their great activity and industry, threw up intrenchments of sufficient strength to resist the shot of the enemy, and armed them with heavy cannon which completely commanded the city and harbor. The position of the British was now critical in the extreme. Howe was assured that the American guns would immediately destroy the British fleet in the harbor; and the situation of the troops in the city was no less dangerous. The British general resolved to drive the Americans from their advantageous position, at all hazards; but a storm arose which, rendering the passage of the harbor impracticable, gave the Americans time to strengthen their works, until they were almost impregnable, and Howe saw that he must either surrender or evacuate the city. On the 17th of March, 1776, Washington wrote to Governor Cooke as follows: "Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that the ministerial troops evacuated the town of Boston without destroying it, and that we are now in full possession." Seven thousand soldiers, four thousand seamen, and fifteen hundred families of loyalists on that day sailed for Halifax, and the Americans, embarking in boats, proceeded down the river to Boston, which they entered in triumph, with beating drums and flying colors. The American commander-in-chief was ignorant of the destination of Lord Howe; but supposing he would proceed to New York, Washington, as soon as he had placed Boston in a state of security, advanced with his army toward New York, where he arrived on the 14th of April.

BOSWORTH, A.D. 1485.—The decisive battle between Richard III. and the Earl of Richmond, in which the former lost his life and crown, and the latter gained the throne of England, was fought on a plain near Bosworth in the county of Leicester, in England. The town is situated on an eminence, in the center of a fertile district, and is one of the pleasantest and neatest villages of England. In the battle-field is a well, named from Richard III., with an inscription by the late Dr. Parr; and an elevation called Crown Hill, where Lord Stanley is said to have placed Richard's crown on the Earl of Richmond's head.

In the year 1485, the Earl of Richmond set sail from Harfleur in Normandy, with a small army of about 2,000 men, and after a voyage of six days, arrived at Milford-haven in Wales, where he landed without opposition. Sir Rice ap Thomas and Sir Walter Herbert, were intrusted by Richard to oppose the Earl of Richmond; but the former immediately deserted to the earl, and the second made but a feeble opposition to him. As the earl advanced toward Shrewsbury, he received every day some reinforcement from his partizans. Sir Gilbert Talbot joined him with all the vassals and retainers of the family of Shrewsbury. Sir Thomas Bourcher and Sir Walter Hungerford brought their friends to share his fortunes, and the appearance of men of distinction in his camp already made his cause wear a favorable aspect. But the danger to which Richard was chiefly exposed, proceeded not so much from the zeal of his open enemies, as from the infidelity of his pretended friends. Scarce any nobleman of distinction was sincerely attached to his cause, except the Duke of Norfolk; and all those who feigned the most loyalty, were only watching for an opportunity to betray and desert him. But the persons whom he most suspected were Lord Stanley, and his brother Sir William, whose connections with the family of Richmond, notwithstanding their professions of attachment to his person, were never entirely forgotten or overlooked by him. When he empowered Lord Stanley to levy forces, he still retained his eldest son, Lord Strange, as a pledge of his fidelity; and that nobleman was, on this account, obliged to employ great caution and reserve in his proceedings. He raised a powerful body of his friends and retainers in Cheshire and Lancashire, but without openly declaring himself; and though the Earl of Richmond had received secret assurances of his friendly intentions, the armies on both sides knew not what to infer from his equivocal behavior. The two rivals at length approached each other at Bosworthfield in Leicestershire; the Earl of Richmond at the head of 6,000 men, Richard with an army of about 13,000 men, and a decisive action between them was hourly expected. Notwithstanding the magnitude of the enemy's army, the Earl of Richmond did not despair; his chief confidence lay in the friendship and secret assurances of Stanley, who with a body of 7,000 men hovered near the field of battle, and declined engaging on either side. As soon as he had arrived within sight of the enemy, Richard drew up his army in order of battle. He gave the command of the vanguard to the Duke of Norfolk, while he led the main body himself, with the crown on his head, designing by this, either to inspire the enemy with awe, or to render him conspicuous to his own army. The van of Richmond's army, consisting of archers, was commanded by John, Earl of Oxford; Sir Gilbert Talbot led the right wing, Sir John Savage the left, while the earl himself, accompanied by his

uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, placed himself in the main body. Lord Stanley in the meantime, posted himself on one flank between the two armies, while his brother took his station opposite him on the other. Richard seeing him thus in a situation equally convenient for joining either army, immediately sent him orders to unite himself to the main body. This order Lord Stanley refused to obey, and Richard gave instant commands for beheading Lord Strange, whom he still kept as a hostage. He was persuaded, however, to postpone the execution till after the fight, and, attending to the more important transactions of the day, he directed the trumpets to sound to battle. The two armies approaching each other, the battle began with a shower of arrows, and soon the two adverse fronts closed in a deadly hand-to-hand struggle. This was what Lord Stanley had for some time anticipated. Immediately profiting by the occasion, he joined the line of Richmond and thus turned the fortune of the day. This measure, so unexpected to the soldiers, though not to their leaders, had a proportioned effect on both armies. Richmond's soldiers were inspired with new valor, while Richard's men were dispirited and soon fell into disorder. The intrepid tyrant, perceiving the danger of his situation, spurred his horse into the thickest of the fight. Richmond also quitted his station behind the army, and rode to the front to encourage his troops by his presence. Richard, mad with rage, no sooner saw his detested rival, than he rushed toward him with the fury of a tiger springing on his prey, resolved that either Richmond's death or his own should decide the victory between them. He slew Sir William Brandon, the earl's standard bearer, who attempted to stop his career, and hurling Sir John Cheyne, who took Brandon's place, to the ground, he arrived within reach of Richmond himself. The earl, in the meantime, firmly awaited his approach; but an interposing crowd separated them. Thus disappointed, Richard went to inspire his troops, by his presence, in another quarter of the field. At length perceiving his army every where yielding or flying, and finding that all hopes of victory were gone, with a loud yell of defiance and hate, he rushed into the midst of his enemies, cutting down all who opposed his path, until overwhelmed by the crowd, and pierced by a thousand weapons, he died on the field of battle, a better fate than his cruelties and crimes deserved. His men every where sought safety in flight. After the battle Richard's body was found stiffened among a heap of slain, mangled with ghastly wounds, and the eyes open and frightfully staring. In this manner it was thrown across a horse, the head hanging down on one side, the heels on the other and thus carried to Leicester. It laid there two days exposed to public view, and then, without further ceremony, it was hastily buried. Richard's crown being found by one of Richmond's soldiers on the field of battle, it was immediately placed on the head of the conqueror; while the whole army, as if inspired with one voice, cried out, "Long live King Henry!"

The battle of Bosworth, was fought on the 22d of August, 1485. There fell in this battle about 4,000 of the vanquished, among whom were the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Ferrars of Chartley, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Sir Robert Piercy, and Sir Robert Brockenbury. On the side of the victors, the loss was inconsiderable. With this battle ended the contests between the houses of York and Lancaster.

BOTHWELL BRIDGE, A.D. 1679.—The village of Bothwell, in Scotland, is situated on the north side of the river Clyde, on the road from Glasgow to Hamilton, eight miles east of the former, and three miles northwest of the latter. About one mile further on toward the south-east, the road to Hamilton is carried over the Clyde, by Bothwell Bridge, the scene of one of the most memorable events in Scottish history. Near the village is the magnificent ruin of Bothwell castle, once an important Scotch fortress. The battle of Bothwell Bridge was fought in the year 1679, between the Covenanters and the royal forces, under the Duke of Monmouth. The army of the Covenanters, which numbered, in all, about 8,000 men, had taken post near Bothwell castle, between Hamilton and Glasgow, where there was no access to them but over a bridge, which a small body would be able to defend against a much greater force. They showed judgment in the choice of their post, but discovered neither judgment nor valor in any other step of their conduct. No nobility, and few gentry had joined them. The clergy were in reality the generals. Monmouth, with a small body of English soldiers, attacked the bridge, which was defended by about 5,000 of the Covenanters, who maintained their post as long as their ammunition lasted. When they sent for more, they received orders to quit their ground, and to retire backward. This imprudent measure occasioned their immediate defeat. Monmouth passed the bridge, without opposition, and drew up his forces opposite the enemy. His cannon alone put them to rout. About 700 fell in the dispute; for, properly speaking, there was no action. 1,200 were taken prisoners; and were treated by Monmouth with a humanity which they had never experienced from their own countrymen. Such of them

as promised to live peaceably were dismissed. About 300, who were so obstinate as to refuse this easy condition, were shipped for Barbadoes; but unfortunately perished on the voyage. Two of their clergy were hanged.

BOULOGNE.—The city of Boulogne is situated on the English Channel, in the Department of Pas du Calais, in France, 139 miles north of Paris. In the year 882, Boulogne was taken by the Northmen, who massacred the inhabitants. On the 25th of July, 1544, Henry VIII. of England, laid siege to the city of Boulogne, with an army of 30,000 men, and, after an obstinate resistance, the French garrison capitulated on the 13th of September, and Henry., having garrisoned the city, returned to England. The English remained in possession of Boulogne until 1550, when Edward VI. restored it to the French, upon payment of 400,000 crowns.

BOUVINES, A.D. 1214.—This is a village of France, Department of Nord, six miles south-east of Lille. On Sunday, the 27th of July, 1214, the armies of Philip I., of France, and Otho, Emperor of Germany, who was in alliance with John of England, met at Bouvines, and a bloody battle ensued. After a desperate struggle, the Germans were defeated. Philip, at one time, was in imminent personal danger. Trusting to the temper of his armor, he had furiously rushed into the midst of the combatants. A German, on foot, who espied an opening between his visor and cuirass, made a desperate push at his throat with a barbed lance. He missed his aim; but the hook caught the strap of the helmet, and the king was dragged from his horse. The soldier kept his hold; Philip rose to his feet; Otho hastened to overpower his enemy; while the French knights rushed forward to rescue their sovereign. After a desperate conflict, he was disengaged, remounted his horse and continued the battle. The soldiers fought with increased animosity and fury; contending showers of arrows constantly filled the air, and with loud yells the combatants rushed together, striking at each other with sword, lance, and battle-ax. The Emperor Otho fought with the utmost bravery. He wielded an immense one-edged sword, and at each stroke, stunned or unhorsed an opponent. During the battle, he had three chargers killed under him. On one of these occasions, Du Barré, an athletic knight, seizing him round the waist, endeavored to carry him off; nor was it without difficulty that he was liberated by the efforts of his guards. On another, he received, on his breast, a stroke from a battle-ax, which was repelled by the strength of his cuirass. A second stroke wounded his horse on the head; and the animal, furious with pain, wheeled round and carried him out of the combat. The Earl of Salisbury, chancing to meet the Bishop of Beauvais, a single-handed combat took place between them. The bishop's profession did not seem to interfere with his passion for fighting; but his only weapon was a club, that he might not, as he pretended, shed blood in violation of his vows. The earl, however, was no match for the bishop, for with one tremendous blow from his bludgeon, the bishop brought his adversary to the ground, and made him his prisoner. The Earl of Boulogne, who, out of respect for the Sunday, had proposed to postpone the battle, and had been called a coward and a traitor for his advice, fought after his companions had fled, and refused to accompany them. At length his horse was killed beneath him, and unable to rise, he surrendered to De Guerin, bishop elect of Senlis. The Earl of Flanders was wounded and taken prisoner by the French. The forces of Otho were utterly defeated and put to rout, and this defeat broke all the measures of John of England, who solicited, and obtained, from Philip, a truce of five years.

BOVINO, A.D. 1734.—In the year 1734, a battle took place near Bovino, a town of Naples, between the Spaniards and Imperialists, in which the former were defeated with great loss.

BOXTEL, A.D. 1794.—Boxtel is a small village of the kingdom of Holland, and is situated on the Dommel, seven miles south of Bois-le-duc. On the 14th of August, 1794, an obstinate action was fought near this village, between the French, on the one side, and the British and Dutch troops, under the Duke of York, on the other. The latter were defeated, with considerable loss, and compelled to retire behind the Maese.

BOYNE, A.D. 1690.—The Boyne, a river of Ireland, has its source in the bog of Allen, near Carberry, in Kildare, 225 feet above the level of the sea. It flows north-east by Trim, Navan, and Slane to Tullogballen, whence it follows an east course to Drogheda, emptying into the sea about two miles lower down. On the 1st of July, 1690, the forces of William III., of England, gained an important victory over those of James II., on the banks of the river Boyne, about three miles above Drogheda.

On the 7th of May, 1689, James embarked at Brest, in France, and on the 22d arrived at Kinsale. Shortly afterward he made his public entry into Dublin, amid the acclamations of the inhabitants. England and Scotland had acknowledged William, Prince of Orange, as king; Ireland alone remained faithful to James. He found the appearance of things in that country equal to his most

sanguine expectations. Tyconnel, the lord-lieutenant, was devoted to his interests; his whole army was steady, and a new one raised amounting to 40,000 men. The Protestants over the greater part of Ireland were disarmed; the Prince of Ulster alone denied his authority; while the papists, confident of success, received him with shouts of joy. Louis XIV., of France, had granted him a fleet and some troops, and he felt confident of again firmly establishing himself on the throne of England. The Protestants of Ireland underwent, in this state of affairs, the most oppressive and cruel indignities. Most of those who were attached to the revolution were obliged to retire into Scotland and England, or hide themselves, or accepted written protections from their enemies. The bravest of them, however, to the number of 10,000 men, gathered round Londonderry, resolved to make their last stand at that place, for their religion and liberty. Early in the spring, James laid siege to Londonderry. Colonel Lundie had been appointed governor of the town by William; but he was secretly attached to King James; and at a council of war prevailed upon the officers and townsmen to send messengers to the besiegers with an offer to surrender the day following. But the inhabitants, being apprised of his intention, rose in a fury against the governor and council, and shooting one of the officers whom they suspected, they boldly resolved to maintain the town, though destitute of leaders. The town was weak in its fortifications, having only a wall eight or nine feet thick, and weaker still in its artillery, there not being above twenty serviceable guns upon the works. The new-made garrison, however, made up every deficiency by courage. Walker, a dissenting minister, and Major Baker put themselves at the head of these resolute men, who made every preparation for a resolute defense. The batteries of the besiegers soon began to play upon the town with great fury; and several attacks were made, but always repulsed with resolution. At length, however, the besieged began to be reduced to the greatest extremities for want of provisions. To add to their miseries a contagious distemper broke out in the city, and at length greatly thinned in numbers by the ravages of disease, and compelled to subsist upon horses, dogs, and all kinds of loathsome vermin, they sent proposals of capitulation to the besieging army. But at this crisis, Kirke, who had been sent to their assistance, hearing of their distress, resolved upon an attempt to throw provisions into the place, by means of three victuallers, and a frigate to cover them. As soon as these vessels sailed up the river, the eyes of all were fixed upon them; the besiegers ready to destroy, and the garrison as resolute for their defense. The besiegers had blocked up the channel with a boom; but the foremost of the victuallers at the first shock broke the impediment. The violence of her own stroke, however, stranded her. Upon this a shout burst from the besiegers, and they advanced with fury against a prize which they considered as inevitable. The smoke of the cannon on both sides wrapped the whole scene in darkness; but to the astonishment of all, in a little time the victualler was seen emerging from imminent danger, having got off by the rebound of her own guns, while she led up her little squadron to the very walls of the town. The joy of the inhabitants at this unexpected relief was only equalled by the rage and disappointment of the besiegers. The troops of James were so dispirited by the success of this enterprise, that they abandoned the siege in the night, and retired with precipitation, after having lost about 9,000 men before the place.

King William at length determined to spare no efforts to drive King James from Ireland. He therefore ordered 23 new regiments to be raised, for he was afraid to send the late king's army to fight agianst him. These, with two Dutch battalions, and four of French refugees, together with those Protestants who had rallied at Inniskillen, were appointed for the reduction of Ireland. Schomberg, a Dutchman, who had long been the faithful servant of William, and who had now passed a life of nearly eighty years, almost continually in the field, was appointed commander of this army. But the method of carrying on the war in Ireland, was a mode of operation with which he was entirely unacquainted. The forces he had to combat were incursive, barbarous, and shy; those whom he commanded were tumultuary, ungovernable, and brave. He considered not the dangers which threatened his troops by being confined to one place, and he kept them in a low, moist, camp, near Dundalk, without fuel almost of any kind; so that the men fell into fevers, and died in great abundance. The enemy also were afflicted with several disorders. Both camps remained for some time in sight of each other, and at last the rainy season approaching, both armies, as if by mutual consent, quitted their camps at the same time, and retired into winter quarters, without attempting to take any advantage of each other's retreat. The bad success of the campaign, and the miserable situation of the Protestants of Ireland, at length induced King William to attempt their relief in person, at the opening of the spring of 1690. Accordingly he landed at Carrickfergus, where he found himself at the head of an army of 36,000 men, which was more than a match

for the forces of James, although they numbered about 46,000 men. The army of James was stationed at Ardee and Dundalk, and William having received intelligence that the French fleet had sailed for the coast of England, resolved to attack the enemy at once, in order to prevent the impression which that circumstance might make upon the minds of his soldiers. As William advanced, the enemy fell back, first from Dundalk, and then from Ardee, and at last, upon the 29th of June, they fixed their camp in a strong situation on the east side of the Boyne. It was upon the opposite banks of the river that the two armies came in sight of each other, inflamed with all the animosities, arising from religion, hatred, and revenge. The river Boyne at this place was not so deep but that men might wade over on foot; however, the banks were rugged, and rendered dangerous by old houses and ditches, which served to defend the latent enemy. William had no sooner arrived than he rode along the side of the river to make proper observations upon the plan of battle; but in the mean time, being perceived by the enemy, a cannon was privately brought out and planted against him, where he was sitting. The shot killed several of his followers, and he himself was wounded in the shoulder. The news of his being slain was instantly propagated through the Irish camp, and even sent off to Paris, but William, as soon as his wound was dressed, rode through the camp and quickly undeceived his army. Upon retiring to his tent, after the danger of the day, he continued in meditation till nine o'clock at night, when, for form sake, he summoned a council of war, in which, without asking advice, he declared his resolution to force a passage over the river the next morning. The Duke of Schomberg attempted at first to expostulate with him upon the danger of the undertaking, but finding his master inflexible, he returned to his tent with a discontented aspect, as if he had a prescience of his own misfortune.

Early in the morning, at six o'clock, King William gave orders to force a passage over the river. This the army undertook in three different places; and, after a furious cannonading, the battle began with unusual vigor. The Irish troops fought with desperation; but, after an obstinate resistance, they fled with precipitation, leaving the French and Swiss allies to make the best retreat they could. William led his cavalry in person, and contributed by his activity and vigilance to secure the victory. James was not in the battle, but stood aloof during the action, on the hill of Dunmore, surrounded by some squadrons of horse; and at intervals was heard to exclaim, when he saw his own troops repulsing those of the enemy, "O, spare my English subjects!" The Irish lost in this battle 1,500 men, while the Protestants lost only about 500. The victory was splendid, and almost decisive; but the death of the Duke of Schomberg, who was shot as he was crossing the river, seemed to outweigh the whole loss sustained by the enemy. He was killed by a discharge from his own troops, who, not knowing that he had been accidentally hurried into the midst of the enemy, fired upon the body of men by whom he was surrounded, and mortally wounded him. James, while his troops were yet fighting, quitted his station, and leaving orders to defend the pass of Duleek, he made the best of his way to Dublin, despairing of future success. After arriving at this city, he advised the magistrates to obtain the best terms they could from the victor, and then set out for Waterford, whence he embarked for France, in a vessel fitted for his reception. O'Regan, an old Irish captain, was heard to say, immediately after the retreat of the fallen monarch, that if the English would exchange generals, the conquered army would fight the battle over again.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT, A.D. 1755.—On the 8th of July, General Braddock, with his troops, arrived at the fork of the Monongahela and Youghiogeny rivers, in Pennsylvania, with 1,200 men, on his way to attack Fort du Quesne, which was strongly occupied by the French. The distance from the fork to Fort du Quesne was twelve miles, and early on the morning of the 9th of July, 1755, Braddock set his troops in motion. They forded the Monongahela, a little below the Youghiogeny, and marched along the southern bank of that river till noon, when they again forded the Monongahela, and stood between the rivers that form the Ohio, only seven miles distant from their junction. A detachment of 350 men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gage, and closely attended by a working-party of 250, under St. Clair, advanced cautiously, with guides and flanking-parties, along a path twelve feet wide, toward the uneven woody country that was between them and Fort du Quesne. The general followed with the columns of artillery, baggage, and the main body of the army, when a heavy and quick fire was heard in the front. The French scouts had reported the progress of the British troops, and the commandant at Fort du Quesne resolved on an ambuscade. At an early hour he detached De Beaujeu, Dumas, and De Ligney with about 230 French and Canadians, and 637 Indians, under orders to repair to a favorable spot, selected the previous evening. Before reaching it they found themselves in the

presence of the English, who were advancing in the best possible order, and De Beaujeu, instantly began an attack with the utmost vivacity.* Gage should, on the moment, and without waiting for orders, have sent support to his flanking-parties. His indecision lost the day. The onset was met courageously; but the flanking-parties were driven in, and the advanced-party, leaving their two six-pounders in the hands of the enemy, were thrown back upon the vanguard, which the general had sent as a reinforcement, and which was attempting to form in face of a rising ground on the right. Thus the men of both regiments were heaped together in promiscuous confusion, among the dense forest-trees and thick-set underwood. The general himself hurried forward to share the danger and animate the troops; and his artillery, though it could do little harm, as it played against an enemy whom the forest concealed, yet terrified the savages and made them waver. At this time De Beaujeu fell, when the brave and humane Dumas taking the command, gave new life to his party; sending the savages to attack the English in flank, while he, with the French and Canadians, continued the combat in front. Already the British regulars were raising shouts of victory, when the battle was renewed, and the Indians, posting themselves most advantageously behind large trees "in the front of the troops, and on the hills which overhung the right flank," invisible, yet making the woods re-echo their war-whoop, fired irregularly, but with deadly aim, at the fair mark offered by the compact body of men beneath them. None of the English that were engaged would say they saw a hundred of the enemy, and many of the officers who were in the heat of the action the whole time, would not assert that they saw one. The combat was obstinate, and continued for two hours, with scarcely any change in the disposition on either side. Had the British regulars shown courage, the issue would not have been doubtful; but terrified by the yells of the Indians, and dispirited by a manner of fighting such as they had never imagined, they would not long obey the voice of their officers, but fired in platoons almost as fast as they could load, aiming among the trees, or firing in the air. In the midst of the strange scene, nothing was so sublime as the persevering gallantry of the officers. They used the utmost art to encourage the men to move upon the enemy, they told them off into small parties of which they took the lead; they bravely formed the front; they advanced sometimes at the head of small bodies, sometimes separately, to recover the cannon, or to get possession of the hill, but were sacrificed by the soldiers, who declined to follow them, and even fired upon them in the rear. Of 86 officers, 26 were killed—among them, Sir Peter Halket—and 37 were wounded, including Gage, and other field-officers. Of the men, one half were killed or wounded. Braddock braved every danger. His secretary was shot dead, both his English aids were disabled early in the engagement, leaving the Americans to distribute his orders. "I expect, every moment," said one, whose eye was on Washington, "to see him fall. Nothing but the superintending care of Providence could have saved him. An Indian chief—I suppose a Shawnee—singled him out with his rifle, and bade others of his warriors to do the same. Two horses were killed under him, four balls penetrated his coat." "Some potent manitou guards his life," exclaimed the savage. "Death," wrote Washington, "was leveling my companions on every side of me; but, by the all-powerful dispensation of Providence, I have been protected." "To the public," said Davies, a learned divine, in the following month, "I point out that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country." "Who is Mr. Washington?" asked Lord Halifax, a few months later. "I know nothing of him," he added, "but that they say he behaved in Braddock's action as bravely as though he really loved the whistle of bullets." The Virginia troops showed great valor, and were nearly all massacred. Of three companies, scarcely thirty men were left alive. Captain Peyronney and all his officers, down to a corporal, were killed; of Polson's, whose bravery was honored by the Legislature of the Old Dominion, only one was left. But those they call regulars, having wasted their ammunition, broke and ran, as sheep before hounds, leaving the artillery, provisions, baggage, and even the private papers of the general, a prey to the enemy. The attempt to rally them was as vain as to attempt to stop the wild bears of the mountain. Thus were the English most scandalously beaten. Of privates, 714 were killed or wounded; while of the French and Indians, only three officers and thirty men fell, and but as many more were wounded. Braddock had five horses disabled under him; at last a bullet entered his right side, and he fell, mortally wounded. He was with difficulty brought off the field, and borne in the train of the fugitives. All the first day he was silent; but at night he aroused himself to say, "Who would have thought it?" Shortly afterward, the British

* The field in which General Braddock was attacked by the French and Indians, is on the right bank of the Monongahela river, eleven miles above Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

evacuated Fort Cumberland, in the western part of Virginia, and hastened to Philadelphia. A few days after the battle, Braddock died. His grave may still be seen, near the national road, about a mile west of Fort Necessity. The forest field of battle was left thickly strewn with the wounded and the dead. Never had there been so great a harvest of scalps and spoils. As evening approached, the woods around Fort du Quesne rang with the halloos of the red men; the constant firing of small arms mingled with a peal of cannon from the fort. The next day the British artillery was brought in, and the Indian warriors, painting their skins a shining vermillion, with patches of black, and brown, and blue, gloried in the laced hats and bright apparel of the English officers.—*Bancroft.*

BRANDYWINE, A.D. 1777,—Brandywine creek rises in Chester county, Pennsylvania, and, in a south-easterly direction, flows through the State of Delaware. It forms a junction with Christiana creek, at Wilmington, and the united streams empty into the Delaware river, 35 miles below Philadelphia. The battle of the Brandywine was fought near the banks of this creek, at Chad's Ford, in Birmingham township, Chester co., Pennsylvania.

In the month of July, 1777, the British fleet, under Lord Howe, bearing 18,000 troops, under Sir William Howe, arrived at the mouth of the Chesapeake, from New York. Washington, for the purpose of protecting Philadelphia from the long threatened attacks of the enemy, had concentrated his forces in that city to oppose him. The British fleet sailed up the Chesapeake, as far as Turkey Point, on the west side of the river Elk, about eleven miles from Elkton; where, on the 25th of August, the troops were disembarked, preparatory to their advancing against the city of Philadelphia.

The whole army was stationed behind Christiana creek, having Newark on the right and Pencada on the left. A division of the British army, under Lord Cornwallis and Knyphausen, fell in with Maxwell's riflemen, at Pencada, and an engagement ensued in which the patriots were defeated with a loss of 40 in killed and wounded. The British loss was somewhat less. Meanwhile the American army marched out of Philadelphia, and, advancing toward the enemy, encamped behind White Clay creek.

Shortly afterward, Washington, leaving only the riflemen in the camp, retired with the main body, behind Red Clay creek, about half way between Wilmington and Delaware. The left wing of the army rested on the Christiana creek, and the right extended toward Chad's Ford, on the Brandywine. The whole American army consisted of about 11,000 men. On the 8th of September, the British army, reinforced by the rear guard, under General Grant, moved forward by way of Newark, and encamped within four miles of the American position. A strong detachment made a feint of attacking the center of the Americans; and at the same time the British general extended his left wing as if with the intention of turning the right flankof the enemy. Washington perceiving the danger, broke up his encampment, and at about two o'clock on the morning of the 9th, crossed the Brandywine at Chad's Ford. The enemy took up its encampment on the rising grounds, which extend toward the north-west and north-east from Chad's Ford. Maxwell's riflemen scoured the right bank of the Brandywine, in order to harass and retard the enemy, and the militia, under General Armstrong, protected a passage below Washington's principal encampment. The right wing of the army lined the banks of the river further up, where the passage was more difficult, and the passage of Chad's Ford, which was the most impracticable of all, was guarded by the main body. On the morning of the 9th, the British army advanced in two columns. Cornwallis, who commanded the right, which consisted of 13,000 men, British and Hessians, halted at Hockhesson; and Knyphausen, with the left, which consisted of about 5,000 men, moved forward to Kennet Square and New Garden. On the 10th both bodies met at Kennet Square; and at daybreak the following morning, Cornwallis advanced along the Lancaster road, which for several miles runs parallel to the Brandywine, toward the American army. The left wing, under Knyphausen, moved forward at nine o'clock. The American militia in the vicinity of Kennet Square, from behind the walls of the grave yard, of the house, trees, bushes, and fences, annoyed the British by constant discharges of musketry. Knyphausen's column, however, pushed forward toward Chad's Ford. The British plan of attack was, that while Knyphausen should make repeated feints to attempt the passage at this point, Cornwallis should take a longer circuit to the upper part of the river, and cross the Brandywine, at Trimble's Ford, where the stream is divided into two branches. Knyphausen sent forward a strong party to dislodge Maxwell's troops. At ten o'clock the two parties met, and a severe engagement ensued. The British charging with the utmost vigor drove back the Americans to the verge of the river. At this moment Maxwell received reinforcements from the main body of the army, and like a wolf at bay, turned furiously on his pursuers. The Americans, following the example of their gallant commander, rushed furiously upon the enemy,

and, with one vigorous charge, threw them into complete disorder, and forced them back on Knyphausen's main column. Knyphausen now sent a detachment through the woods to attack Maxwell's men in flank, and the Americans, perceiving this movement, retreated to the opposite shore, leaving the British in the entire possession of the west bank of the Brandywine. Meanwhile Knyphausen advanced with his column, and opened a tremendous cannonade upon the passage of Chad's Ford, as if with the intention of crossing at that point.

The Americans returned his fire with the utmost spirit, and even passed over to the other side several detachments of light troops, in order to annoy the enemy's flanks. These troops assailed the British with gallantry, and it was not until overwhelmed by numbers that they retreated to the eastern shore. Knyphausen now renewed his cannonade with tenfold power; and the Americans, supposing that Chad's Ford was the threatened point, exerted their every effort to dispute the passage. Meanwhile, Cornwallis, at the head of his column, unperceived by the Americans, reached the forks of the river, and by a rapid movement, at about 2 o'clock passed both branches of the river at Trimble's and Jeffrey's Fords, unmolested by the enemy, and then turning short to the right, advanced along the east bank of the Brandywine toward the American army. Washington soon received intelligence of this movement, and, therefore, decided upon crossing the river with the center and left wing of his army, and by one furious attack overwhelm the troops of Knyphausen. This movement, although bold, was judicious, and had it been carried into effect the result of the battle might have been different, for the advantage the Americans would obtain on the enemy's right would more than compensate the loss they might sustain in the right wing of their own army; but no sooner had the American general made his dispositions for the attack, than a second report arrived, contradicting the first. Washington, deceived by this false intelligence, abandoned the idea of crossing the river; and re-called Greene, who had already passed over with the vanguard. The Americans, however, did not long remain in suspense. Washington soon received positive information that the English had not only crossed both branches of the river; but that they were advancing in full force against his right wing. This part of the American army consisted of the brigades of Stephens, Stirling, and Sullivan; the first occupying the extreme right, the second the center, and the third the left of the right wing. The entire wing was under the command of General Sullivan. Washington perceiving the danger which threatened his right, approached that portion of the army with two divisions under General Greene, leaving a strong body of troops under General Wayne, to oppose the passage of Knyphausen; and took a position between the left wing and the troops under Wayne, ready to advance to the support of either as circumstances should dictate. The troops of Cornwallis soon arrived within sight of the Americans. Sullivan drew up his men on the elevated grounds near the Birmingham meeting-house, with his left extending toward the Brandywine. Both flanks of his line were covered with thick woods, and his artillery was advantageously planted on the neighboring heights. His own brigade, however, had not joined those of Stirling and Stephens, when the action commenced, having taken a long circuit over rough and broken ground. The English advanced impetuously to the attack. At about four o'clock in the afternoon the battle raged furiously on both sides. The Americans fought with the utmost gallantry, and the carnage was fearful. The artillery of both parties was plied constantly with terrible effect. The Hessians and English seemed determined to outdo each other in the conflict. But in spite of the efforts of the English the mercenary troops of the British army led the van, and pushed on from behind by their impetuous friends, they rushed madly into the very midst of the enemy.

The Americans strove in vain against the overwhelming tide of the enemy; their right wing first gave way, and the left soon followed. Sullivan flew frantically over the plain endeavoring to rally his flying troops, but without effect. In the utmost confusion they fled towards Chad's Ford. The center, however, which consisted of 800 men, under General Conway, stood firm against the repeated attacks of the enemy. Sullivan, abandoned by his men, hastily joined this gallant band, where, side by side with the noble Lafayette and General Stirling, he engaged personally in the hottest of the strife. Cornwallis concentrated all his energies against this point. His artillery was brought to bear upon this quarter of the field, and made fearful havoc among the dense masses of the Americans. Unable to cope with superior numbers, the Americans faltered. Lafayette, leaping from his horse, sword in hand, endeavored to rally, and lead the wavering troops against the enemy; but struck by a musket-ball in the leg, he fell to the ground, and was borne off the field by his aid. Two of Sullivan's aids were slain; and the troops, filled with dismay, turned and fled precipitately. The British pursued eagerly. At a short distance from Dilworth some of the

fugitives made a stand, and a sharp engagement ensued; but the Americans were again obliged to fly. At the first sound of the cannon, Washington had pushed forward with Greene's division, to the support of Sullivan, but as they approached the field of action, these troops met the flying soldiers of Sullivan, and General Greene, perceiving that the day was lost, by a skillful movement opened his ranks to receive the fugitives. After they had passed, he closed again, and covered their retreat, keeping the pursuit of the enemy in check by an incessant fire of the artillery which sustained his rear. He thus retreated in good order for about a mile, when having arrived at a narrow defile, flanked on either side by woods, he faced about, and kept the enemy at bay, while the fugitives re-formed in his rear. The enemy vainly endeavored to drive him from this strong position; but their every attack was repulsed by his troops with the utmost gallantry until dusk, when the British encamped for the night. In this heroic stand, the tenth Virginian regiment, under Colonel Stephens, and a Pennsylvanian regiment, under Colonel Steward, were especially conspicuous. Meanwhile, Knyphausen, warned by the sound of the artillery that the right wing of the Americans was fully engaged, and perceiving that the corps under General Wayne, at Chad's Ford, were weakened by the troops that had been detached to the support of Sullivan, immediately made dispositions for crossing the river. The passage was protected by batteries and an intrenchment. The moment Knyphausen advanced, the Americans opened a heavy fire of artillery from their intrenchments and batteries. But the troops of Knyphausen steadily advanced through the storm of deadly missiles, and reaching the opposite bank, prepared to assail the intrenchments. At this moment, Wayne heard of the defeat of the right wing and center at Birmingham meeting-house, and seeing that some of the British troops had penetrated the woods, and were preparing to fall on his right flank, ordered a retreat. This was made in great disorder, the Americans abandoning their artillery and ammunition to the enemy. In their retreat, they passed the position of General Greene, where the Americans were still defending themselves gallantly. This brave general was the last to quit the field. Taking advantage of the darkness, he withdrew his forces, and the whole army retreated to Chester, where they rendezvouzed, and the following morning marched toward Philadelphia, and encamped near Germantown.

Thus ended the disastrous battle of Brandywine. The Americans lost 300 killed, 600 wounded, and 400 taken prisoners. The British loss in killed and wounded was about 500. Eleven pieces of cannon, and a considerable quantity of ammunition fell into the hands of the victors.

BRECHIN, A.D. 1403.—In the year 1403, the castle of Brechin, a royal burgh of Scotland, withstood a siege of twenty days by the English under Edward I., and surrendered only when Sir Thomas Maule, its brave commander, was killed.

BRESLAU, A.D. 1757.—A battle was fought on the 22d of November, 1757, between the Austrians and Prussians, at Breslau, in Prussia. The Prussians were commanded by Prince Bevens, who was defeated after a most bloody struggle. The city of Breslau fell into the hands of the conquerors; but in the year 1806 it was re-taken by the Prussians. On the 8th of January, 1807, the city was besieged and taken by the French. In 1813 it was again taken by the French.

BREEDS'S HILL. See *Boston.*

BREST, A.D. 1694.—Brest is the strongest military port of France. In the year 1694, an English fleet under Admiral Berkley appeared before Brest, to attack the place; 900 men were landed, but the tide having receded, their boats were stranded, and being attacked by the French, the men who had landed were cut to pieces, and the fleet set sail without accomplishing its purpose.

BRIHUEGA, A.D. 1710.—In 1710, a battle was fought near Brihuega, in Spain, between the French army under the Duke de Vendome, and the allies under Lord Stanhope, in which the latter were defeated with considerable loss.

BRIAR CREEK, A.D. 1779.—In the year 1779, an action took place between the Americans and British, at Briar Creek in Georgia. The American force, consisting of 1,500 North Carolina militia, and a few regular troops under General Ash, had taken up a position on Briar Creek, when they were suddenly surprised by Lieutenant-Colonel Prevost, who attacked them in rear with 900 veterans. The militia were thrown into confusion at once, flying at the first fire of the enemy. One hundred and fifty Americans were killed; 162 were made prisoners, and many were drowned in the river and swamps. Only 450 escaped to General Lincoln's camp, near Savannah; and almost all the arms fell into the hands of the conquerors.

BROMPTON, A.D. 1138.—Near this place, in York co., England, was fought the "Battle of the Standard." See *Standard.*

BROWNSTOWN, A.D. 1812.—On the 8th of August, 1812, a sharp engagement took place between an American detachment, 600 strong, and a large body of British and Indians, near Brownstown, in Canada, in which

the latter were defeated with considerable loss.

BROOKLYN, A.D. 1776.—This beautiful city stands at the western extremity of Long Island, and is in King's county in the State of New York.

Immediately after the British evacuated Boston, Washington proceeded to New York, fearing that Howe would sail against that city; and upon his arrival made every preparation for its defense. On the 8th of July, Howe arrived at Staten Island with a fleet bearing 9,000 British and Hessian soldiers. These troops were disembarked at this place, and the British general there awaited the arrival of his brother, Admiral Howe, with other troops. These soon arrived, and being joined by the troops of Clinton and Parker, the whole British army numbered 30,000 men. Meanwhile the Americans were exerting themselves to the utmost to dispute the entrance of Howe into New York. On the first of August the American army in New York and vicinity, consisted of about 27,000 men. Of these troops about 15,000, under Generals Greene and Sullivan, occupied the city of Brooklyn. A small detachment was stationed on Governor's Island; another occupied Paulus's Hook, where Jersey City now stands; a body of New York militia under General George Clinton was detached to Westchester co., in order to oppose the landing of the British on the shores of Long Island, and Parson's brigade was posted at Kip's Bay on the East river.

But the American army was in a poor condition to repel the attacks of their vigorous foe. The soldiers were poorly armed, and, wasted by diseases, at least one fourth of them were unfitted for active duty. About the middle of August, General Greene was prostrated by sickness, and the whole command of the army at Brooklyn fell on General Sullivan. The possession of Long Island was very desirable to the British; being separated from New York by the East river, and being abundant in corn and cattle, it presented the means of subsistence for the most numerous army. Aside from this, its inhabitants were believed to favor the cause of the king. Wishing, therefore, to secure a post so important, Howe decided to attack Long Island. Accordingly, having made all his dispositions, on Thursday morning, the 22d of August, 1776, the British fleet approached the west shore of the Island, near the Narrows, a strait which separates it from Staten Island, and, without molestation, 10,000 troops, with 40 cannon, were disembarked near New Utrecht. The chief commanders of the British were Generals Clinton, Cornwallis, Percy, Grant, De Heister, and Erskine. The intelligence of this movement on the part of the British, created the utmost alarm and confusion. General Putnam, with reinforcements, was sent thither, with orders from Washington to take the entire command of the army on Long Island. The greater part of the American army occupied the city of Brooklyn, their left wing resting upon Wallabout Bay, and their right covered by a marsh adjoining Gowanus Cove. The entrance to the city was strongly fortified with moats and intrenchments. Behind the American army was Governor's Island, and the East river, which gave it direct communication with New York, where Washington, with the other part of the army, was stationed. Having effected their landing, the British marched rapidly forward. The two armies were separated by a chain of heights extending from the Narrows to the Jamaica road, which were practicable only at four points—at Martensis Lane, near the Narrows; the Flatbush pass, at the junction of the present Brooklyn and Flatbush turnpike, and the Coney Island plank road; the Bedford pass, about half a mile east of the junction of the Flatbush and Bedford roads, and the Jamaica pass, a short distance from East New York, now called, on the road to Williamsburgh. These ways were interrupted by precipices, and by excessively difficult and narrow defiles. With the exception of the Jamaica pass, they were all defended by bodies of American troops, and were fortified with breastworks. General Sullivan, assisted by Brigadier-General Stirling, was intrusted with the command of the troops without the lines. Colonel Miles, with his battalion, was to guard the road of Flatlands, and to scour it, as well as that of Jamaica, continually with his scouts, in order to observe the movements of the enemy. Meanwhile, the British army gradually advanced, its left wing being to the north, its right to the south. The center consisted of Hessians, under General de Heister; the left wing was composed of English troops, under General Grant, and rested on New York bay, and the right wing, on which the British generals placed their principal hope of success, was composed of picked troops, under the command of Cornwallis, Clinton, and Percy, accompanied by General Howe, in person. The British plan of attack was, that while the troops of Generals Grant, and De Heister should annoy the Americans on the left and center, the right, taking a circuit, should march through Flatlands and endeavor to secure the roads and passes between Jamaica and that village; and then hastily descending to the plain which extended from the foot of the hills, should fall upon the flank and rear of the left wing of the enemy. As this post was the most dis-

tant from the center of the army, the British generals hoped that the advanced parties of the Americans would be weaker, and less careful; and at all events, they supposed that the enemy would be unable to defend it against the assault of such a superior force. On the evening of the 26th, the division was put in motion. The vanguard, consisting of light infantry, was commanded by General Clinton; the center, composed of the grenadiers, the cavalry, and the artillery, was under Lord Percy, and the vanguard was commanded by Lord Cornwallis. In admirable order this body of the British army marched in the deepest silence, though New Lots, followed by the baggage, the heavy artillery, and some regiments of infantry. At about two o'clock in the morning, they arrived at the heights within half a mile of the road to Jamaica, unobserved by any of Colonel Miles's troops except some patrols whom they met and captured. General Clinton halted on these heights and made preparations for the attack.

The American commander did not expect an attack on his left, and had turned all his attention toward his right. General Clinton being informed by his prisoners that the Jamaica road was not guarded, determined to secure that important pass. With a rapid movement he bore his left toward Bedford, and seized the Bedford pass before General Sullivan was aware of his departure from Flatlands. To this unfortunate oversight on the part of the Americans, the British may attribute their success of the day. Lord Percy and Cornwallis followed with their troops, and the whole column passed through the village of Bedford into the plain which lay between the hills and the American position. Meanwhile, General Grant, with the left wing of the British army, advanced toward Brooklyn, in order to divert the attention of the enemy from the events that were transpiring on the right. As they approached the heights they were discovered by the guard at the lower pass, and the alarm was immediately given. General Putnam detached Stirling with Atlee, Haslet, and Smallwood's regiments to oppose the troops of Grant. The British drove back the militia-guard from the pass of Martenses Lane, but they were soon rallied by Colonel Parsons, on an eminence,* where they maintained their ground until the arrival of Stirling at early dawn, with 1,500 men. Stirling took a position on the neighboring slopes, and the action became exceedingly warm. The engagement continued without either party gaining a decided advantage, until eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the aspect of affairs was suddenly changed by the movements of the British on the American left.

During the time that Stirling and Grant were thus engaged the Hessians under De Heister, advanced from Flatbush, and opened a cannonade on the American works at the Flatbush pass, at which point the regiments of Colonels Williams and Mile's were posted, under the command of General Sullivan. At the same time the English ships, having taken an advantageous position, opened a brisk fire upon an American battery at Red Hook Point. These operations were all made with the intention of diverting the attention of the Americans from what was passing in their center and on their left. At all these points the Americans defended themselves with the utmost gallantry; but their exertions were fruitless, for the rapid and unexpected movements of Clinton on their left soon placed victory in the hands of the invaders. Having gained the plain between the American line and Bedford, Clinton furiously attacked the left wing of the enemy. At the first sound of Clinton's cannon, De Heister ordered the Hessians, under Count Donop, to charge the troops of Sullivan. The conflict which followed was terrible. The Americans bore up gallantly against the fierce attack of the enemy; but Sullivan perceiving that his little band was unable to cope with the superior numbers of the Hessians, and that Clinton was rapidly gaining ground in his rear, ordered a retreat. But the order came too late. The retreating Americans were met by Clinton's dragoons and light infantry, who, charging down upon them, drove them back on the bayonets of the Hessians. The entrapped Americans fought furiously with the foe; hand to hand, and breast to breast they struggled desperately, swaying backward and forward between the opposing ranks of the enemy. Some with the courage of despair hewed their way through the walls of bayonets and swords which encompassed them, and escaped to Putnam's camp, the others were slain to a man. The Hessians slaughtered the patriots with the fury of fiends, giving no quarter. "It was a fine sight," wrote a British officer, "to see with what alacrity they dispatched the rebels with their bayonets, *after we had surrounded them and they could not resist.*" The left wing and center of the American army being thus discomfited, the English, under Cornwallis, made a quick movement against the rear of the right wing. Here General Stirling was engaged with Grant. Attacked thus in front and rear, Stirling saw no means of escape, except across Gowanus Creek. This could only be effected by keeping Cornwallis at bay with a few troops, while the others should make their escape. He at once changed his

* This height is in Greenwood Cemetery, a little north of Sylvan water.

BATTLE OF BOUVINES

Page 120.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Page 271.

front, and placing himself at the head of a body of men (whose names should be written in letters of gold for their noble sacrifice on this day,) commanded by Major Gist, he led them against the troops of Cornwallis. Fighting for the lives of their countrymen the Americans fell upon the British with the utmost fury. The carnage was terrible. For twenty minutes that gallant little band held the British in check, and even drove them back, and thus afforded the remainder of his corps an opportunity to cross the creek; but the bed of the stream was miry, and many of them sank into the quicksand beneath its turbid waters, in death. But at length, when nearly all his brave men were slain, Stirling was overwhelmed, and was himself taken prisoner. The battle ended with Stirling's defeat. The loss of the Americans in this battle has been variously stated. It is thought, however, to have been about 2,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. This number is large considering that only about 5,000 were engaged. Among the prisoners were Lord Stirling, General Sullivan, and Colonel Atlee. The British lost about 400 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The British encamped in front of the American lines in Brooklyn, and on the morning of the 28th, broke ground within six hundred yards of Fort Putnam. They cast up a redoubt and cannonaded the American works. Washington was there. He had witnessed the disastrous defeat of his army with intense sorrow, and exerted himself to the utmost to secure the shattered remnant. Finding that all hopes of success were useless, it was finally decided to evacuate Long Island, and on the night of the 29th of August, favored by a thick fog, the entire army, with all the artillery, baggage, camp equipage, in fact, every thing was safely transported to New York.

BRIENNE, A.D. 1814.—The chateau of Brienne, the scene of the boyish adventures of Napoleon Bonaparte, afterwards was the theater of two bloody engagements between the forces of the French emperor and the united army of the Russians and Prussians. There the great captain received the first rudiments of his military education, and here in 1814, after he had startled all Europe by the magnitude and brilliancy of his warlike exploits, he was in imminent danger. The town is situated on the great road from Paris to Chaumont, and has a fine castle, which, erected on an artificial plateau, commands an extensive view.

On the 29th of January, 1814, the French troops approached Brienne, which was occupied by Blucher with 26,000 Prussians. The French army consisted of about 70,000 men, of whom 15,000 were cavalry; but a part of these were at a considerable distance from the center of action. As the French approached Brienne they discovered the Prussians drawn up in successive lines in front of its buildings. The beautiful terraces which lie along the higher parts of the town, were strongly occupied by their powerful artillery. The great road between Brienne and Mazieres, was occupied by Olsoofief's guns and Pahlen's dragoons, as an advanced guard; but at two o'clock, the French attacked this position with such vigor, that the Prussians gradually retired toward the lower part of the town. Napoleon, encouraged by the retreat of the enemy's rear guard, now pressed on vigorously with all the forces he could command. He constantly received accessions of fresh troops, while the action was going on in front of the town. He hurried forward his numerous guns to the front, and opening a concentric fire on the town, discharged a shower of bombs and shells, which soon set it on fire and reduced a considerable part to ashes. A column of infantry charging amid the spreading conflagration, through the streets, took twelve Russian guns. Soon, however, the French troops advancing to support this vigorous onset, were checked by a battery which commanded their left wing; and being charged in rear by the Russian dragoons, they lost the guns they had taken, and were driven out of the town with a loss of eight pieces of their own. Until nightfall the fire on both sides was continued with great vigor; but as darkness covered the earth, it slackened. The town still remained in the hands of the Russians; and Blucher, deeming the battle at an end, retired to the chateau, to survey, from its elevated summit, the position of the vast semicircle of watch-fires, which marked the camp of the enemy on the west side of the town. While he was gazing upon the French line, he heard loud cries in the avenue which led to the castle. They were speedily followed by the discharge of musketry, and vehement shouts at the foot of the building itself. He hastened down stairs, accompanied by a few of his suit, and he had hardly time to reach the road, when the castle was carried by a body of French grenadiers who had stole unperceived into the grounds of the chateau. Mounting his horse, the old marshal hastily rode toward the town, when he was met by a Cossack who told him that the French had again burst into Brienne. By the light of the burning houses he distinctly perceived a large body of the enemy advancing toward him at a rapid trot. Drawing himself into the shadow of a house in the street, the French dragoons passed him like a whirlwind, little thinking that they had lost the opportunity of capturing him, who two months afterward was governor of Paris!

Blucher now ordered the town to be cleared of the enemy; but though his men advanced vigorously to the attack of the castle, they were always repulsed with great loss. At two o'clock the Prussian field marshal withdrew his whole army, and took up a strong position at Trannes, on the road to Bar-sur-Aube, and Brienne remained entirely in the hands of the French. In this bloody affair, the Prussians only were engaged. Both parties fought with the most determined resolution, and each sustained a loss of about 3,000 men. At the very time that Blucher so narrowly escaped being made prisoner, Napoleon, himself, was still nearer destruction. The emperor, after having inspected the position of the bulk of his army, which was lying in the plain between Maizieres and Brienne, was riding back, accompanied by his suite, to the former town, when a party of Cossacks suddenly dashed across the road. The foremost Cossack, with his lance in rest, rode at full speed against the horseman with the cocked-hat and gray riding coat, who rode in front. A cry of horror arose in the emperor's suite; Corbineau threw himself across the lancer's path, while Gourgand drew his pistol and shot him dead, and he fell headlong at the feet of the emperor. The Cossacks immediately turned and fled, ignorant of the inestimable prize almost within their grasp. On the 30th of January, Napoleon transferred his head-quarters to the chateau of Brienne. The allied generals now made the most vigorous efforts to concentrate their forces.

One hundred thousand men, under the command of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, were collected together, and disposed for a general attack on the French army. The center, consisting chiefly of Blucher's Prussians, was posted on the elevated ridge of Trannes, with Barclay de Tolly's reserve behind it; the right wing was formed of the hereditary prince of Wirtemberg's corps, which was stationed at Getanie, and the left wing consisted of the Austrians under Giulay, with Colloredo's corps in reserve. The command of the whole army was given to Blucher. The French line was drawn up directly opposite to that of the allies. It extended from Dionville on the right, through La Rothiere and La Giberie in the center, to Chaumenie on the extreme left; forming the two sides of a right-angled triangle, facing outward, of which La Giberie was the turning point. The morning of the 1st of February was dark and gloomy. A cold wind swept across the plain, and the air was filled with driving sleet and snow, which rendered every thing invisible. At one o'clock the sky cleared, and as the mist dissolved the two armies discovered each other. On the one side stood 100,000 Prussians, Russians, and Austrians, ready for the fight, while on the other, in battle array, stood only 50,000 Frenchmen, calmly awaiting the attack of the enemy. Some distance behind the French army stood the chateau of Brienne, whose summit commanded a view of the whole field of battle. The right wing of the French army was commanded by Marshal Gerard; the left by Marmont, and the center was under the immediate direction of Napoleon himself, while Mortier, Ney, and Oudinot were in reserve behind. To distinguish the soldiers of the allied army, who belonged to six different nations, and were clothed in every variety of uniform, from the enemy, orders were given that they should all, from the general to the private soldier, wear a white band around the left arm. The allied monarchs now gave the orders to attack. Giulay, who commanded the left wing of the allied army, advanced against the right wing of the French under Gerard; the Prince of Wirtemberg and Sacken, who directed the allied center, marched against the French center, at La Giberie, and La Rothiere, and Wrede advanced on Monvilliers. The ground was so heavy that Niketin, who commanded Sacken's artillery, was obliged to leave half of his guns in position on the ridge of Trannes, and harness the horses belonging to them to the other half, thirty-six in number, with which he advanced to the attack. To each of the heavy guns were attached ten horses; six to the light, and five to the caissons. As they were slowly dragged through the deep clay, the French artillery maintained a heavy and incessant discharge upon them; but at length they were formed in a line, ready to open on the French center at La Rothiere. The infantry destined for their protection was still far in the rear, toiling through the miry fields. Napoleon now caused a large body of cavalry to charge the guns; but the Russian cuirassiers, reserved their fire till the enemy's horse was within 600 yards, when they opened a sudden discharge upon the advancing troop, which caused them to recoil, and finally retreat. Snow now commenced falling with such thickness, that the nearest objects were no longer visible. During the obscurity the thirty-six pieces left behind at Trannes, were brought to the front.

In the mean time, the cavalry of Sacken's corps approached, and the action became general. The French troops posted in a wood in front of La Giberie, were driven back by the Prince of Wirtemberg, who, threading his devious way through a narrow path between fish-ponds, at last reached the open country, and commenced an attack on the village of La Giberie and Chaumenie,

which, after a bloody struggle, he carried. Napoleon immediately ordered his guards and reserves to regain these important posts, and supported their attack by the concentric fire of a large part of his artillery. These gallant soldiers attacked the village with such vigor, that the enemy was driven out, and the posts regained. Again the Austrians, supported by Wrede, advanced to the charge. Attacked at once in front and flank, the French, after an obstinate resistance, were dislodged, and the villages were regained, and permanently held by the allies. Meanwhile, Sacken, in the center, led his troops against La Rothiere and the French batteries adjacent. The vanguard pushed the attack vigorously, and at length reached the church of La Rothiere, around which a bloody conflict arose. The snow descended in thick and heavy flakes, and the combatants fighting in obscurity, were frequently obliged to suspend their fire, being unable to see each other. At this moment the Russian dragoons advanced upon the French cavalry, and charged and captured a battery of twenty-eight guns in the French center. At the same time, the Prince of Wirtemberg made himself master of a battery of nine guns, between La Giberie and La Rothiere; then turning about to his left, he attacked the village in flank, and expelled the French from every part of it, while Wrede carried Chaumenie and twelve guns on the extreme left of the line. The French center and left wing were thus entirely broken and defeated. The right wing, however, still stood firm at Dionville, and had repulsed all the attacks of Giulay's Austrians. Napoleon, determined to regain La Rothiere, placed himself at the head of the dragoons of Colbert and Piri, and bringing up every disposable gun he had, directed a general attack on that village. Oudinot, with two fresh divisions, came up to his aid, and the French soldiers enthusiastically advanced to the charge. Blucher, perceiving the concentration of the French forces at this decisive point, put himself at the head of his reserves, and advanced to sustain the encounter. The evening was far advanced when these two formidable antagonists met in arms. The falling snow rapidly covered the bodies of the slain with its white mantle, and the moon shining through a misty atmosphere, faintly illumined the field. The first attack of the French was irresistible. Amid loud cheers the village was carried; but the Emperor of Russia immediately brought up the grenadier regiments, and the French, far inferior in point of numbers, were driven out at the point of the bayonet, fiercely contesting every inch of soil. In vain did the brave Frenchmen battle with the enemy; their ranks dissolved before the murderous fire of the Russians, like grass before the scythe. Such was the indomitable resolution with which they fought, that the division of Duhesme was almost entirely destroyed. Napoleon and Blucher directed the attacks in person. At length the French were driven from the village. At the same time, Giulay, on the extreme right, after the sixth assault, carried Dionville. The whole ground, and every village occupied by the French at the commencement of the battle, were now in the hands of the allies. Napoleon saw that the day was lost, and gave orders to burn La Rothiere, and drew off his troops to Brienne, under cover of the night. The French lost in this battle 6000 men, killed, wounded, and made prisoners, and seventy-three pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the victors. The allies lost 5000 killed and wounded. The great loss of the French on this occasion testifies to their valor and resolution. For nearly twelve hours had they contested against the combined armies of Europe; and the overwhelming number of the enemy alone, finally compelled them to retreat.

BUENA VISTA, A.D., 1847.—This celebrated battle-field, in Mexico, is situated about ninety miles south-west of Monterey, and ten miles from Saltillo. It consists mostly of mountain ridges, impassable ravines, and narrow defiles.

At noon, on the 21st of February, 1847, the American army, commanded by General Taylor, broke up its camp at Agua Nueva, and encamped at a new position a little in front of the hacienda of Buena Vista. Taylor had learned that the Mexicans had concentrated a heavy force in his front, and that Santa Anna, the Mexican general, meditated a forward movement and attack upon his position at Agua Nueva. As the camp of Agua Nueva could be turned on either flank, and as the enemy's forces were greatly superior to his own, especially in cavalry, he determined to take up a position at Buena Vista, about eleven miles in rear, and there await the attack of the enemy. With a small force the American general proceeded to Saltillo, to make some necessary arrangements for the defense of that town, leaving Brigadier General Wool in the immediate command of his troops. Before he had completed his arrangements, on the morning of the 22d, he was advised that the enemy was in sight advancing. Upon reaching the ground, he found that the Mexican advance cavalry was in his front, having marched from Encarnacion the day before, and driving in a mounted force, left at Agua Nueva to cover the removal of public stores. The American troops were in a position occupying a line of remarkable strength. At this

point the road becomes a narrow defile, the valley on its right being rendered quite impracticable for artillery, by a system of deep and impassable gulleys, while on the left a succession of rugged ridges and precipitous ravines extended far back toward the mountain which bounds the valley. The features of the ground were such as nearly to paralyze the artillery and cavalry of the enemy, while his infantry could not derive all the advantages of his numerical superiority. The American army consisted of about 4,000 men. Of this number two squadrons of cavalry, and three batteries of light artillery, making not more than 453 men, composed the only force of regular troops. The balance were volunteers. The Americans were drawn up in the following order to receive the attack of the enemy. Captain Washington's battery (4th Artillery) was posted to command the road, while the 1st and 2d Illinois regiments, under Colonels Hardin and Bissil, each eight companies (to the latter of which was attached Captain Conners's company of Texas volunteers), and the 2d Kentucky, under Colonel McKee, occupied the crest of the ridges on the left and in rear.

The Arkansas and Kentucky regiments of cavalry, commanded by Colonel Yell and H. Marshall, occupied the extreme left near the base of the mountain, while the Indiana brigade under Brigadier General Lane (composed of the 2d and 3d regiments, under Colonels Bowles and Lane), the Mississippi riflemen, under Colonel Davis, the squadrons of the 1st and 2d dragoons, under Captain Steen, and Lieutenant Colonel May, and the light batteries of Captains Sherman and Bragg, 3d Artillery, were held in reserve. At eleven o'clock, the American commander received the following summons from General Santa Anna, to surrender at discretion: "You are surrounded by 20,000 men, and can not in any human probability, avoid suffering a rout, and being cut to pieces with your troops; but as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe, and for that purpose give you this notice, in order that you may surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character, to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind, to commence from the moment when my flag of truce arrives in your camp. With this view I assure you of my particular consideration..

"God and Liberty. Camp at Encantada, February 22d, 1847.

"Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna."

To this summons General Taylor replied as follows:

"Sir—In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request.

"With high respect, I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"Z. Taylor,

"*Major General U. S. A., Commanding.*"

The Mexican general still forbore his attack, waiting for the arrival of his rear columns, which could be distinctly seen by the American look-out, approaching the field. Perceiving a demonstration on the enemy's left, the American general detached the 2d Kentucky regiment, and a section of artillery to the right, in which position they bivouacked for the night. In the mean time the Mexican light troops had engaged the Americans on the extreme left, which was composed of parts of the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, dismounted, and a rifle battalion from the Indiana brigade, under Major Gorman; the whole being commanded by Colonel Marshall. The Mexicans kept up a sharp fire, climbing up the mountain side, with the endeavor to gain the American flank. Three pieces of Captain Washington's battery had been detached to the left of the American army, and were supported by the 2d Indiana regiment. The Mexicans occasionally threw shells into this part of the American line, but without effect. The skirmishing of the light troops was kept up, with trifling loss to the Americans, until dark, when Taylor, convinced that no serious attack would be made before morning, returned with the Mississippi regiment and a squadron of the 2d dragoons, to Saltillo. The troops bivouacked without fires, and laid upon their arms. A body of the enemy's cavalry, about 1,500 strong, had been visible all day, in rear of the town, having entered the valley through a narrow pass east of the city. This cavalry, commanded by General Minon, had been thrown into the rear of the Americans, to break up and harass their retreat, and perhaps make some attempt against the town if practicable. Saltillo was occupied by four excellent companies of Illinois volunteers, under Major Warren of the 1st regiment. A field-work, which commanded most of the approaches, was garrisoned by Captain Webster's company, 1st Artillery, and armed with two 24 pound howitzers, while the train and head-quarter camp were guarded by two companies of Mississippi riflemen, under Captain Rogers, and a field-piece commanded by Captain Shover, 3d Artillery. Having made these dispositions, General Taylor proceeded on the morning of the 23d to Buena Vista, ordering forward all the other available troops. The action had commenced before his arrival on the field. At an early hour on the 23d, the action commenced, on the

mountain side, where the Mexicans during the evening and night of the 22d had thrown a body of light troops with the purpose of outflanking the left of the American line. The American riflemen, under Colonel Marshall, who had been reinforced by three companies under Major Trail, 2d Illinois volunteers, maintained their ground gallantly against a greatly superior force, holding themselves under cover, and using their weapons with deadly effect. At eight o'clock the Mexicans made a strong demonstration against the center of the American position. The Mexicans in a heavy column, moving along the road, rapidly approached; but a few well directed and rapid shots from Captain Washington's battery, soon dispersed them. In the mean time the Mexican general was concentrating a large force of infantry and cavalry under cover of the ridges, with the intention of forcing the enemy's left, which was posted on an extensive plateau. The 2d Indiana and 2d Illinois regiments formed this part of the American line, the former covering three pieces of light artillery, under the order of Captain O'Brien, Brigadier General Lane being in the immediate command. In order to bring his men within effective range, General Lane ordered the artillery and 2d Indiana regiment forward. The artillery advanced within musket range of a heavy body of Mexican infantry, and was opened against it with great effect; but without being able to check its advance. The infantry ordered to its support, were exposed to such a severe fire of small arms in front, and such a murderous cross-fire of grape and canister from a Mexican battery on the left, that they had fallen back in disorder. Captain O'Brien found it impossible to retain his position without support. He therefore withdrew; taking with him only two of his pieces, all the horses and cannoneers of the third piece being killed or disabled.

The 2d Indiana regiment, which had fallen back, could not be rallied, and took no further part in the action, except a handful of men, who, under its gallant colonel, Bowles, joined the Mississippi regiment, and did good service; and those fugitives who, at a later period in the day, assisted in defending the train and dépôt at Buena Vista. This portion of the American line having given way, the Mexicans attacked the left flank with an overwhelming force, and the light troops on the mountain were compelled to withdraw, which they did, for the most part, in good order. Many, however, were not rallied until they reached the dépôt at Buena Vista, to the defense of which they afterward contributed. Colonel Bissil's regiment (2d Illinois), which had been joined by a section of Captain Sherman's battery, had become completely outflanked, and was compelled to fall back, being entirely unsupported. The Mexicans were now pouring masses of infantry and cavalry along the base of the mountain, on the left of the American position, and were gaining their rear in great force. At this moment General Taylor arrived upon the field. The Mississippi regiment had been directed to the left before reaching the position, and immediately came into action against the Mexican infantry which had turned the American flank. The 2d Kentucky regiment, and a section of artillery, under Captain Bragg, had previously been ordered from the right, to reinforce the left wing of the American army, and arrived at a most opportune moment. That regiment, and a portion of the 1st Illinois, under Colonel Hardin, gallantly drove the enemy, and recovered a portion of the ground the Americans had lost. The batteries of Captains Sherman and Bragg were in position on the plateau and did much execution, not only in front, but particularly upon the masses which had gained their rear. Discovering that the enemy was heavily pressing upon the Mississippi regiment, General Taylor dispatched the 3d Indiana regiment, under Colonel Lane, to strengthen that part of the American line, which formed a crotchet perpendicular to the first line of battle. At the same time Lieutenant Kilburn, with a piece of Captain Bragg's battery, was directed to support the infantry there engaged. The action was for a long time warmly sustained at that point—the Mexicans making several exertions, both with infantry and cavalry, against the American line, and being always repulsed with heavy loss. The American commander had placed all the regular cavalry, and Captain Pike's squadron of Arkansas horse, under the orders of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel May, with directions to hold in check the enemy's column, still advancing along the base of the mountain, which was done in conjunction with the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, under Colonels Marshall and Yell. In the mean time the left, which was strongly threatened by superior Mexican forces, was further strengthened by the detachment of Captain Bragg's and a portion of Colonel Sherman's batteries to that quarter. The concentration of artillery fire upon the masses of the enemy along the base of the mountain, and the determined resistance offered to them by the two regiments opposed to them, had created confusion in their ranks, and some of the corps attempted to retreat upon their main line of battle. The squadron of the 1st dragoons, under Lieutenant Bucker, was now ordered up the deep ravine, which these retreating

corps were endeavoring to cross, in order to charge and disperse them. The squadron proceeded to the point indicated, but could not accomplish the object, being exposed to a heavy fire from a battery established to cover the retreat of those corps. While the squadron was detached on this service, the Mexican general concentrated a large body on the extreme left of the American line, with the view of making a descent upon the hacienda of Buena Vista, where the train and baggage of the Americans were deposited. General Taylor immediately ordered Lieutenant Colonel May to the support of that point, with two pieces of Captain Sherman's battery, under Lieutenant Reynolds. In the mean time the scattered American forces, near the hacienda, composed in part of Majors Trail and Gorman's commands, had been to some extent organized under the advice of Major Monroe, chief of artillery, with the assistance of Major Morrison, volunteer staff, and were posted to defend the position. Before the American cavalry had reached the hacienda, that of the Mexicans had made the attack; having been gallantly met by the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, under Colonels Marshall and Yell. The Mexican column immediately divided, one portion sweeping by the dépôt, where it received a destructive fire from the forces which had been collected there, and then gaining the mountain opposite, under a fire from Lieutenant Reynolds's section, the remaining portion regaining the base of the mountain, on the left. In the charge at Buena Vista, Colonel Yell fell gallantly at the head of his regiment. Adjutant Vaughan, of the Kentucky cavalry, was also slain. Lieutenant Colonel May, who had been rejoined by the squadron of the 1st dragoons, and by portions of the Arkansas and Indiana troops, under Lieutenant Colonel Roane and Major Gorman, now approached the base of the mountain, holding in check the right flank of the Mexican army, upon whose masses, crowded in the narrow gorges and ravines, the American artillery was doing fearful execution. The position of that portion of the Mexican army which had gained the rear of the American line, was now very critical, and it seemed doubtful whether it could regain the main body.*

At this moment, while General Taylor was sitting quietly on his white charger, watching the movements of the enemy, a Mexican officer was presented, bearing a white flag, who stated that he had been sent by his excellency, General Santa Anna, to inquire what General Taylor was waiting for? "For General Santa Anna to surrender,"†

* General Taylor's official report.
† General Coffee's account.

was the response of the American commander, who immediately dispatched Brigadier General Wool to the Mexican general-in-chief, and sent orders to cease firing.

Upon reaching the Mexican lines, General Wool could not cause the enemy to cease their fire, and accordingly returned without having an interview. Taking advantage of the momentary cessation of the American fire, the extreme right of the Mexican army at length effected a junction with the main body of their army. During the day, the cavalry of General Menon had ascended the elevated plain above Saltillo, and occupied the road from the city to the field of battle, where they intercepted several American soldiers. Approaching the town, they were fired upon, by Captain Webster, from the redoubt occupied by his company, and then moved off toward the eastern side of the valley, and obliquely toward Buena Vista.

At this time Captain Shover moved rapidly forward with his piece, supported by a miscellaneous command of mounted volunteers, and fired several shots at the Mexican cavalry, with great effect. They were driven into the ravines which lead to the lower valley, closely pursued by Captain Shover, who was further supported by a piece of Captain Webster's battery, under Lieutenant Donaldson, which had advanced from the redoubt, supported by Captain Wheeler's company of Illinois volunteers. The Mexicans made one or two efforts to charge the artillery, but was driven back in a confused mass, and did not again appear upon the plain. In the mean time, the firing had partially ceased upon the principal field. Santa Anna confined his efforts to the protection of his artillery. General Taylor had left the plateau for a moment, when he was recalled thither by a heavy musketry fire. On regaining that position, he discovered that the infantry of the Illinois and Kentucky regiments had engaged a greatly superior force of the enemy —evidently his reserve—and that they had been overwhelmed by numbers. The crisis appeared most imminent, Captain O'Brien, with two pieces of cannon, had sustained this heavy charge to the last, and was finally obliged to leave his guns on the field—his infantry support being entirely routed. Captain Bragg, who had just arrived, was ordered at once into battery, without any infantry to support him; and at the imminent risk of losing his guns, this officer came rapidly into action, the Mexican line being but a few yards from the muzzles of his pieces.*

At this critical moment, Generel Taylor rode up behind the gallant men, who were working their pieces with desperate energy.

* General Taylor's official report.

"A little more grape, Captain Bragg!" said the general, calmly, and the cannoneers, inspired to renewed exertions by the cool bravery of their commander, worked their guns with a rapidity and accuracy which told with fearful effect upon the Mexican columns.

The first discharge of canister caused the Mexicans to hesitate; the second and third drove them back in disorder; and the victory belonged to the Americans. The 2d Kentucky regiment, which had advanced beyond supporting distance in this affair, was driven back, and closely pressed by the Mexican cavalry. Taking a ravine which led in the direction of Captain Washington's battery, their pursuers were exposed to his fire, which soon checked them, and finally drove them back with loss. In the mean time, the rest of the American artillery had taken position on the plateau, covered by the Mississippi and 3d Indiana regiments, the former of which had reached the ground in time to pour a fire into the right flank of the enemy, and thus contribute to his repulse. In this conflict the Americans sustained a very heavy loss. Colonel Hardin, Colonel McKee, and Lieutenant Colonel Clay, 2d Kentucky regiment, fell at this time, while gallantly leading their commands. No further attempt was made by the Mexicans to force the American position, and the approach of night gave an opportunity to pay proper attention to the wounded, and also to refresh the soldiers, who had been exhausted by incessant watchfulness and combat.* Though the night was extremely cold, the troops were compelled to bivouac without fires, expecting that morning would renew the combat. During the night the Mexicans abandoned their position, and fell back upon Agua Nueva. The great disparity of numbers, and the fatigue of his troops, prevented the American general from pursuing them. The next day a staff officer was dispatched to General Santa Anna, to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, which was satisfactorily completed on the following day. Thus ended the battle of Buena Vista. The Americans lost 267 killed, 456 wounded, and 23 missing. The Mexicans lost, in killed and wounded, about 2,000, beside a great number of deserters and others who dispersed from their ranks. The following extract from a letter written by a distinguished American officer, will make a fitting close to this description of the battle of Buena Vista:

"At a time when the fortune of the day seemed extremely problematical—when many on our side despaired of success—old Rough-and-Ready, as he is not inaptly styled, whom you must know, by-the-by, is short, fat, and dumpy in person, with remarkably short legs, took his position on a commanding height overlooking the two armies. This was about three or, perhaps, four o'clock in the afternoon. The enemy, who had succeeded in gaining an advantageous position, made a fierce charge upon our column, and fought with a desperation that seemed for a time to insure success to their arms. The struggle lasted for some time. All the while General Taylor was a silent spectator, his countenance exhibiting the most anxious solicitude, alternating between hope and despondency. His staff perceiving his perilous situation—for he was exposed to the fire of the enemy—approached him and implored him to retire. He heeded them not. His thoughts were intent upon victory or defeat. He knew not at this moment what the result would be. He felt that engagement was to decide his fate. He had given all his orders, and selected his position. If the day went against him, he was irretrievably lost; if for him, he could rejoice, in common with his countrymen, at the triumphant success of our arms. Such seemed to be his thoughts, his determination; and when he saw the enemy give way, and retreat in the utmost confusion, he gave free vent to his pent-up feelings. His right leg was quickly disengaged from the pommel of the saddle, where it had remained during the whole of the fierce encounter; his arms, which were calmly folded over his breast, relaxed their hold, his feet fairly danced in the stirrups, and his whole body was in motion. It was a moment of the most exciting and intense interest. His face was suffused with tears. The day was won, the victory complete, his little army saved from defeat and disgrace, and he could not refrain from weeping for joy at what had seemed to so many but a moment before, as an impossible result."

* General Taylor's official report.

BUENOS AYRES, A.D. 1806.—Buenos Ayres is a maritime city of South America, and is the capital of the republic of La Plata. On the 24th of June, 1806, Buenos Ayres was attacked by the British land forces under General Beresford, while the naval forces distracted the attention of the defenders of the city by threatening Montevideo, where the principal regular forces of the vice-royalty of La Plata were collecting. Buenos Ayres, chiefly defended by militia, was unable to withstand the energetic attack of the invaders, and a capitulation was soon concluded, which guarantied private property. Public stores, however, of great amount, fell into the hands of the victors. But the city did not long remain in the hands of the British. The Spaniards, ashamed of their defeat by a handful of foreigners, began to entertain serious intentions of expelling the

intruders. An insurrection was secretly organized in the city of Buenos Ayres, almost under the eyes of the British commanders; the militia of the surrounding districts were assembled; Linieres, a French officer in the Spanish service, succeeded in crossing over from Montevideo, with 1,000 regular soldiers, and, on the 4th of August, the small English garrison, assailed by several thousand men from without, found itself menaced with insurrection in the interior of the city. The weather prevented embarkation; and the English troops were fiercely assailed by a greatly superior force in the town. After maintaining an unequal conflict with the enemy in the streets, for several hours, and harassed on every side by unseen enemies in the windows and on the roofs of houses, they were obliged to capitulate. The Spaniards violated the terms of surrender, and the whole remaining British troops were made prisoners of war, after losing nearly 200 men, killed and wounded. Sir Home Popham, the British commander, succeeded in making his escape with the squadron, and cast anchor off the mouth of the river, where he maintained a blockade till reinforcements enabled the British to resume the offensive.

On the 9th of May, 1807, General Whitelock, with 9,000 British soldiers, arrived at Montevideo (which town had been taken by the British the preceding year), and immediately made preparations for the reduction of Buenos Ayres. With 7,800 men, and eighteen pieces of artillery, he set out for that city. After several fatiguing marches the British troops reached Reduction, a village about nine miles from Buenos Ayres, and, having maneuvered, so as to deceive the enemy as to the real point of passage, succeeded in crossing the river La Plata, with very little loss, at the ford of Passo Chico. No sooner was the army assembled on the south bank of the river, than orders were given for a general attack on the town. The inhabitants had made great preparations for defense. Two hundred pieces of cannon were disposed, in advantageous positions, in the principal streets, and 15,000 armed men were stationed on the flat roofs of the houses to pour their destructive volleys on the columns that might advance to the attack. The British columns of attack were to advance by the principal streets to the great square near the river; but by an inconceivable oversight, they were not allowed to load their pieces, and they were forbidden to fire until they had reached the final place of their destination. As they advanced through the long streets, leading to the great square, they were exposed, without the possibility of returning it, to a destructive shower of musketry, hand-grenades, and stones, from the tops of the houses, which were crowded with armed and enthusiastic inhabitants; while strong barricades were drawn at intervals across the streets, mounted by powerful artillery. Sir Samuel Auchmuty, on the right, however, by a vigorous attack, made himself master of the Plaza de Toros, and took eighty-two pieces of cannon, an immense quantity of ammunition, and 600 prisoners. General Whitelock, himself, had gained possession of an advanced post in the center, and the Residencia, a commanding station on the left, had also fallen into the hands of the British. But these advantages were dearly purchased, and in other quarters of the town, the plunging fire to which the troops had been exposed, without the possibility of returning it, had proved so destructive, that three regiments mere compelled to lay down their arms, and the attacking force was weakened by the loss of 2,500 men. The next morning Linieres, the Spanish general, offered to restore all the prisoners he had taken, on condition that the British forces should withdraw altogether from Montevideo and all the settlements which they held on the Rio de la Plata. The British generals, fearful of a repetition of the disaster of the preceding day, agreed to these terms, and a capitulation, in virtue of which the whole British troops were withdrawn from the River Plata, was signed on the 7th of July, the second day after the action. And thus the expedition of the British to South America, was brought to an end.

BUNKER'S HILL. See *Boston*.

BURGOS, THE CASTLE OF, A.D. 1812.—This is a small fortress, but an important siege, filled with incident and instruction.

On the morning of the 18th of September, 1812, the allied army was in front of Burgos, and may be said to have commenced a siege, in which each claim the victory. The town was as bravely defended as it was bravely assailed.

Burgos is the capital of Old Castile. It is memorable for the noble stand which it repeatedly made against the Saracens. After the retreat of Massena, it was considered a critical and dangerous point, and its fortifications were repaired. The ruins of the castle were very strong, being stone, and of deep foundation, situated, besides, on the brow of a hill, commanding the river Arlanzon, on which the town stands, and the roads on both sides of it. These ruins were repaired, and strengthened by additional earth-works. Beyond the hill on which the castle is situated is another eminence, called St. Michael's Hill, on which a hornwork was erected. Adjoining the castle was a church, which was converted into a fort. The above works were included within three distinct lines of circum-

vallation, which were so carried and connected as to form an oblong square, and each to defend and support without endangering (in the event of being itself lost) the others. The garrison consisted of more than 2,000 men.

As Burgos is on the north side of the Arlanzon, while the allied army was on the south, and as the castle commanded both the river and the roads, Wellington had some difficulty in preparing the passage, and the remainder of the day of the 18th was employed in making the necessary arrangements. On the following day this operation was effected. The outworks of the hill of St. Michael were immediately seized, and troops posted close to the hornwork. At night the hornwork was itself attacked and carried, and thus the whole of St. Michael's Hill was obtained. This hill was, however, a mere outwork to the main fortress, inasmuch as the possession of it only brought the allies in front of the outermost of the three lines, behind which were the castle and body of the work.

The possession of this eminence afforded the allies a better knowledge of the defenses of the fort, with a commanding view of some of the works. The besieged evinced neither tardiness nor want of skill; they had demolished, in an incredibly short time, the houses which interfered with their line of defense. They had raised ramparts of earth and biscuit-barrels, and constructed flêches and redans to cover the batteries and sally-gates. These works, considering the materials and the pressure of the time, were so solid and accurate as to command the general praise of the British engineers, while the Portuguese regarded them with astonishment.

From the 19th to the 22d of September, the allies were employed in raising their own works upon St. Michael's Hill, in front of the exterior line of the enemy, and more particularly in fortifying and completing the hornwork, of which they had possessed themselves. Every thing being ready on the evening of the 22d, it was resolved to give the first regular assault. Accordingly, at the hour of eleven at night, the storming body was moved forward in two columns: the one, consisting of Portuguese, to the south-west flank of the castle; and the other of British, under Major Laurie, to the front. The plan of the attack was, that the Portuguese should engage and occupy the eminence on the above-mentioned flank, while Major Laurie's party should escalade the parapet in front.

The Portuguese, who were to begin the attack, commenced with much spirit. They were opposed to a deep ditch and a lofty parapet on the opposite side, and therefore, had to descend into the one and fight their way up the other. They were stopped at the very edge of the descent into this ditch; their attack, therefore, as a diversion, became nugatory, and failed in the first instance.

In the mean while, the party in front, under Major Laurie, having seen the Portuguese commence, advanced to the escalade, and having the same works in opposition to them as the Portuguese, in an instant reached the head of the counterscarp, and in another instant descended it, cleared the pallisades at the bottom, and planted their ladders to the parapet. The first assailants penetrated to the top of the parapet, and a fierce contest took place both there and in the bottom of the ditch. The assault was repelled with as much spirit as it was made, and the ditch and scarp were covered with dead of both parties. Among these was Major Laurie. But after much severe fighting, and a consequent loss, the party was withdrawn. The total British and Portuguese loss on this occasion was not short of 400 killed and wounded.

It would be of little general interest to follow the details of an irregular, and therefore, inartificial siege from day to day; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the attacks. Of those, during the whole siege, there were five; two we have already described.

After the failure of the storm on the 22d, a mine was directed under the same exterior line. It was exploded at midnight on the 29th, and a breach, erroneously deemed practicable, effected in the parapet. A storming party was immediately advanced, and at the same moment, for the purpose of diversion, a strong column was directed in front of the town. The storming party, however, missed its way, and thereby the affair failed.

Between the following day and the 4th of October, another mine was conducted near the same point, and the former breach was improved by fire from the batteries. This mine was exploded in the afternoon of the 4th, and the result was a second practicable breach. These two breaches were immediately stormed by the 2d battalion of the 24th, divided into two parties, under Captain Hedderwick and Lieutenants Holmes and Fraser. This assault was completely successful, and the allies were thus established within the exterior line of the castle.

The besieged, however, did not leave the allies in tranquil possession of this position: they made two vigorous sallies to interrupt the works against the second line, and continued their operations for the same purpose with very little intermission. A breach was effected, and a mine was in progress; but from want of siege-materials, particularly of a battering-train, the advances were slow, and it became obvious that success was

doubtful. There were only three eighteen-pounders, and no materials or instruments but what were made upon the spot.

On the morning of the 18th of October, a breach having been effected and a mine having been prepared under the church of St. Roman, it was resolved that the mine should be exploded the same evening, and that upon such explosion, the breach should be stormed and the line (the second line) escaladed. Accordingly, at the appointed time in the evening the attacking party was divided into three columns: the one under Lieutenant Colonel Browne, composed of Spanish and Portuguese, were to attack the church; the second party, composed of a detachment of the German legion, under Major Wurmb, were to storm the breach; while the third party, composed of the guards, were to escalade the line. At this moment the mine blew up, and, being the appointed signal, the parties at once rushed forward to their assigned points.

The explosion of the mine carried away the whole of the wall which defended that point, and Lieutenant Colonel Browne succeeded in lodging his party on the ruins and outworks. The besieged retreated to a second parapet behind the church, over the heads of the advancing assailants. This occasioned much loss and confusion; and a flank fire of the enemy coming in aid, compelled the lieutenant colonel to suffer the retreat of his men, and to content himself with saving them from disorder.

In the mean time, Major Wurmb had directed his party against the breach. The breach was carried in an instant, and a considerable number of the party in the same moment got into the body of the place. But here began the conflict. The besieged opened upon them such a destructive fire, both from the third line and the body of the castle, that, after the loss of their leader and a great proportion of their force, they were compelled to retire.

The third party, the guards, experienced a similar success in the commencement, and a similar disappointment in the result. They succeeded in escalading the line, but were compelled to retire before the superiority of numbers and the fire of the enemy.

The army of Portugal and the army of the North, for they were so near each other as to constitute one army, had not suffered this siege to go on without some attempts to interrupt it; they had now, however, attained a strength and importance that demand our attention.

These two armies were stationed on the high road from Burgos to Miranda on the Ebro, a continuance of the great French road from Madrid, through Burgos to Bayonne. From Burgos to Miranda on the Ebro is forty English miles. Above the village of Monasterio, on that side of it furthest from Burgos, was a range of hills, which was the position of the British outposts. The army of Portugal was in the neighborhood of Bribiesca; and the army of the North, under General Cafferilli, had its head-quarters at Pancorvo.

The principal attempts of these armies were on the 13th and 18th of October. On the former of these days, General Macune, who was in command of the French at Bribiesca, moved forward a considerable body of infantry and cavalry against the posts of the allies at Monasterio, but was repulsed as well by the posts themselves as by a detachment of the German legion.

On the 18th, the army of Portugal, having been previously strongly reinforced by the arrival of levies from France, re-advanced against the said posts, and possessed themselves of the hills and town. It now, therefore, became necessary to lead the army against them, and accordingly, with the exception of that portion of it required for the siege, the marquis assembled the troops, and placed the allied army on some heights between Burgos and Quentana. This movement was made on the 19th of October. The enemy assembled their army at Monasterio on the same day. On the following evening, the 20th, they moved a force of nearly 10,000 men to drive in the outposts at Quentana, and which, according to order, withdrew as they approached. The marquis had now recourse to a flank movement; the result gave him an advantage; upon seeing which, the enemy again fell back upon Monasterio.

And this maneuver, was the last operation of the siege of Burgos, for on the following day, the 21st, a letter from Sir R. Hill reported such a state of affairs upon the Tagus, that the marquis found it to be an act of necessity immediately to raise the siege, and to fall back upon the Douro. Accordingly, the siege was raised the same night, and the army was in march on the following morning. —*Robson.*

BUSACO, A.D. 1810.—The Sierra Busaco is a range of mountains in Portugal, which runs from the northern shores of the Mondego about eight miles in a northerly direction, where it unites with the ridge which separates the valley of the Mondego from that of the Douro. It was on the summit of this ridge, that the Duke of Wellington resolved to post his troops, and there await an attack from the French marshal, Massena. On the evening of the 26th September, 1810, Wellington had made his dispositions, and with a force not exceeding 60,000 men, prepared to dispute the passage of this ridge with Massena,

who had 72,000 men under his command. Next morning Massena commenced the attack at sunrise. Ney, at the head of three divisions, comprising 25,000 men, advanced against the British left, by the road which leads to the convent of Busaco; while, at the same time, Regnier with 16,000 men advanced to attack their right, about three miles distant. Ney's troops rapidly advanced up the wooded hollows, driving the British sharp-shooters before them. Crawford had his artillery so placed as to command the slope by which the French troops ascended; but, although the gunners worked their pieces with the greatest precision and rapidity possible, yet nothing could daunt the ascending troops. On they marched, till they emerged from the woods. Shouts of victory were now heard in the French lines, when Crawford with his 43d and 52d regiments, springing out of a hollow behind the highest part of the ridge, speedily charged the head of the French column, which, being fatigued by a toilsome march up the slope, was speedily broken and drove headlong, with dreadful loss, to the bottom of the hollow. Regnier's attack on the British right met with no better success. The ground there was easier to ascend than on the left, and notwithstanding the fire of twenty pieces of cannon, which continued to pour destructive volleys on the ascending column, they continued to press on, till they had gained the summit of the position. A Portuguese regiment attempted to oppose their further progress, but these were speedily routed, and the French troops establishing themselves on the summit commenced to deploy, in order to attack the British at the same time in front and on both flanks. At this moment the position appeared to be almost carried; when Generals Leith and Picton brought up their divisions and charged the enemy with such impetuosity, that, after a desperate struggle, they were forced from the ridge and hurled down the hill in disorder, the British firing on them but not pursuing, lest the ranks should be broken and the ridge again carried. The other division of Regnier's corps, which advanced up the slope, to the left of his main column, was promptly repulsed by the left of Picton's division before they reached the summit. This was the last attempt made by the French to carry this ridge. Though Loison and Marechand for a long time maintained an obstinate and bloody conflict in the hollows below, they were, however, effectually held in check by the united brigades of Peck and Spencer. Toward evening, Massena finding it impossible to carry the English position, and weary of this fruitless carnage, gave orders for his troops to withdraw. In this engagement the French general sustained a loss of 1,800 killed and 3,000 wounded, among whom were Generals Foy and Merle, who had received their wounds in ascending the slope. The loss of the allies was not so great.

BYBLOS, B.C. 454.—Inarus, a prince of Libya, favored by the Athenians, proclaimed himself king of Egypt, at the time that country was under the subjection of Artaxerxes Longimanus, King of Persia. Irritated at the revolt, Artaxerxes sent three hundred thousand men to quell it. He gave the command of this army to Megabyzus. Inarus could not resist such an inundation, and he at once abandoned Egypt and shut himself up, with a few of his countrymen and 6,000 Athenians, in Byblos, a city of the isle of Prosopitis. This city, surrounded by the waters of the Nile, was constantly revictualled by the Athenians, and for a year and a half the Persians made useless efforts to gain possession of it. Tired of such protracted labors, the Persians formed the plan of turning, by numerous cuttings, the arm of the Nile in which the Athenian fleet lay. They succeeded; and Inarus, terrified at the probable consequences, surrendered upon composition; but the bold bearing of the Athenians, their admirable discipline, and the order of their battalions, made the host of Persians afraid to attack them. They were offered an honorable capitulation; they accepted it, gave up Byblos, and returned to Greece, proud of having been thought invincible by a multitude of barbarians.

BYZANTIUM, B.C. 408.—Byzantium is the former name of the city of Constantinople.

The first memorable siege of Byzantium was undertaken by Alcibiades, in the year 408, B.C., when the ungrateful Athenians had recalled him to the head of their armies. His triumphs were as rapid as his wishes: he prevailed in the Peloponnesus, subdued the revolting cities, and laid siege to Byzantium. Alcibiades is another of the commanders we can scarcely fancy at a siege: an eager, sanguine, impetuous man, with ambitious views boiling in his brain, is not at home in such enterprises, whatever may be his talents. Tired of the length of the siege, and despairing of taking Byzantium by force, he had recourse to stratagem. He gave it out that the Athenians recalled him, embarked his army, and set sail. During the night he returned, landed a great part of his soldiers at a distance from the city, and himself appeared, in a menacing position, with his fleet before the port of Byzantium. The Byzantines rushed to the shore to drive off the fleet, which Alcibiades, by his maneuvers, made them believe was their most imminent danger. In the mean time, the troops landed during the night drew near the walls on the

other side, and took possession of the city before the inhabitants were aware even of their approach.

Second Siege, B.C. 341.—The Byzantines were in great peril when Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, besieged Perinthus. Byzantium having granted some succors to that city, Philip divided his army, and laid siege to it likewise. The Byzantines were reduced to the last extremity when Phocion came to their assistance. The grateful Perinthians and Byzantines decreed a crown of gold to the people of Athens.

Third Siege, A.D. 196.—The Emperor Severus, enraged with the Byzantines, laid siege to their city. They defended themselves with great resolution and firmness, and employed all kinds of stratagems to drive off their enemy, but they could not prevent the attacks of famine. Decimated by this horrible calamity, they were constrained to open the gates to the Romans. The conquerors exercised the rights of war in all their rigor; the city was plundered, and most of the citizens were slaughtered.

Fourth Siege, A.D. 323.—Immediately after the battle of Adrianople, Constantine undertook the siege of Byzantium, which was attended with great labor and uncertainty. In the late civil wars, the fortifications of that place, so justly considered as the key of Europe and Asia, had been repaired and strengthened; and as long as Licinius remained master of the sea, the garrison was much less exposed to the danger of famine, than the army of the besiegers, which consisted of 120,000 men, Constantine immediately summoned his naval commanders to his camp, and directed them positively to force the passage of the Hellespont, as the fleet of Licinius was lying in those narrow straits. Licinius's fleet consisted of 350 large galleys of three banks of oars, while that of his enemy numbered only about 200 galleys, much inferior in size and strength to his own. Crispus, Constantine's eldest son, was intrusted with the execution of the daring enterprise, which he performed with so much courage and success that he deserved the esteem, and most probably excited the jealousy of his father. The engagement lasted two days; and in the evening of the first, the contending fleets, after a considerable and mutual loss, retired into their respective harbors of Europe and Asia. The second day, about noon, a strong south wind sprung up, which carried the vessel of Crispus against the enemy; and as the casual advantage was improved, by this skillful intrepidity, he soon obtained a complete victory. A hundred and thirty vessels were destroyed, 5,000 men were slain, and Amandus, the admiral of the Asiatic fleet, escaped with the utmost difficulty to the shores of Chalcedon. As soon as the Hellespont was open, a plentiful convoy of provisions flowed into the camp of Constantine, who had already advanced the operations of the siege. He constructed artificial mounds of earth of an equal height with the ramparts of Byzantium, and erected lofty towers upon them. From these towers the besieged were galled with large stones and darts from military engines, and the battering-rams had shaken the walls in several places. Licinius perceived that if he remained much longer in the defense he exposed himself to be involved in the ruin of the place, and, therefore, before he was surrounded he prudently removed his person and treasures to Chalcedon in Asia. Such were still the resources, and such the abilities of Licinius, that after so many successive defeats he collected in Bithynia a new army of 50,000 or 60,000 men, while the activity of Constantine was employed in the siege of Byzantium. The vigilant emperor, however, did not neglect the last struggle of his antagonist. A considerable part of his victorious army was transported over the Bosphorus in small vessels, and the decisive engagement was fought soon after their landing on the heights of Chrysopolis, or, as it is now called, Scutari. The troops of Licinius, though they were lately raised, ill armed, and worse disciplined, made head against their conquerors with fruitless but desperate valor, till a total defeat, and a slaughter of 25,000 men, irretrievably determined the fate of their leader, who, soliciting and accepting pardon from Constantine, for his offenses, laid himself and his purple at the feet of his *lord* and *master*, and was raised from the ground with insulting pity. The same day he was admitted to the imperial banquet, and soon afterward he was sent away to Thessalonica, where he was placed in confinement, which was soon terminated by his death.—*Gibbon.* See Adrianople.

CADIZ, A.D. 1596.—Cadiz, a city and seaport of Spain, is situated on the island of Leon, off the south-west coast of Andalusia. On the 12th of June, 1596, an English fleet, consisting of 170 vessels, 17 of which were ships of war, the rest transports and small vessels, and a fleet of 20 ships from Holland, bearing a force of 6,360 soldiers, 1,000 volunteers, 772 seamen, beside the Dutch allies, set sail from Plymouth for Cadiz. The land forces were commanded by the Earl of Essex; the navy, by Lord Effingham, high admiral. Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Vere, Sir George Carew, and Sir Convers Clifford had commands in this expediton, and were appointed council to the general and admiral. Before the fleet were sent some armed vessels, which intercepted every ship that could carry intelligence to the enemy; and when they came near Cadiz, they took an Irish vessel, by which they learned that the port was full of merchant ships of great value, and that the Spaniards imagined themselves in perfect security, without any apprehension of an enemy. After a fruitless attempt to land at St. Sebastian's, on the western side of the island, it was, upon deliberation, resolved, by council of war, to attack the ships and galleys in the bay. Essex was so much delighted at this determination, that he threw his hat into the sea, and gave other symptoms of the most extravagant joy. His ardor, however, was abated, when Effingham informed him that Queen Elizabeth, dreading the effect of his youthful enthusiasm, had recently given orders that he should not be permitted to command the van in the attack. That duty was assigned to Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Thomas Howard; but Essex no sooner came within reach of the enemy, than he forgot the promise which the admiral had exacted from him, to keep in the midst of the fleet; he broke through and pressed forward into the thickest of the fire. Emulation for glory, avidity of plunder, animosity against the Spaniards proved incentives to every one; and the enemy was soon obliged to ship anchor, and retreat further into the bay, where they ran many of their ships aground. Essex then landed his men at the fort of Puntal, and immediately marched to the attack of Cadiz, which the English soon carried, sword in hand. The generosity of Essex, not inferior to his valor, made him stop the slaughter, and treat his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made rich plunder in the city; but missed of a much richer, by the resolution of the Duke of Medino, the Spanish admiral, who caused his ships to be set on fire, to prevent their falling into the hands of the victors. It was computed that the loss which the Spanish sustained in this enterprise amounted to 20,000,000 ducats.

CADORE, A.D. 1797.—In the year 1797, an action took place near Cadore, on the Piave, in northern Italy, betwen the Austrians and French armies, in which the former were defeated.

CAEN, A.D. 1346.—This city is situated between two meadows, at the confluence of the Orne with the Odon, in France.

In 1346, France was invaded by Edward III., of England, with an army consisting of 4,000 men at arms, 10,000 archers, 10,000 Welsh infantry, and 6,000 Irish. The intelligence of this unexpected invasion soon reached Paris, and threw Philip IV. into great perplexity. He issued orders, however, for levying forces in all quarters, and dispatched the Count of Eu, Constable of France, and the Count of Taucarville, with a body of troops, to the defense of Caen, a large and prosperous city, which lay in the neighborhood of the English army. The temptation of so rich a prize soon allured Edward to approach it; and the inhabitants, encouraged by their numbers, and by the reinforcements which they daily received from the country, ventured to meet him in the field.

But their courage failed them on the first shock; they fled with precipitation: the Counts of Eu and Tancarville were taken prisoners; the victors entered the city along with the vanquished and a furious massacre commenced without distinction of age, sex, or condition. The citizens, in despair, barricaded their houses, and assailed the English with stones, bricks, and every missile weapon; the English made way by fire to the destruction of the citizens, till Edward, anxious to save both his spoil and his soldiers, stopped the massacre; and, having obliged the inhabitants to lay down their arms, gave his troops license to begin a more regular and less hazardous plunder of the city.

The plunder continued for three days; the king reserved for his own share the jewels, plate, silks, fine cloths, and fine linen; and he bestowed all the remainder of the spoil on his army. The whole was embarked on board the ships, and sent over to England, together with three hundred of the richest citizens of Caen, whose ransom was an additional profit, which he expected afterward to levy. This dismal scene passed in the presence of two cardinal legates, who had

come to negotiate a peace between the two kingdoms.

In 1417, Caen was again taken by the English; and was rescued from them in 1540, by Dunois, who captured the Duke of Somerset and 4,000 English troops, who had retreated to the castle.

CAER CARADOC, OR CRADOK HILL, A.D. 51.—In Shropshire, England, at the confluence of the Coln and Teme, stands a lofty hill, called Caen Caradoc, still retaining the vestiges of the camp which the celebrated Caractacus, in the year 50, so gallantly defended against the Romans. The bank of the river was lined with soldiers, and the ascent of the hill was fortified with ramparts of loose stones. At the approach of the Romans, the Britons bound themselves by an oath to conquer or die, and defied, with loud exclamations, the attack of the enemy. Ostorius, the Roman general, hesitated at the sight; but at the demand of the legions, the signal of battle was given, and the Romans, under showers of darts, mounted the hill, burst over the ramparts, and drove the Britons from the summit. The wife and daughter of Caractacus fell into the hands of the victors; his brothers soon after surrendered; and the king himself was delivered in chains to Ostorius, by his step-mother, Cartismandua, Queen of the Brigantes, under whose protiction he had hopèd to elude thé vigilance of his pursuers. Caractacus was carried to Italy, where his fame had preceded him, and all were anxious to behold the man who, for nine years, had braved the power of Rome. As he passed through the imperial city, he expressed his surprise that men who possessed such palaces at home should envy the wretched hovels of his subjects, in Britain. The Emperor Claudius received the defeated monarch graciously, restored him to liberty, and, it is plausibly surmised, invested him with princely authority over a portion of conquered Britain.

CAHORS, A.D. 1580.—Of the numerous sieges on both sides which marked the struggle of Henry IV. of France for his crown, that of Cahors best displays the character of that hero and the men and times he lived in.

Henry IV., while King of Navarre, resolved to gain possession of Cahors. That city is surrounded on all sides by the Lot, which serves it as a fosse. It had a garrison of 2,000 men, and Vesins, its governor, was a soldier of acknowledged valor and great experience. Its citizens, always armed, were never off their guard. Henry assembled his council of war, composed of valiant and tried captains, and all pronounced the enterprise hazardous. Their representations were useless. "Every thing is possible to me," said he, "with men as brave as those I consult." On the 5th of May, he set out from Mantauban, in excessively hot weather, and arrived in the middle of the night within a quarter of a league of Cahors. His troops there quenched their thirst at a fountain which flowed under a nursery of young walnut-trees. Twelve soldiers marched forward for the purpose of fastening a petard to the gates of the city. Fifty men, commanded by Captain St. Martin, followed them closely; Roquilaure came next, with forty gentlemen and sixty soldiers; and after them, Henry of Navarre, with nine hundred men. Twelve hundred arquebusiers, in six platoons, closed the march. There were three gates to be forced. The petard attached to the first made so small an opening, that it was necessary to enlarge it with axes. The first passed through with difficulty; but the soldiers who followed them had time to file through in sufficiently great numbers. A furious storm which raged at the time did not permit the inhabitants to distinguish between the noise of the thunder and the report of the petards, which had broken down their gates. Henry's soldiers, on first entering the city, met with forty men and two hundred arquebusiers, almost naked. The Baron de Salignac cut them to pieces, and advanced into Cahors; but he was stopped in his march by the inhabitants, who, from the tops of the houses, hurled stones, tiles, pieces of wood, and other missiles upon the heads of his soldiers. In the mean time, the King of Navarre entered Cahors by another gate, with which the petard had succeeded better. At length day appeared, persons and objects were distinguishable, and all either rushed to the attack or stood firm in defense of the place. In all the streets it became necessary to force barricades and repulse a garrison much more numerous than the besiegers. Henry commanded and fought everywhere at the same time; his valor shrunk from no danger, though the blows of all the enemies seemed to be directed against him. He broke two partisans, and his armor was pierced in twenty places. This terrible combat lasted five days and five nights. The besieged, in full expectation of assistance, said not a word about surrendering. The assailants, fatigued with the weight of their armor and the excessive heat, maintained their posts with the intrepid courage their leader knew how to inspire. On the fourth day they learned that the succors promised to the city were drawing near. At this news, his captains assembled around Henry, and conjured him to secure a retreat before the enemy could reach Cahors. Henry, too courageous to know what fear meant, and heedless of the pain caused by his wounds, replied, with that

coolness which inspires confidence: "It is decreed above what is to become of me on this occasion. Remember that my retreat from this city without having taken it, will be the retreat of my life from my body." Reanimated by these words, his soldiers made fresh efforts; and fortune seconded the efforts of the brave Béarnais. He received a reinforcement of a hundred horse and five hundred arquebusiers; he secured his posts in the interior, and marched out to meet the approaching enemy. He repulsed them; and on his return to the city, the inhabitants having lost all hope, laid down their arms. There were but few killed in Henry's army, but many wounded.—*Robson.*

CALAHORRA, B.C. 72.—This place, known in ancient history as *Calagurris*, is situated on the right bank of the Ero, in Spain. In the year 72 B.C., it was besieged by the army of Pompey the Great. The inhabitants made a desperate resistance; but after enduring the most dreadful sufferings from famine, they were obliged to yield, and the city fell into the hands of the conqueror.

CALAIS, A.D. 1346.—This celebrated city is situated on the Straits of Dover, 29 miles north of Boulogne. The town is of a square form, and is well fortified; being surrounded by walls and bastions. On the west side it is protected by a strong citadel, commanding the town and harbor, and toward the sea by several forts. The country round, may also, in case of necessity, be laid under water by means of sluices.

In the year 1346, Edward III., of England, laid siege to the city of Calais, which was defended by John de Vienne, an experienced commander, who was supplied with every thing necessary for the defense. Edward, however, knowing the difficulty of taking so strong a town by force, resolved to reduce it by famine. He ordered a large castle to be constructed of strong timbers, in order to cut off all communication with the sea. This castle he built and embattled in such a manner, that it could not be destroyed; and garrisoned it with 40 men-at-arms, and 200 archers, who were provided with springalles, bombardes, bows, and other artillery. These men guarded the port of Calais so closely, that no vessels could go out or come in without being sunk or taken. These operations, though slow, were successful. The inhabitants were soon reduced to the utmost extremities by the want of provisions. King Philip, of France, who felt that his subjects in Calais must be severely oppressed, determined to march to their relief; and he approached the English with an army, which the writers of that age make amount to 200,000 men. With this immense body of troops, the French king marched toward Calais. They approached Calais in the evening. The moon was shining brilliantly, and the polished arms and fluttering banners of the French host, presented a gorgeous appearance as they glistened and waved in the soft moonlight. Edward's army, however, was so surrounded by morasses, and secured by intrenchments, that, without running on inevitable, destruction Philip concluded it impossible to make an attempt on the English camp. His only resource then was to send his rival a challenge to meet him in the open field; but this was refused, and he was obliged to decamp with his army, and disperse them into their various provinces. The siege had now lasted nearly twelve months, and John de Vienne, governor of Calais, now saw the necessity of surrendering his fortress, which was reduced to the last extremity by famine, and the fatigues of the inhabitants. Mounting the walls, he made a signal to the English sentinels that he desired a parley. Upon learning this, the King of England sent to him Sir Walter Manny, and Lord Basset. "Brave knight!" cried the governor, as they approached him, "I have been intrusted by my sovereign with the command of this town. It is almost a year since you besieged me; and I have endeavored, as well as those under me, to do my duty. But you are acquainted with our present condition; we are perishing with hunger, and we have no hopes of relief. I am willing, therefore, to surrender; and desire, as the sole condition, to insure the lives and liberties of those brave men who have so long shared with me every hardship and danger." To this Sir Walter Manny replied, "John, we are aware of the intentions of the king, our master. Know then, that it is not his pleasure to allow you to escape thus. He is determined that you shall surrender solely to his will; and that he will liberate or put to death such persons as he may think proper. You have done him so much mischief, and have by your obstinate resistance cost him so many lives, and so much money, that he is mightily enraged." "But consider," replied Vienne, "that this is not the treatment to which brave men are entitled; if any English knight had been in my position, your king would have expected the same conduct from him. The inhabitants of Calais have done for their sovereign what merits the esteem of every prince; much more of so gallant a prince as Edward. But I inform you, that if we must perish, we shall not perish unavenged; and that we are not yet so reduced but we can sell our lives at a high price to the victors. It is the interest of both sides to prevent these desperate extremities; and I expect that you, yourselves, gentlemen, will interpose your good offices, with your prince, in our behalf."

Struck with the justice of these sentiments, Manny represented to Edward the danger of retaliation, in case he should thus treat the inhabitants of Calais. Many barons who were present, supported this opinion, and at length the king was persuaded to mitigate the conditions demanded. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am not so obstinate as to hold my opinion alone against you all. Sir Walter, inform the governor of Calais, that the only grace he must expect from me is, that six of the principal citizens of Calais march out of the town, with bare heads and feet, with ropes around their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands. These six persons shall be at my absolute disposal, and the remainder of the inhabitants pardoned." When this intelligence was conveyed to Calais the inhabitants were filled with consternation. To sacrifice six of their fellow-citizens to certain destruction, for the signalizing their valor in a common cause, appeared to them even more severe than that general punishment with which they were before threatened; and they found themselves incapable of coming to any resolution. They had been called together in the market-place to consult upon the conditions offered them by the English king; but the alternative was so cruel, that unable to come to a decision, they filled the air with lamentable groans and cries. Even the lion-hearted Vienne, wept bitterly, as he gazed upon the melancholy spectacle. At length, one of the principal citizens, Eustace de St. Pierre, whose name deserves to be recorded, arose and said: "Citizens! it would, indeed, be mournful to allow so many people to die through famine, if any means could be found to prevent it; and in the eyes of our Saviour, it would be highly meritorious to avert such an evil. I have such trust and faith in finding grace before God, if I die, to save my fellow townsmen, that I name myself as first of the six." When Eustace had ceased speaking, the people all arose, and almost worshiped him; many cast themselves at his feet with tears and groans. Another wealthy citizen, animated by the noble example of Eustace, made a like generous offer; a third and fourth presented themselves to the same fate, and the whole number was soon completed. These six heroic citizens appeared before Edward, clad in the guise of malefactors, and laid at his feet the keys of the city. Edward gazed angrily at them for a moment, and then ordered that their heads should be struck off. But the entreaties of his queen saved his memory from the infamy of this barbarous deed. Casting herself at his feet, with streaming eyes, she entreated that their lives might be spared. The king looked at her for some moments in silence, and then said: "Ah, lady, I wish you had been anywhere else than here; I can not deny your entreaties. Take the men and do with them as you please." The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartment; the halters were taken from their necks, and they were presented with new clothing, and after having served them with a splendid repast, she caused them to be escorted out of the camp in safety.

Edward immediately took possession of the town; knowing that, notwithstanding his pretended title to the crown of France, he was regarded as a mortal enemy by every Frenchman, he ordered all the inhabitants of Calais to evacuate the town, and he peopled it anew with English; a policy which probably preserved it so long to his successors the dominion of that important fortress. Through the mediation of the Pope's legates, Edward concluded a truce with France; but even during the cessation of arms in 1349, he very nearly lost Calais, the sole fruit of all his boasted victories. The king had intrusted the place to Aimeny de Pavie, an Italian, who was a brave but treacherous man. This man agreed to deliver up Calais for the sum of 20,000 crowns; and Geoffrey de Charni, who commanded the French forces in that quarter, and who knew that if he succeeded in this enterprise, he would not be disavowed, ventured, without consulting his master, to conclude the bargain with him. Edward, informed of this treachery by means of Aimery's secretary, summoned the governor to London on other pretenses; and, having charged him with the guilt, promised him his life, on condition that he would turn the contrivance to the destruction of the enemy. The Italian easily agreed to this double treachery. A day was appointed for the admission of the French; and Edward, with 300 men at arms, and 600 archers, under the command of Sir Walter Manny, carrying the Prince of Wales with him, secretly departed from London, and arrived in the evening at Calais without being suspected. He placed his men in ambuscade in the rooms and towers of the castle, and gave the entire command of the enterprise to Sir Walter Manny. "You," said he to that gallant knight, "shall be chief; I, and my son, will fight under your banner." On the appearance of Charni, a chosen band of French troops were admitted at the postern, and Aimery, receiving the stipulated sum, promised that, with their assistance, he would immediately open the great gate to the troops, who were awaiting with impatience for the fulfilling of his engagement. The French who entered were immediately slain or taken prisoners: the great gate was opened, and Edward, followed by his men,

SIEGE OF CALAIS.

rushed forth with cries of battle and of victory. Though astonished at the event, the French behaved valorously, and a fierce and bloody engagement ensued. At daybreak the king, who was not distinguished by his arms, and who fought as a private man under the standard of Sir Walter Manny, observed a French gentleman, Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, who exerted himself with singular bravery and vigor; and he was seized with a desire to try a single combat with him. Stepping forth from the troop he challenged Ribeaumont by name. The hardy knight instantly sprang forward to the struggle. Twice was the English monarch beaten to the ground by the vigorous strokes of the Frenchman, and twice he recovered himself. In the confusion of battle, the two combatants were separated from the others; the blows were redoubled with equal force on both sides, till the French knight perceiving himself almost alone, cried out to his antagonist, "Sir knight, I surrender myself your prisoner; the glory of the day must fall to the English," and at the same time he delivered up his sword to the king. The French, being overpowered by numbers, and intercepted in their retreat, were nearly all either slain or made prisoners. The French officers who had fallen into the hands of the English were conducted into Calais; where Edward discovered to them the antagonist with whom they had had the honor to be engaged, and treated them with great regard and courtesy. They were even entertained in the evening, with a grand supper in the castle, at which both the king and his son were present. After supper the king remained in the hall, and went about conversing familiarly with his guests. Approaching Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, he said smilingly, "Sir Eustace, you are the most valiant knight in Christendom that I ever saw attack his enemy or defend himself. I never yet met any one in battle, who, body to body, has given me so much to do, as you have done to-day. I adjudge to you the prize of valor in token of my esteem for your bravery." Then taking a string of pearls, which he wore about his own neck, he cast it over the head of Ribeaumont, and continued, "Sir Eustace, I present this chaplet to you, as being the best combatant of the day, and I beg of you to wear it this year, for love of me. I know that you are lively and amorous, and love the company of ladies and damsels; therefore say, wherever you go, that I gave it to you. You are no longer a prisoner; I acquit you of your ransom; and you may set out to-morrow if you please, to go whither you will."

In the year 1436, the Duke of Burgundy, laid siege to the city of Calais, for the purpose of wresting it from the hands of the English; but terrified at the large force which the Duke of Gloucester was about to bring against him, he raised the siege, and made good his retreat before the arrival of the enemy.

For more than 200 years Calais remained in the possession of the English, who made it the chief market for British commodities, and who strongly fortified it at different times. In the year 1557, during the reign of Mary of England, war was declared against France, which country at that time was engaged in a war with Spain.

In England, preparations were made everywhere for attacking the French with vigor. An army of 10,000 men was raised, and sent into Flanders. A battle gained by the Spaniards at St. Quintin seemed to promise great success to the allied arms; but soon the Duke of Guise performed a deed, in the midst of the winter of 1558, which turned the scale in favor of the French, and strongly affected the interests of England, and touched its honor to the quick. This action was the taking of Calais. The English deemed this place impregnable; but all the fortifications which were raised before the invention of gunpowder were ill able to resist the attack of a regular battery from cannon. Coligny, the French general, had remarked to the Duke of Guise, that as the town of Calais was surrounded by marshes, which, during winter, were impassable, except over a dyke, guarded by two castles, St. Agatha and Newman Bridge, the English were of late, accustomed to some expense, to dismiss a great part of the garrison during that season of the year, and recall them in the spring. Upon this circumstance he had founded the design of making a sudden attack on Calais. He had caused the place to be secretly viewed by some engineers, and a plan of the whole enterprise being found among his papers, it served, though he himself was made prisoner at the battle of St. Quintin, to direct the measures of the Duke of Guise. The duke, on various pretenses, caused several bodies of troops to defile toward the frontiers; and the whole army suddenly assembled, formed an army, with which he made an unexpected march toward Calais. At the same time, a great number of French ships, being ordered into the channel under cover of cruising against the English, composed a fleet which made an attack by sea on the fortifications. The French assaulted St. Agatha Castle with 3,000 arquebusiers; and the garrison, after a gallant defense, were obliged to abandon the place, and retreat to the castle of Newman Bridge. The siege of the latter place was immediately undertaken, and at the same time, the fleet

battered the risbank which guarded the entrance of the harbor, and both of these posts were in imminent danger. The Governor of Calais, Lord Wentworth, finding that the greater part of his weak garrison was inclosed in the castle of Newman Bridge, and the risbank, he ordered them to capitulate, and to join him at Calais, which, without their assistance, he was utterly unable to defend.

The garrison of Newman Bridge happily effected this purpose; but that of the risbank could not obtain such favorable conditions, and were obliged to surrender at discretion. Calais was now completely blockaded by sea and land, and the Duke of Guise determined to attack the place at once. He planted his batteries against the castle, where he made a large breach. Having ordered Andelot, Coligny's brother, to drain the fosse, he commanded an assault. The French troops gallantly advanced to the breach, where they were met by its brave defenders. After a sharp struggle, in which both parties fought with great valor, the French drove back the English, and effected a lodgment in the castle. The following night, Wentworth attempted to recover this post, but having lost 200 men in a furious attack which he made upon it, he found his garrison so weak that he was obliged to capitulate. Thus, in less than eight days, the Duke of Guise recovered a city that had been in the possession of the English since the time of Edward the Third, and which had cost that monarch a siege of twelve months, at the head of a numerous army, which had that very year been victorious in the battle of Crecy. While the people of France gave way to the most extravagant joy at this victory, and loaded the Duke of Guise with every honor a grateful nation could bestow, the British kingdom was filled with murmurs, and the queen with despair. "When I am dead," she was heard to exclaim, "the name of Calais will be found engraven on my heart." Mary did not long survive the loss of Calais.

CALCUTTA, A.D. 1756.—Calcutta, the capital of the British dominions in the East, stands in a level plain, on the east side of Hooghly river, an arm of the Ganges, in Hindoostan.

In the year 1756, Suraja-ul-Dowlah, the soubahdar of Bengal, declared war against the British settlement at Calcutta, and levying a numerous army, laid siege to that place. But it was not in a state of strength to defend itself against the attack even of barbarians. The fort was taken, having been deserted by the commander; and the garrison, to the number of 146 persons, were made prisoners. They expected the usual treatment of war, and were therefore less vigorous in their defense; but they soon found what mercy was to be expected from a savage conqueror. They were all crowded together into a narrow prison called the Black-Hole, about eighteen feet square, and receiving air only by two small iron windows to the west, which by no means afforded a sufficient circulation of air. It is terrible to reflect on the situation of these unfortunate men, shut up in this narrow place in the burning climate of the East, and suffocating each other. Their first efforts, upon perceiving the effects of this horrible confinement were to break open the door of the prison; but as it was large and heavy, and opened inward, they soon found the task impossible. They next endeavored to excite the compassion or the cupidity of their guard, by offering him large sums of money, for his assistance in removing them to separate prisons; but with this he was unable to comply, as the viceroy was asleep, and no person dared to disturb him. They were now left to die without hopes of relief; and the whole prison was filled with groans, shrieks, contest, and despair. Soon, however, this turmoil sunk into a silence still more terrible; their efforts of strength and courage were over, and an expiring languor succeeded. In the morning, when the keepers came to visit the prison, all was horror, silence, and desolation. Of 146, who entered alive, 23 only survived, and of these the greater part died of putrid fever upon being released.

Six months afterward, Colonel Clive, and Admiral Wilson arrived before Calcutta with two British ships. The barbarians seemed determined to stand a regular siege. The English ships received a furious fire from all the batteries of the town, which they immediately returned with great effect, and in less than two hours the natives were obliged to abandon their fortifications. The English were again in possession of Calcutta. In order to repair his loss, the native prince assembled an army of 10,000 horse and 15,000 foot, and professed a firm resolution of expelling the English from all their settlements in that part of the world. Upon the first intelligence of his march, Clive obtained a reinforcement from the admiral's ships, and advanced with his little army to fight these numerous forces. He attacked the enemy in three columns, and though the numbers were so disproportionate, victory soon declared in favor of the English. The whole Indian army was put to flight and routed with terrible slaughter. Shortly afterward, Dowlah was again defeated by the British troops, and Ali Khan, his prime minister, was proclaimed by Colonel Clive, viceroy of Bengal, Bahar, and Arixa, in the room of

the nabob, who was solemnly deposed, and soon after put to death by his successor.

CALDIERO, A.D. 1796.—In 1796, the Austrian army under Alvinzi, occupied Caldiero, a village of northern Italy, nine miles east of Verona, and twenty-four miles east of Arcola. Napoleon, with his army, was at the same time in Verona, and although the enemy occupied an almost impregnable position, by a series of brilliant maneuvers he drew them from their post, and gained one of his most famous victories. See *Arcola.*

In 1805, an action took place near Caldiero, between the French, under Massena, and the army of the Archduke Charles of Austria, which resulted in the defeat of the former.

CALVI, A.D. 1794—The citadel of Calvi, in Corsica, was taken by the British, in 1794, after a siege of 51 days.

CAMDEN, A.D. 1780.—On the east bank of the river Wateree, in South Carolina, is situated the village of Camden, famous in American history as the scene of two sanguinary engagements between the British troops and the Americans.

On the night of the 15th of August, 1780, the American army, 4,500 strong, under General Gates, marched from their encampment at Clermont, toward Camden, which was occupied by Lord Cornwallis, with 2,000 men. The British general, resolving to attack the enemy in their camp, was on his way from Camden to Clermont. At half past two in the morning of the 16th, he encountered the advanced parties of the American army, at a place called Sander's creek, about half way between Clermont and Camden. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which the Americans were worsted. The militia, dispirited by the result of the encounter, retreated to the main body of their army. At day-break, both parties prepared for a general battle. In the center of the American army, the corps of General Caswell, the North Carolina division, and the artillery were posted. The second Maryland brigade formed the right wing, which was covered in flank by a morass; while the left wing was composed of the Virginia militia, and the North Carolina infantry, and was also flanked by some boggy ground. A body of men, under General Smallwood, was posted about 300 yards in the rear of the American line, as a reserve. The 23d and 33d regiments of foot, under Lieutenant Colonel Webster, formed the right wing of the British line; the left was guarded by some Irish volunteers, the infantry of the legion, and part of Hamilton's regiment, under the command of Lord Rawdon. In the rear, the cavalry, 300 strong, was stationed, with the 71st regiment, as a line of reserve. The battle began by the advance of 200 British troops in front of the American artillery. They were received by a steady fire; and Gates ordered the Virginia militia, under Colonel Stevens, to charge them with the bayonet. The gallant colonel vainly endeavorgd to lead his troops to the charge; but the militia, panic-struck by the stern demeanor of the troops of Colonel Webster, who were advancing, with loud cheers, to attack them, threw away their weapons, and fled from the field, in the utmost disorder. The continental troops, which formed the right wing of the American army, and were commanded by the Baron de Kalb, bravely maintained their position, although deserted by the center and left wing. Lord Rawdon charged them with the utmost vigor; both parties resorted to the bayonet, and a bloody conflict raged for nearly an hour. In the mean time, the British on the left of the second Maryland brigade, rapidly gained ground, taking many prisoners.

At this moment the American reserve was attacked by the left wing of the enemy with such vigor that it was thrown into disorder; but the soldiers soon rallied, and renewed the action with unimpaired energy. Again did they yield to the overwhelming force of the enemy, and again they rallied, and covered the flank of the Maryland brigade, which was still gallantly striving for the victory. The whole British fire was now directed upon these two brigades. Still they did not yield an inch. Cornwallis, observing that the enemy had no cavalry, now pushed his dragoons forward, and ordered a general charge with the bayonet. Onward, with terrible force, dashed that bright array of bristling steel against the gallant band, while the heavy cavalry, at the same instant, charged upon them at full speed. Unable to resist this combined attack, the American line was broken, and the combatants were mingled on the field, in confusion. The struggle which ensued was fearful; hand-to-hand they fought until at length the Americans, overwhelmed by numbers, fled in every direction. During this fearful conflict, the Baron de Kalb, who fought on foot with his soldiers, fell, covered with wounds. Lieutenant du Buysson his aid-de-camp, received him in his arms, and announcing the rank and nation of the wounded man to the surrounding foe, entreated them to spare his life. While thus nobly endeavoring to save the life of his friend, Du Buysson received several severe wounds, and was taken prisoner with his general. Shortly afterward, De Kalb expired. His latest moments were spent in dictating a letter, expressing the warmest affection for the officers and men of his division, and the most exalted admiration of

their courage and good conduct. All the baggage and artillery of the Americans fell into the hands of the victors; and the British cavalry pursued the fugitives many miles from the original scene of action.—See *Hobkirk's Hill.*

CANNÆ, B.C. 216.—The site of the ancient city of Cannæ is adjacent to an inconsiderable place bearing the same name, on the river Ofanto (the ancient Aufidus) in Naples, eight miles west-south-west of Barletta. The battle was fought on the right bank of the river, near its entrance into the Adriatic.

In the year 217, B.C., C. Terentius Varro and L. Æmilius were chosen consuls at Rome. In this campaign, which was the third year of the second Punic war, the Romans did what had never been practiced before, that is, they composed the army of eight legions, each consisting of 5,000 men, exclusive of the allies. The Roman army, under command of the two consuls, set out from Rome with the determination to fall upon Hannibal's forces at the very first opportunity. At length both armies came in sight of each other near Cannæ. The two forces were very unequal. The Roman army, including the allies, consisted of 80,000 foot, and a little more than 6,000 horse, while the Carthaginians numbered only 40,000 foot, and 10,000 horse. Æmilius commanded the right wing of the Romans, Varro the left, and Servilius, one of the consuls of the last year, was posted in the center. Hannibal, who had the art of turning every incident to advantage, had so posted himself that the Sirocco, or hot wind, which rises at stated times, should blow directly in the faces of the Romans during the fight, and cover them with dust; thus keeping the river Aufidus on his left, and posting his cavalry on his wings, he formed his main body of the Spanish and Gaulish infantry, which he posted in the center, with half of the African heavy-armed foot on the right, and half on the left, on the same line with the cavalry. His army being thus drawn up, he put himself at the head of the Spanish and Gaulish infantry, and, having drawn them out of the line, advanced to give battle, rounding his front as he drew nearer the enemy, and extending his flanks in the form of a half moon, in order that he might have no interval between his main body and the rest of the line, which consisted of the heavy-armed infantry, who had not moved from their posts. And now the fight began; the Roman legions that were in the wings, seeing their center warmly attacked, advanced to charge the enemy in flank. Hannibal's main body being furiously attacked on all sides by an overwhelming force, gave way, after a brave resistance, and retired through the interval they had left in the center of the lines. The Romans pursued them hotly, when suddenly the two wings of the African infantry, which were fresh, well armed, and in good order, wheeled about toward the void space in which the Romans, already fatigued and in disorder, had thrown themselves, and attacked them vigorously on both sides. In the mean time, the two wings of the cavalry had defeated those of the Romans, which were much inferior to them. They then left in the pursuit of the broken and scattered squadrons of the enemy, only as many forces as were necessary to keep them from rallying, and advanced and charged upon the rear of the Roman infantry who were contending against the Africans. Thus the Romans were exposed to the attacks of the Carthaginians on all sides. A fearful slaughter ensued. The Romans fought with the desperate valor of despair; but, fairly surrounded by the enemy's horse and foot, they were all cut to pieces. Æmilius, covered with darts which stuck in his wounds, sat down in anguish and despair, waiting for the enemy to dispatch him. His head and face were so disfigured with bruises, and stained with blood, that it was not easy to recognize him. He was afterward slain by a body of the enemy to whom he was not known. Among the Roman leaders slain, were two quæstors; twenty-one military tribunes; many who had been consuls or prætors; Servilius, one of the last year's consuls; Minucius, a late general of horse, and eighty senators. Seventy thousand men of the Roman army were slain, and so great was the fury of the Carthaginians, that they did not give over the slaughter till Hannibal, in the very heat of it, called out to them several times, "Stop, soldiers, spare the vanquished." Ten thousand men who had been left to guard the camp, surrendered themselves prisoners of war, after the battle. Varro, the consul, retired to Venusia, with only seventy horse; and about 4,000 men escaped into the neighboring cities. Hannibal lost 4,000 Gauls, 1,500 Spaniards and Africans, and 200 horse. As an evidence of the implacable hatred of the Romans for the Carthaginians, it is said that when the Carthaginians were stripping the dead, among other moving objects, they found a Numidian, yet alive, lying under the dead body of a Roman, who had thrown himself headlong upon his enemy, and beat him down; but being unable to make use of his weapons, because he had lost his hands, had torn off the nose and ears of the Numidian with his teeth, and in that fit of rage expired. Soon after the battle of Cannæ, Hannibal dispatched his brother Mago to Carthage, with the news of his victory, and to demand succors, in order

that he might put an end to the war. Upon his arrival, Mago made, in full senate, a lofty speech, in which he extolled his brother's exploits. To add to the effect of his words, he poured out, in the middle of the senate-chamber, a bushel of gold rings which had been taken from the fingers of such of the Roman nobility as had fallen in the battle of Cannæ.—See *battles of Ticinus, Trebia, Thrasymenus, Nero and Asdrubal, and Zama.*

CANNSTADT, A.D. 1796.—In 1796 a battle was fought near Cannstadt, a town of Wirtemberg, between the French under General Moreau and the Austrians under the Archduke Charles.

CANTON, A.D. 1840.—This city, called Sang-Ching by the Chinese, is situated on the north bank of the Chookiang, or Pearl river, and the east bank of its affluent, the Pe-kiang. The city is inclosed by a wall, partly of brick and partly of sandstone, about twenty or twenty-five feet thick and from twenty-five to forty feet high. A line of battlements, with embrasures at intervals of a few feet raised on the top of the walls all round, are in some places mounted with cannon. The city is further defended by three forts on the land side, and two on Pearl river.

The former city of Canton was utterly destroyed in 1650, by the Tartars, after a siege of eleven months, in which vast numbers of persons are said to have been slain.

On the 28th of June, 1840, Canton was blockaded by a British fleet of fifteen sail and several war vessels, having 4,000 troops on board, by orders from Sir Gordon Bremer. On the 26th of February, 1841, a battle took place between the English forces under Sir Gordon Bremer, and the Chinese, in which the latter were defeated. Admiral Kwan was killed, and the Bogue forts with 459 guns were captured. On the 25th of May, 1841, the British troops under Sir Hugh Gough, stormed the heights behind Canton and captured ninety-four guns.

CARTHAGE, B.C. 252.—Carthage was situated on the north shore of Africa in the immediate neighborhood of Tunis. Although Carthage was long the rival of Rome, with whom she waged a long, desperate, and doubtful contest for the empire of the world, still her precise position has been matter of dispute among the learned.

The Roman army, consisting of 15,000 foot and 300 horse, commanded by Regulus, having taken possession of Tunis which brought them near Carthage, encamped there. The Carthaginians were in the utmost alarm. Upward of 200 of their principal towns had surrendered to the Romans, and they expected every moment to see their capital besieged. Reduced to the last extremity, and having happily received a reinforcement out of Greece, the Carthaginians determined to give battle to the enemy. Xanthippus, the Lacedemonian leader of the Greeks, was appointed commander of the Carthaginian army, which, with its new addition, was composed of 12,000 foot, 4,000 horse, and about 160 elephants. At an appointed time Xanthippus conducted his army out of Carthage against the enemy. When he had arrived within a little more than 1200 paces of the Roman army, which was drawn up in battle array near Tunis, he consulted with the Carthaginian generals, and they unanimously deferred to his opinion to give battle to the enemy the next day. The Carthaginians spent the night in anxiety, for the success of this battle, however inconsiderable it may appear from the small number of the combatants was, nevertheless, to decide the fate of Carthage. The disposition of both armies was as follows: Xanthippus drew up all his elephants in front. Behind these, at some distance, he placed the Carthaginian infantry, in one body or phalanx. The foreign troops in the Carthaginian service were posted one part of them on the right, between the phalanx and the horse, and the other, composed of light armed soldiers, in platoons, at the head of the two wings of the cavalry. On the side of the Romans, as they apprehended the elephants most, Regulus, to provide against them, posted his light-armed soldiers on a line, in the front of the legions. In the rear of these he placed the cohorts, one behind another, and the horse on the wings. Now the two armies eagerly awaited the signal of battle. The signal was given. The Carthaginian elephants dashed forward to break the ranks of the enemy while the two wings of the cavalry charged the Romans vehemently in flank. The Romans with loud shouts, while they clashed their weapons together, advanced rapidly upon the coming enemy. But the heavy Carthaginian cavalry fell upon the Roman horse with such power that the latter, unable to stand against them, turned and fled. The infantry of the left wing, to avoid the attack of the elephants, and to show how little they feared the mercenaries who formed the left wing of the enemy, attacked it, and put it to flight, fiercely pursuing the fugitives back into their camp. The first rank which was opposed to the elephants was broken and trodden under foot. The balance of the main body, by reason of its great depth, stood firm for some time. But when the rear, being attacked by the Carthaginian cavalry, was obliged to face about to receive the charge, and those who had broken through the elephants met the phalanx of the Carthaginians, which had not

yet been engaged, and which received them in good order, the Romans were routed on all sides, and totally defeated. The greater part of them were crushed to death by the enormous weight of the elephants, while the remainder, scorning to fly or to yield, stood in their ranks and were shot through and through with arrows from the enemy's horse. Only a few fled, and of these the most were killed either by the elephants or the cavalry which pursued and overtook them. About 500 were taken prisoners, with Regulus their commander. The Carthaginians lost in this battle 800 mercenaries, who were opposed to the left wing of the Romans. Of those Romans, who by pursuing the right wing of the enemy, had drawn themselves out of the engagement, only 2,000 escaped. All the rest, Regulus and those who were taken excepted, were left dead on the field of battle. The 2,000 who had escaped the slaughter, retired to Clypea, and were saved in an almost miraculous manner. The Carthaginians, after stripping the dead, entered Carthage in triumph, dragging after them the unfortunate Regulus, and 500 prisoners.

CARTHAGE, 148, B.C.—Carthage, the envy of Rome and the second city in point of size, magnificence, and population, in the world, was about to fall. The Romans, jealous of the power of their rivals, commenced the third Punic war with the determination that it should end only with the total ruin and destruction of their beautiful city. In vain had the Carthaginians sued for peace; in vain had they humbled themselves before their enemies; the hatred of the Romans was implacable, and nothing but the fall of Carthage would appease it. The Romans, with a large fleet, on board of which were 80,000 foot, and about 4,000 horse, under the command of the two consuls, M. Manlius, and L. Marcius Censorinus, were on their way toward the doomed city. As soon as they had arrived at Utica, in Africa, the Carthaginian deputies repaired to their camp, and assured the Romans that they were sent from Carthage, in order to receive their commands, which they were ready to obey. The consuls, after praising their good disposition and compliance, commanded them to deliver, without fraud or delay, all the arms stored in Carthage. This severe mandate was immediately obeyed, and all the weapons and warlike preparations that were in Carthage were sent to the Roman camp. The arms consisted of 200,000 complete sets of armor, a numberless multitude of darts and javelins, and 2,000 catapults, huge engines for shooting stones and darts. The immense train of wagons which conveyed these arms, was accompanied by the Carthaginian deputies and many of the most venerable senators and priests, who went to the Roman camp for the purpose of endeavoring to move their enemies to compassion. Their countenances were clouded by anxiety, for the safety of their beloved city was in jeopardy; the moment had arrived when its fate, for good or evil, should be decided forever. They were received kindly by the Roman consuls, and were complimented for the expedition they had used in obeying their commands. But finally they were assured that it was the will and pleasure of the Romans that all the inhabitants of Carthage should depart out of the city, and remove into any other portions of their dominions which they should deem proper, providing it should be at the distance of twelve miles from the sea. As for Carthage, that city the Romans had resolved to destroy, and nothing could move them from this determination. The Carthaginians heard this decree with despair. They wept aloud; they prayed first to the gods and then to the Romans, but both the gods and men were deaf to their entreaties. They tore their hair, and prostrated themselves in the dust, and rent the air with their shrieks and lamentations. Even the hearts of the stern Roman warriors were touched by this display of grief, and many an eye among them was moistened with tears. But their resolution was stronger than their sympathy, and the Carthaginians were obliged to return in despair. No words can express the terror and dismay which filled the hearts of the people of Carthage, when they learned the immovable determination of the Romans to destroy their city. Carthage was filled with howlings, shrieks, madness and fury. But at length they banished terror, and resolved to contest the entrance of the Romans, with the energy of despair. As they had delivered up all their weapons to the Romans they now applied themselves to the making of arms with incredible dexterity and expedition. Palaces, temples, markets, and squares were all turned into so many arsenals. One hundred and forty shields, 300 swords, 500 javelins, 1000 arrows, and a great number of engines to discharge them, were made every day. Men and women, all engaged in the work. Being in want of material to make ropes, the women cut off their hair, which furnished an abundant supply.

Carthage at this time contained 700,000 inhabitants. It stood at the bottom of a gulf, surrounded by the sea, and in the form of a peninsula, whose neck, that is, the isthmus which joined it to the continent, was a league and a quarter in breadth. The peninsula was eighteen leagues in circumference. On the west side there projected from it a long neck of land, twelve fathoms broad, which,

advancing into the sea, divided it from a morass, and was fenced on all sides with rocks and a single wall. On the south side, toward the continent where stood the citadel called Byrsa, the city was surrounded with a triple wall, thirty cubits high, exclusive of the parapets and towers, with which it was flanked all round at equal distances, each interval being eighty fathoms. Every tower was four stories high; and the walls only two. The walls were arched, and in the lower story were stalls to hold 300 elephants with their fodder, and over these were stables for 4,000 horses, and lofts for their provender. There likewise was room enough to lodge 20,000 foot, and 4,000 horse. In one place only the walls were weak and low, and that was a neglected angle, which begun at the neck of land above-mentioned, and extended as far as the harbors, which were on the west side of the city. The harbors, of which there were two, communicated with each other; but had only one entrance for both, which was seventy feet broad, and was closed with chains. The first was appropriated for the merchants, and had several distinct habitations for the seamen. The second or inner harbor, was for the ships of war. In the center was an island called Cothon, lined, as the harbor was, with quays, in which were distinct receptacles for sheltering from the weather 220 ships; over these were magazines or storehouses, wherein was lodged whatever is necessary for arming and equipping fleets. The entrance into each of these receptacles was adorned with two marble pillars of the Ionic order. So that both the harbor and island represented on each side two magnificent galleries. In this island was the admiral's palace, and, as it stood opposite to the mouth of the harbor, he could thence discover whatever was doing at sea, although no one thence could see what was transacting in the inward part of the harbor. Carthage, therefore, may be divided into three parts: the harbor, which was double, and sometimes called Cothon, from the little island of that name; the citadel, named Byrsa; the city properly so called, where the inhabitants dwelt, which lay around the citadel and was called Megara.

The Romans at length advanced toward the city in order to besiege it. Censorinus attacked it on one side, and Manlius on the other. The Carthaginians met the assaults of the Romans with the utmost vigor. They made frequent and bold sallies on the besiegers, endeavoring to burn their engines and to harass their foragers. The Roman tribune Scipio, afterward surnamed Africanus, distinguished himself above all the rest of the Roman officers, both by his prudence and bravery. He extricated the troops on several occasions from imminent danger, into which their leaders had plunged them. The bravest of the Carthaginian officers feared him, and one of great renown, Phamaeas by name, who was commander of the cavalry, and continually harassed the foragers, did not dare even to keep the field when it was Scipio's turn to support them, so capable was he of keeping his troops in good order and posting himself to advantage. His great ability won him such a lofty reputation that many officers his equal in rank, were at first jealous of his achievements; but his modesty and reserve at length changed their envy into esteem and respect, so that when deputies were sent from Rome to inquire into the state of the siege, the whole army unanimously commended him. The soldiers, officers, generals, all united in praising and extolling the abilites and boldness of the youthful tribune. Phamaeas, the Carthaginian, esteemed Scipio so highly, that he finally forsook the cause of his countrymen, and joined the Roman army with 2,000 horse. He afterward was of great service during the siege. In the spring of the following year (147 B.C.), Calpurnius Piso, the consul, and L. Mancinus, his lieutenant, arrived in Africa. Nothing remarkable was transacted during this campaign. The Romans were even defeated on several occasions, and carried on the siege slowly. The Carthaginians, on the contrary, had recovered their spirits. Their troops had considerably increased, and were better armed. Allies also arrived to their aid every day. They even sent a messenger to Philip, the Pretender, of Macedon, who was at that time engaged in a war with the Romans, to exhort him to carry it on with vigor, and promising to furnish him with men, money, and ships. All this occasioned great uneasiness at Rome. The people began to doubt the success of the war, which grew daily more uncertain, and was more important than they had at first imagined. They condemned all the generals for their dilatoriness, and were loud in their murmurs against the manner in which the siege of Carthage was conducted. Scipio alone they applauded. His praise was on every lip, and they could not sufficiently extol his rare virtues and abilities.

Scipio was in Rome, where he had gone for the purpose of standing candidate for the edileship. The instant he appeared in the assembly, his name, his countenance, his reputation, induced a general belief that the gods had designed him to end the third Punic war, as the first Scipio, his grandfather by adoption, had ended the second. The people were so strongly impressed by these several circumstances, that, though contrary to the law, they, instead of the edileship

which he sued for, at once conferred the consulship upon him, in spite of the opposition of the ancient men, who looked with horror on this utter disregard of the law. Africa was assigned him for his province, without casting lots for the provinces, as usual, and as Drusus, his colleague, demanded. As soon as Scipio had completed his recruits, he set out, in the year 146, B.C., for Africa, and arrived, soon after, in Utica. His arrival proved most timely, for Mancinus, Piso's lieutenant, had rashly planted himself in a position where he was surrounded by the enemy, and his troops undoubtedly would have been cut to pieces that very day, had not the new consul immediately hastened to his assistance.

Scipio's first care, after his arrival, was to revive discipline among the troops. The officers had lost all command over the troops. The Roman camp was a complete picture of insubordination, confusion, and disobediance. The soldiers thought of nothing but rapine, feasting, and revelry. Scipio soon put an end to all this. He drove all useless persons from the camp, banished all dainties and luxuries, and ordered the sutlers to provide the men only with plain food. Having made all these regulations, which he strictly observed himself, he prepared to carry on the siege with vigor. Having ordered his troops to provide themselves with axes, levers, and scaling-ladders, he led them, in the dead of the night, to the district of the city called Megara. He had given strict orders that his soldiers should make no noise during the march, and they arrived at the walls of Megara, without alarming the inhabitants. Obeying his commands, his troops now gave a general shout, and began the assault. The Carthaginians, surprised at this sudden attack, at first made but feeble resistance, but soon recovering from their terror, they defended themselves so vigorously, that the Romans were unable to scale the walls. Scipio, at this juncture, perceived a tower that had been abandoned, and which stood without the city, very near the walls. He immediately detached thither a party of bold and daring soldiers. These men quickly entered the tower, and by means of light wooden bridges, they gained the walls, whence they easily entered the city. They then hastened to the gates and broke them down. Scipio and his troops instantly entered, and drove the Carthaginians from that quarter of the city. Imagining that the whole city was taken, the Carthaginians fled to the citadel, Byrsa, whither they were followed by all their forces that were encamped without the city, who, abandoning their camp to the Romans, thought only of flying to a place of security. These troops were under the command of Asdrubal.

Asdrubal, in his heart, hated his countrymen, for the humiliation they had heaped upon him, when they entreated peace from the Romans before the commencement of the war. He had commanded the Carthaginian army during the war between Numidia and Carthage. This war the Romans had seized upon as a favorable pretext for declaring war with the Carthaginians, for Massinissa, King of Numidia, was a friend and ally of the Romans. In their eagerness to avoid a quarrel with the Romans, the Carthaginians had not only abruptly terminated the war with Massinissa, but they had also impeached Asdrubal, as guilty of high treason for being one of the authors of the war against the King of the Numidians. This insult Asdrubal had never forgiven; his honor had been tarnished forever, and he meditated a revenge most terrible. His malice against his countrymen was equaled only by his implacable hatred for the Romans. He considered both as the authors of his disgrace.

The sun rose the next morning, after the Romans had gained an entrance into Megara, upon a spectacle which appalled the hearts of the Carthaginians, and inflamed the rage of the Romans to ungovernable fury. Asdrubal, stung to madness, by his late defeat, and wishing to revenge himself both upon the Romans and the Carthaginians, placed all the Roman prisoners he had taken upon the walls of the citadel, in sight of the whole army, and then commanded his minions to torture them. This he thought would exasperate the Romans to such a pitch, that they would give the inhabitants no quarter, when they made themselves masters of the city. The prisoners were put to the most exquisite torture; their eyes were forced from their sockets; their noses were cut off; the skin was torn from their bodies with iron rakes and harrows, and their tormenters did not cease the cruel work until death had relieved them from their agonies, and then their lifeless bodies were thrown headlong from the battlements, to the very feet of their friends and countrymen. The Carthaginians themselves witnessed these barbarities with horror and dismay. Several senators ventured even to oppose Asdrubal's tyranny; but in his rage he murdered them also.

Scipio, finding himself absolute master of the isthmus, burned the camp which the enemy had deserted, and built a new one for his troops. It was of a square shape, surrounded with large and deep intrenchments, and fenced with strong pallisades. On the side which faced the Carthaginians, he built a wall twelve feet high, flanked at proper distances with towers and redoubts. On the middle tower he erected a very high wooden fort, whence could be seen whatever was

doing in the city. This wall extended the entire breadth of the isthmus, that is a league and a quarter. During the whole time that the Romans were engaged in making this wall, the Carthaginians, who were within bow-shot, employed their every effort to put a stop to the work; but as the whole Roman army was incessantly employed upon it, working night and day, the wall was finished in twenty-four days. Scipio reaped a double advantage from this: first, his forces were lodged more safely and commodiously than before; secondly, he cut off all provisions from the besieged, to whom none could be brought but by sea; which was attended by many difficulties, both because the sea is frequently very tempestuous in that place, and because the Roman fleet kept a strict guard. This proved one of the chief causes of the famine which raged, soon after, in the city. Besides, Asdrubal distributed the corn that was brought only among the 30,000 men who served under him, caring very little what became of the rest of the inhabitants. Scipio, in order to distress them still more by the want of provisions, attempted to stop up the mouth of the haven, by a mole, beginning at the isthmus, which was near the harbor.

The besieged at first looked at this attempt as ridiculous, and accordingly greeted the workmen with all manner of insults. But the Romans made such rapid progress every day, that at length the Carthaginians began to fear that they would succeed. Accordingly, they took proper measures to prevent the success of the attempt. Every man, woman, and child among them immediately commenced working; but so privately, that Scipio could learn nothing of their proceedings. At length, however, the Carthaginians having completed their operations, he was suddenly informed of the nature of their employment, by the appearance, at sea, of a numerous fleet, which they had just then built with the old materials found in their magazines, and for which they had constructed a new outlet on the other side of the haven. Instead of attacking the Roman fleet at once, in which case they must have certainly taken it, they only offered a kind of insult or bravado to the Romans, and then returned into the harbor. Two days afterward, they brought out their ships with a resolution to fight in good earnest, and found the enemy ready for them. The battle was to decide the fate of both parties. The conflict was long and obstinate. The Romans fought with the valor of conquerors, while the Carthaginians, fighting for home and country, were inspired with the desperate courage of despair. The galleys of the Carthaginians were far superior in speed and lightness to those of the Romans, and were managed with greater ability. They ran their small ships along under the enormous but awkward hulks of the Roman galleys, and broke to pieces sometimes their sterns, and at other times their rudders and oars. In vain did the Romans endeavor to crush the apparently fragile vessels of the enemy; no sooner were they fiercely attacked at one point, than they retreated with surprising swiftness, returning immediately to renew the charge at another. In this manner, the fight was continued until sunset, neither party having gained a decided advantage. At length the Carthaginians saw fit to retire, not because they thought themselves overcome, but in order to refresh themselves, and to make preparations to renew the conflict on the morrow. A portion of their ships, however, were not able to enter the harbor with sufficient rapidity, because the mouth of it was too narrow. They therefore took shelter under a large terrace, which had been thrown up against the walls to unload goods. On the side of this terrace a small rampart had been raised during the siege, to prevent the enemy from possessing themselves of it. The Roman fleet, which had closely pursued the Carthaginians, fiercely attacked the ships which had drawn under the cover of the terrace, and a battle ensued which continued till late at night. Many of the Carthaginian vessels were taken, and the few which escaped sailed to the city for refuge. Early the next morning, Scipio attacked the terrace, which was vigorously defended by the Carthaginian forces stationed there for its protection. But at length they were driven back into the city, and Scipio made a lodgment and fortified himself on the terrace. He now built a wall of brick on the terrace, close to the wall of the city, and of the same height. Upon the completion of the wall, he stationed 4,000 men on its summit, with orders to discharge from it an incessant shower of arrows and javelins upon the enemy. These weapons did great execution; the two walls being of equal height, almost every dart took effect. Thus ended the summer campaign.

During the winter, Scipio endeavored to overpower the enemy's troops without the city. These forces had caused him much trouble and annoyance by harassing his forages and convoys. They also served as a protection to such convoys of provisions as were sent to the besieged. He accordingly attacked a neighboring fort called Nepheris, where they used to shelter themselves. After sustaining a siege for twenty-four days the fort was carried, with great bloodshed on both sides. In the last action, 70,000 of the enemy, soldiers and peasantry, were cut to pieces. The seizure of this fort was followed by the surrender of almost all the strongholds

of Africa, and contributed greatly to the taking of Carthage itself, as after that time it was almost impossible to convey provisions into the city. Early in the spring, Scipio attacked, at one and the same time, the harbor called Cothon and the citadel. The Romans, after gaining the walls which surrounded this port, threw themselves into the great square of the city that was over it. From the city was an ascent to the citadel, up three streets. The streets were lined on either side with houses, from the tops of which the Carthaginians hurled javelins and arrows down upon the Romans. The Romans thus assailed, were obliged to force the houses they came first to, and post themselves in them, in order to dislodge thence the enemy who fought from the neighboring houses. The Carthaginians fought for their firesides with a fury unparalleled. For six days the combat was carried on in every part of the houses, from top to bottom. The slaughter which occurred during those six days was most terrible. Men, women, and children were massacred by the Roman soldiers, and while still quivering with life, and gasping for breath, the carcasses were thrown headlong from the houses into the streets. So encumbered were the streets with the slain, that the Romans were compelled to drag aside the bodies with hooks, and cast them into pits, in order to make a passage for their troops. In this bloody toil, which was continued without intermission, day and night, the soldiers were relieved from time to time by fresh ones, without which their strength would have been wholly exhausted. Scipio alone did not sleep during the whole time. He seemed to be present everywhere, giving orders and directions, scarcely without allowing himself leisure to take the least refreshment. At length, the Carthaginians, appalled by the sight of this bloodshed, determined to surrender. On the morning of the seventh day, a company of men in the posture of suppliants approached Scipio, and entreated him to spare the lives of all those who should be willing to leave the citadel. Scipio granted this request, excepting, however, the deserters, whom he resolved to punish with death. Accordingly, 50,000 men and women departed from the citadel, and under a strong guard were sent into the fields. The deserters, who numbered about 900, finding they would be shown no mercy, fortified themselves in the temple of Æsculapius, with Asdrubal, his wife, and two children.

The temple stood on a high hill upon rocks, the ascent to which was by sixty steps. Asdrubal abandoning his wife and children to their fate, left the temple secretly, and bearing an olive-branch in his hand, he approached Scipio, and, throwing himself at his feet, entreated the conqueror to spare his life. Scipio immediately conducted him to a place whence he could be seen by the deserters. Transported with rage and fury at this sight, they vented a million of imprecations against him, and set fire to the temple. Asdrubal's wife dressing herself as splendidly as possible, placed herself in sight of Scipio, and her base husband, and addressed him in a loud voice. "I shall not curse thee, O, Roman," said she, "for the fortune of war is with thee. But may the gods of Carthage, and thou in concert with them, punish, according to his deserts, the false wretch who has betrayed his country, his gods, his wife, his children. And thou, perfidious Asdrubal, thou basest of men! thou shalt see this fire presently consume thy wife and children. Then go, most unworthy general of Carthage, and adorn the gay triumphs of thy conqueror, and in the sight of all Rome, suffer the tortures thou so justly deservest." At the conclusion of these words she seized her children, cut their throats, hurled them into the flames, and sprang after them into the burning mass. The fire spread rapidly, and the temple was entirely consumed with all the deserters. Carthage had fallen. The Roman soldiers eager for plunder, and heated with victory, pillaged the city, and laid it in ruins. The gold, silver statues, and other offerings which they found in the temples, were collected together, and sent to Rome. When the news of the fall of Carthage reached Rome, the whole city rejoiced. Rome now stood without a rival. All the cities in Africa, which during this war had joined the Carthaginians, were by the orders of the Roman senate, raised to the ground. To the citizens of Utica was made a grant of the whole country lying between Carthage and Hippo. All the rest was reduced into a Roman province to which a prætor was sent annually. Matters being thus settled, Scipio returned to Rome, where he made his entry in the most magnificent triumphal procession that had ever been witnessed before.

CARTHAGENA, B.C. 216.—This city is called by ancient writers *Carthago Nova* (New Carthage), it having been a principal colony of the Carthaginians. It stands in Spain, on a bay of the Mediterranean, 27 miles south of Murcia.

The younger Scipio, charged with the prosecution of the war in Spain, after the death of his father and his uncle, evinced from the early age of twenty-four, the wisdom and prudence of a consummate captain. Anxious to weaken Carthage, he undertook the siege of Carthagena, one of its most important colonies. This strong city served

the Carthagenians at once as a magazine, arsenal, and entrepôt; they kept within its walls the hostages which answered for the fidelity of Spain. Scipio made all his preparations during the winter; in the spring, (216, B.C.) he blockaded Carthagena with his fleet, at the same time that he invested it by land. On the day following, the armies, both by land and sea, commenced hostilities. Scipio ordered his soldiers to mount to the assault; and they executed his orders with ardor and celerity. Mago, the brother of Hannibal, who commanded in the place, had but a thousand soldiers, and thought himself lost. He armed the citizens, picked out 2,000 of the best, and made a sortie. Victory was for a long time doubtful; but the Carthaginians were driven back within their walls. This first defeat would have produced the most complete discouragement in Carthagena, if the Romans had not been forced, by the height of the walls, to abandon the escalade and sound a retreat. This untoward circumstance restored hopes of succor to the besieged; but they were not unacquainted with the activity of Scipio. While the sea was at ebb, he placed 500 men with ladders along the lake where the walls of Carthagena were lowest; he surrounded these walls with fresh troops, and exhorted them to fight like Romans. The ladders were applied, and the soldiers shortly filled the whole extent of the walls. The besieged, although astonished, kept a good face everywhere, and defended themselves with courage. The sea retired, and left the lake everywhere fordable. This phenomenon seemed a marvel to the Romans; they hastened to climb the walls of Carthagena, destitute on that point of defenders, and penetrated into the city without meeting an obstacle. The confused Carthagenians rushed to the citadel, and the Romans entered with them. Mago and his troops surrendered to Scipio, and the city was given up to pillage.

CASSANO, A.D. 1160.—In the year 1160, a battle was fought near Cassano, in Italy, between the forces of Frederic I., Barbarossa, the German emperor, and the Milanese. The Milanese drawn up in battle array awaited the attack of the enemy; in their center stood the sacred car, or *carroccio*. This carroccio, consisted of a four-wheeled car, painted red, and drawn by eight oxen with red caparisons. A lofty flag-staff terminated by a gilt ball, rose from the center of the car, and bore the standard of the city of Milan, between two white banners. Half way down the staff was a crucifix; and upon the platform stood a number of sentinels, chosen especially for their valor, a band of trumpeters and a priest. The army of Frederic commenced the attack. Like a thunder-storm they swept across the plain upon the enemy, and driving them back, attacked the sentinels in the car with such vigor that they abandoned it precipitately; and the standard of the city fell into the hands of the Germans, with the golden crucifix which decorated its staff, and the oxen were slain. The Milanese considered the defense of this car a most sacred military duty, and stung to fury by the intolerable shame of losing it, they rallied and charged the enemy with such overwhelming impetuosity that they were broken; the car was recaptured, and the soldiers of the emperor fled in wild disorder, leaving the Milanese complete masters of the field.

In the year 1715 a battle was fought near Cassano, between the French under Vendome, and the forces of Prince Eugene. The battle was long and bloody; but was indecisive, both parties claiming the victory.

CASSEL, A.D. 1528.—Philip, of Valois, scarcely seated on his own throne, turned his arms toward Flanders, to assist the count in subduing his rebellious subjects. His noble army consisted of 30,000 men, among whom were 14,000 gendarmes. Philip mached straight toward the city of Cassel, and laid siege to it. The rebel army, much less numerous than the French, was composed entirely of infantry: they were fishermen, peasants, and artisans. A small dealer in fish, named Colin Zannequin, was at their head, a bold, daring man, in whom audacity and cunning made up for deficiency in military experience. Such was the singular champion opposed so the King of France; such were the troops destined to contend with the proudest nobility of Europe; and this ignoble assemblage was very near destroying the haughty battalions which held them in rather too much contempt. Never was any army more determined or more insolent in its bearing than these newly-made soldiers, encamped and intrenched within sight of Cassel, upon an eminence very difficult of access. They had the audacity to hoist upon one of the towers of the city a kind of standard, upon which was painted a cock, with this inscription:

"Quand ce coq chanté aura,
Le roi Cassel conquérera."*

Zannequin conceived a project which might, if successful, have proved of great importance. In his character of a dealer in fish, he went every day, with reckless confidence, to exercise his trade in the royal camp. He sold his fish at a moderate price, in order to get a footing, and afford him an opportunity of seeing what was going on. He found that they sat a long time at table, that they

* When this cock shall have crowed, the king shall conquer Cassel.

gambled a great deal, that they danced, and they slept in the afternoon. In short, such negligent guard appeared to be kept, that the audacious Fleming conceived the design of carrying off the king and all his quarter. On the 23d of August, 1528, about two o'clock in the afternoon, at the time when he knew the French were taking their daily nap, he divided his troops into three bodies, ordered one to march quietly to the quarter of the King of Bohemia, the second to advance in silence against the *battle* commanded by the Count of Hainault, while he placed himself at the head of the third. He entered the camp without shouting the war-cry, which was at that time always done before commencing a battle, and penetrated nearly to the king's tent, where too good a watch was not kept. When they appeared, they were supposed to be a reinforcement just arrived, and Renaud Delor, a noble cavalier, came toward them with a smile, saying it was not polite to disturb their friends' slumbers. He was answered by a javelin through his heart. This proved the signal for fight. The Flemings drew their swords and slaughtered all they met. The alarm was soon spread through the French camp; loud cries announced the danger, and all flew to arms. The king was roused by a Dominican, his confessor. He laughed at the worthy father, telling him that fear disturbed his imagination; but Miles de Noyer, who bore the oriflamme, soon rushed in, confirming the news, and entreating the king to arm. But there was neither squire nor knight to assist his majesty, and the duty was performed by the clerks of his chapel. He sprang upon his war-horse, and marched straight against the assailants. Miles de Noyer stopped him, advising him to wait till his troops should be sufficiently increased to turn the Flemings, and afterward to take them in flank. This brave and prudent knight then raised the royal standard on a point from which it could be seen at a great distance. At this signal, the cavalry drew up around their prince. The Flemings were surrounded, broken, and then cut to pieces. Of 16,000 men, who composed this army, not one gave ground, but not one escaped. The French lost but few in the action: armor was then very complete, and the ill-protected Flemings had but little chance against the French chivalry. The other rebel battalions dispersed immediately. Cassel was taken, razed to the ground, and reduced to ashes. After having restored peace, Philip returned to his own dominions, saying to the Count of Flanders: "Be more prudent and more humane, and you will have fewer rebels." This was certainly a well-merited reproof; but it came very ill from such a man as Philip of Valois.—*Robson.*

CASSOVIA, A.D. 1389.—The city of Cassovia, in Lower Hungary, was often the theater of the exploits of the Germans and the Turks, after the entrance of the latter into Europe. In 1389, Amurath I., conquered in these plains the Hungarians, the Wallachians, the Dalmatians, and the Triballian confederates. After a long and sanguinary battle, the sultan went to survey the dead, and walked over the field of carnage. When he had for some time contemplated these sad trophies of his success—"I am astonished," said he to his grand vizier who accompanied him, "to see only young beardless men among these dead, and not one old man."

"It is that that has given us the victory," replied the vizier; "youth only listens to the wild fire which animates it, and comes to perish at your feet; old age is more tranquil and prudent."

"But that which still more surprises me," said the grand seignor, "is, that I have triumphed. I dreamed last night that an unknown enemy's hand pierced my side. Nevertheless, thanks to God! thanks to His prophet! I triumph, and I live!"

He had scarcely pronounced these words when a Triballian soldier, concealed among the dead, sprang up in a rage and plunged his dagger into the sultan's bowels. The murderer was instantly cut to pieces. The proud sultan saw his dream accomplished: a conqueror in thirty battles. He expired two hours after, from the stroke of this assassin.

CASTALLA, A.D. 1813.—On the 13th of April, 1813, an action took place between the French on the one side, and the English and Spanish on the other, at the town of Castalla, in Spain. The French army, consisting of 16,000 infantry, and 2,000 horse, with 30 guns, was commanded by Marshal Suchet. The allied army, consisting of 27,000 infantry, 3,000 horse, with 37 guns, was commanded by General Murray. The left wing was formed of the Spaniards under Wittingham, who were posted on the rugged side of Castalla; the right consisted of Clinton's British division and Roche's Spaniards, and was planted on the low ground, with the bed of a torrent in their front; while the center, consisting of Mackenzie's British division, occupied the town and old castle of Castalla on a conical hill in the center, and all its approaches being strongly guarded by artillery. Suchet determined to attack the British in their position. For this purpose he resolved to force the pass of Brai, which led to the British position. The allied advance-guards stationed at that pass, were assailed by superior numbers of the French, and retreated, bravely fighting up the rugged defile. The French pursued with great viger, their skirmishers swarming up the rocky ac-

clivities on either side of the pass with extraordinary agility and determination.

The ascent on the left, however, where Whittingham's Spaniards were posted, was so steep and rugged, that the assailing party gained the summit with great difficulty. But they succeeded in reaching the top, and were proceeding along it, when they were met suddenly by the 27th regiment, who, lying down concealed among the rocks, sprang up, and gave the French such a volley, within pistol-shot, as sent them headlong, with frightful loss, down the side of the ridge. An event happened during this struggle which recalls the heroic ages of the Iliad, or Amadis de Gaul. As the French were deploying their columns, a grenadier officer, advancing alone, in a loud voice challenged any English officer to single combat. The offer was immediately accepted by Captain Waldron of the 27th, who sprang out of the company to meet him. The hostile lines looked on without firing a shot; and at the first encounter the Frenchman's head was cleft asunder. The British, with a loud shout, brought down their arms, and gave the volley which hurled the French down the steep. The attack on the other points was likewise repulsed by the allies, and at length Suchet, despairing of success, drew off his men through the pass of Brai. The British general, satisfied with having repulsed the enemy, drew off his forces, and allowed the French to make their way unmolested through the defile. In this action the French lost 1,800 men killed or wounded. The loss of the allies was trifling.

CASTIGLIONE, A.D 1796.—On a hill, twenty-two miles north-west of the city of Mantua, in Italy, is situated the town of Castiglione-delle-Stiviere. It is surrounded by a low wall, and contains several churches, the ruins of a castle, and a conventual seminary; but is chiefly noted for a decisive victory gained here by the French over the Austrians on the 5th of August, 1796, from which Marshal Augereau derived his title of Duke de Castiglione.

The battle was fought in the plain of Castiglione. A series of heights, formed by the last range of hills belonging to the Alps, extend from Chiesa to the Mincio, by Lonato, Castiglione, and Solferino. At the foot of these heights lies the plain which served for the field of battle. The Austrians, under Wurmser, were 30,000 strong; the French 22,000. Both parties were drawn up in the plain at right angles to the mountains, on which each rested a wing. The left wing of the Austrians was covered by the mill of Medola; while the French right was uncovered. Augereau commanded the center, Massena the left, and Verdier the right; but the principal hopes of Napoleon were rested on the division of Serrurier, which had orders to march all night, and fall, when the action was at its height, on the rear of the enemy. The battle commenced at day-break. Wurmser, impatient to attack, moved his right along the heights; Bonaparte, to favor this movement, drew back his left, formed by Massena's division, while he kept his center immovable, in the plain. Soon he heard Serrurier's fire in the rear of the enemy. Then, while he continued to draw back his left, and Wurmser to prolong his right, he ordered the redoubt of Medola to be attacked. At first he directed twenty pieces of light artillery upon that redoubt, and, after briskly cannonading it, he detached General Verdier, with three battalions of grenadiers, to storm it. That brave general advanced, supported by a regiment of cavalry, and took the redoubt. The left flank of the Austrians was thus uncovered, at the very moment when Serrurier, arriving at Cauriana, excited an alarm upon the rear of the enemy. Wurmser immediately moved part of his second line upon the right, deprived of support, and placed it *en potence*, to make head against the French, who were debouching from Medola. The rest of his second line he moved back to cover Cauriana, and thus contrived to make head against the enemy. But Napoleon, seizing the moment with his wonted promptness, immediately ceased to refuse his left and his center; and he gave Massena and Augereau the signal which they were impatiently awaiting. Massena, with the left, and Augereau with the center, rushed upon the weakened line of the Austrians, and charged it with impetuosity. Attacked so briskly on its whole front, and threatened on its left and its rear, it began to give way. The ardor of the French redoubled. The Austrians, pressed in front by Augereau and Massena, threatened in rear by the division of Serrurier, and turned on their left by Verdier, fell back at all points, and the French remained masters of the field. The Austrians lost on this occasion 2,000 killed and wounded, 1,000 prisoners, and twenty pieces of cannon.

CASTILLON, A.D. 1452.—This siege was the scene of the "last fight" of one of the bravest and most esteemed heroes that do honor to English annals.

The army of Charles VII. of France, on the 13th of July, 1452, laid siege to Castillon, a little city of Perigord, on the Dordogne, ten leagues from Bordeaux, then in the occupation of the English. Marshals Lohéac and Jalognes had the conducting of it; Jean Biereau, grand master of the artillery, commanded 700 cannoneers. The place, surrounded by lines of circumvallation and an intrenched camp, was brought to bay, when

the brave English general, Talbot, came to its aid. He at once put to flight a body of free archers. Seduced by this easy success, he marched straight to the intrenchments of the French camp. Its fortifications astonished him, without abating his courage: he gave the assault. During two hours, he braved all the efforts and the murderous fire of the French—at eighty years of age, he fought with the ardor of youth: the English gave way; twice he brought them back to the charge, and twice he was repulsed; and the French, falling upon the rear-guard of the English, with the utmost fury, overwhelmed it.

In vain Talbot, sword in hand, covered with blood and dust, rode through the ranks, animating his men by his words and his example. His war-horse, struck down by a culverin, encumbered him in his fall. He was on the point of expiring, when his son flew to his assistance. "Retire!" cried the generous old man, "reserve your young days for a more useful occasion. I die fighting for my country; live, my son, to serve it."

After uttering these words, he expired. His son, the young Lord Lisle, fell a few minutes after, while endeavoring to avenge his death. The English fled; and Castillon surrendered the next day.

"Thus perished Talbot," writes a French historian, "whom the English of that day called their Achilles. He had, it is true, the valor of one: he was not only brave, but an excellent negotiator, a faithful subject, a sincere friend, and a generous enemy."

This defeat put a period to the English dominion in France.

CASTLEBAR, A.D. 1798.—At the northern extremity of Lake Castlebar in Ireland, is situated a town bearing the same name, which, in the year 1798, was the scene of a struggle between the royal forces of England and the French who landed in Ireland to the aid of the Irish insurgents. On the 22d of August, 1798, 1,100 French soldiers, under command of General Humbert, setting sail from Rochefort, landed at Killala, in Ireland; and with the aid of Napper Tandy, the Irish revolutionist, speedily commenced the organization of a provisional government, and the enrollment of revolutionary legions in the province of Connaught. The landing of the French troops was announced by two proclamations, one from the French general, the other from Napper Tandy to his countrymen. The first bore: "United Irish! The soldiers of the great nation have landed on your shores, amply provided with arms, artillery, and munitions of all sorts, to aid you in breaking your fetters and recovering your liberties. Napper Tandy is at their head; he has sworn to break your fetters, or perish in the attempt. To arms! freemen, to arms! the trumpet calls you; do not let your brethren perish unavenged; if it is their destiny to fall, may their blood cement the glorious fabric of freedom." That from Napper Tandy was still more vehement: "What do I hear? The British government talks of concessions! Will you accept them? Can you for a moment entertain the thought of entering into terms with a government which leaves you at the mercy of the English soldiery, which massacres inhumanly your citizens—with a ministry which is the pest of society and a scourge to the human race! They hold out in one hand the olive-branch; look well to the other, you will see in it the hidden dagger. No, Irishmen, you will not be the dupe of such base intrigues: feeling its inability to subdue your courage, it seeks only to seduce you. But you will frustrate all its efforts. Barbarous crimes have been committed in your country; your friends have fallen victims to their devotion to your cause; their shades surround you; they cry aloud for vengeance. It is your duty to avenge their death; it is your duty to strike the assassins of your friends on their bloody thrones. Irishmen! declare a war of extermination against your oppressors; the eternal war of liberty against tyranny." Immediately after the landing of the French at Killala, they marched to Castlebar, in the expectation of a rising of the people. Lake, the British general in Ireland, marched to oppose them with an army of 4,000 men, consisting in part of yeomary and militia. The two armies came in collision at Castlebar on the 28th of August, and in spite of the superior numbers of the enemy, the French troops attacked them with such impetuous valor that they were entirely routed and defeated, with the loss of 600 prisoners, and seven pieces of cannon. Enthusiastic at this success the French troops continued their march through the country toward Tuam. In the mean time Lord Cornwallis, commander of the British forces in Ireland, collected a large army, and marching against the enemy he attacked them with his overwhelming force. The French soldiers fought with the utmost valor; but Humbert, finding it useless to contend against such prodigious numbers, at length surrendered. On the 8th of September, a French force, consisting of the *Hoche* of seventy-four guns, and eight frigates, having on board 3,000 men, eluded the vigilance of the British fleet in the channel, and arrived on the coast of Ireland; but there they were attacked by the British squadron under the command of Sir John Borlase Warren, and, after a brief and bloody action, the French fleet was defeated, and all their ships were taken with the exception o.

two frigates which effected their escape and reached the shores of France. On board the *Hoche*, the victors found the celebrated Irish leader Wolfe Tone, who, after having, with great firmness, undergone a trial for high treason, was condemned, and being refused a military death, prevented a public execution by suicide.

CAVERYPAUK, A.D. 1754.—In the year 1754 a battle was fought near Caverypauk between the French, and their allies, and the English, in which the former were defeated with considerable loss.

CAXAMALCA, A.D. 1532.—At the time the Spaniards, under Pizarro, invaded Peru, that country was the scene of a civil war. Atahuallpa, the reigning inca, had just vanquished his brother, with whom, by the desire of his father, he should have divided the empire, and now he was passing through the country with an immense army, compelling his brother's subjects to acknowledge his own authority. Pizarro, some time after his easy victory over the islanders, at Puna,* passed over to the main land, and entered Tumbez, on the confines of the Peruvian empire. This city he found deserted and in ruins. Thence, leaving a portion of his army in the city, he set out on a reconnoitering expedition, and, having selected a suitable site, founded a settlement, in the fertile vally of Tangarala, ninety miles south of Tumbez. This place he called San Miguel, which name it still bears. Pizarro then removed his army from Tumbez to San Miguel. He now determined to enter upon his work of conquest in earnest. Leaving a garrison of fifty men at the new town, he struck off boldly toward the interior of the country. As he proceeded on his march toward the east, he was met by an embassy from the Peruvian monarch, inviting the strangers to visit him in his camp on the mountains. Pizarro dismissed the messengers with presents, telling them to say to their monarch, that hearing of the fame of his victories, they had come from their country, across the waters, to visit him and aid him against his enemies. As Pizarro advanced into the interior, the country presented evidences of civilization far superior to any thing he had seen nearer the coast. At length the Spanish army arrived at the base of the mountain barrier which separated them from the camp of the Peruvian monarch. Pizarro's force, all told, consisted of one hundred infantry and sixty-seven horse, and he was provided with two small pieces of artillery; and with this small army, he was marching into the very teeth of a powerful prince, whose mighty armies, already occupied in active warfare, were as countless as the sands of the sea-shore. But, nothing daunted, the bold adventurers commenced the ascent of the Andes, and after incredible toil and many hair-breadth escapes, the van, led by Pizarro himself, reached the crest of the Cordillera. Here they were visited by an embassy, bearing greetings from the inca, who desired to know when the Spaniards would arrive at his encampment, at Caxamalca, that he might make preparations for their entertainment. The messenger was dismissed with the reply, that the Spaniards would speedily present themselves before the inca. As they advanced through the defiles of the Cordilleras, the Spaniards encountered a third embassy from Atahuallpa, bearing a message of like import. The messenger was dismissed with the same reply, and the Spaniards commenced the descent of the sierra on the eastern side of the mountains. They had now occupied seven days in crossing the mountains, and it was with no little satisfaction, that, on the seventh, they saw opened out before them the vally of Caxamalca, alive with verdure and teeming with all the glories of cultivation. The valley is about fifteen miles in length by nine in breadth, and is of an oval form. It was inhabited by a people greatly superior to those which Pizarro had hitherto encountered, and its extreme length and breadth everywhere exhibited evidences of a high civilization. But a portion of this beautiful landscape was less pleasing to the eyes of the Spaniards. The slope of the hills on the opposite side of the valley, was white with the tents of an immense army. But it was now too late to retreat, and Pizarro, dividing his army into three bodies, marched down the slopes toward the city of Caxamalca. On entering he found it deserted. Pizarro at once sent an embassy to the encampment of the inca, informing him of his arrival. On the arrival of the messengers, they were led into the presence of the inca, who received them graciously, and assured them that he would visit their general on the following morning. The embassy returned to Pizarro with a dismal account of the magnitude and strength of the inca's army; and the Spanish general saw that the most desperate measures alone would avail against such a mighty force. He determined on nothing less than to secure the person of the Peruvian monarch, at all hazards, and leave the rest to fate. The possession of the inca's person would be an invaluable guaranty of safety from the attacks of the Peruvians; and, once a prisoner, the Indian monarch would be compelled to make such terms as the Spaniards should dictate. He called a council of his officers, and submitted the plan to their consideration, and, after some deliberation, it was adopted.

At day-break the next morning (it was

* See Puna.

the 16th of November), the Spanish army was under arms. Pizarro in a few words informed his soldiers of his intentions, and disposed his army for the assault, which was to be made immediately on the entrance of the inca. The great square of the city was flanked on three sides by low ranges of buildings. These buildings consisted of roomy halls, whose doors, of considerable width, opened into the square. Pizarro stationed his cavalry in two of these halls, under the command of his brother Hernando de Soto. He placed the greater part of the infantry in another of the buildings and stationed De Candia, with a few troops and the two pieces of artillery, in a fort which stood at the opposite side of the square at its entrance. Twenty picked men were to act with himself, ready for any emergency. It was not until noon that the inca emerged from his encampment, and commenced his march toward the Spanish quarters. He was borne in a gorgeous litter on the shoulders of his principal nobles, and was followed by a long train of warriors, dressed in their most magnificent array. The greater bulk of his army, however, occupied the fields which lined the road, and were spread over the surrounding plain until they were lost to sight in the distance. Upon arriving within a short distance of the city the Indian procession halted, and commenced making preparations. Soon after, a messenger was sent to Pizarro informing him that the inca would not enter the city until the following morning. Pizarro heard this with vexation, and the impatience of his soldiers at the tardiness of the Peruvians found vent in words of rage and disappointment. The Spanish general determined to make one more effort to induce the inca to visit him while he was prepared to receive him. Accordingly he returned an answer to Atahuallpa by the messenger, that he had provided every thing for his entertainment, and he expected him to sup with him that night. The Peruvian monarch was induced by this message to change his intentions, and striking his tents he resumed his march. Having arrived at the gates of the city, the inca ordered the greater part of his warriors to remain outside, and then entered the city accompanied by a few only, whom by his directions were unarmed. The leading files of the procession entered the great square, and dividing to the right and left, allowed the royal retinue to pass between. The inca advanced into the square followed by his people until several thousand had entered. Atahuallpa glanced around in search of the Spaniards; but they did not appear in the square; and turning to his attendants, the monarch inquired where the strangers were. At this moment a priest advanced from one of the buildings bearing a Bible in one hand and a crucifix in the other, and, accompanied by an interpreter, approached the inca. He told Atahuallpa that he was instructed by Pizarro to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith. This he did to his own if not to the Peruvian monarch's satisfaction, and concluded by stating that Atahuallpa must acknowledge himself a vassal of the Emperor of Spain. The eyes of the inca flashed fire at this insult, and snatching the book from the hands of the priest, he dashed it violently to the ground. The priest returned to Pizarro and abjured him to revenge the insult offered the sacred volume. Pizarro gave the signal, and shouting his battle-cry "St. Jago to the rescue!" he sprang through the doorway of the hall followed by his soldiers and rushed into the midst of the crowd of Indians. The other divisions of the Spanish army poured from the various halls in which they were concealed, horse and foot, and charged upon the defenseless Indians with the utmost fury. The cannon from the fort played with incessant energy upon the Peruvians; the cavalry dashed through their midst trampling them under foot, and cutting them down right and left, and the infantry poured rapid and well-directed volleys of musketry on them, or with their lances at rest charged furiously into the thickest of the crowd, dealing rapid and deadly thrusts till the pavement was strewn with corpses, and running with gore. In vain did the affrighted throng endeavor to escape; the entrance of the square was blocked up with dead bodies, forming an effectual barrier in that direction, and gathering in one body against the wall in their frantic exertions to escape, they burst through the wall leaving a breach of more than a hundred paces wide.

The inca was the principal object of the Spaniards' desire. His nobles forming a living wall around his sacred person, were struck down by scores, before the strokes of the enemy, who gradually hewed their way through the mass. Yet clinging to the legs of the horsemen, and grasping the Spanish soldiers in a desperate embrace they wrestled with them with an energy which for a time baffled their efforts, and several of the cavaliers, fearing that the royal prize might escape after all, were preparing to end the affray by taking the inca's life, when Pizarro in a loud voice commanded them to spare him. A Spanish cavalier, however, rushing at full speed at the inca, would have slain him with his lance had not Pizarro interposed and received the blow on his own arm. Now the struggle raged furiously around the inca. His litter swaying to-and-fro above the crowd, seemed every moment ready to fall. At

length the bearers, bleeding from hundreds of wounds, tottered, and the litter fell to the ground. But the Spaniards preserved the monarch uninjured, by catching him in their arms. In an instant the imperial insignia was torn from his brow, and borne on the shoulders of his captors, the unfortunate monarch was hurried to a neighboring building and closely confined. The Indians now fled in wild confusion, and the Spaniards eager for blood, pursued, striking down the fugitives with relentless fury. The Peruvian army encamped in the neighboring plains, hearing the dismal tidings, scattered and fled in all directions. The Spaniards kept up the bloody pursuit, until the shades of evening, when they rallied once more at the sound of the bugle in the fortress of Caxamalca. On this occasion 10,000 Peruvians are said to have been slain. Of the Spaniards not one even was wounded, with the exception of Pizarro, who received a slight wound while warding off a blow intended for Atahuallpa. That night the inca supped with Pizarro. He offered for his ransom a chamber filled with gold as high as he could reach. For this purpose he collected gold from all parts of his empire, and had nearly paid his ransom, when he was executed by order of the Spanish commander.—*Prescott's Conquest of Peru.*

CEMPOALLA, A.D. 1520.—From the city of Cholula, Cortez and his army continued their march toward the city of Mexico, which he reached without molestation. Here he conducted himself with so much energy that soon the proud Montezuma was his complete tool. Cortez in fact governed the whole empire: Montezuma was only the semblance of a monarch. The unfortunate emperor submitted entirely to the will of the Spaniards. It was only when Cortez requested him to relinquish his religion, and accept the Christian faith, that he refused. But, while the Spanish general was endeavoring to secure a permanent control over the government and religion of the Mexicans, he was menaced by a danger which seemed to forebode his destruction. He learned that Valasquez, the governor of Cuba, had sent Narvaez, with an army of 880 men, of whom 80 were cavalry, with 12 pieces of cannon from Cuba, for the purpose of seizing him, and carrying him to Cuba as a rebel. And this army was on its way from Vera Cruz. Cortez immediately adopted the most vigorous measures. Calling his men together, he informed them of the new danger; and gave them directions how to act in the emergency. He seriously felt his deficiency in cavalry, and strove to counterbalance the great superiority of his enemies in this respect. He armed his spearmen with lances, with copper heads of such great length, that a footman could readily use it against a mounted enemy. Having informed Montezuma, who had been made acquainted with the arrival of the strangers, that the newcomers, although his countrymen, were rebels to his monarch; and that he was about to set forth to punish them for their rebellion, Cortez set forth to meet the enemy, leaving 150 Spanish soldiers, and 10,000 Tlascalan warriors in the city for the purpose of watching the movements of the emperor.

Arriving at Cholula, Cortez there found Valasquez de Leon, with 120 men who had been left behind for the purpose of founding a colony. With this reinforcement, Cortez proceeded on his march, and shortly afterward encountered a body of about sixty soldiers, who had left the garrison at Vera Cruz, for the purpose of joining him. They were accompanied by several descrters from Narvaez's army. This unexpected reinforcement was most opportune, and Cortez's hopes revived as he surveyed his band of warriors. His force consisted of 266 men, of whom only five were cavalry. The most of them were armed with the long copper-headed lances, a few only being provided with muskets and crossbows. Narvaez, with his army, marched immediately from Vera Cruz to Cempoalla, where he established his head-quarters. Cortez had sent embassies to Narvaez, stating his willingness to greet him as a brother soldier, and to share equally with him the fruits of his enterprise. Narvaez, however, refused his offers with contempt; but upon his soldiers the reports which the agents of Cortez industriously circulated among them, created an entirely different feeling. They secretly sympathized with the general who had so boldly and bravely marched into the very heart of a country teeming with enemies, and who divided his spoils so lavishly with his companions. Narvaez dismissed the embassy of Cortez with the answer that he should be treated as a rebel deserved. But when the army of Cortez had arrived within about fifteen miles of Cempoalla, he was met by an embassy from Narvaez, which offered Cortez more lenient terms. Narvaez demanded that Cortez should acknowledge his supreme authority, and offered to convey all who might desire, into Cuba, with their property, unmolested. Cortez, however, refused to accept these terms, and dismissed the envoys, who returned to their camp, and spread highly-colored reports of the magnanimity and generosity of Cortez, and the wealth of his soldiers.

The army resumed its march, and at length reached a river about two miles from Cempoalla. During the whole day, the rain had

poured in torrents, and this stream, which was usually small, was now swollen to a river. Night came on. The storm thickened, and the black clouds shading the moon, filled the air with darkness. Cortez now determined to assault the enemy's camp that very night. Accordingly, after allowing his troops a brief period for rest and refreshment, he announced to them in a brief and fiery harangue, his intention to make an immediate attack. His soldiers replied to his words with acclamations of joy. He then made his dispositions for the attack. Selecting sixty of his most experienced soldiers, he intrusted them to the command of Gonzale de Sandoval, with orders to take Narvaez, dead or alive. The balance of the army, with the exception of twenty men, he placed under the command of Christoval de Olid, and he reserved for himself the twenty men, to act in any sudden emergency. Then giving the watchword, "Espiritu Santo," to each of his men, he sought a fordable point on the river.

The preparations that Narvaez had made to resist the assault were few and feeble. True, by the advice of the old cacique of the city, he put himself at the head of his soldiers, and sallied forth on the same day on which Cortez reached the river to meet him. When he arrived at the river, however, seeing nothing of the enemy, and moved by the murmuring of his men who were drenched to the skin by the soaking rain, he returned to the city; but not without the precaution of posting two sentinels at a short distance from the stream, to warn him of the coming of the enemy.

Having found a fordable part of the stream, Cortez, at the head of his troops, crossed to the opposite side. They did not cross without difficulty, for the current was rapid, the bottom uneven and stony, and the night was dark and tempestuous. Two of the Spaniards were swept from their footing by the velocity of the torrent, and were carried into deep water, where they perished. After gaining the shore, the army immediately marched toward the city. As they proceeded they suddenly fell in with the two sentinels whom Narvaez had stationed to give warning of their coming. One of them was seized, bound, and conveyed to Cortez; the other broke from the grasp of his captors and made good his escape. He returned to the city to warn Narvaez of his danger: but no heed was paid to his words; and Cortez, after vainly endeavoring to gain some information from the other sentinel, continued to advance toward Cempoalla without molestation. Arriving near the city, the Spanish general saw a light gleaming in one of the lofty towers. He pointed it out to Sandoval, saying, "There are the quarters of Narvaez, let that light be your guide." Silently and unperceived the Spaniards entered the city; but as they were marching through the principal streets, they were suddenly discovered, and soon the city was in a state of uproar and confusion. Narvaez amid the sound of trumpets, the shouting of men, the neighing of horses, and the din of preparation, buckled on his armor, calling his men around him, and demanding aid from the chief men of the city. The next moment the Spaniards appeared marching toward the towers. In an instant the guns of Narvaez opened upon them; but the pieces were elevated to such a degree that the shot passed harmlessly over the heads of the assailants. Before the enemy had time to reload their pieces, Cortez shouted the watchword, "Espiritu Santo," and Christoval, at the head of his men, charged upon the guns, and knocking down or piercing the artillerymen, with their lances, captured the cannon. Meanwhile, the cavalry of Narvaez emerged from their quarters; but they were instantly attacked by another division of Christoval's men, who kept them engaged while Sandoval with his brave men hastily ascended the stairway of the tower. But as they neared the summit they were assailed by a cloud of arrows and volleys of musketry, which for a moment stopped their further progress. But it was only for a moment; the next moment and they stood upon the platform at the head of the stairway, battling with their enemies, hand-to-hand. In the midst of his soldiers stood Narvaez, fighting bravely. Around him the combat raged furiously; he was the main object of the enemy's hate: they pushed toward him, fighting fiercely at every step with his men, who stood with equal ardor to force back the assailants. But the long spears of Cortez's men were superior to the swords of their enemies. Narvaez, himself, was wounded severely several times, and his standard bearer, pierced by a lance, fell dead at his feet. At length a soldier, thrusting his spear with cruel aim, struck out his left eye. "I am killed," he shouted, and fell. In an instant the cry was taken up and the shouts of victory arose from the ranks of the assailants. The men of Narvaez, crowding around their fallen commander, shielded him from the blows of the enemy, with their bodies, and after a furious conflict, succeeded in bearing him into the interior of the tower.

Enraged to madness at thus seeing their prey wrested from their very grasp, the assailants endeavored, with furious energy, to force the entrance; but the assailed, with the utmost courage and obstinacy, maintained their post, and prevented their entrance. Finally, however, a soldier, seizing a lighted

torch, cast it upon the thatched roof, and in an instant it was wrapped in flames. The troops of Narvaez, suffocated by the dense smoke which filled the room, rushed through the entrance. At this moment, a soldier grasped Narvaez, and instantly he was seized by a dozen hands, and dragged down the stairs, where he was loaded with fetters. Upon the capture of their commander, his troops immediately surrendered.

During this conflict, Cortez, with the troops of Christoval, were engaged with the enemy's cavalry. After a short but obstinate struggle, the cavalry were worsted, after several of them had been slain by the long pikes of the soldiers of Cortez. Cortez now turned his attention to the other towers of the city, which were all strongly garrisoned by the troops of the enemy. They each refused to surrender; upon which Cortez brought the artillery which he had captured to bear upon the towers, and, after one volley, they capitulated. Having secured his victory, Cortez required each of the soldiers of the conquered army to swear fealty to him, as Captain-general of the colony. His commands were obeyed the more readily, as the greater number of the troops of Narvaez were both anxious and willing to share the fortunes of their magnanimous conqueror. In this struggle, Cortez lost only six men killed; Narvaez lost twelve killed, and a great number wounded. Narvaez, under the escort of a strong body of men, was sent to Vera Cruz; and, on the following day, Cortez, having adopted every possible measure to tranquillize and subsidize the various elements which now composed his army, he turned his attention to further plans of conquest and discovery.—*Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.*

CERESOLE, A.D. 1544.—On the 14th of April, 1544, a battle occurred near Ceresole, a village of Piedmont, between the Austrians and the French, in which the former were defeated with great loss.

CERRO GORDO, A.D. 1847.—Cerro Gordo is an immense hill, of a conical form, rising to the height of about 1,000 feet, in Mexico, nineteen miles from Puente Nationel, on the main road from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. Thirteen miles from Puente Nationel is Plan del Rio, crossing the great highway to the city. The road runs through a ravine for some distance, descending toward the river, which it passes on a strong bridge of stone. Immediately after passing the stream, a small plain is formed by the receding mountains on either side of the road. From this plain the river derives its name. The pass of Cerro Gordo is four miles from Plan del Rio. The road from the river, gradually ascending, winds its way through a narrow defile of the mountains. On the right the road is alternately shut in by heights, and skirted by a dense chapparal; and on the left it is guarded for two miles before reaching the hill of Cerro Gordo, by a rugged and almost inaccessible ridge, eight hundred feet in height.

On the 16th of April, 1847, the whole American army, consisting of 8,000 men, under the command of General Scott, was encamped at Plan del Rio; being on its way from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. The Mexicans, in great force, had concentrated in the vicinity of the height and pass of Cerro Gordo, to dispute the passage of the American army. Santa Anna, the Mexican general, had fortified himself on the ridge on the left of the pass of Cerro Gordo, and on the hill of Cerro Gordo. He had also established two batteries across the road—one at the head of the pass, near the base of Cerro Gordo; and the other farther up the road, toward Jalapa. The Mexican works on the height on the left, consisted of a series of breast-works, armed with cannon. These breast-works were so arranged that they not only commanded the road, but served as a protection to each other, so that should the first line be taken, the second might be opened against it: and so on to the end. Timber and other obstructions were thrown along the slope of the heights and the front of the batteries, to impede the progress of the storming-parties. The left of this position was covered by the river of the Plan, which ran along the base of the ridge in that direction. It was necessary, therefore, that the American army should pass up the road—between which and the river, the ridge, formed, as it were, a tongue—or flank position by the right. The extreme left of the Mexican position rested on the height of Cerro Gordo. This hill was surrounded by two breast-works, one near the base, the other near the summit. It was defended by eight pieces of cannon, and a numerous body of infantry. By its superior elevation, it commanded all the rest of the Mexican works, and might be regarded as a key to their whole position.

On the evening of the 16th, General Scott ordered General Twiggs to storm the ridge, on the right of the road. Accordingly, the next morning, the division of General Twiggs was put in motion. At about eleven o'clock, the column, having arrived within seven hundred yards of the Mexicans' main works, a company of the 7th infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Gardner, was detached to occupy the crest of a hill, to the left, to observe the enemy's movements. During the execution of this order, he was attacked by a picket of the enemy, against which, although much his superior in numbers, he maintained himself,

until he was reinforced and relieved by the regiment of riflemen—now dismounted—under Major Sumner, and Lieutenant Colonel Childs. In the mean time, the Mexicans received reinforcements, and a bloody struggle ensued. At length the Americans succeeded in driving the enemy from the first position. The Mexicans took possession of a second hill, within cannon-range of the batteries of Cerro Gordo. Here they made a stand; but the Americans, boldly mounting to the assault, through a storm of grape and canister from Cerro Gordo, carried the enemy's new position, and held it in spite of all their efforts to dislodge them. In the height of their enthusiasm, about sixty Americans, of the 1st Artillery, under Captains Capron, Naumon and Burke, rushed down the hill, on the opposite side, and gaining the foot of Cerro Gordo, they effected a lodgment there, and maintained a fire of musketry upon the Mexican lines, until they were recalled. The main attack was not to be made till the next day. The victorious Americans slept on the second hill which they had gained. During the night, a heavy twenty-four pounder and two twenty-four pound howitzers were brought to this point. This was effected not without great labor and difficulty. The heavy pieces were to be lifted up the almost perpendicular sides of the eminence, hundreds of feet high. Five hundred men were attached to each gun; and it was not until three o'clock in the morning, after eight hours of unremitting labor, that the three pieces were planted on the summit. An eight-inch howitzer was also placed in position, on the other side of the river, opposite to the advanced batteries of the Mexicans, on the right. The same evening, General Scott, having been informed of General Twiggs's operations, drew up his orders of battle, for the next day, dated at his headquarters, at Plan del Rio. He ordered Twiggs "to move forward before daylight, to-morrow, and take a position across the national road, in the enemy's rear, so as to cut off his retreat toward Jalapa." General Pillow was to "march at six o'clock, to-morrow morning, along the route he has carefully reconnoitered, and stand ready, as soon as he hears the report of arms on our right—or sooner, if circumstances should favor him—to pierce the enemy's line of batteries, at such point—the nearer the river the better—as he may select. Once in the rear of that line, he will turn to the left or right, or both, and attack the batteries in reverse; or, if abandoned, he will pursue the enemy with vigor till further orders." Thus General Twiggs was to attack the enemy on their right flank; and General Pillow on the left, the other details being left to the direction of the generals. Twiggs's division consisted of two brigades: the 1st brigade commanded by Colonel Harney, and the second by Colonel Riley. On the night of the 17th, this division was reinforced by the brigade of General Shields. General Twiggs adopted the following order of battle. Shields and Riley were to flank the enemy's right, and place themselves in the road to Jalapa, a short distance in the rear of the hill of Cerro Gordo. Colonel Harney was to storm the height of Cerro Gordo itself. General Pillow's brigade consisted of four regiments of infantry, a company of Kentucky volunteers, and a detachment of cavalry. This force he divided into two storming parties, each of which was supported by a strong reserve. These parties were commanded respectively by Colonels Haskell and Wynkoop; and they were to storm, simultaneously, the angles of the enemy's batteries, numbers 1 and 2, near his extreme left. Colonel Haskell was supported by Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Wynkoop by Colonel Roberts. In brief, the Mexicans were fortified in a mountain pass, two miles in length—their batteries were perched on a height, extending, in a curve, more or less regular, to the head of the pass, where the road debouches between this height, which here terminates, and the opposite height of Cerro Gordo. Santa Anna's forces amounted to 7,000 men. General Twiggs had possession of a hill near Cerro Gordo, on which he had planted some cannon, and held his division in hand for a forward movement; and General Pillow, on the extreme right of the enemy, was preparing for the assault. At the foot of the pass, was posted a body in reserve; and General Worth held himself ready to support Twiggs, if necessary. On the morning of the 18th, the Mexicans discovering the American batteries on the hill, opened a plunging fire upon it. Twiggs, in turn, poured destructive volleys upon the intrenchments below. Colonel Harney pushed forward. Major Loring, with the rifles, along the ravines, to the left of his position, to engage the enemy in that quarter, and hold them in check, in case they should attempt to reinforce Cerro Gordo, moved forward, with the remainder of his command, to the assault of the latter. In taking up their position, the rifles were exposed to a murderous fire of grape and canister, but Major Loring executed his orders with steadiness and courage. Before reaching the base of Cerro Gordo, Colonel Harney's column was also frequently under fire. The road was exceedingly rough, through a growth of tangled shrubbery and over rocks and chasms. As the column approached the foot of the mountain, it was torn by a rapid and well directed fire of grape and canister. Dividing

into two columns, Colonel Harney's men gradually ascended the steep acclivity, amid constant and terrible discharges of musketry and cannon from the enemy. Slowly but steadily the American soldiers approached the first breastwork, which was filled with infantry, who poured incessant and destructive volleys upon the advancing columns. Soon the Americans reached the work, for a moment the contending parties struggled with crossed bayonets; when the Mexicans, flying to their second line, abandoned the breastwork to the Americans. Although deprived of their first line of defense, the Mexicans continued to deluge the Americans with missiles of destruction, and seemed as active in their resistance as before. But upward marched the assailing columns; they neared the second breastwork, and clubbing their muskets, with loud shouts, they leaped into the works, and soon made themselves masters of the entire hill. Meanwhile, the brigade of Shields and Riley had been dispatched to continue Twiggs's flank movement, and thus turning the enemy's whole position, to gain his rear in the Jalapa road. This movement was executed with success, under guidance of Captain Lee, of the engineers. As General Shields was about to debouch upon the main road, a battery of five guns, hitherto undiscovered, supported by a body of lancers, opened a volley of grape-shot upon him. Shields immediately ordered a charge. At the head of his men the gallant general dashed forward, and attacked the enemy so fiercely that they were obliged to abandon their guns, and fly in disorder.

In this charge Shields was shot through the lungs; the wound, however, was not mortal. A large body of the enemy had withdrawn to this point, Santa Anna, among the rest, with the view of making their escape, in the contingency which had occurred. They immediately took to flight, and were pursued by Worth's and Twiggs's division within sight of Jalapa. While these operations were going on on the Mexican left, General Pillow was operating on the right. Pillow, as soon as he was aware that Twiggs was engaged, moved up a storming party under Colonels Haskell and Wynkoop, to assail the batteries on the ridge. The Mexicans discovered Haskell's men before he could place them in position, and opened such a destructive fire upon him, that it became necessary for him either to fall back under cover, without executing his orders, or to rush forward unsupported and unorganized. He gallantly, but unwisely, chose the latter alternative, and dashed forward at the head of his men, into the open space in front of the batteries. For 300 yards this interval was covered with the brush of a chapparel, which had been cut down, and suffered to remain, rendering it very difficult to advance. In addition to this, a battery of six or seven guns, which had been previously masked, suddenly blew a cloud of brush in the air, as the battery opened upon him, and began to cut down his men by scores. So fierce and destructive was the fire that the Americans were obliged to recoil, and fell back in good order under shelter, leaving the ground behind them strewn with the slain. While General Pillow was organizing his attack, and bringing up his column, he was wounded. At length he heard the enemy's fire slacken on the American right, and correctly judging that the battle was over, he suspended further operations. The Mexicans in fact were defeated, and shortly afterward surrendered at discretion. Five Mexican generals, and nearly 6,000 men, were made prisoners of war. The loss in killed and wounded on both sides was about 500 men. A large quantity of ammunition, thirty pieces of cannon, together with the private baggage and money-chest of Santa Anna fell into the hands of the victors.

CEUTLA, A.D. 1519.—The battle of Tabasco gave the Spaniards a firm foothold on the soil of Yucatan; but in an enemy's country, and in the midst of enemies whose recent conduct proved not only their courage but their military experience, the position of the invaders was any thing but enviable.

On the morning following the battle, Cortez detached Alvarado and his men to reconnoiter. Francisco, with another detachment, was ordered out on a similar errand. Francisco had gone but a short distance when he was fiercely attacked by an overwhelming body of Indians. In vain did his men endeavor to check the furious charges of the enemy.

Overpowered by numbers, they were driven back, and obliged to take shelter in a large stone building near the road. Here he was closely besieged by the natives, who, shouting vehemently, repeatedly assaulted the house. No longer fearing the roar of the fire-arms, they would have soon carried the place, had not their loud shouts reached the ears of Alvarado and his men, who hastened to the relief of their companions, and enabled them to force a passage through their enemies. The Spaniards then hastily retreated toward the town eagerly pursued by the natives. Upon hearing the uproar of the chase, Cortez advanced from the town to their support, and compelled the enemy to retire. From the prisoners taken in this skirmish Cortez learned that the whole country was in arms. A body of natives many thousand strong, was concentrated, from the neighboring provinces, in the vicin-

ity of the town, and had determined upon a general assault the next day.

Cortez immediately called his officers together, and declared that it was his intention to march out of the place, and give battle to the enemy on the following morning. All such as were disabled by their wounds, he sent back to the ships, and the remainder of his forces were ordered to join him at Tabasco. All the horses and six of the large guns were also brought off from the ship. Cortez gave the command of the artillery to Mosa, an experienced soldier who had seen service in the Italian wars. Diego de Ordaz commanded the infantry; and Cortez himself took the command of the cavalry. The cavalry consisted only of sixteen men; but they were the flower of his little band.

The little army was mustered at day-break. Cortez had learned that the Indians were encamped on a level piece of ground, called the plain of Ceutla, a few miles distant from the city. The Spanish commander now made his preparations for the battle. Ordaz was to advance with the infantry and artillery across the country and attack the enemy in front, while Cortez was to make a circuit with the cavalry, and fall upon their flank or rear.

It was the 25th of March; the morning air was fresh and invigorating; but as the day wore on, the heat increased and the troops advancing through plantations of maize and cocoa, cut up by numerous canals and reservoirs of water, used for irrigating the soil, proceeded on their weary way with painful toil. Fortunately the country was intersected by a narrow causeway, over which the cannon were dragged.

At length they came upon the margin of the plain of Ceutla, expanding out before them like a lake of verdure. Along the distant verge of the plain extended the dark lines of the Indian army, occupying a most advantageous position. The Indians did not wait for the attack, but rushing forward in a body, with loud shouts, they hurled clouds of arrows, stones, and spears upon the approaching enemy, wounding them to right and left. Floundering in the mud of a morass, the Spaniards could not reply; but finally gaining the firm ground, they planted their cannon in a favorable position, and opened a hot fire upon the dense masses of the enemy with terrible effect. Huge gaps appeared in the Indian ranks, as the deadly messengers of death plowed their way through them. But the brave savages were not dismayed. With the sound of trumpets, and with shouts and yells of defiance, they again discharged their weapons upon their foe. Onward, like a huge billow, they rolled toward the brave little band of Spaniards; they were repulsed. With renewed energy they again pressed forward, and hand to hand the foemen fought with an animosity and fierceness rarely paralleled. The Spaniards, almost overwhelmed by the numbers of their enemy, were cramped in their movements; they could not work their guns effectually, and they seemed on the very verge of defeat.

But for a whole hour they stood their ground, contesting, with the energy of despair, against an enemy whose voice was already raised in shouts of anticipated victory. Clad in their thickly-padded cotton armor, which resisted the pricks of the arrows, and the thrusts of the lances of the Indians, the Spaniards suffered more from fatigue than from the blows of the enemy. Human endurance, however, could not long hold out against a force capable of crushing them by its very weight. Vainly did they look for the arrival of the cavalry. It came not. Anxiety and care clouded the countenances of the soldiers; the officers ran from man to man, and urged them on to battle; they fought sternly with the determination to conquer or to die. Ah! the enemy wavers; a cry resounds above the din of battle. The weary Spaniards renew their efforts. "San Jago and San Pedro!" shouts a Christian voice from the very midst of the enemy. "San Jago and San Pedro!" cry the now re-inspirited soldiers, and rush forward upon the Indian army, which, assaulted in the rear by the Spanish cavalry, sways and heaves like an uneasy ocean. The bright swords of the cavalry flash above the dark cloud of the enemy, gleaming in the air, and striking in the cloud to right and left, dealing death on every side. Cortez and his men had come in time. Ten minutes later, and his gallant little army would have been crushed. Retarded by the uneven nature of the country, Cortez had been delayed, and when he arrived, the Indians were so hotly engaged that he was upon them before they were aware of his approach. With lances leveled at the heads of their foemen, the Spanish cavalry rushed into the rear of the struggling mass. Terrified and bewildered by the unexpected attack, the Indians were seized with a panic, and were thrown into complete disorder. Ordaz now ordered a general charge. The Spanish infantry obeyed with such alacrity that the Indians were forced back with great slaughter. The natives made but a feeble resistance; the sudden appearance of the enemy's horse had dispirited and terrified them to such a degree, that they fled in the utmost confusion across the plains, many of them throwing away their weapons in their flight. Cortez, content with his victory, did not pursue; but

assembling his soldiers beneath a grove of palm-trees, offered up thanks to God for having given victory to his arms.

In this battle, the Spanish lost, according to their own report, two men killed, and one hundred wounded. The Indians, whose army was at least 40,000 strong, suffered enormously. The actual number of the killed and wounded is uncertain; but they must have been counted by thousands. The battle-field was made the site of a town named *Santa Maria de la Vitoria*, which afterward was the capital of the province.—*Prescott.*

CHÆRONEA, B.C. 447.—Chæronea, an ancient city in Bœotia, in Greece, has been rendered famous by three battles which were fought in its vicinity. In the year 447, B.C. an Athenian army, commanded by Tolmidas, marched against the Bœotian exiles who had seized Orchomenus and Chæronea, and some other cities of Bœotia. Having taken and inslaved Chæronea, they placed a garrison in it, and withdrew. But upon their march, they were attacked by a body of men consisting of Bœotian exiles from Orchomenus, and their partisans, and a bloody battle ensued. The Athenians, after a desperate resistance, were finally defeated with great loss. Their general was slain, and many were taken prisoners. The Athenians now evacuated Bœotia, and to get the prisoners released consented to a peace.

In the year 338, B.C., Philip of Macedon entered Bœotia with all his forces. He had threatened to march against Athens; the Athenians applied to the Bœotians for succor, and a league was established between the two nations. The troops of the confederate army, after the league was formed, assembled at Chæronea. Philip immediately sent ambassadors to the council of Bœotia, the chief of whom was Python, one of the ablest orators of his time. Python, in a most eloquent speech, endeavored to persuade the Thebans not to assist the Athenians. He was answered, however, by Demosthenes with such powerful appeals and arguments, that the souls of the Thebans were inspired with a renewed zeal for their country; the love of liberty rose within their hearts, and they resolved to aid their countrymen at all hazards. The Athenian army set out immediately, and marched to Eleusis, where they were joined by the Thebans. The confederate army then encamped near Chæronea, and waited the approach of the enemy. Philip's army consisted of 30,000 foot, and 2,000 horse. The confederate army was not quite so numerous. The Macedonians encamped near the city of Chæronea, within sight of the enemy. Philip gave the command of his left wing to his son Alexander, who was then only sixteen or seventeen years old, and having posted his ablest officers near the youthful general, he himself took the command of the right wing. In the confederate army, the Thebans formed the right, and the Athenians the left wing. At sunrise, the signal for battle was given on both sides. The struggle which ensued was obstinate and bloody. Alexander was animated with a noble ardor for glory, and endeavored to signalize himself in this, his first essay as a commander. Although so young, yet his bravery knew no bounds; at the head of his troops, he dashed into the midst of the enemy, and fought with all the courage and capacity of a veteran. The flower of the Theban army, the sacred battalion, after a desperate struggle, was scattered and dispersed by the troops of the gallant prince. On the right wing, Philip, determined not to be outdone by his son, charged the Athenians with a vigor which compelled them to give way. But, stung to the quick by their discomfiture, the Athenians rallied and fought with such valor that they recovered their original position. Lysicles, the Athenian general, charged upon the center of the Macedonians, and having forced his way through them, imagined himself already victorious. "Come on, my lads," cried he, enthusiastically, "let us drive them back into Macedon." But Philip quickly perceived that instead of profiting by the advantage they had gained, to take his phalanx in flank, pursued his troops too vigorously, said coolly, "The Athenians do not know how to conquer." He immediately commanded his phalanx to wheel about to a little eminence. The Athenians, in the utmost disorder, were in hot pursuit of the troops they had broken, wholly unconscious of Philip's movements. Now Philip charged them with his phalanx, and attacking them both in flank and rear, made such havoc upon their troops, that they were entirely routed and put to flight. Demosthenes, more an orator than warrior, threw away his arms, and fled with the rest. It is said, that in his flight, a bramble having caught his robe, and he, imagining that an enemy had seized him, cried out in accents of terror, "Spare my life!" Over 1,000 Athenians were left dead upon the field of battle, and 2,000 were taken prisoners. The loss was equally as great on the Theban side. Immediately after the victory, Philip, in the elation of his heart, committed a thousand excesses. He drank to intoxication, and dancing over the gory field, insulted the dead with songs and ribaldry.

In the year 86 B.C., a terrible battle was fought near Chæronea, by the Roman army under Sylla, and the forces of Mithridates, King of Pontus, commanded by Archelaus.

Tuxiles, one of Mithridates's generals, having arrived in Greece with an army of 100,000 foot, and 10,000 horse, with 90 chariots, whose wheels were armed with scythes, was joined by the forces of his brother Archelaus, who had been sent into Greece with an army of 120,000 men, two years before. To Archelaus was given the command of this mighty army. Urged on by the solicitations of his generals, Archelaus commenced his march toward the Romans who were incamped on a fertile hill in the middle of the plains of Elateia. He was followed by an army, which, when it arrived within sight of the enemy, filled the whole plain with horses, chariots, bucklers, and targets. The clamor and hideous roar of so many nations seemed to rend the very sky; and the pomp and splendor of their magnificent array, struck terror to the hearts of the Romans. The arms of the warriors were richly adorned with gold and silver, and the colors of their Median and Scythian vests, intermixed with polished brass and steel, glistened as they moved, like brilliant, waving lines of flame. The Romans numbered only 15,000 foot, and 1,500 horse, and stricken with terror at the overwhelming army which was approaching them, they shut themselves up within their intrenchments, and Sylla could not with all his arguments remove their fears, and, as he did not choose to force them into the field in this dispirited condition, he sat still, and bore with great reluctance the boasts and jeers of the barbarians. Archelaus passed on in triumph, destroying and sacking cities before the very eyes of the Romans. Sylla now bethought himself of a stratagem. He compelled his soldiers to dig ditches, to draw the river Cephisus from its channel, and made them work at it without intermission; standing inspector himself, and severely punishing all whom he found remiss. At length, as he had expected, his soldiers became weary of their work, and, on the third day of their drudgery, as Sylla passed by they called out to him to lead them against the enemy. Sylla at first refused; but when he saw the ardor of his soldiers increase at his opposition, he made them stand to their arms, and marched against the enemy. The barbarians, in the mean time, had possessed themselves, with a great body of troops, of a very advantageous post, called Thurium, near Chæronea. It was the ridge of a steep mountain, which extended itself upon the left flank of the Romans and was well calculated to check their motions.

Archelaus with the main body of his army had strongly intrenched himself on a spot of ground, near by, between Mount Edylium and Acontium. When Sylla had arrived at Chæronea, two citizens of that place came to him and promised to drive the enemy from their post on Mount Thurium, if he would give them a small number of chosen troops. Sylla did as they requested. In the mean time he drew up his army in order of battle. The cavalry he placed in the wings. He gave the command of the left wing to Muræna, reserving the right wing for himself. Gallus and Hortensius, his lieutenants, commanded the second line. Hortensius on the left, supported Muræna, while Gallus on the right did the same for Sylla. Archelaus now commenced making preparations, by extending his wings, which consisted of an infinite number of horse, and all his light-armed foot troops which could move with great agility, into a circle, to encompass the second line and charge it in the rear. The two Chæroneans, having, meanwhile, gained the summit of Thurium, without being perceived by the enemy, suddenly showed themselves. The barbarians, struck with consternation and dismay, sought refuge in flight. They rushed down the steep declivity in such confusion and haste that many were slain. Unable to find a secure footing as they precipitated themselves headlong down the hill, a great number fell upon the uplifted points of the spears of those before them, and many falling, were trampled to death. All this time the Romans were slaughtering them behind. Three thousand were killed before they reached the foot of the mountain. Some who reached the plain in safety were attacked by Muræna and cut to pieces, while others who escaped, fled to the main body, under Archelaus, where the news of their defeat caused such terror and dismay, that the whole army was thrown into confusion and disorder. Sylla, taking advantage of this state of affairs, advanced upon the barbarians and charged them with such vigor, that he prevented the effect of their armed chariots. The chief strength of these chariots consisted in the length of the course, and the rapidity of their movements. But here the course was so short, that the chariots moved at first so slow, and their attacks were so impotent, that the Romans clapped their hands and received them with the utmost ridicule. They even called for fresh ones as they used to do in the Hippodrome, at Rome. The chariots were now removed, and the two main bodies engaged in the conflict. The barbarians presented their long pikes, and locking their shields close together, endeavored to keep themselves in good order. But the Romans, after using their lances to no effect, cast them away, and drawing their swords, precipitated themselves into the midst of their enemies. Their fury was increased by the sight of 15,000 slaves whom the barbarians had stolen from them, and had placed among

the heavy-armed infantry, with the promise of liberty if they would fight for it.

These slaves were thus inspired with such determination and courage, that they withstood the charge of the Romans without giving ground, and they were not repulsed and put in disorder, until the archers and slingers of the second line of the Roman army discharged all their fury upon them. Archelaus now extended his right wing, in order to surround the Romans, and Hortensius, with the cohorts under his command, pushed down to take him in flank. But Archelaus, suddenly turned against him, with 2,000 horse, and gradually drove him toward the mountains. Hortensius, thus separated from the main body, was in danger of being entirely hemmed in by the enemy. Sylla, hearing this, immediately hastened with his right wing, which had not yet engaged, to the assistance of Hortensius. Upon this Archelaus left Hortensius and hastened back to the right of the Roman army from whence Sylla had advanced, hoping to find it without a commander. At the same moment Tuxiles led on his foot, armed with brazen shields, against Muræna. And now both sides set up a shout, which echoed throughout the valley. Sylla immediately dispatched Hortensius with four cohorts to the assistance of Muræna, and with the fifth he hastened to the support of his right wing. He there found that his troops, without him, had withstood the assault of the enemy without giving ground, but his sudden appearance among them, animated them to such a degree, that they rushed forward against their foes, and drove them with great slaughter from the field. This success did not cause Sylla to forget the danger of Muræna. With a reinforcement he hastened to that quarter; but upon his arrival he found them already victorious, and therefore nothing remained for him to do, but to join in the pursuit. One hundred and ten thousand of the barbarian army were slain, while Sylla says that he missed only fourteen of his men, and two of them returned the same evening. For this reason, he inscribed his trophies to Mars, to Victory and Venus, to show that he was no less indebted to good fortune, than to capacity and valor, for the advantages he had gained. Of the barbarian army only 10,000 men, out of so many myriads, reached a place of safety.

CHALONS, A.D. 451.—Around the city of Chalons-sur-Marne in France, extends a broad expanse of plains called by the ancients Campi Catalaunici, through which the river Marne winds its way. About five miles from Chalons, near the little villages of Chape and Cuperly, the plain is diversified by ranges of grassy mounds and trenches, which prove to the experienced eye, that this quiet spot has once been the fortified position of a large military host. These ancient earthworks, are known in local tradition as Attila's Camp. Attila, the most powerful heathen king that ever ruled in Europe, was retreating before his victorious enemies. It was during this retreat, it is said, that he assumed the title of "The scourge of God for the chastisement of the Christians." On the appearance of the Romans, he had abandoned the siege of Orleans, and re-crossing the Seine, encamped in the plains of Chalons, whose level surface was adapted to the operations of his Scythian cavalry. But his retreat was not undisturbed; the Romans and their allies continually pressed on and sometimes engaged his rear-guard, and the bloody conflict of the Gepidæ and the Franks, in which 15,000 barbarians were slain, was a prelude to a more general and decisive battle. A height which commanded the camp of Attila, was the first object of dispute. The young and valiant Torismond first occupied the summit; the Goths rushed with irresistible weight on the Huns, who labored to ascend from the opposite side: and the possession of this advantageous post inspired both the troops and their leaders with hopes of victory. This defeat increased the anxiety of Attila; and he consulted his priests and haruspices. They foretold his own defeat, with the death of his principal adversary. But, instead of desponding, the Hunnish king endeavored by every means in his power to arouse the courage of his followers. "I myself," said he "will hurl the first javalin, and the wretch who refuses to imitate the example of his king, shall surely die." His words were received with enthusiastic shouts, and the Huns impatiently clamored to be led against the foe. Attila immediately formed his order of battle. He placed himself in the center of his line, at the head of his brave and faithful Huns, while the nations subject to his empire were extended on either hand over the ample space of the Catalaunian plains. The right wing was commanded by Ardaric, king of the Gepidæ, and the three brothers who reigned over the Ostrogoths were posted on the left to oppose the kindred tribes of the Visigoths. Ætius, the Roman general, also prepared for battle. Langiban, the faithless king of the Alauni, was placed in the center where his motions might be closely watched. Ætius assumed the command of the left, and Theodoric of the right wing; while Torismond still continued to occupy the heights which he had won. After the mutual and repeated discharges of missile weapons, in which the archers of Scythia might signalize their superior dexterity, the cavalry and infantry of the two armies furiously mingled in close combat.

The Huns, who fought under the eye of their king, pierced through the feeble and doubtful center of the allies, separated their wings from each other, and wheeling, with a rapid effort, to the left, directed their whole force against the Visigoths. As Theodoric rode along the ranks, to reanimate his troops, he received a mortal stroke from the javelin of Andages, a noble Ostrogoth, and immediately fell from his horse. The wounded king was oppressed in the general disorder and trampled under the feet of his own cavalry; and this important death served to explain the ambiguous prophecy of the haruspices. Attila already exulted in the confidence of victory, when the valiant Torismond descended from the hills, and verified the remainder of the prediction. The Visigoths, who had been thrown into confusion by the flight or defection of the Alauni, gradually restored their order of battle; and the Huns were undoubtedly vanquished, since Attila was compelled to retreat. He had exposed his person with the rashness of a private soldier; but the intrepid troops of the center had pushed forward beyond the rest of the line; thair attack was faintly supported; their flanks were unguarded; and the conquerors of Scythia and Germany were saved by the approach of night from a total defeat. They retired within the circle of wagons that fortified their camp; and the dismounted squadrons prepared themselves for a defense, to which neither their arms nor their temper were adapted. The event was doubtful, but Attila had secured a last and honorable resource. The saddles and rich furniture of the cavalry were collected by his order into a funeral pile; and the magnanimous barbarian had resolved, if his intrenchments should be forced, to rush headlong into the flames, and to deprive his enemies of the glory which they might have acquired by the death or captivity of Attila.

But his enemies had passed the night in equal disorder and anxiety. Torismond pressed forward in the pursuit with an ardor which drew him unexpectedly in the midst of the Scythian wagons, with only a few followers, and the young prince, in the confusion of a nocturnal encounter, must have perished like his father, had he not been rescued by the intrepid zeal of his companions. Ætius on the left, also passed the night in ignorance of the victory of his allies. But the imperial general was soon satisfied of the defeat of Attila, who still remained within his intrenchments. The body of Theodoric was discovered under a heap of the slain, and his funeral rites were performed with tears and groans. The Goths declared Torismond his successor; and the new king accepted the obligation of revenge as a sacred portion of his paternal inheritance. Meanwhile Attila maintained an undaunted front. It was determined, in a general council, to besiege the Hunnish king in his camp; but the impatience of the barbarians, and the caution of the Roman general, who feared that, after the extirpation of the Huns, the republic would be opposed by the pride and power of the Gothic nation, prevailed, and it was finally concluded to separate and molest Attila no further. After the departure of the Goths and the separation of the allied army, Attila was surprised at the vast silence that reigned over the plains of Chalon; the suspicion of some hostile stratagem detained him several days within the circle of his wagons, and at length his retreat beyond the Rhine confessed the last victory of the Western empire. The Franks, observing a prudent distance, and magnifying the opinion of their strength, by the numerous fires which they kindled every night, contrived to follow the rear of the Huns until they reached the confines of Thuringia. The Thuringians served in the army of Attila; they traversed, both in their march and their return, the territories of the Franks; and it was perhaps, in this war that they exercised the cruelties which, above fourscore years after, were revenged by the son of Clovis. They massacred their hostages as well as captives; two hundred young maidens were tortured with exquisite and unrelenting rage; their bodies were torn asunder by wild horses, or their bones were crushed under the weight of rolling wagons; and their unburied limbs were abandoned on the public roads, as a prey to dogs and vultures. Such were those savage ancestors, whose imaginary virtues have sometimes excited the praise and envy of civilized ages!—*Gibbon.*

CHALONS-SUR-SAONE, A.D. 1274.—On the 1st of May, 1274, Edward I. of England, on his return from Palestine, received a challenge from the Count of Châlons to a friendly tournament at Châlons on the Saône in France. On the appointed day, Edward entered the lists with 1,000 champions, partly on foot, and partly on horseback, and was met by his antagonist with a retinue nearly double in number. But the image of war was soon turned into stern reality. Edward and his retinue were so successful in the jousts that the French knights, provoked at their superiority, made a serious attack upon them; but Edward's archers drove their opponents out of the field, killed a great number of them, and left the tilting-ground strewn with dead.

CHAPULTEPEC, A.D. 1847.—This strong fortress is situated about two miles southwest of the city of Mexico. It consists of a rock rising to the height of 150 feet, and

crowned by a castle. The entire length of the fortification is 900 feet, that of the main building and the *terre pleine*, 600 feet. By a series of masterly movements, General Scott succeeded in blinding the eyes of the Mexican general as to the real point of his intended attack on the capital; and while the enemy were awaiting him in anxiety and bewilderment, he suddenly appeared before the castle of Chapultepec, which was occupied by a Mexican garrison under General Bravo, and which guarded the approach to the city by a causeway bearing the same name. In order to carry this fortress with the least loss, Scott determined to batter it with heavy ordnance, before making the assault. Accordingly, on the evening of the 11th of September, 1847, four batteries were erected on a ridge of land in front of the fortress, directing toward Molino-del-Rey, at the foot of Chapultepec. These batteries were placed in position by the engineer officers, Huger and Lee, and were commanded respectively by Captains Drum, Hagner, and Brooks, and Lieutenant Stone. On the morning of the 12th the batteries on both sides commenced their fire, which was maintained furiously during the entire day. On the 13th, all arrangements were made for the assault. General Smith's brigade, which on the afternoon of the 12th, had moved up to Piedad, had now arrived on the ground. The attack was to be made in two columns: one on the west side, under the command of Pillow; and one on the south-east, under the command of Quitman. Each was to be preceded by a storming party: that of Pillow, by 250 men, volunteers from Worth's division; under Captain McKenzie, of the 2d Artillery; that of Quitman, by the same number of men, under Captain Carey, of the 2d Infantry. Each of the storming-parties was furnished with scaling-ladders. The signal for the attack was given by a momentary cessation of fire, on the part of the American batteries. This was at eight o'clock on the morning of the 13th. The divisions of Pillow and Quitman moved forward, while the American batteries, when they had opportunity, threw shot and shells over the heads of the assailants, to deter the enemy from reinforcing the castle. While this was going on, the reserve, under Worth, was to turn Chapultepec, and gaining the north side, either to assist in the attack or cut off the enemy's retreat. The assaulting column, under General Pillow, advanced on the west, through an open grove filled with Mexican sharpshooters, which were speedily dislodged, and rapidly gained the foot of the rocky acclivity. Here Pillow was wounded by a shot in the ankle; and the command devolved on General Cadwallader. At this point the main battle occurred. The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a strong redoubt, midway, to be carried before reaching the castle on the heights. The advance of our brave men, led by brave officers, though necessarily slow, was unwavering, over rocks, chasms, and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry. The redoubt now yielded to resistless valor, and the shouts that followed announced to the castle the fate that impended. The enemy was steadily driven from shelter to shelter. The retreat allowed not time to fire a single mine, without the certainty of blowing up friend and foe. Those who, at a distance, attempted to apply matches to the long trains, were shot down by our men. There was death below, as well as above ground. At length the ditch and wall of the main work were reached; the scaling-ladders were brought up and planted by the storming-parties; some of the daring spirits first in the assault were cast down, killed or wounded; but a lodgment was soon made; streams of blood followed; all opposition was overcome, and several of our regimental colors flung out from the upper walls, amid long continued shouts and cheers, which sent dismay into the capital. No scene could be more animating or glorious. While this was going on to the west of Chapultepec, the column of Quitman was performing a similar part on the east. Having to advance on a causeway, flanked by deep ditches, he had little room for maneuvering. In front was a strong body of the enemy and two batteries. These were soon carried; and the volunteers of New York, South Carolina, and Pennsylvania, with the gallant Rifles, under General Smith, arrived in time to join the storming-party of Pillow's division and capture together this formidable fortress. The enemy was chased in every direction, many killed and many more captured. In the castle were crowds of prisoners of every rank and color; among whom were fifty general officers and about 100 cadets of the Mexican Military Academy. The latter were pretty little fellows from 10 to 16 years of age. Several of them were killed while fighting like demons; and, indeed, they showed an example of courage worthy of imitation by some of their superiors in rank. The American loss in killed and wounded was not great; but among the slain were included the gallant officers Major Twiggs and Lieutenant Ransom. Generals Shields and Pillow were wounded. The fall of Chapultepec removed the last obstacle which lay between the American army and the Mexican capital; General Scott immediately attacked the city itself, and the capture of Mexico followed speedily.

the French under Luxembourg, and the army of the Prince of Waldreck, consisting of German, Dutch, Spanish, and English troops. After a protracted and bloody struggle, the allies were signally defeated, with great loss.

On the 26th of May, 1794, the French army crossed the river Sambre, and on the 29th succeeded in investing Charleroi, after a desperate engagement with the allied English and Austrian army. But, on the 3d of June, an attack was made upon the French with such vigor that they were compelled to raise the siege and retire across the Sambre, with the loss of 2,000 men. On the 4th, however, Jourdan arrived with 40,000 men, and in a few days the French army, now increased to 60,000 men, recrossed the river and resumed the siege of Charleroi. The imminent danger to which the city was exposed by this attack, induced the allies to make the utmost efforts to raise the siege. The allied army consisted of 35,000 men, who attacked the French by detached columns. The French were again defeated, and driven over the Sambre, with the loss of 3,000 men. Again the French army, on the 18th of June, crossed the river and commenced the bombardment of Charleroi, for the third time. The Prince of Coburg, who commanded the allied army, now saw that the decisive battle was to be fought under the walls of Charleroi. Accordingly, the major part of the allied forces were moved in that direction. But, though his force amounted to 100,000 men, Coburg delayed till the 26th of June to attack the French army. Jourdan, who was fully aware of the importance of acquiring the fortress of Charleroi, took advantage of the respite which this delay afforded him to prosecute the siege with the utmost activity. He pushed the operations so briskly, that in a week the guns of the fortress were silenced, and every preparation was made for the assault. On the 25th of June, the commandant of the fortress sent an officer, with a letter, to treat. St. Just, who still ruled in the French camp, refused to open the letter, and sent back the officers, saying, "It is not a piece of paper, but the fortress we want." On the very evening that Coburg's army came in sight of the French lines, the fortress capitulated, and the garrison marched out. The Austrians remained ignorant of the surrender of Charleroi. The possession of this place rendered the position of the French army more secure, and the battle, that was about to be fought on the plains of Fleurus, less dangerous to them. The French army, which now amounted to 89,000 men, was posted in a semicircle around Charleroi. The Imperialists, adhering to their system of attacking the enemy at all points, divided their forces into five columns, intending to assail, at the same time, all parts of the French position. The battle commenced at day-break on the 26th of June, and raged with great vigor throughout the whole day. The first column, under the command of the Prince of Orange, attacked the left of the French, under General Montaign, and drove them back to the village of Fontaine l'Eveque. There, however, the French were reinforced by fresh troops, and, meeting the repeated charges of the enemy, succeeded in maintaining their ground and repulsing each attack. During a successful charge, however, the French horse were themselves assailed by the Austrian cuirassiers and driven back in confusion upon the infantry, who gradually lost ground, and at length were compelled to fall back to the heights in front of Charleroi. The moment was critical, for the Austrians were on the point of carrying the village of Marchiennes-au-pont, which would have intercepted the whole communications of the French army. Jourdan, however, who was alarmed at the advance of the enemy in this quarter, moved up Kleber to support his left. That intrepid general erected several batteries on the heights, and sent Bernadotte, at the head of several battalions, to the support of Montaign. The allies were thus assailed both in front and flank, and, in spite of their every effort to maintain their position, they were gradually driven back, and before four in the afternoon, all the ground they had gained in that quarter was abandoned.

During these operations on the French left, the center, where the village of Fleurus was occupied by 16,500 troops, and strongly strengthened by intrenchments, was the scene of an obstinate conflict. The village was vigorously attacked in front and flank by the allies, and the great redoubt was upon the point of being taken, when Jourdan hastened to the scene of danger with six battalions, who were formed in close columns, and checked the advance of the enemy. The French cavalry, under Dubois, made a furious charge upon the Austrian infantry. With the utmost rapidity they dashed across the plain, and plunging into the midst of the enemy, dealing death on all sides, they overthrew every thing before them. The Austrians fled in disorder, leaving in the hands of the French fifty pieces of cannon. The French cavalry, however, disordered by the impetuosity of their advance, were suddenly attacked by the Austrian cuirassiers, and were not only defeated in turn, but lost the whole artillery they had taken, and retreated back to their own lines. In the mean time the battle was raging still more violently on the left of the allies, under Beaulieu, nearer to the Sambre, at Wagne and Lambusart. After various attacks the Austrians carried the village of Lambusart, and the French troops,

for the most part, were driven across the Sambre. But several French battalions under Marceau, threw themselves into Lambusart, resolved rather to perish than to abandon that post contiguous to the men; and which was an indispensable support to the extreme right of the French army. Lefebvre threw troops into Lambusart to support Marceau's efforts; and this spot became the decisive point of the battle. Beaulieu, perceiving this, directed thither a third column. Jourdan immediately dispatched the rest of his reserve to the point of danger, and the action was maintained on both sides with the greatest vigor. So brisk was the firing that the volleys could no longer be distinguished. The corn and huts of the camp took fire, and the combatants were soon fighting amid a conflagration. At length the French expelled the enemy from the village; and Lambusart remained in the hands of the Republicans. At this moment the French, at first repulsed, had succeeded in restoring the battle at all points. Kleber on the left had covered the Sambre, Morlot in the center, having fallen back to Gomlies, maintained himself there; Championnet had retaken the redoubt at Fleurus, and Lambusart remained in the hands of Lefebvre. Coburg, now for the first time, learned that Charleroi was in the possession of the French; and daring no longer to persist, ordered a general retreat. Thus terminated the battle of Fleurus, in which the allies lost about 8,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The French lost between four and five thousand killed and wounded. In this memorable battle the French made use of a balloon to reconnoiter the enemy's army, an experiment which, it is said, contributed to the success of the day. The battle was fought along a semicircle of ten leagues; and was called the battle of Fleurus, though that village acted but a secondary part, because the Duke of Luxemborg had already shed a luster on that name in the time of Louis XIV.

CHARLESTON, A.D. 1776.—Charleston is the largest city of South Carolina, and is situated on a tongue of land between the rivers Ashley and Cooper, which unite immediately below the town, forming a spacious harbor, and communicating with the Atlantic at Sullivan's Island seven miles below.

The British ministers had resolved that in the campaign of 1776, a vigorous blow should be struck against the southern colonies, because they were satisfied that the friends of the English were more numerous there than at the North. The British fleet designed to act against the southern provinces, was commanded by Admiral Sir Peter Parker, and arrived at Cape Fear during the first of May, bearing many land troops, with Cornwallis, Vaughan, and several other generals. Here Parker was joined by General Clinton from New York, who, from seniority, took the supreme command. The approach of the fleet had been discovered in time to allow the Carolinians to prepare for defense, and Washington perceiving their danger, sent Generals Lee and Armstrong to aid them. The British generals, thinking that the reduction of Charleston would secure the conquest of the whole of South Carolina, resolved at once to advance against that city. But the patriots had neglected nothing to secure the means of defending South Carolina. Charleston, especially, was strongly fortified. They had constructed a strong fort on Sullivan's island; and had armed it with 36 pieces of heavy cannon, and 26 of smaller caliber. This fort so commands the channel which leads to the port, that all vessels which enter it must pass under its cannon. It was constructed of palmetto logs in sections and filled in with sand. On the 4th of June the British fleet appeared off Charleston Bar, and several hundred troops were landed on Long Island, which lies to the east of Sullivan's Island, being separated from it by a narrow creek only. The people of South Carolina were now in a state of the greatest activity. The militia of all the province were called in haste to the defense of the city; and soon an army of 6,000 men, consisting of the militia and regulars of South Carolina, and the troops of the northern colonies, under Lee and Armstrong, was concentrated in the vicinity of Charleston.

The first regiment of the South Carolina regulars, was stationed at fort Johnson, situated on James Island, three miles from Charleston, under command of Brigadier Gadsden; and the second and third regiments occupied Sullivan's Island. Colonel William Moultrie, who commanded the second regiment, was intrusted with the defence of the fort.* Colonel Thomson commanded the third regiment, which consisted chiefly of riflemen, and was stationed at the eastern extremity of Sullivan's Island. There was also a strong force at Haddrell's Point, under the immediate command of General Lee. The garrison in the city was under the command of Governor Rutledge, who made vigorous efforts to secure its defense, should the British fleet pass the forts and land their troops in the city. The most rigorous course of martial law was pursued. Valuable warehouses on the wharves were demolished, and a line of defenses was made in their places; the streets near the water were barricaded. The command of the entire army was intrusted to General Lee, to whom the

* This fort was afterward called Fort Moultrie, from its gallant defense by its commander.

troops and the people looked with confidence. Meanwhile Sir Henry Clinton was actively employed in making preparations for a combined attack by sea and land. He caused two batteries to be constructed on Long Island, opposite to those of Thompson, on Sullivan's Island. The fleet was anchored to the north of Sullivan's Island. It consisted of two ships of war, the *Bristol* and *Experiment*, of fifty guns; four frigates, the *Active* the *Acteon*, the *Soleboy*, of twenty-eight; the *Sphinx* of twenty, the *Friendship* of twenty-two; two smaller vessels, and a bomb-ketch called the *Thunder*. The English generals had arranged their plan of attack as follows: The ships were to cannonade Fort Moultrie in front, while the body of troops on Long Island, should cross the narrow arm of the sea which separates it from Sullivan's Island, under the cover of the British batteries, and assail the rear of the fort, at which point it was weaker than at ony other. At about half-past ten o'clock, on the morning of the 28th of June, Sir Peter Parker made the signal for attack on board his flag-ship, the *Bristol*. The ketch *Thunder*, protected by another vessel, took its station in front of the fort, and began to throw bombs into it, while the rest of the fleet advanced. About eleven o'clock, the *Bristol*, the *Experiment*, the *Active*, and the *Soleboy* arrived in front of the fort. At the moment they anchored, the cannon of the fort opened a burning fire upon them; and each vessel responded with a broadside. The *Sphinx*, the *Acteon*, and the *Syren* advanced to take a position to the west between the point of Sullivan's Island and the city, in order to sweep the interior of the fort, and to intercept all communication between the island and the main land; but by the unskillfulness of the pilots, the three vessels struck upon a shoal called the Middle Ground, where they were exposed to the fire from the fort. The *Sphinx* finally was set afloat, but not until after losing her bowsprit; and the *Syren* after receiving considerable injury was also got off. These vessels withdrew to another part of the harbor; but the *Acteon* was totally stranded, and could not be moved. Meanwhile, Clinton's batteries on Long Island, and some floating batteries in the creek, opened upon Thompson's battery on Sullivan's Island; and a number of British troops, under cover of their artillery, embarked in boats, to force their way through Thompson's men, and assail the fort on the west. Thompson allowed the British boats to approach within musket shot, when he ordered his men to fire. The Americans poured forth volley after volley from their rifles and artillery with such terrible effect that Clinton, perceiving that his troops could not land in the face of the enemy's fire, ordered them to return. During this time the vessels in front of the fort had kept up a furious bombardment. The Americans responded warmly, and the air fairly shook with the thunder of the cannon. In the city of Charleston the most intense anxiety prevailed; the house-tops and the steeples were crowded with spectators, and many were the prayers which were sent up for the safety and success of the noble little garrison in Fort Moultrie, who were defending themselves against such an overwhelming force. Lee saw the retreat of the British land forces with joy: in it he beheld an omen of victory. At about two o'clock the garrison ceased firing, having exhausted their ammunition. The deficiency was immediately supplied by Lee from Haddrell's Point, and the firing from the fort was renewed with greater ardor. The fire from the British ships was incessant, yet that little band in the fort (they numbered only about 350 men) remained firm, replying to the enemy's fire with an accuracy which told with fearful effect. The *Thunder*, after having discharged sixty bombs, was so much disabled, that she discontinued her fire; but the others maintained it with increased fury.

For ten long hours the Americans maintained the fight with the utmost bravery. Amid the tempest of balls which was hailed upon them from the fleet, they preserved their coolness, aiming with such precision that the British ships were shaken at every discharge. "While the continued thunder from the ships," says a British historian, "seemed sufficient to shake the firmness of the bravest enemy, and daunt the courage of the most veteran soldier, the return made by the fort could not fail of calling for the respect, as well as of highly incommoding the brave seamen of Britain. In the midst of the dreadful war of artillery, they stuck with the greatest firmness and constancy to their guns, fired deliberately and slowly, and took a cool and effective aim. The ships suffered accordingly; they were torn to pieces, and the slaughter was dreadful. Never did British valor shine more conspicuous, and never did our marines, in an engagement of the same kind, with any foreign enemy, experience as rude an encounter. The springs of the *Bristol's* cable being struck by the shot, she lay exposed in such a manner to the enemy's fire, as to be most dreadfully raked. The brave Captain Morris, after receiving a number of wounds, which would have justified a gallant man in retiring from his station, still, with a noble obstinacy, disdained to quit his duty, until his arm being at length shot off, he was carried away in a condition which did not afford a possibility of recovery. It is said that the quarter-deck of the *Bristol* was at one time cleared of every person but the

commodore, who stood alone, a spectacle of intrepidity and firmness, which have seldom been equaled, never excelled. The others on that deck were either killed or carried down to have their wounds dressed. Nor did Captain Scott, of the *Experiment*, miss his share of the danger and glory, who, beside the loss of an arm, received so many other wounds, that his life was at first despaired of." But if an English writer can thus speak of the performance of the British fleet on this occasion, in what terms should an American depict the gallantry of the garrison of Fort Moultrie? Almost entirely without practice in the art of war, they held at bay the most experienced seamen of Great Britain, returning fire for fire with the coolness of tried soldiers, and displaying a courage which called forth the applause of even their enemies. Even when their ammunition was expended they preserved their firmness, and awaited the arrival of a fresh supply with calmness; and when it did arrive, returned to their guns with an ardor which finally compelled the hostile fleet to withdraw. Colonel Moultrie was the soul of the garrison, animating his men by words and action; and many were the daring feats of personal valor performed on that day. Sergeant Jasper especially distinguished himself by a deed of heroism which has rendered his name immortal. At the commencement of the action the staff of the American standard was cut away by a ball, and fell outside upon the beach. Jasper sprang after it to the ground, and amid a terrific tempest of iron, walked coolly the whole length of the fortress, and remounting the parapet, fastened the flag to a sponge-staff, and fixed it firmly upon the rampart in full view of the enemy. A cheer arose as he rejoined his companions within the bastion which reached the ears of the British seamen, who were themselves filled with admiration at the daring conduct of the American hero. Finally, the British perceiving the futility of their attack, and the disabled condition of their vessels, and finding that the troops which were to have come up from Long Island, did not make their appearance, resolved to abandon the enterprise. Parker ordered the crew of the *Acteon* to set fire to her and abandon her. The order was obeyed; and the seamen quitted the ship leaving her colors flying and guns loaded. The Americans immediately took possession of the deserted vessel, and secured her colors and three boat loads of stores, and then, having fired her guns at the British, abandoned her to the flames. In a short time the magazine exploded, shattering the vessel to fragments. Thus ended the battle. The entire loss of the British in killed and wounded, was 225. The Americans lost only ten killed and twenty-two wounded. Among the slain was the gallant Sergeant Macdonald, who, with his latest breath, exhorted his companions to fight on for the cause of liberty and their country.

During the night the British fleet retired, and the following morning their ships were under way two miles from the island. A few days afterward the troops on Long Island were re-embarked and the fleet set sail for New York.

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON, A.D. 1779.—In the month of September, 1778, General Lincoln was appointed commander-in-chief of the American army in the South. At the close of 1778 the belligerent forces occupied almost the same relative position that they did in the fall of 1776. The British army for two years had accomplished but little in the way of conquest. On the 3d of November, 1778, the French fleet under D'Estaing sailed for the West Indies, in order to attack the British colonies there.

The English were well aware of the weakness of the garrisons in these islands; and on the same day, Commodore Hotham, with six British ships of war, set sail from New York for the West Indies, followed shortly afterward by the whole fleet. As this movement prevented the British army and navy from uniting in any operation against the patriots at the North, it was decided that an army should be sent to the southern provinces, against which both the fleet and the army might operate. Accordingly, on the 27th of November, Sir Henry Clinton sent Colonel Campbell, from New York, with about 2,500 English and Hessian troops, upon an expedition against Georgia. Campbell was conveyed by Commodore Hyde Parker, with a squadron of five ships. At the same time Clinton sent orders to General Prevost, who commanded in the Floridas, to collect all the troops that could be spared from the defense of those provinces, and to march also against Georgia. At the close of December, Colonel Campbell arrived at the isle of Tybee, situated near the mouth of the Savannah; and on the morning of the 29th landed at Savannah. Savannah, at that time, was occupied by 1,000 American troops, under General Howe. The British at once attacked Savannah;* and the Americans defended it with the utmost valor; but, overwhelmed by numbers, they were compelled to retire. They fled in confusion, and sought refuge in South Carolina. Once securing a foothold in Georgia, the British troops soon overran the whole province.

On the 26th of December, Lincoln marched from Charleston, with about 1,200 men, for the Georgia frontier; but on their way he met the Americans flying from Savannah. He accordingly came to a halt, and establish-

* See Savannah.

ed his head-quarters at Purysburg, on the northern bank of the Savannah. At the close of January, 1779, he was joined by General Ashe, with 1,100 North Carolinians; and he set at once about recruiting and organizing an army, in the vicinity of Purysburg. Meanwhile, General Prevost joined Campbell, at Savannah, with 700 British regulars. Learning that Lincoln, with the main body of his army, was far up the river, near Augusta, Prevost resolved to attempt the capture of Charleston. Early in April, with about 2,000 British and Hessians, and a strong body of Tories and Indians, he crossed the Savannah, at Purysburg, and advanced along the coast toward Charleston. Lincoln, to guard against any such movement on the part of the enemy, had stationed General Moultrie, with 1,500 men, in front of Prevost, in order to dispute his passage across the Savannah; but the militia, under Moultrie, surprised and dismayed at the number of the enemy, fell back, on the approach of Prevost, toward Charleston. As soon as Lincoln was convinced of the reality of Prevost's designs, he detached Colonel Harris, with 300 cavalry, to reinforce Moultrie; and marched, with the balance of his army, in pursuit of Prevost. At the same time, Governor Rutledge, who had been at Orangeburg, on a recruiting expedition, advanced, from that place, with 600 men. Thus four different forces were pressing toward Charleston. Rutledge, with his recruits; Moultrie, pursued by Prevost; Prevost, pursued by Lincoln, and the 300 cavalry, under Colonel Harris. On learning of the threatened danger, the people of Charleston made all the preparations for defense which the shortness of the time allowed. All the houses in the suburbs were burned, and a line of fortifications was thrown up across the neck, armed with several cannon. The garrison of Fort Moultrie, under Colonel Marion, was strengthened, and the battery on Haddrell's Point was duly manned. All these preparations consumed three days, and it was fortunate for the people of Charleston that Prevost, in his hesitancy, halted a sufficient length of time to allow them to complete them. As Prevost advanced through the country, his soldiers applied the torch, and plundered the Whigs, without mercy. On the evening of the 9th of May, he arrived on the south side of the river Ashley; and on that and the day following, Rutledge, Harris, and Moultrie reached Charleston, with their respective forces. The Count Pulaski, with the dragoons of his legion, was at Haddrell's Point, and the presence of all these troops filled the inhabitants of the city with joy. The Americans passed the whole night under arms; and the whole city was illuminated. On the morning of the 11th of May, Prevost with 900 regulars, crossed the Ashley, and advanced toward the fortifications on Charleston neck.

Approaching within cannon-shot, the British general summoned the town to surrender. He at first received no response. Count Pulaski, in the course of the forenoon, entered the town with his legion. At about twelve o'clock, he sallied forth at the head of his infantry, and fell upon the advanced guard o the British. But the British received him with so much firmness that he was repulsed, and a great number of his men were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. Pulaski, himself, barely escaped to the American lines. The British now advanced toward the enemy's works; but when within a mile of the American lines, their progress was checked by a brisk cannonade. The British general renewed his demand for a surrender; and proposals were made on both sides which were not accepted. The negotiation was continued throughout the who day; neither party accepting the proposals of the other; and finally Prevost, finding that the Americans would not submit to his conditions, and momentarily expecting the approach of Lincoln, withdrew during the night and retreated toward Georgia. And thus terminated the second attempt of the British to gain possession of the city of Charleston. The battle of Stono Ferry soon followed; but although a victory to the invaders, it did not, nevertheless, aid them in their operations against the capital of South Carolina.

Second Siege of Charleston, A.D. 1780.—On the 25th of December, 1779, Sir Henry Clinton, with a land army of 5,000 men, set sail from New York for the South, leaving the Hessian general, Knyphausen, in command in that city. The British fleet was under Admiral Arbuthnot, and was manned by 2,000 seamen. The fleet encountered many heavy storms on its passage, in one of which a transport vessel, carrying heavy seige pieces and horses, was lost. The fleet finally arrived on the coast of Georgia in January, 1780, and on the 10th of February advanced against Charleston, S. C. On the 11th Clinton's troops were disembarked upon the islands, on the shores of the Editeo inlet, thirty miles below the city; and the British general commenced making preparations to besiege the place. He performed his operations with so much tardiness, however, that the Americans had time to put Charleston in a state of defense. General Lincoln, with about 1,400 men was in Charleston; and upon receiving intelligence of the arrival of the British fleet he was about to evacuate the place, and retreat with his feeble army into the interior. But the tardiness of

the enemy caused him to change his purpose; and, aided by Governor Rutledge, at once set about making preparations for a vigorous defense. He first strengthened the works upon Charleston neck by planting new cannon and mortars, and throwing up a trench across the neck from the Ashley to the Cooper. The works when completed, on the land side, consisted of a chain of redoubts, lines, and batteries, extending across the neck, from the Ashley to the Cooper, and covered by an artillery of eighty cannons and mortars. A trench filled with water was also constructed from river to river. The works were also protected by two rows of *abbatis*, the trees being buried slanting in the earth, so that their heads faced outward, forming a sort of frieze-work against the assailants. These works protected only the land side of the city. On the two sides which front the rivers, the Americans erected numerous batteries, constructed of palmetto wood and earth. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, and the redoubts at Haddrell's Point, were strengthened and well manned. The garrison of Fort Moultrie was intrusted to the command of Captain Pinckney. All parts of the shore where it was possible to land, were secured by strong pallisades. The defenses on shore were supported by a considerable fleet in the harbor, consisting of eight American, and one French, frigate, besides several smaller vessels, chiefly galleys. These were stationed at a narrow pass between Sullivan's Island and the Middle Ground. The citizens of Charleston were greatly alarmed at the approaching storm; and wishing to save the little army of Lincoln, earnestly advised him to evacuate the place; but the American general, expecting reinforcements, and confident in the strength of his fortifications, resolved to maintain a siege in the hope that he might keep the enemy at bay until succor should arrive.

When Admiral Arbuthnot advanced with his ships to Charleston bar, the American flotilla, abandoning its station, and leaving Fort Moultrie to its own fortune, retired to Charleston; where most of the ships, with a number of merchant vessels, being fitted with chevaux-de-frize on their decks, were sunk to obstruct the channel of Cooper's river, where it flows between the left part of the town and a low sand-bank called Shute's Folly.

Thus, with the exception of Fort Moultrie, there remained nothing to prevent the British fleet from entering the harbor, to cooperate with the land forces. In this manner, the inhabitants prepared to defend themselves valiantly against the attack of the enemy; but they still founded their hope on the succor of their neighbors of North Carolina and Virginia. As soon as Lincoln had completed all his preparations, the 29th of March, having left a detachment to guard his magazines at Wappoo Cut, he passed the Ashley river without opposition, twelve miles above Charleston. Immediately after his debarkation, he sent a body of infantry and cavalry to occupy the great road, and scour the country to within cannon-shot from that place. The army then followed, and took post across the isthmus, behind the city at the distance of a mile and a half. From this moment, the garrison lost all communication with the land; the enemy being masters of both sides of the Ashley, there remained no way open for succors of men and provisions but across the Cooper on the left. The royalists had soon transferred to their camp, through the assistance of Captain Elphinstone, with his boats and armed galleys, all the heavy artillery, stores, and baggage. On the night of the 1st of April, they broke ground within eight hundred yards of the American works; and in a week, their guns were mounted in battery. In the mean time, Admiral Arbuthnot had made his dispositions for passing the bar, in order to gain the entrance of Charleston harbor. The frigates, as drawing less water, passed without any difficulty; but the ships of the line could not be got over till after having been lightened of their artillery, munitions, and even their water; the whole squadron passed over on the 20th of March. Arbuthnot came to anchor at Five Fathom Hole; he had still, however, to surmount, before he could take an active part in the siege of Charleston, the obstacle of Fort Moultrie, occupied by Pinckney. The British admiral, taking advantage of a southerly wind and flood tide, weighed anchor on the 9th of April, and passing it under full sail, took his station within cannon-shot of the city near James Island. Pinckney had opened all his artillery on the British fleet at the moment of its passage; but such was the rapidity of the vessels, that the fire did them but little damage. The British lost about thirty in killed and wounded, and set fire to and abandoned a transport. The place was thus already invested by sea and land, and the batteries being ready to be opened, Clinton and Arbuthnot sent a joint summons to Lincoln, representing the fatal consequences of a cannonade and storm, and stating the present as the only favorable opportunity for preserving the lives and property of the inhabitants. The American general answered spiritedly that he was resolved to defend himself. The English immediately commenced their fire; the Americans replied warmly from the town and fortifications, and a terrible cannonade from both parties

was maintained from that time until the 20th. But the British had the advantage of a more numerous artillery, particularly in mortars, which made great ravages. The pioneers and miners, under the direction of Moncrieffe, pushed forward the works with great rapidity. The second parallel was already completed, and furnished with its batteries, and every thing promised the English an approaching victory; but the Americans had assembled a corps on the upper part of the Cooper river, at a place called Monk's Corner. They were under the command of General Huger; and from that position, they could invest the besiegers on their rear, revictual Charleston, and in case of extremity, enable the garrison to evacuate the place, and retreat with safety into the country. Clinton, therefore, detached 1,400 men, under Lieutenant Colonel Webster, to disperse this body of republicans. Colonel Webster was accompanied by Tarleton and Ferguson. The American camp was established on the left bank of the Cooper; their cavalry was stationed on the right bank, having passed the river on Biggin's bridge. This position was strong, the bridge being accessible only by a causeway, through an impracticable morass; but the Americans were off their guard, having neglected to post videttes, and to reconnoiter the environs. Moreover, their dispositions were defective: they had placed the cavalry in front, and the infantry in rear. The English arrived unexpectedly at three in the morning; their attack was impetuous; it routed the Americans in a few instants; all perished save those who sought safety by flight. General Huger and the Colonels Washington and Jamieson, threw themselves into the morass, and were fortunate enough to escape under cover of the darkness. Four hundred horses fell into the hands of the victors, with many carriages loaded with arms, clothing, and stores. The royalists took possession of the bridge, and soon after secured another passage further down, and overrun the country on the left side of the river, particularly the district of St. Thomas.

In this manner, the besieged were deprived also of the Cooper river, and Charleston found itself completely inclosed. The garrison was not judged sufficiently strong to warrant any opposition to this enterprise. The Americans attempted only to fortify a point on the left bank, called Point Lamprey; but Webster's corps being considerably reinforced, and Lord Cornwallis having taken the command on that side of the river, they found themselves constrained to abandon this last post. The British foraged without obstacle, prevented the assembling of the militia, and cut off every species of succor. A few days after, Tarleton, having advanced with incredible celerity upon the banks of the Santee river, attacked and routed another body of republican cavalry, commanded by Colonel Buford. Adverse fortune continued to pursue the republicans. Admiral Arbuthnot landed on Sullivan's Island a body of seamen and marines, and began to inclose Fort Moultrie. The garrison, seeing the impossibility of relief, surrendered on the 7th of May. Thus Fort Moultrie, which four years before had repulsed all the forces of Admiral Parker, fell, without firing a shot, into the hands of the royalists. Meanwhile, the besiegers had completed their third parallel, which they carried close to the wet trench, and by a sap pushed to the dam, which supplied it with water on the right, they had drained it in several places to the bottom. They hastened to arm this parallel with its batteries, and to complete the traverses and other mines of communication. Now, fully prepared to storm the place by land and sea, Clinton again summoned Lincoln to surrender. A negotiation was opened, but the American commander required not only that the citizens and militia should be free with respect to their persons, but that they should also be permitted to sell their property, and retire with the proceeds wherever they might see fit; the English general refused these conditions. He insisted that the whole garrison should surrender at discretion, and as to property, he would agree to nothing further than that it should be given up to pillage. The conferences were broken off, and hostilities renewed. The fortifications were battered with violence by the heavy artillery; bombs and carcasses overwhelmed the town, and lighted frequent conflagrations; the Hessian marksmen felled all that showed themselves at the embrasures or on the ramparts. Neither shelter nor retreat remained to the besieged; every thing indicated that the moment of surrender must soon arrive. The fire of the place was already become languid; its artillery was in part dismounted, and its best cannoneers either killed or out of service; and the English had pushed on their works till they issued in the ditch of the place. The city was menaced with an assault, discord began to break out within; the timid, and those attached to the royal party, murmured aloud; they conjured Lincoln not to expose to inevitable destruction so rich, so important a city. They represented that the stock of provision was nearly exhausted; that the engineers considered it impossible to sustain a storm; in a word, that there was not the least way of safety left open. In so terrible an extremity, Lincoln divested himself of his natural inflexibility, and on the 12th of May the capitulation was signed. The garrison was

allowed some of the honors of war, but they were not to uncase their colors, nor their drums to beat a British march. The continental troops and seamen were to keep their baggage, and to remain prisoners of war until they were exchanged. The militia were to be permitted to return to their respective homes, as prisoners on parole, and while they adhered to their parole, were not to be molested by British troops in person or property. The citizens of all sorts to be considered as prisoners on parole, and to hold their property on the same terms with the militia. The officers of the navy and army to retain their servants, swords, pistols, and their baggage unsearched. As to General Lincoln, he was to have liberty to send a ship to Philadelphia with his dispatches*

At noon, on the 12th of May, the Americans marched out with the Turk's march and piled their arms. General Leslie immediately marched in and took possession of the town. For forty days they had maintained a gallant and desperate defense, but, unable to cope with the superior arms and numbers of the enemy, they finally were forced to surrender. Although the utmost valor and skill was displayed on both sides during this siege, yet it was not a bloody one. Both parties suffered nearly equally. The Americans lost, exclusive of the inhabitants of the town, not bearing arms, 92 killed, and 148 wounded. The British lost 76 killed, and 189 wounded. About 5,000 prisoners fell into the hands of the victors, together with 400 cannon, and a considerable quantity of ammunition. Two American frigates, and two French vessels, were also taken possession of by the English. The victory of Charleston was of the utmost importance to the British; it paralyzed the efforts of the patriots at the South, and it was confidently believed that the war was now decided in favor of the royalists; but subsequent events proved that the spark of liberty, although dimmed, was still alive and ready to burst forth into an unextinguishable flame.

CHAMPAUBERT, A.D. 1814.—This village is in the department of Marne, in France, 27 miles west of Châlons. Here, February 10th, 1814, the advanced guard of the Russians and Prusians, received a check in their advance against Paris, from the troops of Napoleon. The allies were totally defeated with a loss of 3,000 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, besides 12 guns and 17 caissons. The French lost 600 men in killed and wounded.

CHATEAU GOUTHIER, A.D. 1793.—The French republican army were greatly astonished to find, after the signal defeat of the Vendean army at Cholet, that they had again crossed the Loire and were making preparations for another battle. General Lechelle, after much hesitation, concluded to divide his army into two columns, cross the river at different points, and then unite for the pursuit of the royalists. Lechelle found them occupyiug the town of Laval, and immediately commenced an attack. Larochejaquelin flew through the ranks of his army encouraging them in every possible manner, and assuring them of success. Leseure, one of the wounded commanders, insisted upon being carried in a litter through the ranks, and sharing their dangers. Animated by these circumstances, the royalists advanced to the combat in close columns. Stofflet, by a vigorous charge with a small body of cavalry, took some pieces of cannon, which were instantly turned against the enemy; Larochejaquelin pressed on in front, while another column attacked them in the rear. The Vendeans were again brought in conflict with the famous garrison of Mayence, but despair gave them courage, and never had they fought with such enthusiastic valor. After a desperate struggle the republicans began to give way, the royalists were close upon them and drove them into the town of Château Gonthier. Here their progress was arrested for a moment by the cannon of the enemy, but Larochejaquelin captured the guns and pursued the enemy through the town with great slaughter. In this battle the garrison of Mayence, which had inflicted such losses on the Vendeans, was almost entirely destroyed; the total loss of the republicans was 12,000 men, and 19 pieces of cannon, and of their whole army, hardly 7,000 could be rallied after the action. General Lechelle was so affected by his great discomfiture, that he relinquished his command and retired to Tours, where he afterward died of anxiety and chagrin.

CHERRY VALLEY, A.D. 1778.—Cherry Valley, in Otsego county, N. Y., witnessed, on the 10th of November, 1778, a scene of bloodshed and cruelty, the very contemplation of which causes the soul to shrink with horror. Led on by the notorious Walter Butler, 700 Tories and Indians fell furiously upon the peaceful and flourishing settlement, and ruthlessly murdered its inhahitants. Women, children, old men, and invalids, all fell under the murderous stroke of the cruel tomahawk of the Indian, or the no less cruel bayonet of bloodthirsty white men. Of 48 who were slain, 32 were women and children. The soul sickens at the recital of the horrors of that day. Volumes have been written of the sufferings of the inhabitants of Tryon county, as that part of the country was called during the revolutionary war, but the limits

* This account is taken almost entirely from Mr. George Alexander Otis's admirable translation of Botta's valuable history.

of the present volume forbid our dwelling upon them.* After the massacre, the village was plundered and set on fire; and the successful marauders marched away in triumph, bearing with them 40 prisoners.

CHERUBUSCO, A.D. 1847.—The village of Cherubusco, in Mexico, is situated on the main road from San Augustine to the city of Mexico. The distance from San Augustine to the city is nine miles. The Mexicans, in their endeavor to stop the progress of the American army toward their capital on that road, had placed their first fortification in a village called San Antonio, about two miles and a half from San Augustine. Two miles and a quarter further on toward the city, they had placed a second in the village of Cherubusco, from which village the road was opened free of obstructions to the city gates. On the 18th of August, 1847, the American troops, under General Scott, established themselves in and near the village of San Augustine. From this village two roads conducted to Mexico; the first on the right, led through the villages of San Antonio and Cherubusco; the second diverging to the left, toward Contreras,† passed through the villages of San Angel and Coyocan. The Mexicans had strongly fortified these roads; and the American general determined to force his way over both. While the left wing of the American army was assaulting the Mexican position at Contreras, the right, under General Worth, was to open the main road to Mexico, by carrying the position at San Antonio with the bayonet, and then pushing forward, to assail the enemy at Cherubusco, at which place they were to be joined by the left wing, as it was General Scott's intention to move forward to the assault of Cherubusco with his whole army. The division of General Worth, on the 20th, advanced to San Antonio. The Mexicans made but a slight resistance; they had heard of the fall of Contreras, and affrighted, they speedily retreated along the causeway toward Cherubusco. The Americans closely pursued the fugitives.

In the mean time the left wing of the American army, having carried the Mexican position at Contreras, advanced toward Cherubusco. The route taken by General Scott from Contreras, was along the road from that village through the village of San Angel, and thence to Coyocan, which was one mile distant from Cherubusco. Thus, Worth's division approached Cherubusco, by the great causeway of San Antonio leading to Mexico, while Scott's advanced against the same village by the road from San Angel. The Mexicans had strongly defended both these approaches. In the rear of the village of Cherubusco is a wide and deep canal, cutting the San Antonio causeway, and continuing over the plain perpendicularly to the road, a long distance to the right. The causeway crossed the canal by a bridge, at the head of which was constructed a field-work, which commanded the main approach by the causeway, and that also by its left flank. The works were defended by four guns, two being in front, and two being on its left flank. Along the banks of the canal extend dykes, which were constructed in ages gone by to guard against inundation, and which were now for the distance of a mile and a half to the left of the *tête-du-pont*, at the bridge, converted into ramparts, and occupied by dense masses of Mexican infantry. The ground in front of these dykes was level, affording no protection to the assailants. To the right of the *tête-du-pont*, about three hundred yards from it, and somewhat in advance of it, on the road debouching into the causeway from Coyocan, the Mexicans had established another fortified position, commanding the approach from that direction. This work—the fortification of San Pablo—consisted of a stone church that served as a sort of citadel, and two walls one within the other. This work was open on the rear and on the right flank, that portion of it not having been completed. The flat roof of the church and the steeple afforded excellent positions for marksmen, who could see every one who approached, while they themselves were covered by parapets and walls. The nature of the ground on the Mexican right, was such as it has been described on the left. This position was to be assailed by General Scott. The Mexicans had, besides the seven pieces of artillery in the two fortified positions, various other batteries of movable pieces on the ground. Santa Anna's troops, all told, numbered about 25,000 men: long lines of infantry and cavalry being drawn up on the causeways, and many detachments occupying houses—every house in itself being a fortification—on both sides of the road, and the cross dykes that cut up the fields. Both divisions of the American army, numbered, together, about 8,000 men. Scott, after arriving at Coyocan—one mile from Cherubusco—halted to make a hasty reconnoissance. He then despatched General Twiggs, with Smith's brigade, less the Rifles, and Captain Taylor's field battery to attack the fortified position of San Pablo; following the movement soon afterward himself. He then directed General Pierce, with his brigade to follow another road, to the left, with a view to attack the enemy's right and rear, and at the same time favor Twiggs's movement. He subsequently reinforced this bri-

* Campbell's Annals of Tyron county. Simms's History of Schoharie county. Stone's Life of Brant.

† See battle of Contreras.

gade with that of Shields's, composed of the South Carolina and New York regiments. Shields, being Pierce's senior, assumed the command of the whole. Before the close of the action Shields, was further reinforced by the Rifles, and by Captain Sibley's company of dragoons. Twiggs was soon hotly engaged, and Taylor's battery which had imprudently been placed in an exposed position, was disabled by the enemy's heavier metal, and compelled to retire. Shields advancing about a mile toward the right and rear of the enemy, on the road leading in that direction, left the road, at this point, and bent his course more toward the causeway, passing through a heavy cornfield, and reaching a position in a swampy meadow, in the rear of the enemy. His object was to penetrate the causeway, if possible, and attack the enemy in rear, or intercept their retreat when they should be driven from their position in front by Worth and Twiggs. 4,000 of the enemy's infantry were drawn up on the causeway, covered by some 3,000 cavalry extending to the right. Shields attacked the Mexican line in front. The American line advanced steadily, opening their fire as they approached the enemy. The Mexicans discharged incessant and destructive volleys upon the approaching line; but the Americans, although forced by greatly superior numbers, maintained the battle with the utmost vigor.

In the mean time Worth approached Cherubusco by the San Antonio road. As he reached the *tête-du-pont* at the bridge, the enemy opened first the artillery and then the musketry upon the advancing columns. And now a tremendous roar of artillery and musketry was heard from one end of the Mexican line to the other, extending more than a mile. Worth attacked the *tête-du-pont* and the Mexican infantry along the dykes simultaneously.

After an obstinate and bloody conflict with greatly superior forces, the Americans drove the enemy from their favorable position upon the dykes; and carried the *têtes-du-pont* at the point of the bayonet; men and officers rushing pell-mell, into the embrasures and over the walls, without the help of ladders. No sooner had they gained the works, than they seized upon the enemy's artillery, and turned it upon San Pablo, where Twiggs was still held in check. At the same time Duncan's battery, which had been kept in reserve, was hurriedly brought up to the front, and opened also upon San Pablo. The effect was speedy and decisive. The devoted fortress, which up to this moment had not in the least slacked its fire, having now its artillerists driven from their guns, and their sharpshooters from the church-top and steeple, succumbed at once, and hung out a white flag; upon which Worth ordered the fire to be discontinued, and dispatched an officer to accept the surrender. In the mean time, Shields, with his men, was bravely contending against the enemy; but thus far without success. But hearing the shouts of Worth's victorious troops, the Mexicans on the causeway wavered, and Shields, with the *remnants* of his gallant regiment, rushed forward, and gained the causeway, just as Worth's column, in hot pursuit of the flying enemy, came up. He fell into their ranks, and joined in the pursuit. The Mexicans, at all points, were now flying toward the city of Mexico. The pursuit was continued for about two miles, when General Scott caused it to be discontinued. The Americans lost in this bloody battle, 700 men, killed and wounded The Mexican loss was but little, if any, superior to that of the Americans, owing to their having fought behind defenses, and to their wonderful speed of foot, when routed. A large number of prisoners were taken in San Pablo—the Mexicans having retreated from the *tête-du-pont* into that work. Among others, were captured some 27 deserters from the American army; most of whom had deserted during the war, and entered voluntarily into the enemy's ranks. The penalty of death awaited them. "These wretches," says General Worth, in speaking of these miscreants, "served the guns—the use of which they had been taught in our own service—and with fatal effect upon the persons of their former comrades."—*Semmes.*

CHIPPEWA.—The village of Chippewa, in Canada, is situated on the Chippewa, near the confluence of that river with the Niagara river, about two miles above the Falls of Niagara.

On the third day of July, 1814, the American forces, destined for the invasion of Upper Canada, having been concentrated at Buffalo during the winter, for that purpose, crossed the Niagara river. The army was commanded by Brigadier General Brown, and consisted of two regular brigades, commanded by Scott and Ripley, and a brigade of volunteers and militia, with a few Indians, under General Porter. The army effected a landing on the Canada shore without opposition, and made themselves masters of Fort Erie, a strong fortification on the banks of the river, nearly opposite Buffalo, without firing a shot. The main British army, under General Riall, lay at Chippewa, about twenty miles further down the river. Scott, heading the advance, with his brigade, chasing before him, for sixteen miles, a detachment of the enemy, commanded by the Marquis of Tweedsdale, pressed on toward the British position at Chippewa. At dark, the marquis crossed the Chippewa, behind which lay the British army. This river enters the Niagara nearly at right angles. Two miles further

up, Steed's creek joins the Niagara also, and behind it General Brown drew up the American forces. The two miles of space between the streams is an open plain, skirted on one side by the Niagara river, and on the other by a forest On the morning of the 5th, General Brown resolved to advance and attack the British in their position. The latter had determined on a similar movement, against the Americans, and unbeknown to each other, the one prepared to cross the bridge of Chippewa, and the other that of Steed's creek. The battle commenced in the woods on the left, and an irregular fight was kept up for a long time, between Porter's brigade, and the Canadian militia stationed there. The latter were at length driven back to the Chippewa, when General Riall advanced to their support. Before this formidable array, the American militia, notwithstanding the noble efforts of General Porter to steady their courage, broke and fled. General Brown immediately hastened to the scene, saying to Scott, as he passed on, "The enemy is advancing, you will have a fight." The latter, ignorant of the forward movement of Riall, had just put his brigade in marching order, to cross the creek for a drill on the level plain beyond. But as the head of the column reached the bank, he saw the British army drawn up in beautiful array, in the open field, on the further side, while a battery of nine pieces stood in point-blank range of the bridge over which he was to cross. Swiftly yet beautifully the corps of Scott swept over the bridge and deployed under the steady fire of the battery, The first and second battalions, under Majors Leavenworth and McNeil, took position in front of the left and center of the enemy, while the third, under Jessup, obliqued to the left, to attack their right, stationed in the woods, and which threatened to outflank the American line. It was a bright, hot July afternoon, the dusty plain presented no obstacle behind which either party could find shelter, and the march of the steady battalions over its surface, led on by bands of music, playing national airs, presented one of those stirring scenes which make man forget the carnage that is to follow. The heavy monotonous thunder of Niagara rolled on over the discharges of artillery, while its clouds of spray, rising from the strife of waters, and glittering in the sunbeams, contrasted strangely with the sulphurous clouds that heaved heavenward from the conflict of men beneath.

Both armies halting, firing, and advancing in turn, continued to approach until they stood within eighty yards of each other. Scott, who had been maneuvering to get the two battalions of Leavenworth and McNeil in an oblique position to the British line, at length succeeded, the two farthest extremities being nearest the enemy. Thus the American army stood like an obtuse triangle of which the British line formed the base.

While in this position, Scott, wishing to pass from one extremity to the other, and being in too great a hurry to go back of the lines *around* the triangle, cut directly across, taking the cross fire of both armies, as he spurred in a fierce gallop through the smoke. A loud cheer rolled along the American line as they saw this daring act of their commander. Riding up to Towson's battery, he cried out, "A little more to the left, captain, the enemy is there." This gallant officer was standing amid his guns enveloped in smoke, and had not observed that the British had advanced so far that his fire fell behind them. Instantly discovering his mistake, he changed the direction of his two remaining pieces, and poured a raking, destructive fire through the enemy's ranks, blowing up an ammunition wagon, which spread destruction on every side. At this critical moment, Scott rode up to McNeil's battalion, his face blazing with excitement, and shouted, "The enemy say that we are good at long shot, but can not stand the cold iron. I call upon the Eleventh *instantly to give the lie to that slander—Charge.*"

Just as the order "charge" escaped his lips, came that destructive fire from Towson's battery. The thunder of those guns at that critical moment, was to Scott's young and excited heart like the shout of victory, and rising in his stirrups, and swinging his sword aloft, he cried, CHARGE—CHARGE THE RASCALS!" With a high and ringing cheer, the gallant battalion moved with leveled bayonets on the foe. Taking the close and deadly volleys without shrinking—never for a moment losing its firm formation—it struck the British line obliquely, crumbling it to pieces, as it swept on, and making awful havoc in its passage.

Leavenworth did the same on the right with like success, while Jessup in the woods, ignorant how the battle was going in the plain, but finding himself outflanked, ordered his troops "to support arms and advance." They cheerfully obeyed, and in the face of a most deadly fire, charged home on the enemy, and obtaining a better position poured in their volleys with tremendous effect. From the moment these charges commenced till the enemy fled, the field presented a frightful spectacle. The two armies were in such close proximity, and the volleys were so incessant and destructive, and the uproar so terrific, that orders could no longer be heard. But through his two aids, Lieutenants Worth and Watts, who galloped to and fro,

and by their presence and gestures, transmitted his orders in the midst of the hottest fire, Scott caused every movement to be executed with precision, and not an error was committed from first to last.

The British fled over the Chippewa, tore up the bridge, and retired to their encampment.

In this battle, the American troops actually engaged numbered 1,900. The British were 2,100 strong. The British lost 138 killed, and 365 wounded and missing. The Americans lost 68 killed, and 267 wounded and missing.

General Brown, when he found that Scott had the whole British army on his hands, hurried back to bring up Ripley's brigade, but Scott's evolutions and advance had been so rapid, and his blow so sudden and deadly, that the field was swept before he could arrive. The Americans rested but two days after the battle, and then advanced over the Chippewa, Scott's brigade leading. The British retreated to Burlington Heights, near the head of Lake Ontario.—*Headley's Second War with England.*

CHOLET, 1793.—On the 15th of October, the republican army of France entered the city of Cholet, on the Moine, unmolested. The Vendeans, determined to repel the invaders, finally resolved to make one desperate effort to crush all the republican forces in the vicinity of Cholet. Two days after this resolution, the action took place, and was contested in a terrible manner on both sides. The forces were nearly equal, the royalists having 40,000 men, and the republicans 41,000. The latter had also thirty pieces of artillery; and their infantry was composed of some of the best troops in France. On the 17th of October, at three o'clock in the morning, the army was awakened by the booming of cannon, and hastened to headquarters to hear grand mass from the curate of the village, before the battle. The service was performed by torchlight; the priest, with great eloquence, beseeched them to fight bravely for their God, their king, and their children, and concluded by giving absolution to the armed multitude. The black darkness, the roaring of cannon which often interrupted the discourse, and the thoughts of what was soon to occur, filled all hearts with gloomy forebodings. The action commenced at ten o'clock in the morning. The republicans, under General Lechelle, were drawn up in three divisions; the garrison of Mayence, with the cavalry, forming the reserve. Stofflet commanded the left of the royalists, D'Elbée and Bonchamps the center, and Larochejaquelin the right. The Vendeans were destitute of artillery, and marched in a line in close column for the first time. Stofflet and Henri de Larochejaquelin attacked the center of the enemy, routed it by the fury of the onset, and drove them in confusion back into the town of Cholet, where the artillery was captured. The battle seemed to be lost, and the republicans, panic-stricken by the furious attack of the royalists, were flying on all sides, when Lechelle, as a last resource, ordered the cavalry to charge, and his reserve garrison to advance.

Again the battle was commenced with renewed vigor, the cavalry charged from right to left through the center of the Vendeans, and at the same time the iron bands of Mayence stopped the pursuit of the victors. In a moment the aspect of the action was changed; the royalists, seized with a sudden panic, fled in all directions, and the joy of victory was soon followed by the terrors of defeat. At this point Larochejaquelin, D'Elbée, and Bonchamps, collected 200 of the bravest troops, and by their heroic resistance drove back the victorious squadrons of the enemy, and gave time to many of the royalists to escape. D'Elbée and Bonchamps were mortally wounded in the middle of the charge. Larochejaquelin succeeded with much difficulty in collecting 5,000 men, and also removed the remains of his gallant companions to Beaupreau, while the rest of the army fled toward the Loire.

This defeat proved highly injurious to the Vendean cause. The republicans followed up their victory with the most energetic measures; the towns of Cholet and Beaupreau were burned to the ground, the inhabitants were indiscriminately butchered by the infuriated soldiery, and the trophies of victory were raised upon the smoking and blood-stained ruins. The retreat of the Vendean army was marked with horrors rarely paralleled. No less than 80,000 men, the half of whom were unarmed, hastened, with flying footsteps to the little valley which extends from the heights of St. Florent to the margin of the Loire. All, eager to put the river between themselves and the dreaded enemy, men, women, and children, crowded together on the shore of the river, whose broad bosom bore only twenty-five boats with which the frantic multitude might cross; but with these feeble means, by the coolness and intrepidity of the commander, the whole assemblage were ferried over the river before the republicans could reach the Loire. The entire baggage, however, being abandoned, fell into the hands of the enemy. See *Château Gothier.*

CHRYSTLER'S FIELD, A.D. 1813.—On the 11th of November, 1813, 1,500 American troops, under General Boyd, were attacked by about 1,000 British regulars under Colonel Morrison, at a place called Chrystler's Field,

near Chrystler's Point, on the river St. Lawrence, about twenty miles above Cornwall. The conflict was obstinate and bloody. At length the British retired to their camp, and the Americans were contented to remain in their original position. The Americans lost about 200 in killed and wounded. General Covington was shot through the body while leading his men to the charge. The British loss was much less.

CITATE, A.D. 1854.—The town of Citate in European Turkey, was, on the 16th of January, 1854, the scene of a battle between the Turkish army under the Pachas Achmet and Ismail, and the Russians under General Fishback. The Turkish army consisted of 10,000 regular infantry, under Achmet and Ismail in person; 4,000 cavalry under Mustapha Bey; and 1,000 Bashi-Bazouks under Colonel Skender Bey. At nine o'clock on the morning of the 6th of June, these troops attacked the Russians in Citate, and gained a complete victory. They lost in the battle 900 men in killed and wounded. The Russians lost about 2,500 killed and a proportionate number wounded.

CIUDAD RODRIGO, A.D. 1810.—Ciudad Rodrigo is a city in Spain in the province of Salamanca. It is built on an eminence on the right bank of the river Agueda, which is here crossed by a stupendous bridge of seven arches.

The possession of the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo has always been considered of paramount importance by an army carrying on hostilities on the Spanish and Portuguese frontiers.

Marshal Massena arrived to take the command of the French army on the 1st June, 1810, and finding himself at the head of 86,000 effective men, he at once resolved on active operations, and determined to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo, which was garrisoned by 4,000 Spaniards. Accordingly he invested the place with 20,000 men, and on the 25th June, the investment being complete, the breaching batteries opened their fire upon the place.

Lord Wellington having received information of these events, immediately hastened to the relief of the Spaniards, and took post on the Agueda. But finding the siege operations were covered by an army exceeding 60,000 men, and as he had only half that number of troops under his command, he did not feel justified in attacking the French under such disadvantageous circumstances. He, accordingly, slowly retired toward the frontier of Portugal, leaving this city to its inevitable fate.

The French, finding themselves unmolested in their operations, determined to press the siege with vigor. Such was the effect of their fire that on the 10th of July several large breaches in the walls were practicable. On the next day the governor, after having exhausted his means of defense, surrendered with 4,000 men and 125 guns.

In the month of December, 1811, Wellington conceived the design of besieging this fortress, which was garrisoned by French troops. In order the more effectually to deceive the enemy, as to his real intentions, he sent orders to General Hill to resume the offensive in Estremadura. Soult, imagining that he was about to attack Badajoz, assembled his troops for the protection of that fortress, thus leaving Wellington undisturbed in his operations against Ciudad Rodrigo.

The British troops, having previously constructed a portable bridge, laid it across the Agueda, and made preparations for crossing over on the evening of the 6th of January, 1812, but a heavy fall of snow prevented the troops from moving till the 8th, when the light division crossed, and immediately commenced the investment of the fortress. In the evening, an advanced redoubt situated on the Tesan, was carried by assault.

The first parallel was established the next day, and, a few days after, the convent of Santa Cruz was stormed. The garrison now became alarmed at the progress of the besiegers, and on the evening of the 14th, made a vigorous sortie, which was repulsed with considerable difficulty. However, the progress of the works was by no means interrupted by it. After the repulse of this sortie, the fortified convent of San Francesco was carried by escalade by the 46th regiment, and about half past four o'clock, just as night had thrown its shady mantle over all things terrestrial, the breaching batteries opened a terrific fire upon the fortress, and 30 heavy guns vomited forth their destructive missiles against the walls. The scene was at the same time terrible and magnificent. It is thus described in the eloquent words of an eye-witness (Colonel Napier): "Then was beheld a spectacle at once fearful and sublime. The enemy replied to the assailants' fire with more than 50 pieces; the bellowing of 80 large guns shook the ground far and wide; the smoke rested in heavy volumes on the battlements of the place, or curled in light wreaths about the numerous spires; the shells, hissing through the air, seemed fiery serpents leaping from the darkness; the walls crashed to the stroke of the bullets, and the distant mountains, returning the sound, appeared to moan over the falling city."

During the three succeeding days, the firing continued with unabated vigor and fury on both sides; and notwithstanding the terrific cannonade to which the besiegers

were exposed, they made a sensible impression on the defenses of the place; the walls came down in large masses, and by continued perseverance, two large breaches were practicable, on the morning of the 19th. As yet, none of the parapets had been injured, and this augmented other difficulties in storming the fortress; but two large armies were on their way to relieve the garrison, and this, added to the immense military stores in the city, confirmed Wellington in his resolve no longer to delay the assault. The place was immediately summoned, and the governor having returned a gallant answer, that he should not surrender, preparations were accordingly made for the attack.

To the light and 3d divisions, was committed this perilous honor, as on that day it was their turn to be on duty in the trenches. General McKinnon at the head of the 3d division, preceded by the light companies under Major Manners, was to attack the main breach. The Portuguese of the division were in reserve in the trenches, ready to advance if their services should be required. The latter, under General Vandeleur and Colonel Barnard, received orders to assault the lesser breach, and after having gained the summit, turn to the right, in order to take the defenders of the main breach in flank; and then assail in rear, the interior retrenchments, by which the enemy hoped to be able to stop the progress of the assailants, even should they carry the ramparts. After they had accomplished this, and effected a communication between the two columns, they were to make an effort to burst open the Salamanca gate, and admit the rest of the division. Pack, with his Portuguese brigade, was directed to make a false attack, by escalade, on the outwork of St. Jago, on the opposite side of the town, which he was at liberty to convert into a real attack, should a favorable opportunity present itself for penetrating.

The preparations of the besieged, however, were very formidable; innumerable quantities of bombs and hand-grenades lined the top of the breaches, ready to roll down on the heads of the advancing columns. Bags of powder were strewn among the ruins, which the bursting of the shells and grenades would cause to explode, as the assailants were ascending the slopes. Two heavy guns loaded with grape, flanked the summit of the larger breach, and a large mine was run under it to explode, if all other means of defense should fail.

But all these obstacles did not suffice to daunt the British troops, so well aware were they of the importance of the trust committed to them; and the last words of Wellington's instructions breathed the spirit of the whole army, as well as his own: "Ciudad Rodrigo must be carried by assault this evening at seven o'clock."

The evening was calm and delightful; the moon was in her first quarter, and threw a rather uncertain light over the scene, which rendered rude outlines distinctly visible, without disclosing particular objects. The bastions were distinctly visible from the British lines, projecting in the dark gloom, while with the yawning gulfs, half choked up with ruins which they surrounded, they presented a truly terrific appearance.

The British trenches were filled with soldiers, among whom not a whisper was heard, nor a movement perceptible, while the preparations of the French on the ramparts told plainly that they were not unprepared for their reception. As the great clock of the cathedral tolled seven, the order to advance was quietly passed along the ranks, and, leaping from the trenches, the men quickly pressed forward toward the breaches, headed by their respective forlorn hopes. Ensign Mackie, leading that of the 3d division, and General McKinnon, the storming party, while Mr. Greenwood led that of the light division, followed by Major Napier at the head of the storming party.

In crossing the open space between the trenches and the ramparts, McKinnon's division sustained a heavy and concentrated fire from the walls, of grape and musketry, but in a few minutes reached the counterscarp, which was discovered to be eleven feet deep. By the aid of the sappers, however, who immediately threw down their bags of hay, the distance was diminished one half, by which means the men were enabled to jump over, and soon reached the foot of the breach; but here, much greater difficulties awaited them. The shells and grenades, which the French were raining down on them, burst in their ranks, committing frightful devastation. At length they reached the summit; but no sooner had they gained it, than they were torn in pieces by a terrific discharge of grape shot from the guns which flanked them on either side, at a few yards' distance.

Before these could be reloaded, those immediately behind pushed forward, and rushing over the dead and mangled bodies of their comrades, gained the summit of the breach, from which they drove its brave and gallant defenders. But as they were endeavoring to penetrate the interior retrenchments, the mine beneath their feet suddenly exploded, and blew those who were farthest advanced, including the gallant McKinnon, into the air. Still the column held the ground which they had won, and seeing it was impossible to penetrate further, established themselves

among the ruins, resolving to await the results of the other attacks.

Crawford and Pack's divisions were still more successful; they reached the lesser breach under a very heavy fire of grape and musketry, and from the steepness of the works, found it very difficult to ascend, but by indefatigable perseverance they succeeded. The resistance which they encountered was very great. When two thirds of the ascent had been won, so violent was the struggle that the troops paused, and every man snapped his musket at the enemy, as if by instinct, although not one was loaded. Major Napier, who was now struck down, wounded by a grape-shot, called to his men to trust to their bayonets. The officers sprang to the front, and in a few minutes the summit was won. Not forgetting their instructions, they turned to the right, and with the aid of the 3d division, which had assaulted the main breach, succeeded in forcing the interior retrenchments, which had been constructed by the French, in order to oppose their entrance into the town. They now rushed in, and some irregular fighting occurred in the streets, but all regular resistance was at an end. The governor delivered up his sword at the gate of the castle to Mr. Greenwood, who, though wounded, still kept his post at the head of the 3d division. Immediately, a frightful scene of violence, intoxication, and plunder, ensued. The churches were ransacked for valuables, and the wine and spirit cellars plundered for their liquors; soon the flames were seen breaking out in several parts of the city, and a number of houses were reduced to ashes; but, by the aid of fresh troops which Wellington immediately marched into the town, a great many buildings were rescued from destruction, and before morning, comparative order and quiet were restored in Ciudad Rodrigo.

The consequences of the capture of this fortress were immense. Of the garrison, which consisted, at the commencement, of 1,800 men, 1,500 were made prisoners; 150 guns, with immense military stores of every kind, fell into the hands of the victors, who lost in the assault 1,300 men, including Generals Crawford and McKinnon.

Throughout the whole siege, and at the assault, the French defended the ramparts with that constancy and heroism which, during the course of the war, they so often evinced, and succeeded in inflicting a heavy loss on the victors. So great were the transports of joy at this event throughout Spain, Portugal, and England, that the Spanish Cortes at once created Wellington Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the Portuguese government conferred upon him the title of Marshal of Torres Vedas, while the British Parliament voted their thanks to the army, and settled on the earldom of Wellington a pension of £2,000 a year.

CLONTARF, A.D. 1039.—The battle of Clontarf was fought in the year 1039, between the Irish and Danes. The Irish were commanded by Bryan Boiroimhe, monarch of Ireland, who entirely defeated the invaders after an obstinate and bloody engagemont. Bryan's son was slain, and the king himself was so severely wounded that he died shortly after the battle. Many of the Irish nobility were slain; but they were amply revenged, for 11,000 Danes perished on the field of battle.

COBLENTZ, A.D. 1794.—Coblentz stands on the Rhine, at the influx of the Moselle, in Prussia. It was taken by the French, after an obstinate resistance, in 1794.

CONCORD.—See *Lexington*.

CONSTANTINA, A.D. 1837.—On the 13th of October, 1837, a battle was fought between the French and Arabs at Constantina, the former capital of Numidia. The French carried the town by assault, after a long siege; but their general, Daremont, was slain. Achmet Bey retired with 12,000 troops as the French soldiers entered Constantina as victors.

CONSTANTINOPLE, A.D. 559.—The majesty of the Roman people no longer commanded the respect of the universe, the valor of its legions no longer spread terror among the barbarians, in the time of Justinian. A king of the Huns, named Zabergan, ventured to advance, in 559, to the very walls of Constantinople, and to threaten the imperial city with pillage. There was but a feeble garrison within its ramparts, but in the moment of terror it was remembered that they possessed Belisarius. That great man was instantly dragged from the obscurity in which he languished. Called upon to drive from the walls of the capital the dangers by which it was surrounded, he resumed his genius, his activity, and his valor; no one could perceive that years had cooled his ardor. His first care was to surround the camp with a wide ditch, to protect it from the insults of the Huns, and to deceive them with regard to the number of his troops by lighting fires in all parts of the plain. There was only one passage by which the Huns could reach Constantinople, and that was through a hollow way, bordered on each side by a thick forest. Belisarius began by lining the two sides of this defile with 200 archers; he then advanced at the head of 300 soldiers, trained to conquer under his orders. He was followed by the rest of his troops, who were ordered to utter loud cries, and to drag along the ground large branches of trees, so as to raise vast clouds of dust round them. Every

thing succeeded; the barbarians, charged in flank, blinded by the dust which the wind blew in their eyes, terrified by the cries of the Romans, and the noise of their arms, and attacked in front with vigor by Belisarius and his chosen band, took to flight without striking a blow. This horde of barbarians hastily departed, to carry the evils of plunder, fire, and death elsewhere.

Second Siege, A.D. 670.—Whilst Heraclius was absent, combatting the Persians, the Khan of the Abares appeared before Constantinople. For once the inhabitants of that magnificent city evinced bravery, and rendered the efforts of the khan useless. He regained his deserts, after having witnessed the destruction of the greater part of his troops.

Third Siege, A.D. 672.—Tezid, son of the Caliph Moavias, proved no less unfortunate in his expedition against Constantinople. His naval force was entirely destroyed, and that loss compelled him to raise the siege. Among the Mussulmans who signalized their courage in this expedition, was the captain Aboux Aioub, one of the companions of Mahomet in the battles of Bedra and Ohod. He was buried at the foot of the walls of the city. His tomb is the place at which the Ottoman emperors are girded with the sword.

Fourth Siege, A.D. 1203.— The great siege of Constantinople by the Latin Crusaders, is one of the most tempting subjects to dilate upon that history affords. But to relate all the particulars of this siege would require a volume, and we can only afford a few pages to it. In this predicament we turn from Michaud, to the more brief account of Gibbon, to whose words, or nearly so, we shall confine ourselves.

Europe had taken up the cross for the fifth time: the forces destined to act against the infidels were upon the point of embarking for the Holy Land, when young Alexius, son of Isaac Angelus, the Emperor of Constantinople, came to implore the succor of the Christian princes in favor of his father. An ambitious brother had dethroned him, deprived him of sight, and then confined him in a loathsome prison. Touched by his prayers, but *still more by the advantages he offered*, the Crusaders set sail for Constantinople.

"In relating the invasion of a great empire, it may seem strange that I have not described the obstacles which should have checked the progress of the strangers. The Greeks, in truth, were an unwarlike people; but they were rich, industrious, and subject to the will of a single man,—had that man been capable of fear when his enemies were at a distance, or of courage when they approached his person. The first rumors of his nephew's alliance with the French and Venetians were despised by the usurper; his flatterers persuaded him that in this contempt he was bold and sincere, and each evening, on the close of the banquet, he thrice discomfited the barbarians of the West. These barbarians had been justly terrified by the report of his naval power; and the 1,600 fishing boats of Constantinople could have manned a fleet to sink them in the Adriatic, or stop their entrance in the mouth of the Hellespont. But all force may be annihilated by the negligence of a prince or the venality of his ministers. The great duke, or admiral, made a scandalous, almost a public, auction of the sails, the masts, and the rigging; the royal forests were reserved for the more important purposes of the chase; and the trees, says Nicetas, were guarded by the eunuchs, like the groves of religious worship. From his dream of pride Alexius was awakened by the siege of Zara, and the rapid advances of the Latins; as soon as he saw the danger was real, he thought it inevitable, and his vain presumption was lost in abject despondency and despair. He suffered these contemptible barbarians to pitch their tents within sight of his palace, and his apprehensions were thinly disguised by the pomp and menace of a suppliant embassy. The sovereign of the Romans was astonished (his embassadors were instructed to say) at the hostile appearance of the strangers. If these pilgrims were sincere in their views for the deliverance of Jerusalem, his voice must applaud and his treasures should assist their pious design; but should they dare to invade the sanctuary of empire, their numbers, were they ten times more considerable, should not protect them from his just resentment. The answer of the doge and barons was simple and magnanimous. 'In the cause of honor and justice,' they said, 'we despise the usurper of Greece, his threats, and his offers. *Our* friendship and *his* allegiance are due to the lawful heir, to the young prince who is seated among us, and to his father, the emperor Isaac, who has been deprived of his scepter, his freedom, and his eyes, by the crime of an ungrateful brother. Let that brother confess his guilt and implore forgiveness, and we ourselves will intercede, that he may be permitted to live in affluence and security. But let him not insult us by a second message: our reply will be made in arms, in the palace of Constantinople.'

"On the tenth day of their encampment at Scutari, the Crusaders prepared themselves as soldiers and as Catholics for the passage of the Bosphorus. Perilous indeed was the adventure; the stream was broad and rapid; in a calm, the current of the Euxine might

drive down the liquid and unextinguishable fire of the Greeks; and the opposite shores of Europe were defended by 70,000 horse and foot in formidable array. On this memorable day, which happened to be bright and pleasant, the Latins were distributed in six battles or divisions: the first, or vanguard, was led by the Count of Flanders, one of the most powerful of the Christian princes in the skill and numbers of his cross-bows. The four successive battles of the French were commanded by his brother Henry, the Counts of St. Pol and Blois, and Matthew of Montmorency, the last of whom was honored by the voluntary service of the marshals and nobles of Champagne. The sixth division, the rear-guard and reserve of the army, was conducted by the Marquis of Montferrat, at the head of the Germans and Lombards. The chargers, saddled, with their long caparisons dragging on the ground, were embarked in the flat *planders*, and the knights stood by the side of their horses in complete armor, their helmets laced and their lances in their hands. Their numerous train of serjeants and archers occupied the transports, and each transport was towed by the strength and swiftness of a galley. The six divisions traversed the Bosphorus without encountering an enemy or an obstacle; to land the foremost, was the wish; to conquer or die was the resolution of every division and of every soldier. Jealous of the pre-eminence of danger, the knights in their heavy armor leaped into the sea when it rose as high as their girdle; the serjeants and archers were animated by their valor; and the squires letting down the drawbridges of the *palanders*, led the horses to the shore. Before the squadrons could mount, and form, and couch their lances, the 70,000 Greeks had vanished from their sight; the timid Alexius gave the example to his troops; and it was only by the plunder of the rich pavilions that the Latins were informed they fought against an emperor. In the first consternation of the flying enemy, they resolved by a double attack to open the entrance of the harbor. The tower of Galata, in the suburb of Pera, was attacked and stormed by the French, while the Venetians assumed the more difficult task of forcing the boom, or chain, that was stretched from that tower to the Byzantine shores. After some fruitless attempts, their intrepid perseverance prevailed; twenty ships of war, the relics of the Grecian navy, were either sunk or taken; the enormous and massy links of iron were cut asunder by the shears or broken by the weight of the galleys; and the Venetian fleet, safe and triumphant, rode at anchor in the port of Constantinople. By these daring achievements, a remnant of 20,000 Latins preluded the astounding attempt of besieging a capital containing above 400,000 inhabitants, able, though not willing, to bear arms in defense of their country. Such an account would, indeed, suppose a population of near two millions; but whatever abatement may be required in the numbers of the Greeks, the *belief* of these numbers will equally exalt the fearless spirit of their assailants.

"In the choice of attack, the French and Venetians were divided by their habits of life and warfare. The latter affirmed with truth, that Constantinople was most accessible on the side of the sea and harbor; the former might assert with honor, that they had long enough trusted their lives and fortunes to a frail bark and a precarious element, and loudly demanded a trial of knighthood, a firm ground, and a close onset, either on foot or on horseback. After a prudent compromise of employing the two nations by sea and land in the service best suited to their character, the fleet covering the army, they both proceeded from the entrance to the extremity of the harbor. The stone bridge of the river was hastily repaired; and the six battles of the French formed their encampment against the front of the capital, the basis of the triangle which runs about four miles from the port to the Propontis. On the edge of a broad ditch at the foot of a lofty rampart, they had leisure to contemplate the difficulties of their enterprise. The gates to the right and left of their narrow camp poured forth frequent sallies of cavalry and light infantry, which cut off their stragglers, swept the country of provisions, sounded the alarm five or six times in the course of each day, and compelled them to plant a pallisade and sink an intrenchment for their immediate safety. In the supplies and convoys, the Venetians had been too sparing, or the Franks too voracious; the usual complaints of hunger and scarcity were heard, and perhaps felt; their stock of flour would be exhausted in three weeks; and their disgust of salt meat tempted them to taste the flesh of their horses. The trembling usurper was supported by Theodore Lascaris, his son-in-law, a valiant youth, who aspired to save and rule his country. The Greeks, regardless of that country, were awakened to the defense of their religion; but their firmest hope was in the strength and spirit of the Varengian guards of Danes and English, as they are named by the writers of the times. After ten days' incessant labor, the ground was leveled, the ditch filled, the approaches of the besiegers were regularly made, and 250 engines of assault exercised their various powers to clear the ramparts, to batter the walls, and to sap the foundations. On the first appearance of a breach, the scaling-

ladders were applied; the numbers that defended the vantage-ground repulsed and oppressed the venturous Latins; but they admired the resolution of fifteen knights and serjeants, who, having gained the ascent, maintained their position till they were hurled down or made prisoners by the imperial guards. On the side of the harbor, the naval attack was more successfully conducted by the Venetians; and that industrious people employed every resource that was known and practiced before the invention of gunpowder. A double line, three bowshots in front, was formed by the galleys and ships; and the swift motion of the former was supported by the weight and loftiness of the latter, whose decks, and poops, and turrets were the platforms of military engines, that discharged their shot over the heads of the first line. The soldiers who leaped from the galleys on shore, immediately planted and ascended their scaling-ladders, while the large ships, advancing more slowly into the intervals and lowering a drawbridge, opened a way through the air from the masts to the rampart. In the midst of the conflict, the doge, a venerable and conspicuous form, stood aloft in complete armor, on the prow of his galley. The great standard of St. Mark was displayed before him; his threats, promises, and exhortations urged the diligence of the rowers; his vessel was the first that struck, and Dandolo was the first warrior on the shore. The nations admired the magnanimity of the blind old man, without reflecting that his age and infirmities diminished the price of life and enhanced the value of immortal glory. On a sudden, by an invisible hand (for the standard-bearer was probably slain), the banner of the republic was fixed on the rampart; twenty-five towers were rapidly occupied; and, by the cruel expedient of fire, the Greeks were driven from the adjacent quarter. The doge had dispatched the intelligence of his success, when he was checked by the danger of his confederates. Nobly declaring that he would rather die with the pilgrims than gain a victory by their destruction, Dandolo relinquished his advantage, recalled his troops, and hastened to the scene of action. He found the six weary *battles* of the Franks encompassed by sixty squadrons of the Greek cavalry, the least of which was more numerous than the largest of their divisions. Shame and despair had provoked Alexius to the last effort of a general sally; but he was awed by the firm order and manly aspect of the Latins; and after skirmishing at a distance, withdrew his troops in the close of the evening. The silence or tumult of the night exasperated his fears; and the timid usurper, collecting a treasure of 10,000 pounds of gold, basely deserted his wife, his people, and his fortune; threw himself into a bark, stole through the Bosphorus, and landed in shameful safety in an obscure harbor of Thrace. As soon as they were apprised of his flight, the Greek nobles sought pardon and peace in the dungeon where the blind Isaac expected each hour the visit of the executioner. Again saved and exalted by the vicissitudes of fortune, the captive, in his imperial robes, was replaced on the throne and surrounded with prostrate slaves, whose real terror and affected joy he was incapable of discerning. At the dawn of day, hostilities were suspended; and the Latin chiefs were surprised by a message from the lawful and reigning emperor, who was impatient to embrace his son and reward his generous deliverers.

"But these generous deliverers were unwilling to release their hostage till they had obtained from his father the payment, or, at least, the promise of their recompense. They chose four embassadors—Montmorency, our historian Villehardouin, and two Venetians, to congratulate the emperor. The gates were thrown open on their approach, the streets, on both sides, were lined with the battle-axes of the Danish and English guard; the presence-chamber glittered with gold and jewels—the false substitutes of virtue and power. By the side of the blind Isaac was seated his wife, the sister of the King of Hungary; and by her appearance the noble matrons of Greece were drawn from their domestic retirement, and mingled with the circle of senators and soldiers. The Latins, by the mouth of Villehardouin, spoke like men conscious of their merits, but who respected the work of their own hand; and the emperor clearly understood that his son's engagements with Venice and the pilgrims must be ratified without hesitation or delay. Withdrawing into a private chamber, with the empress, a chamberlain, an interpreter, and the four embassadors, the father of young Alexius inquired, with some anxiety, into the nature of his stipulations. The submission of the eastern empire to the pope; the succor of the Holy Land; and a present contribution of two hundred thousand marks of silver. 'These conditions are weighty,' was his prudent reply: 'they are hard to accept and difficult to perform. But no conditions can exceed the measure of your services and deserts.' After this satisfactory assurance, the barons mounted on horseback and introduced the heir of Constantinople to the city and palace. His youth and marvelous adventures engaged every heart in his favor; and Alexius was solemnly crowned, with his father, in the dome of St. Sophia. In the first days of his reign, the people, already blessed with the

restoration of plenty and peace, were delighted by the joyful catastrophe of the tragedy; and the discontent of the nobles, their regrets and their fears, were covered by the polished surface of pleasure and loyalty. The mixture of two discordant nations in one capital might have been pregnant with mischief and danger; and the suburb of Galata, or Pera, was assigned for the quarters of the Franks and the Venetians. But the liberty of trade and familiar intercourse was allowed between the friendly nations; and each day the pilgrims were tempted by devotion or curiosity to visit the churches and palaces of Constantinople. Their rude minds, insensible perhaps of the finer arts, were astonished by the magnificent scenery; and the poverty of their native towns enhanced the populousness and riches of the first metropolis of Christendom. Descending from his state, young Alexius was prompted, by interest and gratitude, to repeat his frequent and familiar visits to his Latin allies; and in the freedom of the table, the gay petulance of the French sometimes forgot the emperor of the East. In their most serious conferences, it was agreed that the reunion of the two churches must be the result of patience and time; but avarice was less tractable than zeal; and a large sum was instantly disbursed to appease the wants and silence the importunity of the Crusaders. Alexius was alarmed by the approaching hour of their departure; their absence might have relieved him from the engagement he was yet incapable of performing; but his friends would have left him naked and alone, to the caprice and prejudice of a perfidious nation. He wished to bribe their stay, the delay of a year, by undertaking to defray their expense, and to satisfy, in their name, the freight of the Venetian vessels. The offer was agitated in the council of the barons, and after a repetition of their debates and scruples, a majority of votes again acquiesced in the advice of the doge and the prayer of the young emperor. At the price of sixteen hundred pounds of gold, he prevailed on the Marquis of Montferrat to lead him with an army round the provinces of Europe, to establish his authority and pursue his uncle, while Constantinople was awed by the presence of Baldwin and his confederates of France and Flanders. The expedition was successful; the blind emperor exulted in the success of his arms, and listened to the predictions of his flatterers that the same Providence which had raised him from the dungeon to the throne would heal his gout, restore his sight, and watch over the long prosperity of his reign. Yet the mind of the suspicious old man was tormented by the rising glories of his son; nor could his pride conceal from his envy, that while his own name was pronounced in faint and reluctant acclamations, the royal youth was the theme of spontaneous and universal praise.

"By the recent invasion, the Greeks were awakened from a dream of nine centuries, from the vain presumption that the capital of the Roman empire was impregnable to foreign arms. The strangers of the West had violated the city, and bestowed the scepter of Constantine; their imperial clients soon became as unpopular as themselves; the well-known vices of Isaac were rendered still more contemptible by his infirmities, and the young Alexius was hated as an apostate, who had renounced the manners and religion of his country. His secret covenant with the Latins was divulged or suspected; the people, and especially the clergy, were devoutly attached to their faith and superstition; and every convent and every shop resounded with the danger of the church and the tyranny of the pope. An empty treasury could ill supply the demands of regal luxury and foreign extortion; the Greeks refused to avert, by a general tax, the impending evils of servitude and pillage; the oppression of the rich excited a more dangerous and personal resentment; and if the emperor melted the plate, and despoiled the images of the sanctuary, he seemed to justify the complaints of heresy and sacrilege.

"During the absence of Marquis Boniface and his imperial pupil, Constantinople was visited with a calamity which might be justly imputed to the zeal and indiscretion of the Flemish pilgrims. In one of their visits to the city, they were scandalized by the aspect of a mosch, or synagogue, in which one God was worshiped without a partner or a son. Their effectual mode of controversy was to attack the infidels with the sword, and their habitations with fire; but the infidels, and some Christian neighbors, presumed to defend their lives and properties; and the flames which bigotry had kindled, consumed the most orthodox and innocent structures. During eight days and nights, the conflagration spread above a league in front, from the harbor to the Propontis, over the thickest and most populous regions of the city. It is not easy to count the stately palaces and churches that were reduced to a smoking ruin, to value the merchandise that perished in the trading streets, or to number the families that were involved in the common destruction. By this outrage, which the doge and barons in vain affected to disclaim, the name of the Latins became still more unpopular, and the colony of that nation, above 15,000 persons, consulted their safety in a hasty retreat from the city to the protection

of their standard in the suburb of Pera. The emperor returned in triumph; but the firmest and most dexterous policy would have been insufficient to steer him through the tempest which overwhelmed the person and government of that unhappy youth. His own inclinations and his father's advice attached him to his benefactors; but Alexius hesitated between gratitude and patriotism, between the fear of his subjects and of his allies. By his feeble and fluctuating conduct, he lost the esteem and confidence of both; and while he invited the Marquis of Montferrat to occupy the palace, he suffered the nobles to conspire, and the people to arm, for the deliverance of their country. Regardless of his painful situation, the Latin chiefs repeated their demands, resented his delays, suspected his intentions, and exacted a decisive answer of peace or war. The haughty summons was delivered by three French knights, and three Venetian deputies, who girded on their swords, mounted their horses, pierced through the angry multitude, and entered with a fearless countenance the palace and presence of the Greek emperor. In a peremptory tone, they recapitulated their services and his engagements, and boldly declared that unless their just claims were fully and immediately satisfied, they should no longer hold him either as a sovereign or a friend. After this defiance, the first that had ever wounded an imperial ear, they departed, without betraying any symptoms of fear; but their escape from a servile palace and a furious city astonished the embassadors themselves, and their return to the camp was the signal of mutual hostility.

"Among the Greeks, all authority and wisdom were overborne by the impetuous multitude, who mistook their rage for valor, their numbers for strength, and their fanaticism for the support and inspiration of Heaven. In the eyes of both nations, Alexius was false and contemptible: the base and spurious race of the Angeli was rejected with clamorous disdain; and the people of Constantinople encompassed the senate, to demand at their hands a more worthy emperor. To every senator, conspicuous by his birth or dignity, they successively presented the purple; by each senator the deadly garment was repulsed. The contest lasted three days, and we may learn from the historian Nicetas, one of the members of the assembly, that fear and weakness were the guardians of their loyalty. A phantom who vanished in oblivion, was forcibly proclaimed by the crowd; but the author of the tumult and the leader of the war was a prince of the house of Ducas, and his common appellation of Alexius must be discriminated by the epithet of Mourzoufle, which, in the vulgar idiom, expressed the close junction of his black and shaggy eyebrows. At once a patriot and a courtier, the perfidious Mourzoufle, who was not destitute of cunning and courage, opposed the Latins both in speech and action, inflamed the passions and prejudices of the Greeks, and insinuated himself into the confidence and favor of Alexius, who trusted him with the office of great chamberlain, and tinged his buskins with the colors of royalty. At the dead of night, he rushed into the bedchamber with an affrighted aspect, exclaiming that the palace was attacked by the people, and betrayed by the guards. Starting from his couch, the unsuspecting prince threw himself into the arms of his enemy, who had contrived his escape by a private staircase. But that staircase terminated in a prison. Alexius was seized, stripped, and loaded with chains, and after tasting some days the bitterness of death, he was poisoned, or strangled, or beaten with clubs, at the command or in the presence of the tyrant. The emperor Isaac Angelus soon followed his son to the grave, and Mourzoufle, perhaps, might spare the superfluous crime of hastening the extinction of impotence and blindness.

"The death of the emperors, and the usurpation of Mourzoufle, had changed the nature of the quarrel. It was no longer the disagreement of allies who overvalued their services, or neglected their obligations; the French and Venetians forgot their complaints against Alexius, dropped a tear on the untimely fate of their companion, and swore revenge against the perfidious nation which had crowned his assassin. Yet the prudent doge was still inclined to negotiate; he demanded as a debt, a subsidy, or a fine, fifty thousand pounds of gold, about two millions sterling; nor would the conference have been abruptly broken, if the zeal or policy of Mourzoufle had not refused to sacrifice the Greek church to the safety of the state. Amid the invectives of his foreign and domestic enemies, we may discover that he was not unworthy of the character which he had assumed, of the public champion. The second siege of Constantinople was far more laborious than the first; the treasury was replenished, and discipline was restored by a severe inquisition into the abuses of the former reign; and Mourzoufle, an iron mace in his hand, visiting the posts, and affecting the port and aspect of a warrior, was an object of terror to his soldiers, at least, and to his kinsmen. Before and after the death of Alexius, the Greeks made two vigorous and well-conducted attempts to burn the navy in the harbor; but the skill and courage of the Venetians repulsed the fire-ships, and the vagrant flames wasted themselves, without

injury, in the sea. In a nocturnal sally, the Greek emperor was vanquished by Henry, brother of the Count of Flanders; the advantages of number and surprise aggravated the shame of his defeat; his buckler was found on the field of battle; and the imperial standard, a divine image of the Virgin, was presented as a trophy and a relic to the Cistercian monks, the disciples of St. Bernard.

"Near three months, without excepting the holy season of Lent, were consumed in skirmishes and preparations, before the Latins were ready or resolved for a general attack. The land fortifications had been found impregnable; and the Venetian pilots represented that on the shore of the Propontis the anchorage was unsafe, and the ships must be driven by the current far away to the straits of the Hellespont; a prospect not unpleasing to the reluctant pilgrims, who sought every opportunity of breaking the army. From the harbor, therefore, the assault was determined by the assailants, and expected by the besieged, and the emperor had placed his scarlet pavilions on a neighboring height, to direct and animate the efforts of his troops. A fearless spectator, whose mind could entertain the idea of pomp and pleasure, might have admired the long array of two embattled armies, which extended above half a league, the one on the ships and galleys, the other on the walls and towers raised above the ordinary level by several stages of wooden turrets. Their first fury was spent in the discharge of darts, stones, and fire from the engines; but the water was deep; the French were bold; the Venetians were skillful; they approached the walls, and a desperate conflict of swords spears, and battle-axes was fought on the trembling bridges that grappled the floating to the stable batteries. In more than a hundred places the assault was urged, and the defense was sustained, till the superiority of ground and numbers finally prevailed, and the Latin trumpets sounded a retreat. On the ensuing days the attack was renewed with equal vigor, and a similar event; and in the night the doge and the barons held a council, apprehensive only for the public danger; not a voice pronounced the words of escape or treaty; and each warrior, according to his temper, embraced the hope of victory, or the assurance of a glorious death. By the experience of the former siege, the Greeks were instructed, but the Latins were animated; and the knowledge that Constantinople might be taken was of more avail than the local precautions which that knowledge had inspired for its defense. In the third assault, two ships were linked together, to double their strength; a strong north wind drove them on the shore; the bishops of Troyes and Soissons led the van; and the auspicious names of the *Pilgrim* and the *Paradise* resounded along the line. The episcopal banners were displayed on the walls; a hundred marks of silver had been promised to the first adventurers; and if their reward was intercepted by death, their names have been immortalized by fame. Four towers were scaled, three gates were burst open, and the French knights, who might tremble on the waves, felt themselves invincible on horseback, on the solid ground. Shall I relate that the thousands who guarded the emperor's person fled on the approach, and before the lance of a single warrior? Their ignominious flight is attested by their countryman, Nicetas: an army of phantoms marched with the French hero, and he was magnified to a giant in the eyes of the Greeks. While the fugitives deserted their posts and cast away their arms, the Latins entered the city under the banners of their leaders; the streets and gates opened for their passage, and either design or accident kindled a third conflagration, which consumed in a few hours the measure of three of the largest cities of France. In the close of the evening, the barons checked their troops and fortified their stations; they were awed by the extent and populousness of the capital, which might yet require the labor of a month, if the churches and palaces were conscious of their internal strength. But in the morning a suppliant procession, with crosses and images, announced the submission of the Greeks, and deprecated the wrath of the conquerors; the usurper escaped through the Golden gate: the palaces of Blachernæ and Boucoleon were occupied by the Count of Flanders and the Marquis of Montferrat; and the empire, which still bore the name of Constantine, and the title of Roman, was subverted by the arms of the Latin pilgrims.

"Constantinople, when taken by the Franks and the Venetians, was the most glorious emporium of objects of high art and fine taste the world has ever seen. With the conquerors nothing was valuable but money, and to obtain this all was sacrified: precious works of art were melted for the sake of the metals they were made of; others were mutilated to facilitate division, and numberless others were destroyed in hopes of finding treasures concealed within them. No building was held sacred that would pay for the demolition; no object remained in the place with which it was naturally associated, if it was of the smallest value elsewhere.

"Tired, rather than satisfied with plunder, the conquerors proceeded to the election of an emperor: Baldwin I. was crowned in the year 1204. This new domination only lasted fifty-seven years, under the name of the empire of the Latins. Under Baldwin II.,

brother of Robert de Courtenay, the Greeks revolted, drove out the Franks in 1261, and gave themselves and the throne to Michael Palæologus whose posterity reigned up to the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II."

Fifth Siege, A.D. 1453.—Constantinople no longer preserved any thing but the proud remembrance of its ancient splendor. In that capital, once so flourishing and so respected, there still breathed an immense population; but that multitude, without force or without courage, seemed only to be waiting to crouch willingly under the strong hand that might be held forth to enchain them. Frivolous acquirements, agreeable arts, preferred by indolence and effeminacy, to the exercise of essential duties or useful labors, had annihilated love of country, and dried up the springs of life of this unfortunate empire. They wrote and they disputed: questions of philosophy and theological quarrels were the sole concerns of the lazy citizens, who had never stood in such pressing need of providing for their own safety. Instead of being the heart of an empire, the walls of Constantinople had become frontiers; it had no dominions beyond them. The enemy appeared at their gates: during the eight hundred years that Mahometanism had progressed, the city had often been threatened, and in vain; but the harvest was now ripe, the time was come, and the sickle, in the hands of Mahomet II., was employed in earnest workmanlike fashion. He began by constructing the castle of the Dardanelles, on the Bosphorus. Constantine Palæologus, who then reigned, in vain was anxious to prevent this: his own subjects thwarted his correct views; their presumption equaled their blindness; they boasted that they could destroy that fortress the moment it was any annoyance to them.

Five or six thousand men, taken from the very dregs of the people, composed the national force, which was augmented by a few European troops, under Justinian, a Genoese. These were the only resources of a city inhabited by men incapable of defending themselves, and who trusted entirely to a few mercenary strangers, who still deigned to protect them. All the Greeks individually boasted of their country and its fame; and yet not one of them would have sacrificed to its welfare his pleasures, his luxuries, his comforts, *or his opinions.* The emperor tried to induce them to contribute a portion of their riches to the defense of the state: but he could obtain nothing.

In this case the solitary virtue of Constantine was powerless—the corruption was deep and universal. Palæologus and his courtiers favored, at least in appearance, the union of the two churches of the East and West. The holy father promised to send some galleys and troops. The Greeks still further flattered themselves that the exhortations of the pontiff would prevail upon the Christian princes to undertake a crusade: that was their last hope. Cardinal Isidore came to Constantinople as legate from the Holy See. He celebrated divine service in the church of St. Sophia, according to the liturgy of Rome. This threw the whole city into a state of alarm. The people flocked in crowds to the retreat of the monk Gennadius, to consult with him what was to be done. The solitary affixed his reply to the door of his cell. He declared in this document that the agreement drawn up at Florence was not orthodox. He at the same time announced the greatest misfortunes to those who should adopt the *impious* reconciliation of the Greeks with the Latins. Immediately the devotees, the nuns who were under the direction of Gennadius, the abbots, the priests, the citizens, the soldiers—for the contagion spread to all orders—joined in one unanimous anathema! The church of St. Sophia was considered a defiled place. Communication with the Latins ceased: they would prefer, they said, to see the turban of Mahomet displayed, to the appearance of the Roman purple, or the cardinal's hat.

But now the sultan, having employed two years in preparations, marched toward Constantinople at the head of an army of 400,000 men. This fearful multitude was composed, for the most part, of newly-conquered nations, which he dragged after him. Out of all these he had not more than 30,000 horse and 60,000 foot of disciplined troops. The rest were nothing but a collection of slaves, torn by force from the places of their birth, without arms and almost naked, who were obliged to be driven to the combat by strokes of the whip or the cimeter. In all battles they were placed in front, in order to fatigue the enemy with the shedding of blood: the regular reserved troops were then to take advantage of their exhaustion; in sieges they served as fascines, to fill up ditches. Such was the manner of fighting with the Turks, so that when they came in contact with the Christians, it was generally remarked they had the disadvantage at the commencement of a battle, but won it at last.

While Mahomet was investing Constantinople by land, his fleet, consisting of 250 sail, advanced to the Dardanelles. This prodigious number of vessels could not, however, prevent four ships from the isle of Chio, after having fought for a whole day against the united strength of the Ottoman, and killed 1,000 of their men, from entering the port of Constantinople, and there landing a few troops and some provisions. Enormous iron chains

barred the entrance of the Turkish ships. It is affirmed that Mahomet, to surmount this obstacle, had recourse to an expedient till that time unheard of:* he transported by land eighty galleys in the course of one night, and at daybreak launched them into the interior of the basin of the port, before the eyes of the besieged, terrified and astonished at this extraordinary spectacle. The vessels were drawn, by means of machines and human arms, along planks thoroughly greased, which covered a space of road two leagues in length. The sultan had at his command the most skillful engineers of Europe and Asia. The progress of these vessels offered a most curious exhibition. They were commanded by pilots, had their sails unfurled as if upon the sea, and advanced over a hilly piece of ground, by the light of torches and flambeaux, and to the sound of trumpets and clarions, without the Genoese, who inhabited Galata, daring to offer any opposition to the passage. The Greeks, fully occupied in guarding their ramparts, had no suspicion of the design of the enemy. They could not comprehend what could be the object or the cause of all the tumult that was heard during the whole night from the sea-shore, till at dawn they beheld the Mussulman standards flying in their port.

A Hungarian, who had not been able to procure employment among the Greeks, founded for Mahomet some pieces of artillery that would carry balls weighing 200 pounds. A modern author judiciously observes that each of these balls would have required nearly 100 pounds of powder, of which only a fifteenth part would have taken fire at the moment of the explosion. With a true Eastern imagination, Mahomet II. wished to have the largest and most powerful cannon that had ever been made, and a foundery was established at Adrianople. An enormous piece of ordnance was produced within three months; its bore was twelve palms, and it was capable of throwing a ball or stone weighing 600 pounds. It was tried in a vacant place before the new palace of Adrianople; but notice of its being fired was obliged to be published on the preceding day, to prevent the effects of astonishment and fear. The explosion is said to have been heard over a circuit of a hundred furlongs; the ball was cast by the gunpowder above a mile, and when it fell it buried itself a fathom deep in the ground. To convey this cannon, 30 wagons were linked together, and it was drawn by a team of 60 horses: 200 men walked by the sides of it, to poise it and keep it steady; 250 men went before, to level the way and repair the brides; and it required two months to draw it a distance of 150 miles.

The Turks, masters of the port, established batteries on the side next the sea, while the army pressed the city on the land side. They employed trenches, mines, and countermines. The besieged, who defended themselves with some spirit at first, repaired the breaches with incredible diligence. They even made some successful sorties. The hopes of being succoured by Huniades supported them for some time. Mahomet began to relax in his efforts; it is even said that he had thoughts of raising the siege. At length, however, he resolved to make one more attempt. Before he proceeded to the general assault, he proposed to Constantine to leave him the Peloponnesus, upon condition of his giving up the imperial city. He was anxious, he said, to prevent the destruction of Constantinople. The emperor replied he would rather be buried beneath the ruins of his capital. Both Christians and Mahometans prepared themselves, by fast and prayer, for the action of that morrow which was to decide the fate of the two empires. It was the 29th of May. On the evening before, Mahomet gave notice that he should abandon the plunder of the city to his soldiers, only strictly commanding that they should not set fire to any of the edifices.

The besieged, from their walls, contemplated with terror, the numbers of the enemy about to assail them. The disproportion was so great, that every Christian calculated he should have to combat fifty or sixty Turks. The sultan commenced the attack about three o'clock in the morning, by sending to the assault 30,000 of his worst troops, in order to fatigue the besieged, and that the heaped up bodies of this multitude might fill the ditches, and render access to the parapets the more easy. The stick and the cimeter were necessary to compel this forlorn hope to march: they all perished. At sunrise, Mahomet ordered the trumpets to sound a fresh signal; the artillery thundered from all quarters, and quickly drove away all who had appeared on the walls. The janizaries rushed to the breach, uttering horrible cries. Mahomet rode behind his troops upon a superb charger, in order to make them march forward with the greater celerity. Never was greater courage exhibited: the first janizary who mounted the walls of Constantinople was to be made a pacha, and be loaded with wealth. Some climbed over the ruins of the walls, through a shower of arrows, darts, stones, and fire-balls. Standing on the tops of their ladders, others fought with the besieged, who repulsed them with their pikes, while others raised themselves upon the shoulders of their comrades to get to the breach. The whole

* Cortez repeated this expedient during his expedition into Mexico. See *Mexico*.

city was busied in succoring its brave defenders; women, children, and old men brought them stones, joists, and bars of red-hot iron to launch at the Turks. The cannons, directed to the point where the Turks were thickest, all at once opened their ranks, and the Ottomans, who already touched the summit of the walls, were hurled into the ditches. For two hours they fought thus, with a fury equal to the danger of the besieged and the value of the city to be conquered; a cloud of arrows, dust, and smoke shrouded the combatants. Thirty janizaries at length succeeded in mounting the walls, and killed and overthrew all who came in their way: they were soon followed by a crowd of daring comrades, animated by their example. In an instant the air resounded with cries of victory: the Turks had penetrated to the port. Zagan Pacha, who commanded the attack there, reproached the sailors with being less brave than the land troops. Encouraged by the success of the janizaries, they made one more furious charge upon the Greeks. The latter wavered in their resistance; the sailors gained possession of a tower, and hoisted the standard of the crescent, while other Turks hewed an opening, with their axes, at several of the city gates, through which the rest of the army poured in crowds. Constantine, accompanied by a few of his guards and some faithful servants, threw himself, sword in hand, into the thickest of the Ottoman battalions. Less afflicted by the loss of his crown than by the terror of being loaded with irons and led in triumph through Asia, he continued fighting bravely, when a Turk cut off the half of his face, with a stroke of his cimeter, and gave him the death he was seeking. With him fell the empire of the East, which had existed eleven hundred and forty-three years. One Constantine had founded it: another of the same name, not less brave but less fortunate, saw it perish. Mahomet caused his body to be sought for, and rendered it all the honors due to the sovereign of a great empire. More than 40,000 men were killed in this day's conflict, and more than 60,000 loaded with chains. Neither age nor sex, nor object ever so holy, was respected, during three days, in this unfortunate city; palaces, cloisters, sacred edifices, and private houses were stained with the blood of their wretched inhabitants, and disgraced by all the crimes that barbarism, cruelty, and lust could devise. At the end of three days order and discipline succeeded to carnage. Mahomet restored liberty to many of his captives, sent them back to their houses, promised them his protection, and engaged them to continue to cultivate the arts and commerce in a city he had chosen as the capital of his empire. This great event happened in the year 768 of the Hegira, and in the year of Christ 1453.

A.D. 1807.—The English expedition, under Admiral Duckworth, which, after passing the Dardanelles, made a useless and unsuccessful attack upon Constantinople, is not worthy of being ranked as a siege.—*Robson.*

CORINTH, B.C. 242.—This famous city of Greece is situated near the isthmus of the same name, between the gulfs of Lepanto on the west, and Egina on the east.

Antigonus Deson, King of Macedon, had taken possession of the isthmus and citadel of Corinth, which were called the fetters of Greece, because he who was the master of them dominated over that country. Aratus, chief of the Achæans, formed the project of depriving him of this important place; and the following is the manner in which he had the good fortune to succeed. Erginus, an inhabitant of Corinth, having come to Sicyon, formed an intimacy with a well-known banker, a friend of Aratus. In the course of conversation, they happened to speak of the citadel of Corinth, and Erginus said that, going to see his brother Diocles, who was in garrison there, he had remarked, on the steepest side, a little path, cut cross-wise in the rock, which led to a place where the wall was very low. The banker asked him, with a laugh, if he and his brother had a mind to make their fortunes? Erginus guessed what he meant, and promised to sound his brother upon the subject. A few days after he returned, and undertook to conduct Aratus to the spot where the wall was not more than fifteen feet high, and, with his brother, to aid him in the rest of the enterprise. Aratus promised to give them sixty thousand crowns if the affair succeeded; but the money must be deposited with the banker, for the security of the two brothers, and as Aratus had it not, and would not borrow it for fear of betraying his secret, the generous Achæan took the greater part of his gold and silver plate, with his wife's jewels, and placed them in pledge with the banker, for the whole sum. Several accidents delayed this noble enterprise; but nothing daunted the intrepid defenders of liberty. When all was ready, Aratus ordered his troops to pass the night under arms, and taking with him 400 picked men, the most part of whom were ignorant of what they were going to do, and who carried ladders with them, he led them straight to the gates of the city, by the side of the walls of the Temple of Juno. It was a beautiful moonlight night, which made them justly fear that they should be discovered. Fortunately, there arose on the side toward the sea a

thick mist, which covered all the environs of the city, and created a complete darkness. There all the troops sat down, and took off their shoes, in order that they might make less noise in marching, and might ascend the ladders better. In the mean time, Aratus, with seven brave, determined young men, equipped as travelers, slipped into the city without being perceived, and in the first place killed the sentinel and the guards on duty. They then applied their ladders to the walls, and Aratus made a hundred of the most resolute ascend with him, desiring the others to follow as best they could. He drew up the ladders, descended into the city, and, at the head of his troops, marched, full of joy, straight toward the citadel, without being perceived. As they advanced, they met a guard of four men, who carried a light. The shade concealed the adventurers, and, crouching against some walls, they waited for these soldiers, who, on passing before the Achæans, were attacked all at once. Three of them lost their lives; the fourth, wounded by a sword in the head, fled away crying that the enemy was in the city. A moment after, all the trumpets sounded the alarm, and the whole city was roused by the noise. The streets were soon filled with people, who ran hither and thither; and were illuminated by a multitude of flambeaux, which were lighted everywhere, both down in the city, and upon the walls, the ramparts, and the citadel. Aratus, without being dismayed, held on his way, climbing, with difficulty, the steep sides of the rocks, from having missed the path, which led to the wall in a winding, circuitous manner. But, as if by a miracle, the clouds passed from before the moon, and revealed to him the whole labyrinth, till he had gained the bottom of the fortifications. Then, by a similar fortunate chance, the clouds gathered again, and the moon being concealed, replunged both besieged and besiegers into profound darkness. The 3,000 soldiers whom Aratus had left without, near the Temple of Juno, having obtained entrance into the city, which they found filled with confusion and tumult, and not being able to find the path their leader had taken, clung close to the foot of a precipice, under the shadow of a great rock which concealed them, and waited in that retired place to see how fortune should dispose of their fate. The general of the Achæans in the mean time was fighting valiantly on the ramparts of the citadel. They heard the noise of this combat, but could not tell whence it came, from the cries of the warriors being repeated a thousand times by the surrounding echoes. The Macedonians defended themselves with vigor: Archelaus, who commanded for King Antigonus, thought to overwhelm the Achæans by charging them in the rear. He placed himself at the head of a good body of troops, and, with sound of trumpet, marched against Aratus, filing before the three hundred concealed soldiers, without seeing them. The Achæans allowed him to pass on; then, rising all at once, as from an ambuscade in which they had been placed on purpose, they fell upon his party, killed many of them, put the rest to flight, and came to the succor of their general, uttering loud cries of victory. The moon once again shone forth in its splendor, and by favor of its light, the soldiers of Aratus united, and made so vigorous a charge that they drove the enemy from the walls, and when the first rays of the sun gleamed upon the citadel, it was as if to shed glory upon their victory. The Corinthians flocked to the standard of Aratus, who refused to sheath the sword until he had taken prisoners all the soldiers of the King of Macedon, and thus secured both his conquest and the liberty of Corinth.

Second Siege, B.C. 146.—When the Achæans became involved in a war with the Romans, Corinth was one of their principal strongholds. The Roman senate resolved upon the destruction of the city, and in spite of the efforts of Metellus, who, anxious to avert the catastrophe, had sent deputies to Corinth to bring about a reconciliation, the resolution of the senate was carried into effect. The Corinthians had contemptuously rejected the offers of Metellus, and his deputies were thrown into prison. The Consul Metellus was succeeded by Mummius, who appeared before the walls of Corinth with a powerful army, with the determination of subduing the Corinthians by one great effort. This city, in addition to its advantageous situation and its natural strength, was defended by a numerous garrison, composed of experienced and determined soldiers. These troops, perceiving that a corps-de-garde was negligently kept, made a sudden sortie, attacked it vigorously, killed a great many, and pursued the rest to their camp. This trifling success singularly inflamed the courage of these warriors, but it became fatal to them; for Dicæus, their leader, having rashly given battle to the Romans, who feigned to dread his forces, fell into an ambush laid by the consul, was beaten, took to flight, and lost the greater part of his men. After this rout, the inhabitants lost all hope of defending themselves. Without counsel, without a leader, without courage, without concert, no citizen put himself forward to rally the wrecks of the defeat, to make a show of resistance, and oblige the conqueror, who wished to terminate the war quickly, to grant them tolerable conditions. All the Achæans,

and most of the Corinthians, abandoned, during the night, their unfortunate country, and sought refuge in other lands. Mummius entered the city without resistance, and gave it up to pillage. The furious and greedy soldiery immolated all who stood in the way of the sword, and bore away every thing that could feed their avarice. Women and children were sold by auction, like flocks of sheep. Statues, pictures, valuable furniture, all the superb ornaments of this opulent city, were sent to adorn the proud capital of the universe. The towers and walls were leveled with the ground; all the houses were set fire to, and during several days the whole city was nothing but one vast conflagration. It is pretended, but perhaps without foundation, that the gold, silver, and brass melted together in this fire, formed a new and precious metal, whose name became proverbial as Corinthian brass. It was in obedience to his masters, and not for his private interest, that the conqueror acted in this manner. Mummius was as disinterested a man as he was a great captain. To his virtues he joined that warlike simplicity so common among the Romans of his time, who made it their glory to be ignorant of the arts of refinement, or, indeed, of any thing which did not relate to the great arts of defending their country or fighting to promote its glory. He employed trustworthy persons to transport several pictures and statues of the most excellent masters to Rome. Had they been lost or injured, nothing could have replaced them; and yet the consul, while recommending care to be taken of them, said very seriously that if these things were damaged, others must be found in their place, and atthe expense of those who undertook to convey them!

The Achæan league was buried under the ruins of Corinth; and Rome, always inexorable toward obstinate courage, which preferred dangerous liberty to tranquil servitude, reduced the whole of Achaia to a province.

CORIOLI, B.C. 492.—Although we can not undertake to record every battle or siege by which the Roman power made regular but rapid rise in Italy, we shall endeavor not to omit such as have any interesting associations connected with them.

The Volscians tormented the Romans by continual attacks. In order to punish them, the siege of Corioli was resolved upon. It was one of their strongest places. In a sortie, the besiegers repulsed the Romans, and drove them back to their own camp. Furious at such a defeat, Marcius, a young patrician, with a handful of brave companions, returned to the charge, made the Volscians give way in their turn, penetrated with them into the city, and gave it up to pillage. That was the age when military talents were sure of their reward. After the taking of the city, the consul Cominius, before the whole army, ordered Caius Marcius to take a tenth of the booty, before any division was made of the rest, besides presenting him with a fine horse and noble trappings as a reward for his valor. The army expressed their approval of this by their acclamations; but Marcius, stepping forward, said, "That he accepted of the horse, and was happy in the consul's approbation; but as for the rest he considered it rather as a pecuniary reward than as a mark of honor, and therefore desired to be excused receiving it, as he was quite satisfied with his proper share of the booty. One favor only in particular I desire," continued he, "and I beg I may be indulged in it. I have a friend among the Volscians, bound with me in the sacred rites of hospitality, who is a man of virtue and honor. He is now among the prisoners, and from easy and opulent circumstances is reduced to servitude. Of the many misfortunes under which he labors, I should be glad to rescue him from one, which is that of being sold for a slave." This request of course was granted, and his friend was liberated.

COMPIEGNE, A.D. 1430.—Compiegne is situated on the Oise, in France, thirty-three miles east of Beauvais.

In the month of May, 1430, the Duke of Burgundy, with an army of English and Burgundians, undertook to reduce the city of Compiegne, which favored the cause of Charles VII. of France, against the Burgundians. The heroine Joan d' Arc marched to its relief. On her way thither, she met a body of Burgundians, and, after a bloody struggle, defeated them. She endeavored to exchange their commander, Franquet, for De Louis, who had fallen a prisoner into the hands of the enemy; but the judges of Languay condemned him to death. The garrison of Compiegne, on the arrival of the heroine with her troops, believed themselves invincible; but their joy was of brief duration. The besiegers, receiving reinforcements from every quarter, fell upon the French with such impetuosity that they turned their backs. Joan d' Arc immediately assumed the command of the rear guard, and repeatedly facing about, repulsed every attack of the pursuers. At length, however, the rear guard was broken; the Burgundians rushed upon the maid with loud shouts, and dragging her from her horse, felled her to the ground, when she surrendered. The garrison was grieved at the loss of their heroic defender, yet they maintained a resistance which defied every attempt of the assailants, until they were compelled to raise the siege on the appearance of the French army, under the Marshal de Boussac. The unfortunate Joan d' Arc was treated with neglect by her

friends, with cruelty by her enemies "If ever prince had been indebted to a subject," says an English historian, "Charles VII. was indebted to Joan d' Arc. She had dispelled the terror with which success had invested the English arms, had reanimated the courage of the French soldiery, and had firmly established the king on the throne of his ancestors. Yet, from the moment of her captivity, she seems to have been forgotten. We read not of any sum offered for her ransom, or attempt made to alleviate her sufferings, or notice taken of her trial and execution. The bishop of Beauvais, a man wholly devoted to the English interests, presented a petition against Joan, on pretense that she was taken within the bounds of his diocese, and he desired to have her tried by an ecclesiastical court for sorcery, impiety, idolatry, and magic. The university of Paris was so mean as to join in the same request; the petition was granted, and several prelates were appointed her judges. The inquiry was opened at Rouen, on the 13th of February, 1431, and the maid, clothed in her former military apparel, but loaded with irons, was produced before the tribunal. On sixteen different days she was brought to the bar, and throughout the trial she endured the taunts and replied to the questions of her accusers with an undaunted spirit, proudly maintaining that she had been the inspired minister of the Almighty. But when the fatal day arrived, and the judge was about to pronounce sentence, she yielded to a sudden impulse of terror, and declared herself willing to recant, and promised upon oath never again to wear male attire; but the barbarous vengeance of her enemies was not satisfied with this victory. Suspecting that the female dress which she had now consented to wear was disagreeable to her, they purposely placed in her apartment a suit of man's apparel, and watched for the effect of that temptation upon her. On the sight of the dress in which she had acquired so much renown, her enthusiasm revived, her cell was again in her imagination peopled with celestial visitants calling her out to new scenes of military glory. She, in the solitude of her cell, again clothed herself in the forbidden garments; her insidious enemies caught her in that situation; she was dragged before the judges, who now were convinced of her confirmed heresy, and would hear of no recantation. She was sentenced, and no pardon could be granted. Sobbing and struggling she was led to the stake; the hope of heavenly deliverance filled her heart until she saw the flames kindled at her feet; but then she filled the air with her protestations of innocence, and cries of anguish. She died in the flames embracing a crucifix, and calling on Christ for mercy. Mercy on earth there was none for her.

CONTRERAS, A.D. 1847.—This celebrated battle-field is about fourteen miles south of the capital city of the republic of Mexico. The *Pedregal*, which the Americans crossed before the battle is an almost impassable field of lava.

Although gradually driven back toward the city of Mexico by the army of General Scott, still Santa Anna determined to throw every impediment possible in the road of the American army on their way to that capital. About the middle of the month of August, 1847, the American army had penetrated the country as far as San Augustin. This city, the head-quarters of the army, stands on a causeway bearing the same name, which leads into the great Acapulco highway to the Pacific ocean. This road is a raised, broad, well beaten track, leading in a straight line to the city of Mexico, which is nine miles distant from San Augustin. About two miles and a half from San Augustin, Santa Anna had placed his first fortifications, in a village called San Antonio; two miles and a quarter further on, he had placed a second in the village of Cherubusco, from which village the road was free and open to the gates of the city of Mexico. Diverging from San Augustin to the left, another road, leading over broken ground, in the direction of the village of Contreras, turned into a well-beaten track near that village, which afforded an open passage through the villages of San Angel and Coyocan, to the city of Mexico. On a height called Perdierna, near the village of Contreras, the Mexicans had established an intrenched camp to obstruct the passage of the Americans into this road. These were the only roads leading from the American position, and the question was, which to choose. At eight o'clock, on the morning of the 18th of August, General Worth's division was moved a couple of miles on the causeway of San Augustin, and took up a position in front of San Antonio. Scott established his head-quarters at a hacienda called Coupa, a few hundred yards to the right; and he now pushed forward reconnoitering parties on both roads. Judging from the reports of these parties, Scott determined first to carry the heights of Perdierna, near Contreras, and then to turn the position of the enemy at San Antonio. The distance from San Augustin to Contreras was about three miles, over a road exceedingly rough, leading through a vast field of volcanic rocks and lava, and broken eminences, intersected by ditches and covered with prickly pear. But, with some labor, the road might be made practicable for artillery, and Scott at once resolved to cut a road to the enemy's position near Contreras,

and carry it with the bayonet. He accordingly dispatched Pillow's division, supported by General Twiggs, under the direction of Lee, the chief engineer, to open the road toward Contreras. When the American troops had proceeded about one and a half miles, they encountered the advance corps of the enemy. A slight skirmish ensued, in which the Mexicans were defeated, and fell back to their intrenchments. Between the Mexican intrenchments and the advancing American column, was a field of lava, which had been poured down upon the plain by volcanoes long since extinct. The field sloped down toward a ravine, which ran along the base and in front of the Mexican works. The Mexican position was strong and advantageous in the highest degree. They had twenty-two pieces of heavy artillery in battery, behind breast-works, and in embrasure, while the Americans had only light field-pieces and howitzers, which were entirely uncovered. Slowly the Americans forced their way toward the intrenchments. The ground, rough and rocky, and creased with ditches in all directions, impeded their progress, so that long before they could get into position, they were torn by constant discharges of grape, canister, and round-shot from the intrenchments. At length, after the utmost endeavors, three pieces only were got into battery. These three, comparatively light guns, responded but feebly to the heavy guns of the enemy. Yet for two hours the American infantry and artillerymen bravely stood their ground. At every discharge of the Mexican batteries the Americans would fall flat to the ground and let the iron tempest pass over them; then rising, they would serve their guns with the utmost vigor. The fire of the Mexican batteries was so well sustained and directed, that two of the American guns were dismounted, and most of the cannoneers killed or wounded. The Americans, thus baffled in their attempt, withdrew toward evening Why they made this attempt, no one can conceive. They had formed no plan of attack; indeed, they had not reconnoitered the ground for that purpose. In the mean time, General Persifer F. Smith, commanding the 2d brigade of Twiggs's division, was sent forward to support the American batteries in front of the Mexican position, near Contreras. He at once determined to attack the enemy on the left flank. On the evening of the 15th, the Americans entered Contreras and took possession of that important village. The positions of the two armies on the day before the battle were as follows. The village of Contreras was occupied by the brigades of Generals Smith, Cadwallader, Riley, and Shields. Smith's brigade, for the time being, was under the command of Major Dimick. The whole army consisted of 3,300 men, all infantry, and without artillery. On the hill of Perdierna was planted the Mexican army, under General Valencia. The first line of the Mexican army consisted of about 6,000 men; the second, within supporting distance, numbered 10,000 more. At three o'clock, on the morning of the 20th, the American troops were put in motion. The path was exceedingly rocky and narrow; the rain had fallen during the whole night; the men were fatigued and wet, having slept on their arms, in the mud, and without fire; and the morning was so dark, for it was still raining violently, that General Smith, in order to prevent his rear files from going astray, was obliged to order his men to keep within touch of each other. The order of the march was as follows:

First, Colonel Riley's brigade; next, General Cadwallader's, and lastly, General Smith's own brigade under Major Dimick. So tedious was the march that it was not until daylight that the head of Cadwallader's column emerged from the village, and entered the path leading to the ravine in front of the enemy's position. Having followed up the ravine, to a point whence it seemed possible to approach the work, Smith halted his column, and closed up the rear ranks. Riley, to whom was given the honor of the first assault, here caused his soldiers to examine their arms, and ordered such of them as were wet to be re-loaded. Then moving on, he turned to the left, in the direction of the rear of the enemy's camp, and leaving the ravine, he ascended a hill, on which the camp was planted. His soldiers, however, were sheltered from the enemy's fire by a slight swell in the ground. Having halted for a few moments to reform his ranks, Riley moved forward upon the swell and presented himself in full view of the enemy. No sooner did the Mexicans perceive the glittering bayonets of the American soldiers arising from behind the mound, than they opened a terrific fire of artillery and musketry upon them, not only from their intrenchments, but from a body of troops posted on Riley's right flank. The American general immediately threw out his first two divisions as skirmishers, to protect his flanks, and then, at the head of his men, rushed headlong into the enemy's works, which he soon cleared with the bayonet and clubbed musket. The engineer company, under Lieutenant Smith, and the rifles, having in the mean time, been thrown across a ravine, under the brow of the slope, swept it, from this position in front; and then inclining to the left, joined in the attack on the troops outside the left flank of the fort. Ransom, who had been detached by General Scott, to cause a diversion in favor of the

main attack of the Americans, came up at this moment and poured a deadly fire into the works and upon the fugitives. Cadwallader moved on to the support of Riley, following the same route that had been taken by the latter. General Smith had ordered Dimick to follow Cadwallader, in turn; but when Dimick had come abreast of the enemy's work, a large body of Mexicans threatened his flank, and Smith immediately ordered him to attack in that direction. The Americans in line rushed forward upon the enemy with the greatest fury. The Mexicans made but a feeble resistance, and were soon put to rout. Their cavalry at first made a stand; but being put to flight by the bayonet, the horsemen urged back their horses in their retreat, over the infantry; trampling down under foot their own comrades and companions. The brigade of General Shields protected in a great measure the movement of General Smith, and intercepted great numbers of fugitives, who were either cut down under the deadly fire of the South Carolina Rifles, or were made prisoners. The victorious Americans pursued the flying enemy in every direction for a considerable distance, cutting them down by sword and musket-ball; and taking great numbers prisoners. Thus ended the battle of Contreras. The Mexicans lost 1,700 killed and wounded, and 800 prisoners. Twenty-two pieces of cannon; a large quantity of small arms, ammunition, stores, etc., and 500 pack mules fell into the hands of the victors.—*Semmes.*

CORUNNA, A.D. 1809.—Corunna is a city and seaport, situated in the province of Galicia, at the north-western extremity of Spain. It has acquired a celebrity in history, from being the point to which Sir John Moore directed his retreat, and from the fierce battle of which it was the theater on the 16th of January, 1809, between the British, under Sir John Moore, and the French, under Marshal Soult.

On the 14th of January, 1809, Sir John Moore, after a wearisome and disheartening retreat of 15 days' duration, reached Corunna, at the head of 14,000 men, followed by the French army, consisting of 20,000 men, under Marshal Soult, who had determined to prevent the embarkation of the British troops. Under these circumstances, Moore's only alternative was to risk a battle. Accordingly he made his dispositions and awaited the attack of the enemy. He drew up his army on a range of heights, which formed a sort of amphitheater around the village of Elvina, which is rather more than a mile distant from Corunna. General Hope, with his division, was stationed on the left; his flank being covered by the muddy stream of the Mero, which commanded the road to Lugo. Sir David Baird's division came next, immediately behind Elvina. General Fraser's division, with the Rifles, watched the coast road to St. Jago, and were to support any menaced point. General Paget, with the reserve, occupied the village of Airis, half a mile in the rear.

The French troops were advantageously posted on a semicircular ridge, which was higher than that occupied by the British. Laborde's division occupied the right. Merle's the center, and Mermet's the left. The light field-pieces were distributed along the front of this line. The dragoons, under Lahoussaye, Lorge, and Franceschi, to which the British had no cavalry to oppose, were stationed on the left of the infantry, and menaced the British right flank; while a battery of 12 heavy guns, situated on a steep eminence, between the infantry and cavalry, not 1,200 yards from Baird's division, were prepared to carry death and devastation throughout the British lines.

Soult remained inactive during the 14th and 15th, and, on the morning of the 16th, Moore, conceiving that the enemy did not intend disturbing his retreat, gave orders to his men to retire into the town, and proceed with the embarkation, as soon as night should permit them to leave their position without being discovered by the enemy. However, about two o'clock in the afternoon, four massy columns were observed descending from the heights which they occupied, and advancing, with a swift pace, toward the British line. Sir John Moore instantly rode to the front, his troops immediately stood to arms, and deployed into line, and thus awaited the attack of the French troops, who steadily advanced in long, deep columns, preceded by a body of light troops, as skirmishers. These drove in the British advanced posts, with great vigor, and made themselves masters of Elvina, in the confusion consequent on the retreat of the outposts. As they neared the center of the British position, they deployed into line, and it at once became evident, that they extended greatly beyond its extreme right; but the 4th regiment, which was stationed at that part of the line, by no means discouraged by this alarming circumstance, immediately threw back its right wing and presenting a front in two directions, advanced, and was soon warmly engaged with the enemy. Meantime Mermet's troops, after having carried Elvina, were bursting through the inclosures which lay between its houses and the British, with loud cheers and all the exultation of victory. At this time the action became very warm along the whole line. The French and English centers had now advanced within pistol-shot of each other, and exchanged a few volleys;

when the 50th and 42d regiments were ordered to charge Mermet's division. They advanced, and, at the point of the bayonet, forced them back, and drove them through Elvina, and a considerable distance up the slope on the other side. But the ardor and impetuosity of these brave troops carried them too far, and being disordered by their success, were assailed by a fresh body of French troops, who drove them back through the streets of the village, with considerable loss.

Sir John Moore, however, rallied the broken regiments and brought up a battalion of guards to support them, then animating the men with the remembrance of their past glories, he again led them forward to the charge. The shock was irresistible, the enemy were driven back to the village of Elvina, and there maintained a gallant and glorious resistance. However, after a sanguinary struggle, they were driven out, with great slaughter.

It was while leading on this decisive charge, that the gallant Sir John Moore received his death wound; he was struck by a cannon-shot in the breast, which shattered his shoulder to pieces, and laid open his breast and lungs. He died the same evening, and was interred on the ramparts of Corunna, where a monument has been erected over his uncoffined remains, by the generosity and magnanmity of Marshal Ney.

Sir David Baird was also severely wounded in this charge.

Soult, seeing it were vain to think any longer of forcing the British center, determined to renew his attempts, with Laborde's division, on their left, where he hoped, from his superiority in numbers, to be able to outflank them. But the ground was unfavorable for his operations, and General Hope, who commanded the left wing, baffled all his efforts, and succeeded, after a short combat, in repulsing Laborde's division, which he pursued to the village of Palairo Abaxo, which was close under the French position. After a short resistance this village was carried, and remained in the hands of the British till the close of the day.

Mermet's division again advanced against the British right, but General Paget, with the reserves, met the assailants, and charged them with such vigor, that they were thrown back upon Lahoussaye's dragoons, and all driven in confusion and disorder to the foot of the hill.

The want of cavalry was severely felt by the British, on this occasion, as with the aid of that powerful arm the French left wing would have been utterly routed. As it was, when night closed on this field of carnage, the French were driven back at all points, and the British line considerably advanced, and their embarkation secured without interruption.

In this engagement the British loss, in killed and wounded, amounted to 800 or 1,000; the French to at least 2,000.

COWAN'S FORD, A.D. 1781.—On the 1st of February, 1781, a battle was fought between a detachment of the American patriot army, under General Davidson, and a body of British grenadiers, commanded by General O'Hara, at Cowan's Ford, on the Catawba, Mecklenburg county, North Carolina. In the face of the enemy's fire, the British troops crossed the river, and falling fiercely on the Americans, who had warmly disputed their passage, put them to flight, with considerable loss. General Davidson was shot dead.

COWPENS, A.D. 1781.—This village is situated about midway between the Pacolet and Broad rivers, in Spartanburg district, South Carolina, four miles south of the North Carolina line.

At the close of December, 1780, Brigadier General Morgan, with 400 continental infantry, under Lieutenant Colonel Howard of Maryland; two companies of the Virginian militia, under Captains Triplet and Tate; 100 dragoons, under Lieutenant Colonel William Washington; a body of North Carolina militia, under Major McDowell, and some Georgia militia, under Major Cunningham, was incamped on the northern bank of the Pacolet river, near the Pacolet springs. Washington and his dragoons frequently sallied out from this camp, for the purpose of punishing the marauding bodies of Tories, who were in the habit of plundering and insulting the Whig inhabitants of the Carolinas. Washington's dragoons soon became the terror of the Tories, and Lord Cornwallis, who was stationed with his troops at Winnsborough, was alarmed at the successes of the American troopers, and resolved to break up Morgan's camp, and disperse his troops. Accordingly, he detached Tarleton with 300 cavalry, and about 700 foot, with two pieces of cannon, with orders to drive Morgan from his position. The British detachment commenced its march on the 12th of January, 1781, and on the 14th arrived in the vicinity of the Pacolet river. Morgan, on the approach of the British, was at first inclined to dispute their passage of the Pacolet; but receiving intelligence of the superiority of their numbers, he retreated and took up a position near the Cowpens, on the north side of Thicketty mountain. Tarleton pursued eagerly, and, on the evening of the 16th, reached Morgan's old camp, a few hours after the Americans had

left. Leaving his baggage at this place, Tarleton pressed on in hot pursuit, riding all night, and taking a circuitous route around the western side of the Thicketty mountain. At eight o'clock, on the morning of January 17th, the British army came within sight of the advanced parties of the enemy. The Americans were drawn up in battle array awaiting Tarleton's approach. They occupied the summit and sloping side of a forest-crowned eminence. The first line consisted of 300 practiced riflemen, under the command of Colonel Andrew Pickens. About 150 paces behind these troops, the second line was stationed, occupying the summit of the eminence, and concealed among the trees. It consisted of 430 men, of whom 290 were Maryland regulars, and 140 Virginian militia. This line was under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Howard. At about 150 paces in advance of the first line, was stationed a body of picked riflemen, under the command of Cunningham, on the right, and McDowell on the left. Colonel Washington's dragoons, and McCall's mounted militiamen, of Georgia, were posted behind the second line. Morgan stationed himself near Howard, in the rear, as a reserve. When Tarleton arrived within 300 yards of the first line of the American army, upon the Spartanburg road, he halted, and made his dispositions for the approaching battle. The British army was drawn up in two lines, the infantry in the center, and the cavalry on the two wings. In the center of the first line were the two pieces of cannon. The first line was commanded by Major Newmarsh, the second by Major McArthurs. Tarleton placed himself in the first line. It was a glorious morning, the sun shining brightly upon the field which was so soon to be drenched with the blood of human beings. The crimson uniforms, and glistening weapons, of the British, presented a strong contrast to the homely guise and tarnished arms of the Americans; but the issue of the contest proved that the brown barrel of the American rifle was equal, if not superior, to the polished iron of the British musket and bayonet. And the motives of the combatants must have presented as strong a contrast, as was exhibited in their outward appearance. The British were actuated by a sense of duty as paid soldiers and loyal subjects of their king, and by a desire to uphold their character as valiant and experienced soldiers. The Americans were filled with a desire to revenge the wrongs and outrages which the Tories and English had committed upon their neighbors, their homes and themselves, and were resolved to a man to teach the insolent invaders that they were able to cope with them with their own weapons, even on unequal grounds. Tarleton gave the signal, and the soldiers of his first line, with a loud shout, rushed forward while the cannon in their center thundered furiously on the Americans. Cunningham and McDowell's riflemen greeted them with one terrific discharge, and then retired to the first line under Pickens.

The British, with prolonged shouts, rushed on, and delivered a close fire upon the militia, who threw rapid and destructive discharges upon the approaching enemy. The British column steadily advanced, and charged furiously upon the militia, who fled, those under McCall to their horses, and the others under Pickens to the right of the second line. The British now vigorously assailed the main body of the Americans; but they were received with such a warm resistance, that they wavered. The British reserve under McArthur was now ordered to advance. The conflict now raged furiously. When the battle was at its height, McArthur endeavored to gain the American right flank, under Howard. This maneuver was successful, and the American regulars gave way. Morgan now ordered the whole line to retreat to the eminence in front of the cavalry. This movement the British believed to be the precursor of flight, and followed up the Americans with shouts of victory. But when close upon the heels of the retreating Americans, Howard ordered his men to face about and fire. The words were obeyed with alacrity, and the Americans poured a deadly volley upon the pursuers, who, terrified at this unexpected movement, recoiled in disorder. Howard now ordered his men to charge. Like tigers the patriots sprung upon their foes and hurled them back reeling down the hill. At the same time, some British cavalry, gaining the rear of the Americans, fell upon McCall's mounted militia. But at this moment Colonel Washington, with his dragoons, charged like a hurricane upon them, scattering them before him like chaff. This decided the victory. The Americans making one general charge on the enemy drove them like sheep before them. Washington, hot in pursuit, outstripped his soldiers in the chase, and was close behind a body of British cavalry, with Tarleton and two of his aids at their head. Observing the recklessness of the American officer, Tarleton ordered his men to face about and capture him. A British officer was about to strike the gallant American with his sword, when his serjeant arrived and disabled his adversary's sword-arm. Another of Tarleton's officers was about to strike him, when he was wounded by a pistol ball from Washington's bugler. Tarleton, himself, then advanced to run the American officer through with his sword; but Washington parried the thrust and

wounded the Briton in the hand. Tarleton wheeled his horse, and as he retreated fired his pistol at Washington, wounding him in the knee. The British army continued to retreat during the whole night, and the following day reached the camp of Cornwallis, at Turkey Creek, about twenty-five miles from the Cowpens. The Americans lost in this battle 70 men, of whom 12 only were slain. Tarleton lost in killed wounded and prisoners, more than 800 men, two pieces of cannon, 800 muskets, the colors of the 7th regiment, and all his carriages and baggage. One hundred dragoon horses also fell into the hands of the Americans. The battle of the Cowpens was one of the most decisive of the American Revolutionary war. It in fact paralysed the power of the Royalists in the South. It was to Cornwallis what the battle of Bennington was to Burgoyne.

CRANEY ISLAND, A.D. 1813.—On the 22d of June, 1813, fifty barges filled with troops, put off from the British fleet then lying in James river, in Virginia, and rapidly approached Craney Island, to make an attack on that island, the first obstacle in the way of their fleet between the mouth of the river and the city of Norfolk. The Americans had manned a fort on the north side of this island with 100 seamen, while they had placed gun-boats to command the channel on the opposite side. The barges avoiding the gun-boats came within range of the batteries on shore, which opened such a destructive fire upon them that many of the boats were cut in two and sunk, and the remainder compelled to retire. The British troops also made an attempt from the main land; but they were repulsed with loss by the Virginia militia. The English lost in this attack 300 men. The American loss was trifling.

CRANON, B.C. 322.—The Macedonians, under Antipater and Craterus, were victorious over the confederate Greeks, whom they defeated twice by sea, and once by land near Cranon, in Thessaly. The Athenians demanded peace, and Antipater, the conqueror, put their orators to death. Among them was Hyperides, who, that he might not betray the secrets of his country, when under torture, cut out his tongue.—*Dufresnoy.*

CRAYFORD, A.D. 457.—In the year 457, a battle took place between the Saxons and Britons near Cayford, in Kent county, England. The Saxons were commanded by Hengrist and Oise, his son. The Britons were under the command of Vortimer. The Saxons advanced fiercely to the fight, shielding themselves from the blows of the enemy with a target which they bore on their left arm, while with their right hand they dealt vigorous blows with their ponderous swords and battle-axes, or cast their spears and lances with the greatest accuracy. The Britons fled in wild disorder before the invaders. Four of the leaders were slain, and the battle-field was encumbered with their dead. The whole of Kent was abandoned to the Saxons, the fugitive Britons taking refuge in London.

CRESSY, A.D. 1346.—Cressy, an inconsiderable village, eleven miles north of Abbeville, in France, is famous in history for the battle fought in its vicinity by the English, under Edward III., and the French, under their king, Philip of Valois, on the 26th of August, 1346.

Edward chose his ground with advantage near the village of Cressy. He drew up his army on a gentle ascent, and divided them into three lines. The first line was commanded by the Prince of Wales (then only fifteen years of age), and under him, by the Earls of Warwick and Oxford, by Harcourt, and by the Lords Chandos, Holland, and other noblemen. The Earls Arundel and Northampton, with the Lords Willoughby, Basset, Roos, and Sir Lewis Tufton, were at the head of the second line. Edward took to himself the command of the third division, by which he proposed either to bring succor to the two first lines, or to push his advantages against the enemy. He had, likewise, the precaution to throw up trenches on his flanks; and he placed all his baggage behind him in a wood, which he also secured by an intrenchment.

The skill and order of this disposition, with the tranquillity in which it was made, served extremely to compose the minds of the soldiers; and the king, that he might further inspirit them, rode through the ranks with such an air of cheerfulness and alacrity, as conveyed the highest confidence into every beholder. He pointed out to them the necessity to which they were reduced, and the certain and inevitable destruction which awaited them, if, in their present situation, inclosed on all hands in an enemy's country, they trusted to any thing but their own valor, or gave that enemy an opportunity of taking revenge for the many insults and indignities which they had of late put upon him. He reminded them of the visible ascendant which they had hitherto maintained over all the bodies of French troops that had fallen in their way; and assured them, that the superior numbers of the army which at present hovered over them, was compensated by the order in which he had placed his own army, and the resolution which he expected from them. He demanded nothing, he said, but that they would imitate his own example, and that of the Prince of Wales; and as the honor, the lives, and liberties of all were now exposed to the same danger, he was confi-

dent that they would make one common effort to extricate themselves from their present difficulties, and that their united courage would give them the victory over all their enemies. It is related by some historians, that Edward, besides the resources which he had found in his own genius and presence of mind, employed also a new invention against the enemy, and placed in his front some pieces of artillery; the first that had yet been made use of on any remarkable occasion in Europe.

The invention of artillery was at this time known in France as well as in England; but Philip, the French king, in his hurry to overtake the enemy, had left his cannon behind him, which he regarded as a useless incumbrance. All his movements discovered the same imprudence and precipitation. Impelled by anger, a dangerous counselor, and trusting to the great superiority of his numbers, he thought that all depended on forcing an engagement with the English; and that, if he could once reach the enemy in their retreat, the victory on his side must inevitably ensue.

He made a hasty march, in some confusion, from Abbeville; but after he had advanced about two leagues, some gentlemen whom he had sent before to take a view of the English, returned to him, and brought him intelligence, that they had seen them drawn up in great order, and awaiting his arrival. They, therefore, desired him to defer the combat till the ensuing day, when his army would have recovered from their fatigue, and might be disposed into better order than their present hurry had permitted them to observe. Philip assented to this counsel; but the former precipitation of his march, and the impatience of the French nobility, made it impracticable for him to put it in execution. One division pressed upon another; orders to stop were not seasonably conveyed to all of them; this immense body was not governed by sufficient discipline to be manageable; and the French army, imperfectly formed into three lines, arrived, already fatigued and disordered, in presence of the enemy. The first line, consisting of 15,000 Genoese cross-bowmen, was commanded by Anthony Doria, and Charles Grimaldi; the second was led by the Count Alençon, brother to the king; the king himself was at the head of the third. Besides the French monarch, there were no less than three crowned heads in this army—the King of Bohemia, the King of the Romans (his son), and King of Majorca; with all the nobility and great vassals of the crown of France. The army now consisted of above 120,000 men, more than three times the number of the enemy. But the prudence of one man was superior to the advantage of all this force and splendor.

The English, on the approach of the French army kept their ranks firm and immovable; and the Genoese first began the attack. There had happened, a little before the engagement, a thunder-shower, which had moistened and relaxed the strings of the Genoese cross-bows, and their arrows, for this reason, fell short of the enemy. The English archers, taking their bows out of their cases, poured in a shower of arrows upon this multitude who were opposed to them, and soon threw them into disorder. The Genoese fell back upon the heavy-armed cavalry of the Count of Alençon, who, enraged at their cowardice, ordered his troops to put them to the sword. The artillery fired amid the crowd; the English archers continued to send in their arrows among them, and nothing was to be seen in that vast body but hurry and confusion, terror and dismay. The young Prince of Wales had the presence of mind to take advantage of this situation, and to lead on his line to the charge. The French cavalry, however, recovering somewhat of their order, and encouraged by the example of their leader, made a stout resistance; and having at last cleared themselves of the Genoese runaways advanced upon their enemies, and, by their superior numbers, began to hem them round.

The Earls of Arundel and Northampton now brought forward their line to sustain the prince, who, ardent in his first feats of arms, set an example of valor which was imitated by all his followers. The battle became, for some time, hot and dangerous; and the Earl of Warwick, apprehensive of the event, dispatched a messenger to the king, and entreated him to send succors to the relief of the prince. Edward had chosen his station on the top of the hill; and he surveyed in tranquillity the scene of the action. When the messengers accosted him, his first question was whether the prince was slain or wounded. On receiving an answer in the negative, "Return," said he, "to my son, and tell him that I reserve the honor of the day to him: I am confident that he will show himself worthy of the honor of knighthood, which I so lately conferred upon him; he will be able without any assistance to repel the enemy." This speech being reported to the prince and his attendants, inspired them with fresh courage; they made an attack with redoubled vigor on the French, in which the Count of Alençon was slain, and the whole line of cavalry was thrown into disorder; the riders were most of them killed or wounded; the Welsh infantry rushed into the throng, and put to death all

who came in their way; nor was any quarter given that day by the victors.

The King of France advanced in vain with the rear to sustain the division commanded by his brother; he found it already discomfited; and this increased the confusion which was before but too prevalent in his own body. He had himself a horse killed under him; he was remounted; and though left almost alone, he seemed still determined to maintain the combat; when John of Hainalt seized the reins of his bridle, turned about his horse, and carried him off the field of battle. The whole French army took to flight, and was followed and put to the sword, without mercy, by the English, till the darkness of the night put an end to the pursuit. Edward, on his return to the camp, flew into the arms of the Prince of Wales, and exclaimed, "My brave son! persevere in your honorable cause; you are my son, for valiantly have you acquitted yourself to-day; you have shown yourself worthy of empire." In this battle there fell on the side of the French, by a moderate computation, 1,200 knights, 1,400 gentlemen, 4,000 men-at-arms, besides about 30,000 of inferior rank; many of the principal nobility, the Dukes of Lorraine and Bourbon, the Earls of Flanders, Blois, Vaudemont, Aumele, were left on the field. The Kings also of Bohemia and Majorca were slain. The fate of the former was remarkable. He was blind from age; but being resolved to hazard his person and set an example to others, he ordered the reins of his bridle to be tied on each side to the horses of two gentlemen of his train; and his dead body and those of his attendants were afterward found among the slain, with their horses standing by them in that situation. His crest was three ostrich feathers, and his motto these German words, *Ich dien*,* which the Prince of Wales and his successors adopted in memorial of this great victory. The action may seem no less wonderful for the small loss sustained by the English, than for the great slaughter of the French. There were killed in it only one squire, three knights, with very few of inferior rank, a demonstration that the prudent disposition planned by Edward, and the disorderly attack made by the French, had rendered the whole rather a rout than a battle, which, indeed, was a common case with engagements in those times.—*Hume.*

CREEK WAR, A.D. 1813–14.—We have deemed it advisable to give a condensed sketch of this war, rather than detailed accounts of its several battles.

The intelligence of the massacre of the whites at Fort Mimms, by the Indians, went through the States of Georgia, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, like a clap of thunder, arousing the people to the highest pitch of excitement and indignation. The citizens on all sides flew to arms; and at a mass-meeting held at Nashville, Tennessee, on the 17th of September, 1813, Andrew Jackson was unanimously nominated commander-in-chief of the troops of the State. The legislature confirmed the nomination, and $200,000 were appropriated to carry on the war. Jackson issued a stirring appeal, calling on the people to enroll themselves under his banner. "Already," said he, "are large bodies of hostile Creeks marching to your borders, with their scalping-knives unsheathed to butcher your women and children; time is not to be lost. We must hasten to the frontier, or we shall find it drenched in the blood of our citizens." A large number of citizens obeyed this call, and hastened to Fayetteville, the place of rendezvous, where Jackson joined them on the 7th of October. On the evening of the 8th, Jackson received a dispatch from Colonel Coffee, who, with a large detachment, was stationed at Huntsville, thirty miles from Fayetteville, stating that large parties of Indians were approaching the frontiers of Georgia and Tennessee.

On the morning of the 10th, Jackson advanced with his army toward Huntsville, where he arrived on the evening of the next day. The Creeks were now hemmed in by enemies. On the west of these settlements they were threatened by 600 Mississippi volunteers, and 600 regulars, under Colonel Russel; General Floyd, with 2,500 Georgia militia, was on the east; and on the north 5,000 Tennessee militia, were advancing; 2,500 under General Jackson, from west Tennessee, and the same number under Generals White and Cooke, from the eastern part of the State. From Huntsville Jackson proceeded to Dilto's Ferry, where Coffee was encamped. From this place he detaced General Coffee, with 600 men, to attack the Indians at Black Warriorstown, 100 miles south. On the 19th of October, Jackson, with his army, started for Thompson's Creek, where he arrived on the 22d. He had expected to find provisions at this place; but they had not arrived, yet he did not despair, but pushed on through the wilderness as far as Tenplands, where he erected Fort Slother, to serve as a dépôt, and to cover his retreat should such a movement be necessary. His soldiers were now wretchedly supplied with provisions, but they were not despondent. General Coffee, meanwhile, had returned successful from his expedition to Black Warriorstown; and was immediately ordered to attack a large body of Indians at Tallushatchee, about thirty miles from Fort Slother. Coffee,

* I serve.

with 900 men, marched through the forest and fell upon the savages with so much vigor, that, although the Indians fought with the utmost desperation, nearly the whole body was cut off. A hundred and eighty warriors were slain, and their dwellings reduced to ashes. Having accomplished this, Coffee returned to Jackson's camp. On the 7th of November, an Indian runner brought to Jackson the intelligence that Fort Talladega, some thirty miles distant, was menaced by the Creeks, and being assured that if he did not march at once to its relief, the friendly Indians who had sought shelter within its walls, would be massacred, Jackson, with 2,000 men, advanced through the wilderness, and on the 8th, at dusk, arrived within six miles of the fort. The Creeks lay in great numbers about the fort. At four o'clock the Americans, in three columns, cautiously advanced toward the Indian encampment. Arriving within a mile of the enemy they prepared for battle. The American army was composed of 800 foot and 700 horse. Two hundred and fifty of the cavalry, under Lieutenant Colonel Dyer, were stationed in the rear of the center, to act as a reserve. The two brigades of Hall and Roberts occupied the center, while the right and left wings were composed of cavalry. The order to advance was given; the two wings of cavalry darted forward, the one on the right the other on the left, inclining their heads toward each other as they advanced until they met beyond the hostile encampment. Meanwhile the infantry pushed forward, keeping pace with the cavalry, until the enemy was completely surrounded. Then came the din of battle; the horsemen discharged their rifles with deadly aim, while the infantry sent volley after volley into the midst of the affrighted savages, who ran frantically around the fiery circle firing at random, and filling the air with whoops of impotent rage and despair. They fell on all sides before the withering fire of the Americans, like grass before the mower's scythe. At length they discovered an opening between the cavalry and infantry, and like a river poured through it, flying rapidly for the mountains. The horsemen pursued fiercely, and the sharp crack of their rifles, and the screams of the fugitives, plainly told how hot was the chase. The fugitives finally gained the mountains, and they were safe from further pursuit. Over 300 of the Indians were slain on the spot where the fight began, and 200 were wounded. A great number were also slain in the flight. The Americans lost ninety-five in killed and wounded. Having thus relieved Fort Talladega, Jackson returned to Fort Slother, where he remained with his army unemployed until the middle of January, 1814. General Clairborne, with his volunteers, meanwhile, was passing up the east side of Alabama, piercing to the towns above the Catawba, and destroying Indian villages. He encountered and defeated the Indians under their great chief Weathersford, with a loss of only one man killed and seven wounded. Having completely subdued the Indians in that part of the country, he returned to Fort Clairborne. About the middle of January, Jackson was reinforced by 800 men; and he resolved to make a diversion in favor of General Floyd, who was advancing from the east. Floyd, on the morning of the 29th, while advancing along the southern bank of the Talapoosa river, came suddenly upon the town of Autossee, where a strong body of Indians were posted. The Indians were taken by surprise; but they soon rallied and fought with the utmost desperation. Floyd at length got his artillery to bear upon them, and they fled in dismay, leaving the ground covered with their dead. Several hundred Indians were killed and wounded. The Americans lost sixty-five in killed and wounded. Among the latter was General Floyd, who was struck by a bullet while leading on his men. Jackson, hearing that a strong body of Indians were encamped at the junction of the Emuckfau Creek with the Talapoosa river, and wishing to divert their attention from General Floyd, marched thither, and arrived near their encampment on the evening of the 21st of January, 1814. Here he halted, intending to attack the enemy the next morning. To prevent a surprise, the Americans built watch-fires around their camp, and stood to their arms all night. The Indians had observed the approach of the Americans and resolved on an attack. Just before dawn, with a yell which resounded through the forest, the savages from all quarters rushed furiously into the camp. But a rapid and deadly discharge from the Americans sent them back howling into cover. At sunrise, General Coffee ordered a charge, which drove the Indians to their camp. He then advanced to attack the encampment, but found it too strong, and retired. The Indians then attacked the American camp, and they fought with such desperate valor, that the Americans were obliged to make repeated charges before the savages finally took to flight. The Indians lost many of their bravest warriors, and the Americans suffered considerably in this short conflict. Among other officers, General Coffee was severely wounded.

Having thus drawn the attention of the Indians from Floyd's force to his own, Jackson determined to retreat. On the 23d he began to retrace his steps, and at dusk arrived at the ford of Enotochopeo. Fearing a surprise at this place he moved about 600

yards further down the stream to another ford, where he encamped for the night. Early the next morning the troops commenced crossing. Jackson expected an attack while in the middle of the river, and therefore had formed his rear in order of battle. His expectations were correct. No sooner had a portion of the army gained the opposite shore than guns were heard in the rear. The savages in great numbers issued from the forest, and rushed upon the militia, who with their officers gave way in terror, and hurried in the utmost confusion into the river. The entire rear of the army was in imminent danger of being cut off; but General Carroll with Captain Quarles, and 25 men, turned fiercely upon the enemy, and with well directed volleys, held them in check. General Coffee sprang from his litter and leaping to his saddle, galloped hastily toward the scene of action. Jackson succeeded in rallying his troops, and with one charge the savages were put to flight. Jackson, after burying the dead and attending to the wants of the wounded, resumed his march, and on the 28th, reached Fort Slother in safety.

On the 27th of January, General Floyd, again advancing into the Creek country, was attacked, just before sunrise by a numerous body of savages. The Indians fought with desperate valor; but were at length put to flight by a vigorous charge of the bayonet, leaving 37 dead on the field. Jackson remained at Fort Slother until March, when having received large reinforcements he found himself at the head of 4,000 militia and volunteers, a regiment of regular troops, and several hundred friendly Indians. Having completed his arrangements, Jackson, with 4,000 men, on the 16th of March, marched into the Creek country. He established and garrisoned Fort Williams, at the junction of Cedar creek with the Coosa river, and then with about twenty-five hundred men marched toward the Emuckfau creek. The Indians about a thousand strong were posted in an intrenched camp on the Tallapoosa river, about five miles below the Emuckfau. The river at this point, wrapped itself around a tract of land, covering about one thousand acres, in the form of a horse-shoe, whence it is called Tohopeka land. The Indians had erected across the neck leading to the open plain, a breast-work of logs, about eight feet high, and pierced it with a double row of port holes. Behind this work, was an elevated piece of ground, and further back lay the village along the shore of the stream. The Indian warriors were awaiting the arrival of the enemy behind their breast-works, while their women and children were placed for security in the village. On the 25th of March the Americans advanced to the attack. The conflict was obstinate and bloody. The Americans, after setting fire to the village, at length forced an entrance into the enemy's works. The Indians would not yield and scorned to ask for quarter. The fight became a butchery, Jackson, wishing to spare the lives of the savages, sent an interpreter to them offering them pardon; but they sternly refused, fighting on with the desperation of demons; but their efforts were all in vain; the rifles and bayonets of the Americans rapidly thinned their numbers, and the survivors fled to the brush and timber on the hill. Jackson turned his cannon on the spot, but failing to dislodge them, ordered the grass and brush to be fired. Driven forth by the flames the Indians fled toward the river; but most of them were slain before reaching the water. Darkness alone put an end to the terrible slaughter. 557 Indians were killed, and 250 were wounded in and around the encampment; and many of them must have perished in their flight. The Americans lost, in killed and wounded, about 200. The next day Jackson took up his backward march to Fort William. The battle of Tohopeka, completely subdued the valor of the Indians; and Jackson returned to Tennessee covered with laurels. In a few months peace was restored between all the southern tribes, and the government of the United States.

CREMONA, B.C. 200.—On the left bank of the river Po, in Italy, stands the city of Cremona, melancholy and dreary. Everywhere it shows the symptoms of decay; the grass growing in its streets and its buildings seeming ready to tumble down in ruins. Yet this city has now a population of 28,000 inhabitants.

A numerous army of Gauls in the year 200 B.C., laid siege to Cremona. The prætor Lucius Furius marched to the succor of the allies of the Romans, in the absence of the consul. He gave battle the moment he arrived. The Gauls fought bravely, but at length took to flight, and retired in disorder to their camp. The Romans followed them thither, attacked the camp, and took it. Out of 35,000 combatants, scarcely 6,000 were saved. Eighty standards, and 200 chariots filled with booty were the trophies and the ornaments of the triumph. Amilcar, a Carthaginian general, who had joined the barbarians, fell in this engagement, together with three of the most distinguished Gaulish leaders.

SECOND SIEGE, B.C. 69.—Vespasian was just raised to the empire, but he still had to tear the diadem from the brow of the barbarous Vitellius, and maintain the choice of the legions with the sword. The new emperor

sent Primus, one of his lieutenants, and a very skillful general, against the tyrant of Rome. After several advantages, Primus attacked two legions posted before Cremona. The Roman legions fought against each other like the most determined enemies. Primus was near losing the battle; but his courage rallied his troops when on the point of giving way, and he brought them back to the charge, and gained a complete victory. His army was eager to enter Cremona, but was prevented by the arrival of six legions of the opposite party. A fresh nocturnal combat instantly ensued between the victorious soldiers and their newly arrived enemies. Success was doubtful; in the obscurity of night, address and courage were equally useless; they slaughtered each other indiscriminately —their blows fell as frequently upon their friends as upon their foes. At length, however, the moon shed her beams over the bloody scene, and gave a more certain direction to the fury of the combatants; the troops of Primus had this friendly light at their backs. In this situation, the legions opposed to them, deceived by the shade, aimed their arrows badly, and shot them short of the mark. Primus profiting by this advantage, encouraged his soldiers, redoubled his exertions, and added the prudence of a consummate captain to the bravery of an enterprising soldier. Nothing could resist him; his enemies fled before him; and Primus was victor a second time.

This carnage was signalized by one of those tragical events which are only met with in civil wars; a son killed his own father without knowing him; he recognized him as he was expiring, and, transported with grief, he gave himself up to despair, cursing the war which had made him an involuntary parricide. The victorious troops were indefatigable; believing that nothing was done till all was done, they attacked and carried the camp which surrounded Cremona. This place must have fallen into their hands, and the inhabitants surrendered, in the hopes of meriting some clemency by a prompt and voluntary submission; but they were deceived; the greedy legions would not be disappointed of their booty. Cremona was pillaged, its walls were razed, its citizens were slaughtered, its edifices were burned, and the city was almost entirely destroyed by troops which ought to have respected the ancient allies of the Roman people, and the citizens of the same empire.

Third Siege, A.D. 1702.—Cremona was besieged in 1702 by Prince Eugene. Marshal de Villeroi was at the time within the walls. It was in the depth of winter, and the marshal was one day comfortably asleep, when he was awakened by a discharge of musketry; he arose in all haste, and was quickly on horseback. The first thing he met was a squadron of the enemy, by whom he was in an instant brought to the ground. A German officer, judging by his uniform that he was a general, made him his prisoner. As soon as he was on his feet, he whispered to the officer, "I am the Marshal de Villeroi; I will give you ten thousand pistoles, and the command of a regiment, if you will conduct me to the citadel." "I have for a long time," replied the officer, "served the emperor, my master, and I will not begin betraying him to-day." He led him to the most remote *corps-de-garde*. The Marquis de Crenan, a lieutenant-general, was mortally wounded close to the marshal. Villeroi, a prisoner, showed great regret at not being free, and declared that he envied him his fate. He was immediately taken out of the city, without knowing what was going on there.

Prince Eugene was already in Cremona. A priest named Cassoli, the prevôt of Sainte-Marie-la-Neuve, had introduced the Germans by a sewer. Four hundred soldiers, by means of this sewer, had gained the house of the priest, and had immediately killed the guards of two of the gates. Prince Eugene then entered with 4,000 men. And all this had been done without the Spanish governor having the least suspicion, and before Marshal de Villeroi was awake. The Spanish governor showed himself in the streets at the head of a few soldiers, but was speedily killed by a musket-shot. All the general officers were either killed or taken, with the exception of the Count de Revel and the Marquis de Praslin. And yet the prudence of Prince Eugene was confounded. The Chevalier d'Entragues was that day to review, in the city, the royal regiment of the marine, of which he was colonel. These soldiers were already assembled at one extremity of the city, precisely at the moment Prince Eugene entered by the other. D'Entragues began by hastily scouring through the streets with his soldiers, and resisting all the Germans he met with, which gave time for the rest of the garrison to come up. Officers and soldiers, pell-mell, some badly armed, and some half-naked, without commanders, without order, filled the streets and public places, fought in confusion, or intrenched themselves from street to street, or from place to place. Two Irish regiments, which formed part of the garrison, stopped the efforts of the imperialists. Never was city surprised with more art and prudence, and never was one better defended by courage and promptness. The garrison consisted of 5,000 men; Prince Eugene had not introduced more than 4,000. A large detachment of his army was expected to arrive by

RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND GREEKS.

(*See Battle of Cunaxa.*)

the bridge over the Po; his measures were well taken, but another event deranged them all. The bridge over the Po, badly guarded by a hundred French soldiers, was to be seized by the German cuirassiers. At the instant Prince Eugene entered the city, it became necessary that as the cuirassiers had entered by the southern gate, near to the sewer, they should go out of Cremona immediately at the north, by the gate of the Po, and should hasten to the bridge. They went thither, but the guide who conducted them was killed by a musket-shot from a window, and the cuirassiers mistook one street for another, which made their passage much longer. In this short interval, the Irish threw themselves into the gate of the Po, and fought and repulsed the cuirassiers. This resistance at first perplexed Prince Eugene. He sent Macdonald, one of their compatriots, to them, who had been the first man that entered the city. "Sir," said he, addressing the commanding officer, "Prince Eugene has sent me here to say, that if you are willing to change your party, and come over to that of the Imperialists, he will promise you better pay, and more considerable pensions than you have in the French service. The affection I bear for all persons of my nation, and for you, sir, in particular, obliges me to extort you to accept the offers I make you from this general; if you refuse, I do not see how you are to escape certain destruction. With the exception of your solitary post, we are masters of the whole city; and this is why his highness only waits for my return to attack you with the greatest part of his forces, and cut you to pieces." "Sir," replied the commander, "if his highness waits your return to attack us and cut us to pieces, he is not likely to do so very quickly; for I arrest you as a prisoner, not considering you the envoy of a great general, but as a suborner. It is by such conduct we would merit the esteem of the prince who sent you, and not by a treachery unworthy of a man of honor." At these words, the combat was renewed with fresh fury. Eugene, finding Macdonald did not return, at once comprehended that he was arrested; and being unwilling to resort to force, he conceived another stratagem to make them lay down their arms. He went to Marshal Villeroi: "You have passed through the city, monsieur," said he, "and you must have remarked that we are masters of it. There are still some of your trailleurs firing from the ramparts; if that continues, they will oblige me to put them all to the sword; order them to surrender." The marshal easily perceived that the prince's affairs were not going on so well as he could wish, and only coolly replied—"I have the misfortune not to be at liberty, and therefore can order nothing." Eugene made a fresh attempt upon the Irish, who still opposed a wall of fire and steel to the Germans. The Baron de Freibourg was charged with this attack. Mahoney, commanding a battalion of Dillon, seized the bridle of this officer's horse, exclaiming, "Quarter for M. de Freibourg." But the latter, looking at him with contempt, replied, "This is not a day for clemency; do your duty, and I will do mine." He spoke, and a discharge of musketry stretched him dead on the pavement. The Marqis de Praslin, during this engagement, broke down the bridge over the Po, so that the Germans could not obtain the succors they looked for, and the city was saved. Prince Eugene, after fighting all day, being still master of the gate by which he had entered, at length retired, taking with him Marshal Villeroi and several officers prisoners, but having missed Cremona. His activity and prudence had given him the place, but the valor of the Irish and the French prevented his keeping it.—*Robson.*

Cremona suffered considerable during the French revolutionary wars, but had no siege of sufficient interest to warrant a place in our record.

CRIMESUS, 343 B.C.—The troubles in Syracuse, arising from the death of the tyrant Dionysius, and the expulsion and restoration of Dionysius the younger, caused the Carthaginians to deem it a favorable time to seize upon all Sicily. Accordingly, they fitted out a mighty fleet, which, in the year 343 B.C., set sail for that island, the most beautiful and fertile of the Mediterranean. The Syracusans saw with dismay the approach of the Carthaginian fleet, and, feeling themselves incapable of defending their city against such a force, they intreated aid of the Corinthians, who had often assisted them, and who were, of all the nations of Greece, most renowned for their hatred of tyranny and their love of liberty. The Corinthians immediatly sent over Timoleon, a man of great merit, who had freed his country from tyranny at the expense of his own family. He had scarcely a thousand soldiers, but with this small body of men he advanced boldly to the relief of Syracuse. His small army increased perpetually as he marched. The Carthaginians, in the mean time, had made themselves masters of the harbor; but the foreign soldiers among them began to manifest some discontent, and Mago, their commander, glad to have a pretense to retire, sailed from the harbor and steered for Carthage. Great indignation was excited by his return, and the Carthaginians at once levied new forces, and sent a greater and more powerful fleet than the former to Sicily. It consisted of 200 ships of war, and

upward of 1,000 transports. The army numbered 70,000 men. Immediately after the departure of Mago the Corinthians gained the entire possession of the city of Syracuse. The Carthaginian army landed at Lilybæum, under the command of Amilcar and Hannibal, who resolved to make an attack upon the Corinthians first. Timoleon immediately marched out to meet them. The inhabitants of Syracuse were struck with such terror that scarce 3,000, out of ten times that number, ventured to follow him. Of 4,000 mercenaries which were in his army, 1,000 gave way to their fears when he was upon the march. They turned back, crying, "Timoleon must indeed be mad, or in his dotage, to go against an army of 70,000 men, with only 5,000 foot and 1,000 horse." But the brave Corinthian was not discouraged, he rejoiced, rather, that the cowards had discovered themselves before the battle. Timoleon's army hastily marched toward the enemy, who were drawn together on the banks of the river Crimesus. A thick mist was rising from the river, and spreading throughout the air, completely concealed the enemy's camp. But the inarticulate and confused noises which issued from beneath the dark vail which covered the Carthaginian camp, convinced the Corinthians that they were in the vicinity of a great army. At length the Corinthians halted and laid down their shields to rest awhile. Now, like a huge curtain, the fog uprose, and a magnificent spectacle was discovered to the gaze of the Corinthians. Below them rolled the river Crimesus, which the Carthaginians were crossing. Their first line consisted of chariots, each drawn by four horses, and armed with formidable scythes. The chariots were followed by 10,000 men with white bucklers. These troops were native Carthaginians and marched with deliberation and in good order, but behind them came the troops of other nations, who advanced in a confused and tumultuous manner. Timoleon, observing that he had the power of engaging with what number of the enemy he pleased—for the main body of the Carthaginian army was divided by the river, a portion having crossed, and a portion preparing to cross—ordered his cavalry to attack the enemy before they had time to range themselves in order of battle. But the Corinthian cavalry could not come to close quarters with the enemy, by reason of the armed chariots that ran to and fro in front of their army. Now Timoleon called for his buckler, and with a shout which was heard by his whole army, he called upon his infantry to follow him. His soldiers, believing him to be inspired from heaven, obeyed him with enthusiastic cries. The trumpet sounded, and the Corinthians, following their brave leader, rushed down upon the enemy. The Carthaginians sustained the first shock with great spirit; they were strongly protected with breast-plates of iron and helmets of brass, and covering themselves with their large shields, they could easily repel the thrusts of spears and javelins. The Greeks determined to decide the battle with the sword, a weapon which requires art as well as strength; they pressed, therefore, upon the enemy with such vigor, that the latter were compelled to defend themselves with the sword alone. At this moment, a severe storm of rain and wind arose. The tempest drove directly into the faces of the Carthaginians, who, blinded by the rain, and incumbered by their heavy armor, fought at a great disadvantage. The Greeks cut to pieces 400 men who composed the front ranks of the enemy, and then their whole body was put to flight. The Greeks pursued, overtaking many of the fugitives and putting them to the sword. A great number of them attempted to cross the river, but the stream, swollen by the rain, was impassable, and they were drowned. Among 10,000 Carthaginians slain, 3,000, it is said, were natives of Carthage, of the highest rank. So many native Carthaginians never before fell in one battle. 5,000 prisoners and 200 chariots were taken. The Carthaginian camp and baggage fell into the hands of the conquerors. Around Timoleon's camp were gathered immense piles of spoils, among which were 1,000 breast-plates of exquisite workmanship, and 10,000 bucklers. The bodies of the slain were arrayed in such costly armor, that those who stripped the dead rejected every thing save gold and silver. So great was the wealth of the vanquished army, that three days elapsed before the victors could gather the spoils. Then the Corinthians erected a trophy of victory on the field of battle, and Timoleon, after directing his mercenary troops to lay waste the Carthaginian province, returned to Syracuse.

CULLODEN, A.D. 1746.—The moor or plains of Culloden are situated about three miles from the city of Inverness, in the highlands of Scotland. They are surrounded by hills, except on the side next the sea.

It was here that Prince Charles, the Pretender to the crown of Scotland, with the rebel army, determined to await the royal army, under the Duke of Cumberland, and decide the fate of Scotland by a single blow.

The forces of the rebels, which consisted of 8,000 men, were drawn up in three divisions, with a few pieces of badly-manned, ill-served cannon in the front of their lines.

The battle commenced at one o'clock in the afternoon, on the 16th of April, 1746, when the cannon in the king's army committed frightful devastation in the ranks of the en-

emy, while at the same time theirs could made no adequate reply. The rebels did not feel at all comfortable under this heavy fire. They became impatient, and a body of 500 men made a furious irruption on the English left wing. The first line was broken and thrown into disorder by this onset, but two battalions coming up to their support, they opened a close and murderous fire upon the rebels, while, at the same time, Hawley's dragoons and the Argyleshire militia destroyed a park wall which had covered their flank, and fell upon them, sword in hand, with great slaughter.

Scarcely had thirty minutes elapsed, ere they were all routed, and the field covered with the bodies of the slain, to the number of 3,000. Some French troops, who had been in the field as allies of the rebels, were not engaged during the whole contest, but stood merely as spectators, delivered themselves up as prisoners of war. Besides much unnecessary cruelty was shown by the Duke of Cumberland, after the victory was secure. No quarter was given, and numbers were sabered who had not been in the rebel army, but had been attracted thither by curiosity.

This battle was the last fought by the Pretender. His forces were utterly routed, and his cause beginning to appear desperate; so with a few of his adherents, he set sail for France, where he arrived in a few days; he continued to reside some time at Morlaix, and died at Rome, in 1788.

CUNAXA, Battle of, and Retreat of the 10,000 Greeks, B.C. 400.—Cyrus was the youngest son of Darius, King of Persia, and brother of Artaxerxes. Darius, being at the point of death, desired both his sons to attend him. Artaxerxes, the eldest, being then present, he sent for Cyrus, whom he had appointed general of all the people who assemble in the plain of Castolus, in Asia. Cyrus immediately complied with his father's request, and came to court, accompanied by Tissaphernes, whom he then considered his friend, and attended by 300 heavy-armed Greeks, under the command of Xenias, a Parrhasian. After the death of Darius, Artaxerxes ascended the Persian throne. Cyrus saw the elevation of his brother with pain, and at the very time that Artaxerxes was taking possession of his throne, he attempted to deprive him of his crown and life together. Artaxerxes was not insensible of what he had to fear from his brother, and upon Cyrus being accused of treason by Tissaphernes, he caused him to be arrested, with the design of putting him to death; but the tears and prayers of his mother prevailed, and by his orders Cyrus was sent back to his government in Asia. Cyrus enraged at this fancied insult, thought of nothing but how to devise means whereby he might destroy his brother and mount the Persian throne himself. He received all who came to his court with the greatest affability, and sent them back more disposed to favor him than the king. His mother, who had a greater love for Cyrus than the King Artaxerxes, warmly seconded him, and he rapidly gained friends throughout the whole empire. His care and kindness attracted the affections of the barbarians over whom he ruled, and he soon trained them to be good soldiers and true to his cause. He also levied an army of Greeks, with all possible secrecy, that the king might not be aware of his measures, and make preparations to meet them. At length, by intrigue, and the efficient aid of his many friends, he collected an army of 13,000 Greeks; 100,000 barbarians, and 20 chariots armed with scythes. Clearchus, the Lacedæmonian, commanded all the Peloponnesian troops, except the Achæans, of whom Socrates of Achæa, was leader. The Bœotians were under Proxenus, the Theban, and the Thessalians under Menon. The barbarians were commanded by Persian generals, of whom the chief was Arieus. Cyrus carefully concealed from the Greeks the true object of his expedition. Having determined to march from Sardis, where he had collected his troops, to the upper provinces of Asia, he pretended that his design was to drive the Pisidians, who had infested his provinces by their incursions, entirely out of the country. Clearchus alone was acquainted with his real intentions. Tissaphernes, who was posted at Miletus, observing all these preparations, considered them greater than were necessary to be used against the Pisidians. He, therefore, hastened to the king, and informed him of the intended expedition of Cyrus. Artaxerxes immediately prepared himself to oppose him. Cyrus now set his army in motion, and advanced continually by long marches, until they arrived at Tarsus, a large and rich city of Cilicia. Here the Greeks refused to proceed any further. They rightly suspected that they were marching against the king. Clearchus endeavored to force his men to go on; but as soon as he began to march, they threw stones at him and his sumpter horses, so that he narrowly escaped being stoned to death. He turned toward his troops and addressed them. With tears in his eyes, he entreated them not to desert the cause of Cyrus. "But," said he, to his soldiers, in conclusion, "I have determined, at all events, to give you the preference, and with you to suffer any thing that may happen. Neither shall any one say, that, having led the Greeks among barbarians, I betrayed the Greeks and preferred the friendship of the barbarians. Since you re-

fuse to obey me and to follow me, I will follow you, and share in all your sufferings; for I look on you as my country, my friends and fellow-soldiers, and that with you I shall live in honor wherever I am; but without you, that I shall neither be useful to my friends nor formidable to my enemies. Be assured, therefore, that whithersoever you go, I am resolved to go with you."

The soldiers, hearing this, commended him for declaring that he would not march against the king. Cyrus was much perplexed at this state of affairs; but Clearchus privately dispatched a messenger to him with encouragement that it would soon take a favorable turn; and that it would tend only to strengthen his cause in the eyes of the soldiers. He advised Cyrus to send for him publicly, at the same time informing him that he did not design to go to him. Cyrus did as he was advised, and then Clearchus assembling his soldiers again addressed them: "I know," said he, "that Cyrus thinks himself unjustly treated by us, and therefore shame prevented me from going to him when he sent for me. I am conscious myself of having deceived him, and I must confess that I was also afraid to go to him, lest he should cause me to be apprehended and punished for the wrongs he thinks I have done him. I am, therefore, of opinion that this is no time for us to sleep or to neglect the care of ourselves, but to consult what is to be done. If we stay, we are to consider by what means we may stay with the greatest security; and if we resolve to go away, how we may go with the greatest safety, and supply ourselves with provisions, for without these, neither a commander, nor a private man can be of any use. Cyrus is a very valuable friend, when he is a friend; but he is also an enemy to be dreaded when he is an enemy. He is also master of that strength in foot, horse, and at sea, which we all both see and are acquainted with, for truly we do not seem to be encamped at a great distance from him; so that this is the time for every one to advise what he judges best." Here he stopped. Here many arose of their own accord and gave various opinions. One said it would be impossible to return to Greece without the consent of Cyrus, and another insisted that without his consent they could not remain where they were. At length it was decided to send deputies to Cyrus, to ask him in what service he intended to employ them. Clearchus was appointed one of the deputies. The deputation now waited on Cyrus, who had been secretly apprised by Clearchus, of every thing that had transpired, and asked him the question appointed by the army. Cyrus replied: "I am informed that Abrocomas, my enemy, lies near the Euphrates, at the distance of twelve days' march. My intention, therefore is, if I find him to punish him by leading my army against him; but if he flies from the place, I will there consider what we are to do." When this answer was repeated to the Greeks, although they suspected that they were in reality to be led against the king, they resolved to proceed, and only demanded an augmentation of their pay. Cyrus, instead of one daric a month to each soldier, promised them one and a half. As Cyrus advanced through the country by long marches, he was informed, from all parts, that the king did not intend to come directly to a battle; but had resolved to wait in the heart of Persia until all his forces were assembled; and that, to stop his enemies, he had ordered to be dug in the plains of Babylon a ditch five fathoms broad, and three deep, extending the space of twelve leagues from the Euphrates to the wall of Media. Cyrus, having advanced into the country of Babylon, reviewed his forces, both Greeks and barbarians, in a plain, about midnight. He gave the command of the right wing to Clearchus, and that of the left to Menon, the Thessalonian, while he himself drew up his own men. After the review he marched onward in battle array, and passed the ditch dug by the king, without molestation. He now thought that his brother had abandoned all intention of fighting, and therefore, he proceeded with more negligence. At length, unexpectedly, Artaxerxes approached with his army in excellent order. The place where the battle was fought, was called Cunaxa, about 25 leagues from Babylon. The army of Cyrus consisted of 13,000 Greeks, 10,000 barbarians, and 20 chariots, whose wheels were armed with scythes. Artaxerxes's army amounted in all to about 1,200,000 men, under the four generals, Tissaphernes, Gobryas, Arbaces, and Abrocomas, who had each the command of 300,000 men; but of this number 900,000 only were present at the battle, together with 150 chariots armed with scythes. Abrocomas, with 300,000 men, was on his way from Phœnicia, and did not arrive until five days after the action. The sudden arrival of the king's army occasioned a general confusion among the Greeks, all expecting that he would charge them before they could put themselves in order. Cyrus immediataly leaped from his car, and putting on his corslet, and taking his javelin, mounted his horse. He rode swiftly through his army, commanding every man to take his post. His generals warmly seconded him, and by his directions quickly formed their troops. Clearchus took command of the right wing of the Grecian army. The left was under the control of Menon, while the center was composed of the men under

Proxenus, and the other Grecian generals. One thousand Paphlagonian horse, of the barbarians, were planted with the Greek targeteers, next to Clearchus on the right. The left wing of the entire army consisted of the barbarian forces, and was under the command of Ariæus, Cyrus's lieutenant-general. Cyrus placed himself in the center of the left wing. He was surrounded by 600 horsemen, armed with large corslets and cuirasses. They all wore helmets except Cyrus, who stood ready for the charge with his head uncovered. The horses were armed with both frontlets and breastplates, and the horsemen with Greek swords. About three o'clock in the afternoon a great cloud of white dust arose, and announced that the army of the great king was upon them. Soon a black line stretched itself across the entire plain, and the glittering of armor, and lances, flashed along the line, like vivid lightning through a dark cloud. Now the heavy tramp of armed men shook the ground, and like distant thunder fell upon the ears of Cyrus and his army. The left wing of Artaxerxes's army was under the command of Tissaphernes, and consisted of cavalry armed with white cuirasses, and of light-armed infantry; the center was composed of the Egyptian heavy armed foot, who carried huge wooden shields, which covered their bodies from head to foot, and the right wing consisted of the rest of the light-armed infantry, and the cavalry. The troops marched according to their respective countries, each nation being drawn up in a solid oblong square. The king had posted himself in the main body of his army. His guard consisted of 6,000 horse, commanded by Artagersis. In the front of the army were disposed, at a considerable distance from one another, 150 chariots, armed with scythes fixed aslant at the axle-tree, or under the body of the chariot, pointing downward, that they might cut asunder every thing they encountered. Cyrus relied most on the valor and experience of the Greeks. Observing that the front of the king's army so much exceeded in extent, that of his own, that Artaxerxes, although in the center, was beyond his left wing, Cyrus commanded Clearchus to bring his men opposite to the center of the enemy, that they might attack the king. But Clearchus, however, fearing that the enemy, so greatly his superior in numbers, might surround him on both sides, would not be prevailed on to withdraw his right from the river; but answered Cyrus he would take care all should go well. The enemy in the mean time advanced slowly and in good order. Cyrus rode to a small distance before his ranks, and surveyed attentively both Artaxerxes's army and his own. While he was thus engaged, Xenophon, an Athenian, spurred directly up to him, and asked whether he had any thing to command. Cyrus ordered him to tell the Greeks that the sacrifices and victims promised success. Cyrus now immediately returned to his post. The two armies were now within a short distance from each other. The Greeks sung their battle hymn, and slowly advanced against the enemy. But in a fluctuation of the line of battle, a few who were left behind hastened forward, and urged on their comrades to a greater speed. Then, with a general shout, they ran with their greatest speed against the enemy, striking their shields with their darts, and prolonging their shouts. Their enemies, frightened at the terrible noise, turned their horses and fled, before a blow was struck. Tissaphernes, with a small body of his troops, alone stood his ground. The Greeks pursued the flying enemy, calling to one another not to run, but to follow in ranks. Many of the chariots of the enemy were driven back into their own ranks, without their charioteers; others were borne through the Greeks, who, seeing them, divided and escaped uninjured. The chariots committed great havoc upon the king's troops; but did not injure one of the Grecians. Cyrus rejoiced when he saw the Greeks victorious, and those about him worshiped him almost as a god, and proclaimed him king at once. But he did not yet consider himself a victor, and therefore did not leave his post to join in the pursuit. Artaxerxes now wheeled his right to attack Cyrus in flank. Upon perceiving this, Cyrus marched directly against him with his 600 horse. With his own hand he killed Artagersis, who commanded the king's guard of 6,000 horse. On the death of their general the guards fled, and Cyrus, perceiving his brother, cried out, his eyes sparkling with rage, "I see the man." Then running furiously at him, he broke through the king's attendants, and striking him on the breast, wounded him through the corslet. At the same time Cyrus received a wound under the eye, from a well-directed javelin cast from the hand of one of the king's attendants. The two brothers now engaged in a furious hand-to-hand combat, while their retainers madly fought with each other in defense of their respective leaders. Imbued with deadly hatred and envy, Cyrus and Artaxerxes furiously struck at each other, each endeavoring to plunge his sword into his opponent's heart, and to assure himself of the throne by the death of his rival. By a well-directed stroke Cyrus killed his antagonist's horse, which fell, bringing his rider to the ground. The king quickly mounted another horse, when Cyrus attacked him again, and wounded him a second time. The king, foaming

with rage, spurred his horse against his enemy, who was on the point of again striking him with his weapon. Cyrus plunged headlong into the midst of a flight of darts, which were discharged at him from all sides. The king, with all his strength, hurled his javelin at his brother, wounding him severely. At the same instant the king's attendants discharged their weapons against the wounded man, and, pierced through and through with a multitude of arrows, Cyrus fell dead to the ground. When Artapolis, the favorite minister of Cyrus, saw him fall, he leaped from his horse, and throwing himself upon the body of his master, embraced it, and while in that position, was killed by order of the king. Ariæus, who ought to have been the foremost of all his adherents, fled with the left wing of the army, as soon as he heard of his death. All of his other friends and favorites died fighting for him. Artaxerxes caused the head and right hand of his brother to be cut off by the eunuch Mesabales, and then pursued the enemy into their camp. Ariæus had not stopped there, but having passed through it, continued his retreat to the place where the army had encamped the day before, which was about four leagues distant. The king with his forces plundered the camp; there he found Cyrus's mistress, Aspasia, a woman of great beauty and wit. He made her his captive, but her companion, a young girl, escaped to the quarter of the Greeks who were left to guard the baggage. Thus warned, they killed many of those who came to plunder their camp, and finally succeeded in driving them from the spot, with but slight loss to themselves. Tissaphernes, after the defeat of the greater part of his left wing by the Greeks, led on the rest against them, and by the side of the river passed through the Grecian light-armed infantry, which opened to give him passage. As he passed through the Greeks they discharged a shower of arrows upon him, which wounded many of his men. Tissaphernes continued his march, without returning to the charge, and went forward to Cyrus's camp, where he joined the forces of the king, who were plundering it. The army of Artaxexes, and the main body of the Greek army, were at a considerable distance from each other; the Greeks pursuing the flying barbarians as if they had won a complete victory, while Artaxerxes was plundering Cyrus's camp and preparing to seize on the baggage of the Greeks, as if he also had been everywhere victorious. But when the Greeks were informed that the troops of the king were plundering their camp, and Artaxerxes, on his side, learned from Tissaphernes that the Greeks had put those before them to flight, the former halted and held a council, while the latter marched his army toward them. The two armies were soon very near each other, and the Greeks, seeing that the enemy drew near in order of battle, chanted their hymn of battle, and hastily advanced to engage them. But the barbarians did not wait to receive them. They again took to their heels, and ran further than before, and were pursued to a village at the foot of a hill, upon which their cavalry halted. The king's standard, which was a golden eagle with extended wings, upon a pike, was observed to be there. The Greeks instantly prepared to pursue them; but they also abandoned the hill, and fled precipitately in the utmost disorder and confusion. Clearchus drew up his troops at the foot of the hill, and ordered Lycias, the Syracusan, and another, to ascend it, and observe what passed in the plain. They returned with an account that the enemy were flying on all sides, and that their army was entirely routed. As it was almost night, the Greeks laid down their arms to rest themselves, much surprised that neither Cyrus, nor any from him, appeared. They imagined that he was either engaged in the pursuit of the enemy, or was making haste to possess himself of some important place, for they were still ignorant of his death, and the defeat of the rest of his army. Thereupon they determined to return to their camp, where they passed the night, concluding that Cyrus was alive and victorious. The next day they learned that Cyrus was dead, and that Ariæus had retired to their former camp. They therefore sent deputies to Ariæus to offer him, as victor, the crown of Persia, in the room of Cyrus. At the same time arrived Persian heralds at arms from the king to summon them to deliver up their arms. They answered, with a haughty air, that such messages were not to be sent to conquerors; that if the king wanted their arms he might come and take them, but that they would defend them with their lives. They said, furthermore, that if the king would receive them as his allies, they would serve him with valor and fidelity, but if he imagined to reduce them to slavery, as conquered, he might know that they were prepared to defend themselves to the last, that they would lose their lives and liberty together. The heralds added, that they had orders to tell them that if they continued in the place where they were, they would be allowed a suspension of arms; but if they advanced or retired, that they would be treated as enemies. "Let your king know," replied Clearchus, "that we are of the same opinion with him." "What is that?" inquired the heralds. "If we stay," continued Clearchus, "there may be peace, but if we march or retire, war." Again the heralds asked, "Shall

we report peace or war?" Clearchus replied, "Peace, if we stay; war, if we retire or advance." But he did not decide what he proposed to do, in order to keep the king in a state of constant suspense and uncertainty; and with this answer, the heralds were obliged to return. Ariæus, having refused the offer of the Persian crown, sent for the Greeks to join him without delay. Clearchus, with the advice of the officers, prepared to depart. When the night came, Miltocythes, the Thracian, who commanded forty horse and about 300 foot, of his own country, went and surrendered himself to the king; and the rest of the Greeks began their march, and at about midnight arrived at the camp of Ariæus. After they had drawn up in order of battle, the principal officers waited on him in his tent, where they swore alliance with him, and the barbarian engaged to conduct them out of the country without fraud. A plan for the retreat of the army was now agreed upon, and early in the morning of the following day they commenced their march northward. Toward evening, the scouts who had been sent out in advance returned, with the news that the enemy of the Persian king was near at hand. Clearchus immediately directed the army to encamp for the night. The next morning, at sunrise, the Greeks were drawn up in battle array and presented so bold an appearance that the king was terrified, and sent heralds, not as before to demand their arms, but to propose a treaty of peace. The Greeks boldly and ingeniously replied that they preferred war, unless they were supplied with food. The king complied with their demands, and in the interim of negotiations led them to villages abounding in provisions.

Three days afterward Tissaphernes was sent by the king to ask them why they had borne arms against him. "We call the gods to witness," replied Clearchus, "that we did not enlist ourselves to make war with the king, or to march against him. Cyrus, concealing his true motives under different pretexts, brought us almost hither, without explaining himself, the better to surprise you. When we saw him surrounded by dangers, we considered it infamous to abandon him after all the favors we had received from him. But now that Cyrus is dead, we neither intend to contend with the king for his kingdom, nor to ravage his country, nor to molest him, providing he does not oppose our return. However, if any man offers an injury to us, we shall, with the assistance of the gods, endeavor to revenge it. And we shall not be ungrateful toward those who render us any assistance." Tissaphernes conveyed this answer to the king, and in three days returned, and made a treaty with the Greeks, on these conditions: that the Persians should faithfully lead back the Greeks to their own country, and supply them with provisions; and that the Greeks should either purchase their provisions, or procure them unpurchased without detriment to the territory. In the mean time, the Greeks began to form suspicions of the sincerity of Ariæus, whose friendship for them appeared to cool every day more and more. On the arrival, therefore, of Tissaphernes, to conduct them on their march, they encamped apart by themselves; while Ariæus with his troops encamped with the barbarians under Tissaphernes. The aversion of the Greeks to the barbarians was, moreover, constantly augmented by their daily quarrels for wood and forage. At length the whole army commenced its march, and in three days arrived at the wall of Media, near Babylon. The cowardice and pretended snares of the Persians continually increased the distrust of the Greeks. Having halted three days at the river Zabalus, the Greeks were confirmed in their suspicions against the good faith of the Persians; and Clearchus, in a conference with Tissaphernes, used his utmost effort to bring matters to a more amicable footing. Tissaphernes replied with such civility, that the next day, Clearchus proposed in the assembly to go to Tissaphernes, with the several commanders of his troops, in order to be apprised of the persons who by calumnies had endeavored to excite animosity between the two nations. Many of the assembly objected; but Clearchus continued to insist upon his proposal, till it was agreed that the four other commanders, with 20 captains, and about 200 soldiers, should accompany him to the Persian camp. When they came to the tent of Tissaphernes, the generals, Clearchus, a Lacedæmonian, Proxenus, a Bœotian, Menon, a Thessalian, Agias, an Arcadian, and Socrates, an Achæan, were admitted; while the captains were ordered to remain without. No sooner had they entered, than on a concerted signal, the five generals were seized, and the captains were put to the sword. Immediately afterward a troop of Persian horse scoured the plain, and killed all the Greeks they encountered, both freemen and slaves. The Greeks, with surprise, beheld these excursions from the barbarians' camp, and were in doubt of what they were doing, till Nicurches, an Arcadian, came flying into the camp, so severely wounded that he bore his bowels in his hands. On this the Greeks in amazement and terror ran to their arms, expecting an immediate attack. But they were not molested. Ariæus, however, came with his attendants to the Grecian camp, and in the name of the King of Persia, demanded the immediate surrender of their arms. The

Greeks, through Cleanor, the Orchomenian, returned a contumelious answer, and the barbarians, after conferring together for a considerable time, departed. The five Grecian commanders, after having been seized by Tissaphernes, were sent to the king, who ordered their heads to be struck off. And now the 10,000 Greeks, who had followed the standard of the ambitious Cyrus, were more than 600 leagues from home, in a country surrounded on every side by a victorious enemy, without money, or provisions, or a leader. All gave themselves up to despair. They felt, that they were still 2,000 miles from the nearest part of Greece, close to the vast armies of a king who was determined that they should not convey the news of their glorious victory, or the dastardly conduct of his army out of the country. They were surrounded on all sides by tribes of barbarians, who would supply them with nothing but at the expense of blood and blows. They had no guide acquainted with the country, no knowledge of the deep and rapid rivers that intersected it, and no cavalry to explore the road, or to cover their rear on their march. In this strait arose Xenophon, the Athenian, who began to arouse the courage of the colonels who had been under Proxenus. A certain Appolonides made a stupid opposition to the discourse of Xenophon, and was, therefore, deprived of his rank and occupation. The rest of the surviving generals assembled, and were addressed by Xenophon in a vigorous speech. He exhorted them to be of good cheer, and to encourage the minds of their soldiers, so that after the appointment of new commanders nothing might be neglected to repel the attacks of the enemy. Xenophon's recommendation was approved by all, and new commanders were immediately elected. And now the 10,000 Greeks, supported by the ardent desire of preserving their liberty, and of returning to their native land, commenced their march, and made their retreat before a victorious army of 1,000,000 of men, traversing more than two thousand miles, notwithstanding vast rivers and innumerable defiles, and at length arrived in their own country, through a thousand fierce and barbarous nations, victorious over all obstacles in their way.

CUNNERSDORF, A.D. 1759.—On the 12th of August, 1759, the King of Prussia, with 50,000 men, attacked the Russian army of 90,000 men, in their camp near Cunnersdorf, with so much vigor, that the Russians fled precipitately. The Prussians, anxious to make the victory complete, followed the Russians with so much eagerness that their ranks became disordered. The Russians at this moment rallied, and charging back upon their pursuers, overwhelmed them and drove them from the field with a loss of 20,000 men in killed and wounded, and 200 pieces of artillery.

CURNOUL, A.D. 1815. — This place, a strongly fortified town of India, was taken by the British on the 14th of December, 1815.

CUZCO, A.D. 1536.—This city, formerly the capital of the Incas of Peru, stands at the foot of some hills fronting an extensive valley to the south-east; and is 400 miles south-east of Lima. The city at the present time is greatly inferior to what it was in the time of Pizarro. It now contains a population of about 40,000 inhabitants; but then, if we can credit the words of the Spanish writers, it boasted of a population of over 200,000. The buildings were of stone; and the city contained many elegant palaces as each Inca built a residence for himself. The fortress was built of stone, and planted on a solid rock, reared its summit above the surrounding buildings, commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The approaches to the fortress were guarded by three semicircular parapets, composed of huge masses of rock.

No sooner had Atahuallpa, the Peruvian inca, fallen into the hands of Pizarro at Caxamalca, than the conquest of Peru seemed accomplished. From blood-stained Caxamalca, Pizarro, with an army greatly augmented by reinforcements, marched toward Cuzco. His progress was slightly impeded by the Peruvians, who, although awe-stricken by the presumptuous daring of the Spanish general, endeavored to throw every possible obstacle in his path. The Spanish army now consisted of about 450 men, of whom 100 at least were cavalry. Upon their arrival at Cuzco, Pizarro caused the immense treasure which had been gathered to pay the inca's ransom, to be divided between his soldiers. His next care was to elevate a new monarch to the Peruvian throne. For this purpose he selected Manco, a legitimate of the ancient line of Cuzco, who received the empty title of inca; but submitted entirely to the control of the Spaniards. He next organized a municipal government, appointing Spanish *alcaldes* and *regidores*. Having accomplished this, Pizarro, leaving his brother Juan in Cuzco, marched with the greater part of the army toward the sea-coast, to watch the movements of several bands of Spanish adventurers, of whose entrance into the country he had received intelligence. Shortly afterward, Hernando Pizarro returned to Peru from Spain where he had been sent by Pizarro, with that part of the prize set aside for the Spanish monarch, and proceeded to Cuzco. Meanwhile the Spaniards in the city of Cuzco indulged in every excess; they rifled the private houses of the citizens for

gold, and even violated the graves of the dead in their eager search. They insulted the Peruvian women before the very eyes of their fathers, brothers, and husbands; and they carried their outrages to such extremities that even the mild Manco was aroused. The Spaniards did not watch him closely, for they considered him their dependent and willing tool. He took advantage of their carelessness to consult with his nobles in the city, and it was decided that the inca should leave the city and present himself among his people and arouse them against the invaders. Manco had no difficulty in escaping from the city; but his movements were watched by an enemy more vigilant than the Spaniards. There was in the capital a tribe of Indians, numbering about 1,000, hostile to the Peruvians, and no sooner did they detect the absence of the inca, than they reported it to Juan Pizarro. The Spanish commander immediately marched, at the head of a small body of cavalry, in pursuit of the fugitive monarch. They discovered him in a marsh a short distance from the city, where he had endeavored to conceal himself, and he was brought back and confined in the fortress. The inca, however, contrived to win the confidence of Hernando Pizarro, who displayed a friendly disposition toward him. He first awakened the cupidity of Hernando, by stating his knowledge of a cavern filled with gold; and then by promising to bring the treasure to him, he succeeded in gaining the consent of that officer for his departure. Hernando sent with the inca two soldiers, rather to assist him in bringing home the gold, than as a guard; but seven days elapsed and the inca did not return.

Perceiving his error, Hernando at once took steps to repair it. Juan Pizzaro was sent with a body of sixty cavalry in search of the fugitive. But he traversed the environs of the city without success; not a trace of the inca could he discover. As he approached the mountains that hem in the valley of Yucay, about 18 miles from Cuzco, he met the two soldiers who had been sent out with Manco. From them Juan heard that the inca was at the head of an immense army preparing to march against the city. He had allowed them to return in safety. Juan determined to attack the inca's army without delay. Accordingly, guided by the two soldiers, he marched toward the Peruvian camp. Arriving at the river Yucay, he saw drawn up in battle order, the enemy's army. The Indian force consisted of many thousand warriors; and at their head, surrounded by gayly dressed officers, was the Inca Manco, the former captive of the Spaniards. The Indians, as was their custom, had placed a river between themselves and the enemy. For a moment the Spanish general gazed at the warlike army before him, and he could not but have contrasted in his own mind the inferiority of his own numbers. But he lost no further time in thought. Followed by his little band he spurred his horse into the river, which though deep was not wide, and swam his horse through a hurricane of stones and arrows to the other side. The Spaniards gained the bank, and urged their horses forward against the Peruvian front, which as they approached gradually retired. But before the Spaniards could form for a charge, the Indians returned, and encompassing them with their greatly superior numbers, assailed them with a fury which for a time threw the cavaliers into disorder. But recovering from their confusion they formed in a solid phalanx,—"St. Jago! St. Jago!" they cried, and charged fiercely into the thickest of the enemy. The Peruvians were scattered before the charge like the falling leaves of autumn in a whirlwind; yet soon they collected and retreated in good order, turning at intervals to discharge their deadly missiles at the enemy, or to deal sturdy blows with their war clubs and pole-axes. Juan drove the enemy from the plain to the mountains, where they were secure from further pursuit. With his troops he encamped at the base of the mountain, trusting that the terrible slaughter which he had inflicted on the Peruvians would crush their hopes of a successful resistance. Though conquerors the Spaniards had won a dear victory. Several men and horses had been slain during the conflict, and nearly all were suffering from the effects of severe wounds. The next morning, however, proved that the Peruvians although defeated were not subdued. The mountains were fairly alive with warriors, whom the Spaniards strove vainly to dislodge from their advantageous position. During the entire day Juan repeatedly charged the enemy; but at each attempt he was met by such a terrific tempest of stones, arrows, and darts, that he was obliged to retire. At dusk he encamped on the plain near the mountain; and on the succeeding day renewed hostilities with no better effect. The Indians still maintained their position on the mountains. Juan was making preparations for another assault when a message arrived from Cuzco, stating that the city was besieged by the enemy, and demanding him to return to the city with all speed. Juan immediately began his retreat, followed by the Peruvians, who celebrated his defeat with triumphant and defiant shouts. As he approached the city a sight met his eye which filled him with astonishment and dismay. The plains around the city were occupied by an immense army, consisting, it is said, of 200,000 men! They were armed with long lances tipped with

copper, and huge battle-axes, of the same metal, and their dense array encompassing the city, stretched back to the very mountains. Clothed in gorgeous raiment, with banners and plumes filling the air, and with their bright weapons glistening in the rays of the sun, the Peruvians, like a large lake lay around the city, as if ready to overrun and sweep it from the plain. The Spaniards halted in dismay; but Juan urged them forward determined to hew a way through the masses of the enemy with the sword. The Indians, however, seemed to shun an encounter; they opened and left a free passage into the city. The besieged greeted this seasonable reinforcement with joy; for even now the whole Spanish force did not exceed 200 horse and foot. Their Indian allies numbered only a thousand, and with this small force they were to oppose an army of tens of thousands.

The siege of Cuzco, commenced early in the month of February, 1536, and is one of the most famous sieges recorded in the history of the western continent. The Peruvians made no hostile movements until the day after the return of Juan and his followers. Night had scarcely relinquished its throne at the approach of day, when the Spanish garrison was aroused by a terrible tumult of sounds. The wild notes of the conch and atabal, mingled with the hoarse yells of the Indians, while the sharp rattle of missiles falling in showers within the city, proved that the siege had commenced in earnest. For a time, the tempest of stones and arrows was incessant; but gradually it lulled, and finally died away, only to be followed by another storm more fearful and effective. Burning arrows and red-hot stones wrapped in cotton, saturated with an inflammable substance, came in clouds from the besiegers' camp, filling the air with fire and smoke, and falling upon the roofs of the buildings, which were soon enveloped in flames. From all quarters the fiery tempest raged; building after building was set on fire, until the whole city seemed an ocean of flame. The Spaniards encamped in the great square of the city were encompassed by the conflagration on all sides, and half-stifled by the smoke, they gazed upon the flames without an effort to suppress them. For nearly a week the fire raged, until more than one half of the city was laid in ruins. But although the Spaniards made no effort to extinguish the flames, they met the repeated assaults of the besiegers with such vigorous sallies, that the Peruvians were invariably compelled to retire with heavy losses. But the streets, filled with fallen timbers, and the rubbish of houses, were inaccessible to the movements of cavalry, and as often as the Spaniards removed the impediments, the Peruvians planted stakes and barricaded the streets. At length, however, by dint of the most arduous exertions, the Spaniards, in the face of incessant volleys of stones and arrows, cleared away the obstacles, and opened a free passage for the horse. With the fury of a long pent-up tempest, the Spanish cavalry rushed on the besiegers, cutting them down by hundreds, and forcing them back to their lines. But the Indians, returning with fresh numbers to the assault, fought with a fury that compelled the Spaniards to retire. The bow, the sling, and the lasso were their favorite weapons, and they used them with a skill that cost many a Spaniard his life. The fortress of the city, which had been abandoned by the garrison on the approach of the enemy, was in the possession of the Peruvians. This building commanded the great square, and from this elevated position the besiegers hurled clouds of deadly missiles into the Spanish camp. Hernando Pizarro saw the necessity of dislodging the enemy from this important position at once. But before making this desperate attempt, he resolved on a general sortie, in order to intimidate the besiegers, and to divert their attention from the fortress. Accordingly, he divided his little army into three bodies, and placed them under the command of Gonzalo Pizarro, Gabriel de Rojas, and Hernon Ponce de Leon, who were directed to move simultaneously along the main avenues of the city, toward the besiegers' incampment. The Indian allies were sent forward to clear away the rubbish which obstructed the streets, and close in their rear followed the Spanish foot and horse. As they advanced, they encountered numerous bodies of stragglers, who were soon cut to pieces, and the three divisions of the Spanish army issuing from the city at the same time, rushed into the Peruvian lines with the utmost impetuosity. The Peruvians, taken by surprise, were unprepared to make a resistance, and were slaughtered by hundreds. At length, however, the Indians recovered from their confusion, and coming into order, received the assaults of the Spaniards with the coolness of brave men. The sword and lance of the Spaniards were crossed with the pole-axe, and spiked copper-headed club of the Peruvian, and the rattle of musketry on the one side, and the whizzing of stones and arrows on the other, proved that European science and American barbarism were striving for the mastery. The Indians fought with a courage and with a discipline which astonished the Spaniards.

Many of the Peruvians were armed with weapons, and in several instances were mounted on horses, which they had taken

from the Spaniards. Manco, himself, clothed in European costume, rode a war-horse, and with a long lance in his hand, cheered on his followers, by word and action. Yet the Spaniards advanced steadily into the very midst of the enemy, cutting them down with their swords, trampling them under the feet of the horses, or sweeping them off by scores with an incessant discharge of musketry, which inflicted a terrible loss on the Indians, now slowly retreating. At length, weary of slaughter, Hernando ordered his soldiers to retire to their camp in the city. He next turned his attention to the fortress. It stood on a high rocky eminence, which overhung the northern part of the city. The hill rising in an abrupt acclivity from the city, was defended at its base by a single wall; but it presented in its steepness an obstacle which effectually prevented an assault on the fortress from that quarter. On the opposite side, however, it was more accessible. There it was defended by two semicircular stone walls each about 1,200 feet in length, and of great strength and thickness. The interval of ground between the walls was raised to a sufficient height to allow the garrison to discharge its artillery on the assailants, while they themselves were secure from danger behind the rampart. The fortress, consisting of three strong towers, stood within the interior wall. One of the towers was of great height, and with a smaller one was now occupied by the Peruvians, under the command of a warrior of great experience and valor. To Juan Pizarro the duty of reducing this stronghold of the enemy was intrusted. In order to gain the mountain passes behind the fortress, Juan, without attracting the attention of the enemy, left the city in the evening, with a chosen body of horse, and marched in an opposite direction to that which he intended to pursue. But, covered by the darkness of night, he changed his course and marched directly for the mountains which faced the fortress. He found the passes unguarded, and, without alarming the garrison, reached the outer wall of the citadel. The only entrance, which was a narrow opening in the wall, was now filled with stone, so that it resembled the rampart itself. With cautious hands the Spaniards cleared the opening, without disturbing the Peruvians. Having accomplished this arduous task, the cavaliers passed through the entrance, and advanced to the second rampart. Thus far they had moved with such silence that the garrison was unalarmed. The Peruvians, not anticipating a night attack, had not even posted a sentinel; but when the Spaniards had arrived at the second parapet, they found the interior court filled with warriors. As the assailants advanced they were saluted by shower after shower of missiles, which falling thick and fast in their midst, compelled them to halt. Juan now ordered one half of his troops to dismount, and prepared to remove the stones with which the entrance, as before, was closed. Some days previous, he had received a severe wound in his cheek, and as his helmet irritated the sore, he removed it, trusting to his buckler for defense. The Spaniards, led by their gallant commander, boldly commenced to demolish the wall, in the face of a tempest of deadly missles, which swept through them with the fury of a hurricane. But as soon as one fell, another took his place, and the work was continued until a breach practicable for cavalry was made in the parapet. This accomplished, the Spaniards, remounting their horses, followed their intrepid leader through the opening, and dashed furiously into the court, cutting down and overwhelming all who opposed them. The Peruvians, flying before the vigorous assault of the enemy, sought shelter on a platform near the main tower. Here they made a stand, and discharged their artillery in thick clouds, while their companions in the fortress hurled huge stones and heavy pieces of timber down on the heads of the assailants. Juan, shouting his battle-cry, mounted the platform, and, followed by his soldiers, fell fiercely on its defenders. But, at this moment, a heavy stone, striking on his unprotected head, stretched him on the ground. Yet his voice rang loud above the din, cheering on his men, until the Peruvians on the platform, fighting to the death, were cut to pieces. Juan was then removed to the city below, and the assault, for the moment, was suspended.

But Hernando Pizarro no sooner heard of the misfortune of his brother than he hastened to the hill, and putting himself at the head of the assailants, renewed the siege with greater activity. After an obstinate struggle, one of the towers was carried, but the other, with a formidable garrison, still held out. The Peruvian commander was a man of gigantic proportions, and armed with a Spanish cuirass and buckler, and wielding a heavy spiked war-club, he was seen on the battlements, striding from point to point, and striking down with his formidable weapon all who attempted to force an entrance into the tower. Hernando now determined to scale the walls. Ladders were planted at intervals against the sides of the tower, and the Spaniards eagerly ascended. The Indian commander, running from ladder to ladder, as the assailants reached the summit, with stalwart blows hurled them lifeless to the ground. Hernando could not but admire the bravery of this warrior, and bade his followers to take him alive. The Spaniards, completely surrounding the tower with

ladders, at length gained a footing within its walls, and with cries of triumph rushed on the defenders and soon overpowered them. The commander of the garrison refused to be taken. Avoiding the grasp of his enemies, he ran to the battlements, and casting aside his mace, leaped headlong to the earth. Having stationed a small force in the fortress, the Spanish general returned triumphantly to the city. Weeks passed by, and yet the Peruvians maintained the siege with stern obstinacy. The Spaniards soon began to feel the want of provisions, and hearing nothing from Pizarro, they were filled with the most dismal apprehensions. But that officer, who was stationed at Lima, did not neglect the garrison of Cuzco. He sent four detachments, at different times, to their relief. Each detachment consisted of at least seventy-five foot and twenty-five horse; but none of them reached their place of destination. They advanced into the interior of the country unmolested; but when intangled in the intricate passes of the Andes, they were surrounded by hordes of Indians, who poured showers of missiles on their heads from the rocky cliffs, or loosened huge rocks, which, rushing down the steep declivities, plowed bloody furrows through their ranks. Nearly every detachment was entirely destroyed; a few bruised and bleeding stragglers only found their way back to Lima, to tell the tale of death. The siege had now continued for five months. It was in the month of August, the planting season, and the necessities of the Peruvians did that which the arms of the Spaniards were unable to accomplish. Manco was well aware that if his people neglected to plant, a famine, more terrible even than the presence of their enemies, would ensue. He therefore disbanded the bulk of his army, reserving a considerable force for his own protection, and directed them to return to their usual employments, and after they had finished their labors at home to return and resume the blockade of the city. Manco, with his remaining force, removed to Zambo, a strongly fortified town in the valley of Yucay. The Spaniards, greatly rejoiced at their unexpected release, sent out foraging parties to scour the country for provisions, and in this manner the garrison was soon placed beyond the reach of want. Hernando, moreover, determined to advance against the inca himself, and by one bold stroke secure his person, and thus put an end to the war. A strong body of Spaniards marched against Zambo, but they met with such a warm reception by the Indians, that they were compelled to retire with considerable loss. The inca never resumed the blockade of Cuzco. He had gained his last victory. The loss experienced by the Spaniards, during this siege, is not stated. Juan Pizarro died from the effects of the wound he received at the storming of the fortress. The losses of the Peruvians must have been enormous, for at each of the numerous sallies of the Spaniards, they were slaughtered in great numbers.—*Prescott's Conquest of Peru.*

CYZICUM, B.C. 408.—Alcibiades, with a fleet of eighty-six ships, arrived, in the year 408 B.C., at Proconnesus, a small island near Cyzicum, and being informed that the Peloponnesian generals, Mindarus and Pharnabazus were together at Cyzicum, he exhorted the Athenians to give them battle. He said it was necessary to fight them both by sea and land, nay, even to contend against stone walls, if it should be required, in order to come at their enemies. They must win a complete victory or they could not expect to secure the treasure and money which were stored in the wealthy city. He had arrived at Proconnesus under the cover of a thick fog, which prevented the enemy from discovering his operations. As soon as the weather cleared up, the Peloponnesian ships were seen riding at anchor in the road of Cyzicum. Fearful that the enemy would be alarmed at the largeness of his fleet, and save themselves by disembarking, he directed many of his officers to slacken sail, and keep out of sight, while he advanced with forty ships only, and challenged the Lacedæmonians to the combat. This stratagem was successful. The Lacedæmonians despising the small number of galleys, which they saw, immediately weighed anchor and set out, and fiercely attacked the enemy. But now the rest of the Athenian fleet advanced, and the Lacedæmonians, struck with terror, fled. Alcibiades pursued them to the shore, landed, and killed a great number of them in the flight. Mindarus and Pharnabazus, who hastened to the assistance of the flying Lacedæmonians, opposed the enemy with great energy and valor. But after incredible exertions their troops were overpowered. Mindarus was slain, and Pharnabazus sought safety in flight. The Athenians remained masters of the field, and of all the spoils. They took all the ships of the enemy, and having possessed themselves of Cyzicum, which was abandoned by Pharnabazus, and deprived of the assistance of the Peloponnesians, who were almost all cut off, they not only secured the Hellespont, but entirely cleared the sea of the Lacedæmonians.

CYNOCEPHALÆ, B.C. 197.—THE MACEDONIAN WAR.—In the year 200 B.C., the Romans declared war against Philip, King of Macedon. They had witnessed the progress of that prince with uneasiness, and, having ended their war with Carthage, they thought it advisable to prevent the en-

terprises of the Macedonian king, who might become formidable, in case they should give him time to increase his strength. Upon their first entrance into Macedon, the various nations of Greece waited the event in order to declare themselves for the victor. A battle was fought near a village called Octolophos, which resulted in the victory of the Romans. The consul, Publius Sulpicius, who commanded the Roman forces in Macedon, was shortly afterward recalled, and Titus Quintius Flamininus was appointed in his place. The Achæans, Ætolians, and Spartans, after a long delay, declared for the Romans.

In the year 197 B.C., after a vain endeavor to conclude a peace, both the Romans and Macedonians made active preparations for a battle which was to decide the war.

Quintius, the Roman commander, learning that Philip had entered Thessaly, followed him; but being unable to discover exactly the place where the Macedonians were encamped, he commanded his soldiers to cut stakes in order to make use of them, should they be required.

Both the Greeks and Romans used stakes with which to fortify their camp. But the Greeks did not adopt the most convenient mode of using them, either with respect to carriage or for the purpose of strengthening their camp. They cut trees, both too large and too full of branches for the soldiers to carry them easily along with their arms, and after they had fenced their camp with a line of these, to demolish them was no difficult matter; for the trunks, appearing to view, with great intervals between them, and the numerous and strong shoots, affording the hand a good hold, two or three young men, uniting their efforts, used to pull out one tree; which, being removed, left a wide breach, and there was nothing at hand with which it could be stopped up. The Romans, however, cut light stakes, mostly of one fork, with three or four branches, so that a soldier, with his arms slung on his back, could carry several of them together. Then, they planted them so closely, and interwove the branches in such a manner, that it could not be seen to what stake any branch belonged. Nor could any man pull up those stakes by thrusting his hand into the branches, as they were so closely intertwined, that no vacant place was left; besides which, all the ends of them were sharp pointed. Nay, even if by accident, a stake should be pulled out, it left but a small opening, which was very easily filled up.

After the Roman general had taken the precaution of providing his soldiers with stakes, he marched out at the head of all his forces, and arrived near Scotussa nearly at the same time with the Macedonian army. During the march, several slight skirmishes had occurred between the two armies, in which the Ætolian cavalry signalized themselves, and were always victorious. The two armies were separated by the hills called Cynocephalæ, and the day after their arrival, Philip detached a body of troops with orders to seize upon the summit of the hills. Quintius also detached ten squadrons of horse, and about 1,000 light-armed troops to reconnoiter the enemy. This detachment met that of the Macedonians which had seized the eminences. Both parties were surprised at the meeting, and a sharp skirmish ensued. The Macedonians fought valiantly, but the Romans receiving reinforcements from Quintius, at length compelled them to fly to the hills, whence they sent to Philip for succor. Philip immediately dispatched three bodies of troops to their aid. When this reinforcement joined them, the courage of the Macedonians revived; they returned to the charge, and drove the Romans from the hills. They even would have gained a complete victory, had it not been for the resistance made by the Ætolian cavalry, who fought with astonishing courage and intrepidity.

This Ætolian cavalry was the best of all the Grecian cavalry, and was particularly famous for skirmishes and single combats. They so well sustained the charge of the Macedonians that had it not been for their bravery, the Romans would have been repulsed into the valley. Couriers came every moment to inform Philip that the Romans were terrified and flying, and that the time had arrived for defeating them entirely. Philip was not pleased either with the place or the weather; but he could not resist the repeated shouts and entreaties of his soldiers, who besought him to lead them on to battle. Accordingly, he led them out of their intrenchments. Quintius, the Roman commander, also left his camp, and drew up his army in order of battle. The two armies were equal in numbers; each consisting of about 25,000 men.

Fired by the speeches and promises of their leaders, the soldiers, who on the one side called themselves victors of the East; and on the other conquerors of the West, prepared for battle. Flamininus, having commanded the right wing not to move from its post, placed his elephants in front of this wing; and marching with a haughty and intrepid air, led on the left wing in person against the enemy. The skirmishers now seeing themselves supported by the legions, returned to the charge and began the attack. Philip, with his light-armed troops, and the right wing of his phalanx, hastened toward the mountains; commanding Nicanor to march the rest of his army immediately after him. When he approached the Roman camp, and found

his soldiers engaged, he was exceedingly pleased at the sight; but presently, observing his men give way, and in exceeding want of support, he was obliged to sustain them and to engage in a general battle, though the greater part of his phalanx was still upon its march toward the hills which he now occupied. In the mean time he received such of his troops as had been repulsed; posted them, both horse and foot, on his right wing, and commanded the light-armed soldiers and the phalanx to double their files, and to close their ranks on the right. As soon as this was done, the Romans being near, he commanded the phalanx to march toward them with their pikes presented, and the light-armed troops to extend beyond them on the left and right. Quintius had also received at the same time, into his intervals, those who had begun the fight, and then charged the Macedonians. The battle was now fairly begun. The soldiers on each side set up the most terrible cries. Philip's right wing had visibly the advantage; for, as he charged with impetuosity from the heights, with his phalanx on the Romans, the latter could not sustain the shock of troops so well closed and covered with their shields, and whose front presented an impenetrable hedge of pikes. The Romans were obliged to give way. But it was different with Philip's left wing which had just arrived. As its ranks were broken and separated by the hillocks and uneven ground, Quintius flew to his right wing, and vigorously charged the left wing of the Macedonians: persuaded could he but break it, and put it in disorder, it would draw after it the other wing, although victorious. The event answered his expectations. As this wing, on account of the unevenness and ruggedness of the ground, could not keep in the form of a phalanx, nor double its ranks to give it depth, in which the whole strength of the body consisted, it was entirely defeated. On this occasion, a tribune, who had not more than twenty companions under him, made a movement which contributed very much to the victory. Observing that Philip, who was at a great distance from the rest of the army, was charging the left wing of the Romans with vigor, he left the right in which he was, and consulting only his own reason, and the present disposition of the armies, marched toward the phalanx of the enemy's right wing, and charged them in the rear with all his troops. The Macedonian soldiers, on account of the prodigious length of their pikes, and the closeness of their ranks, could not face about to the rear, nor fight man to man. The tribune broke the phalanx, killing all before him as he advanced; and the Macedonians, unable to defend themselves, threw down their arms and fled. The Romans who had first given way, now rallied, and attacked the phalanx in front at the same time that it was assailed in the rear. Philip at first thought he had obtained a complete victory; but when he saw his soldiers throw down their arms, and the Romans pouring on them from behind, he drew off with a body of his troops, to a distance from the field of battle, and thence took a survey of the whole engagement. Upon perceiving that the Romans, who pursued the left wing, extended almost to the summit of the mountains, he gathered together all the Macedonians and Thracians he could assemble, and endeavored to save himself by flight. After the battle, in every part of which victory had declared for the Romans, Philip retired to Tempe, where he halted to wait for those who had escaped the defeat. The Romans pursued for some time those who fled. The Ætolians were accused of having occasioned Philip's escape, for they amused themselves in plundering his camp, while the Romans were employed in pursuing the enemy. When the former returned, they found scarcely any thing left in the enemy's camp, and they at first reproached the Ætolians on that account, and afterward quarreled with them outright, each side loading the other with the grossest invectives. The Romans, in this battle, lost about 700 men, and the Macedonians 13,000, of whom 8,000 died on the field, and 5,000 were taken prisoners. Thus ended the battle of Cynocephalæ, which terminated the Macedonian war, and which restored to the Greeks their ancient rights and liberties.

CZENSTOCHOW, A.D. 1665.—In 1665, a bloody battle was fought near Czenstochow, between the army of the King of Poland, and that of Lubomirski.

DAMASCUS, A.D. 642.—This city stands in a plain at the east foot of the Anti-Libanus, in Syria. The Saracens, in the year 642, attacked Damascus, with the hopes of a speedy capture; but the inhabitants made a gallant resistance; the troops within the city were so enraged at the Saracens, that they were with difficulty restrained from rushing out to attack them. At the moment the troops of the Emperor Heraclius came to the succor of the city, two brothers, commanders of Damascus, made a vigorous sortie, pillaged the rearguard of the Saracens, and carried off their women. The most important prisoner was Caulah, sister of Derar, one of the early heroes of Mahometanism, whose fanatical zeal produced such miraculous triumphs.

Dazzled by the charms of his prize, Peter, one of the commanders of Damascus, wished to treat her as a conquered captive; but Caulah repulsed him with contempt. As if by a pre-concerted movement, she and her companions in misfortune seized the tent-poles, and ranging themselves back to back, refused to go to Damascus. Whilst hesitating to fight with women, though thus armed and resolute, Caled, *the sword of God*, came up, charged the Romans, and made a horrible carnage; the army of Heraclius was defeated at Ainadin. Caled re-appeared before Damascus, carried it by assault, and all the inhabitants were given up to indiscriminate slaughter. When Heraclius learned the fall of Damascus, he exclaimed, "Farewell to Syria!"

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1148.—Being compelled by the interest they inspire, to give at considerable length several of the sieges in which the Crusaders were engaged, we can not spare room for more than a notice of that of Damascus, referring our readers for details, which will repay the research, to the pages of Michaud and Gibbon.

Louis VII., King of France, in company with Conrad III., Emperor of Germany, who had led armies from Europe for the recovery of the Holy Land, laid siege to Damascus, one of the most delightfully situated and splendid cities in the world. By its populousness and wealth, Damascus excited the envy of Antioch, Jerusalem, and Tripoli, which were in the hands of the Christians, and probably affected their commerce. But it was neither the religion of the inhabitants nor the beauty of its position that tempted the Crusaders; it was enough for them to know that it was one of the richest cities of the East: nothing so soon induced a knight of the cross to buckle on his spurs and take his lance, as the prospect of the plunder of an oriental city. Damascus was well fortified on the east and on the south; but on the north, a multitude of gardens, inclosed with hedges and canals, formed its principal bulwark. Every hedge was an ambuscade; every tree was filled with archers, and the Crusaders found this quarter of the town more difficult of access than they had imagined. It required five days to carry all the positions in these gardens, which the Saracens defended with the greatest valor; and the Crusaders would have taken the place had it not been for the usual enemy, Discord; they quarreled for the sovereignty of the city before they had taken it. By the perfidious advice of the Syrian barons, they abandoned the attack on the northern side, to make others on the east and the south. The Saracens immediately re-possessed themselves of the gardens, which was the only vulnerable point of the place, and the Crusaders disgracefully raised the siege.—*Robson.*

DANTZIC, A.D. 1807.—Dantzic, in West Prussia, was besieged in 1807 by the French, and surrendered after a defense of four months, on the 5th of May in the same year. Dantzic was besieged by the allies in 1812, and after a gallant resistance, surrendered to them on the 1st of January, 1812.

DARIK, A.D. 1516—On the 17th of August, 1516, a battle was fought at Darik, near Aleppo, in Syria, between the Egyptians and the Turks. The battle was long and obstinately contested on both sides. The Egyptian army was commanded by the Sultan Ghori, whose troops were put to route by the Turks, and himself slain. This battle was followed soon by the fall of Cario.

DEFILE, BATTLE OF THE A.D. 1519.—As Cortez proceeded through the country toward the capital of Mexico, he collected recruits from the various villages through which he passed, so that now his whole army consisted of 3,000 men. As the sun arose on the morning after the last battle, the army was called to arms, and after hearing mass, they commenced their march again. After proceeding a short distance, they were joined by the two Indian envoys whom Cortez had sent to the Tlascla, and who had escaped from their enemies the previous night. From these Cortez learned that the enemy had concentrated in great force, to obstruct the march of the invaders. Soon the Spanish general saw before him a body of Indians about 1,000 strong, who, with screams of defiance, brandished their weapons at the advancing army. As was his custom, Cortez ordered his interpreter to proclaim that he

was their friend, and merely wished a free passage through their country.

The proclamation was answered by a shower of stones, arrows and darts, which fell among the allied army, inflicting many a stinging wound and awkward bruise; but the thickly-quilted cotton armor of the Spaniards protected them, in a great measure, from the weapons of the enemy; their Indian allies, however, were not so fortunate. Many were grievously wounded. Galled to madness by the pain of their wounds, the Spaniards rushed toward their enemies, shouting their battle-cry, and falling upon them with such ferocity that the Tlascalans were obliged to give ground, and at length finally to retreat. But the commander of the Indian army hit upon a scheme which proved nearly fatal to the Spaniards. In the rear of his army was a narrow defile, through which ran a stream of water. He so arranged the retreat of his army that he drew the pursuing Spaniards into this defile, which would not only render their artillery of no service, but forbade the operations of cavalry, then concentrating his forces at the opposite opening of the glen, he awaited the coming of the enemy. The Spanish soldiers, hot in pursuit, pressed forward through the defile. What a spectacle met their eyes, as they reached the gorge! Before them stood an immense body of men armed with uncouth weapons, and clothed in brilliant and fanciful garments. Above the heads of the warriors waved gorgeous banners, and their bright helmets reflected the rays of the sun, as they moved like the troubled surface of an immense lake of polished brass. A low murmur arose from the countless throng, as the Spanish appeared at the gorge, and was protracted into a hideous cry of rage and defiance which caused a thrill of fear to run through the stoutest heart in the Spanish ranks.

With beating drums, and whoops, and shouts, the Indians swept on toward the enemy. The Spaniards received the charge with closed ranks, and with a courage which checked and drove back the Indians. Again and again they renewed the attack, but with like success. At length, however, a body of the enemy fell upon one of the cavalry, at one time, and, before his companions could afford him aid, they tore him from his saddle, killed his horse, and trampled the unfortunate soldier under their feet. The Spaniards hastened to the relief of their comrade, and a furious struggle ensued, over the body of the prostrate man. The Indians strove like demons to drive back the soldiers and bear away their prize, while the Spaniards emulated to the greatest exertions by the danger of their beloved comrade, fought with a fierceness equally terrible. In spite of their armor ten of the Spaniards were severely wounded, before they succeeded in forcing back the enemy. The unfortunate soldier had suffered so severely during the struggle that he died the next day of his wounds, many of which had been inflicted by his countrymen. The Indians bore off the carcass of the horse in triumph. The body was cut to pieces and sent to the various villages of the country. Aided by their Indian allies the Spaniards, with one tremendous effort, forced back their enemies, and passing rapidly through the gorge, cleared a space with their cavalry; planted their artillery and opened a hot fire upon the dense masses of the Indian army. With terrible effect the iron messengers of death plowed their way through the living walls, scattering death on all sides and lading the earth with the mangled and bleeding carcasses of dead and dying men. In vain did the Indians endeavor—as was their custom—to bear their dead and wounded from the field, as soon as they were struck. The cannon-shot of the enemy was aimed with such fatal accuracy that they could not perform the labor with sufficient rapidity. The bearers of the dead were shot down, and fell by the side of the bodies they were endeavoring to remove from the blood-stained field. Horror-struck at the devastation produced upon them by the powerful weapons of the enemy, and dismayed and disheartened at the little effect produced upon the Spaniards by their own arms, the Indians fell back at all points. Eight of their chieftains had been slain, and the carnage in their midst continued with unabated vigor. At length Xicotencall, the Tlascalan general, ordered a retreat. Abandoning their dead and wounded, the Indian army slowly and in good order retired from the field, and once more the path before the Spaniards was free and unmolested. Placing his wounded in litters, Cortez resumed his march. At dark, the army arrived at an eminence, called the hill of Tzompach, where the army encamped. The night was spent in feasting and revelry, in celebration of the well-earned victory.

DENNEWITZ, A.D. 1813.—The battle of Dennewitz, in Prussia, was fought on the 6th of September, 1813, between the forces of Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo (afterward Charles XIV., King of Sweden), and the French, under Marshal Ney. The French were defeated after an obstinate conflict, in which thousands on either side were slain. This battle, with the defeat of Napoleon at Leipsic, on the 18th of October following, closed the series of reverses experienced by his arms in the memorable and disastrous campaign of this year. The French, it is stated, at the battle of Dennewitz, lost

BATTLE OF CYNOCEPHALÆ.

10,000 men. The loss of the allies was 7,000 men killed and wounded.

DETROIT, A.D. 1812.—This beautiful city is situated on the west bank of the Detroit river, seven miles below the outlet of Lake St. Clair, and 18 miles above the western extremity of Lake Erie. The ground occupied by the city is elevated thirty feet above the surface of the river.

On the 15th of August, 1812, Brock, the British general, erected batteries on the bank of the river opposite Detroit which was occupied by the American army, under General Hull, and summoned the American general to surrender; stating that he should otherwise be unable to restrain the Indians from committing their usual atrocities. To this summons General Hull replied in a spirited and decided manner; declaring that the fortress would be defended to the last extremity. The American position was exceedingly advantageous. The fort of Detroit was of great strength, surrounded by a deep, wide ditch, and strongly pallisaded, with an exterior battery of two twenty-four pounders. The American army consisted of 2,500 men, of whom, 1,200 were militia. The fort was occupied by 400 regulars, while 400 more lay behind a high picket fence, which flanked the approach to it. Three hundred more with the militia held the town. The British general's army consisted of 330 regulars, 400 militia, and 600 Indians. Upon receiving Hull's answer to his summons, Brock opened a fire from his newly erected battery, to which the Americans made a spirited reply. The fire on both sides continued with little effect till the next day. General Hull by this time had become so much alarmed as to betray his cowardice to his own officers and men, by his appearance and his hasty and irregular measures. On the morning of the 16th, the British general resumed his fire, and the British troops began to cross the river under cover of two ships of war. They succeeded in effecting a landing on the opposite shore without the loss of a single man. The troops then formed in columns of twelve deep, and marching along the shore, soon emerged in view, about 500 yards from the fort. The columns advanced steadily toward the formidable American array; but not a shot was fired to arrest their progress. The Americans, anticipating an easy victory, anxiously awaited the orders of their general to fire. Two four-pounders loaded with grape were planted on an eminence, ready to sweep the assailing columns. M'Arthur and Cass on their return from their expedition to the river Raisin, were ready to attack the British troops in the rear; and the militia, who had never been under fire were eager for the conflict, so confident were they of victory. But unmolested, the British columns advanced. No sooner had they reached the fort, than General Hull ordered the troops to withdraw to the outer posts, and stack their arms, and a white flag was lifted above the works. A cry of indignation arose from every American soldier. Lieutenant Anderson, in a paroxysm of rage, broke his sword over one of the guns and burst into tears. A British officer rode up to ascertain why the flag was raised. A communication was opened between the commanding generals, which speedily terminated in a capitulation. The fortress of Detroit with its garrison, and munitions of war, were surrendered. Colonels M'Arthur and Cass, and their detachment who had been sent to the river Raisin, together with that intrusted with supplies, were included in the capitulation. The disgrace of the surrender seemed heightened in every circumstance. Hull did not even call a council of his officers. Fear alone prompted him to capitulate. His only object seemed to have been to escape the scalping-knife and tomahawk of the Indians. Hull was, after he was exchanged, tried by a court-martial. He was charged with treason, cowardice, and neglect of duty,—and was found guilty of the two latter charges, and sentenced to be shot. His life, however, was spared in consideration of former services. In the year 1813, by General Harrison's victory at the Thames, the Americans regained possession of all the posts which had fallen into the hands of the British on the surrender of General Hull.

DITTINGEN, A.D. 1743.—This small village of Bavaria, stands on the river Maine, eight miles north-west of Aschaffenburg. On the 26th of June, 1743, the allied British and Hanoverian army under George II., and the Earl of Stair, engaged the French forces, under Marshal Noailles. The French forces, numbering 60,000 men, were assembled upon the east bank of the river Maine. The British army, consisting of 40,000 men, were on the other side of the river, in a country where they were entirely destitute of supplies and provisions of any kind, the French having cut off all their communications. The King of England arrived at the camp while his army was in this deplorable situation, and at once decided to push forward to join 12,000 Hanoverians and Hessians, who had reached Hanau. With this view he decamped; but before his army had marched three leagues, he found himself inclosed on every side by the enemy, near the village of Dittingen. The position of the English monarch was now extremely dangerous; if he fought the enemy, it must be at the greatest disadvantage; if he continued inactive, there was a certainty of being starved; and as for a retreat, that was impossible. The impetuosity

of the French troops saved his whole army. They passed a defile, which they should have been contented to guard; and under the conduct of the Duke of Grammont, their horse charged the English foot with great fury. They were received however, with such intrepidity and resolution, that they were obliged to give way and recross the Maine with precipitation. The King of England with great personal courage exposed himself to a severe fire of the enemy's cannon, and in the midst of the engagement encouraged his troops by his presence and his example. The English had the honor of the day; but were soon obliged to leave the field of battle, which was taken possession of by the French, who treated the wounded English with the clemency peculiar to that generous nation. In this engagement the French lost 5,000 men killed and wounded; the allies about 2,000.

DETMOLD, A.D. 9.—A battle occurred in the vicinity of Detmold, a town of northwest Germany, in the year 9, between the army of Varus and the Germans under Hermann, in which the former was defeated with the loss of his entire force. In 1838 a monument was erected on the battle-field to commemorate the event. *See Winnefeld.*

DINANT, A.D. 1466.—This town is built on the declivity of a rocky eminence on the Meuse in Belgium. The hill is crowned by the citadel, and in 1300 Dinant was so strongly fortified that it was deemed impregnable. Dinant has been besieged several times; and one siege, especially, deserves mention. In 1466, Philip the Good of Burgundy, appeared before Dinant with an army of 30,000 men, and a formidable array of artillery, and demanded the garrison to surrender; but the latter, trusting in the strength of their fortifications, mocked him, and hung his messengers on their walls, in sight of the besieging camp. Philip immediately planted his batteries, and plied his artillery with such effect that a practicable breach was soon made in the fortifications, and the Burgundians were ordered to the assault. Enraged at the cruel treatmant of the messengers by the besieged, and panting for vengeance, the Burgundians rushed to the breach with the utmost impetuosity, overwhelming all that opposed them, and carried the place with great slaughter. Philip resolved to punish the Dinanters for their cruelty, and caused 800 of the inhabitants to be tied in couples, back to back, and thrown into the Meuse, and that he might not lose the sight of the struggles of his victims, he, although suffering from sickness, entered a litter, and was carried to a spot which afforded a favorable view of the river, and there witnessed the revolting spectacle.

DOROGOBOOZH, A.D. 1812. — On the 12th of October, 1812, the French army was defeated by the Russians near Dorogoboozh, a town of Russia about fifty miles east of Smolensko.

DOVER, A.D. 1216.—The English barons, disgusted with the levity and tyranny of John, very inconsiderately offered the crown of England to Louis, son of Philip Augustus, and heir to the kingdom of France. This prince, who did not want for spirit, in spite of the anathemas of the court of Rome, under the protection of which the weak John had placed himself, embarked with an army on board a fleet of 700 vessels, landed at Sandwich and took possession of the county of Kent, with the exception of Dover. This place was well provided against an attack, and was governed by Hubert du Bourg, an intrepid and skillful soldier. Louis being unable to overcome his firm resistance, had recourse to more seductive advances, offering him a considerable bribe; but to his honor, Du Bourg repulsed it more indignantly and quite as firmly as he had resisted his arms. The French were obliged to raise the siege.

DRESDEN, A.D. 1813, — This beautiful city of Germany is situated on both sides of the river Elbe, sixty-one miles east of Leipzig. It is delightfully located in the midst of the most beautiful and richly cultivated portion of the valley of the Rhine. It is divided into the Old and New Towns, the first on the right or south bank of the river, and the latter on the north bank, and has four suburbs extending all round the Old Town, of which that called Frederickstadt, lying to the west of the small river Weisentz, near its confluence with the Elbe, is the most important. The Old and New Town are connected by a noble stone bridge across the Elbe, of sixteen arches.

On the 23d of August, 1813, Napoleon Bonaparte halted with his army at Louenberg. That very day he had heard that an immense army, composed of Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, were around Dresden, with a prodigious train of artillery. St. Cye, the French general, protected the passes to this city with a force of 30,000 men; but the overwhelming numbers of the enemy rendered it absolutely necessary that he should be reinforced, or the French could no longer retain possession of that city.

Early on the morning of the 24th, Napoleon commenced his march toward Dresden, and on the 26th, arrived with his guards in Dresden. Schwartzenberg, who commanded the Austrian army, had established batteries on the semicircular heights around Dresden; and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th, he opened a terrible fire from more than one hundred guns, upon the works and

buildings of the city. The bombs and cannon-balls fell on all sides, and over the whole extent of the city. Several houses speedily took fire. The inhabitants, in despair, took refuge in the cellars and vaults to avoid the effects of the bombardment; while the frequent bursting of shells in the streets, the loud thunder of the artillery from the ramparts and redoubts, the heavy rolling of the guns and the ammunition-wagons along the pavement, the cries of the drivers, and the measured tread of the marching men, who forced their way through the throng, combined to produce a scene of unexampled sublimity and terror. Every street and square in Dresden, by this time, was crowded with troops. About 60,000 men had defiled over the bridges into the city since ten o'clock, and the balls fell, and the bombs exploded with dreadful effect among their dense masses. The attack of the allies was indeed terrible. At the signal of three guns fired from the head-quarters on the heights of Rochnitz, six columns deep and massy, descended from the heights, each preceded by fifty pieces of artillery, and advanced with a steady step against the city. It was an awful but yet an animating spectacle, when these immense masses, without firing a shot, descended silently toward the walls of the city. No force on earth seemed capable of resisting them; so vast, yet orderly was the array, that their tread, when hardly within cannon-shot, could be distinctly heard from the ramparts. Soon the beautiful buildings of Dresden were enveloped in smoke and flame; the French kept up an incessant fire from the works, while the allied batteries on the heights around, sent a storm of projectiles through the air, and the moving batteries in front of their columns steadily advanced toward the embrasures of the redoubts. The attack was almost irresistible; but at half-past six o'clock, the gate of Plauen was thrown open, and the dense masses of the Guard, under Ney, rushed furiously out; while a quick discharge of musketry from the loopholed walls and windows of the adjacent houses favored their sortie. Onward rushed the French troops; and the Austrian columns little anticipating so formidable an onset, fell back in disorder. The French guards taking advantage of the moment when the gate was free, defiled rapidly out, and forming a line on either side of it, by their increasing mass and enthusiastic valor, rapidly gained ground on the enemy. Similar sorties took place at the gate of Pirna, and at the barriers of the Dippodis Walde: at all points the allies lost ground, and finally withdrew to await a pitched battle on the adjacent heights the next morning. The allies, during the night received reinforcements until, notwithstanding they had lost 6,000 men in the assault, they had nearly 160,000 men in line, independent of the forces under Klenau, who it was hoped would come up before the action was over. They resolved, therefore, to await the attack of the enemy on the following morning; withdrawing altogether from cannon-shot of the ramparts, they arranged their formidable masses in the form of a semicircle on the heights around the walls, from the Elbe, above the suburb of Pirna, to the foot of the slopes of Wolfintz, near Priesnitz, below the city. The weather, which for some days previous, had been severe and intensely hot, now suddenly changed; the skies were clouded, and soon the rain fell in torrents.

Regardless of the storm, Napoleon traversed the city after it was dark, and waited on the bridge till Marmont and Victor's corps began to defile over; and as soon as he was assured of their arrival, retired hastily through the streets again, issued forth on the other side and, by the light of the bivouacs, visited the whole line occupied by his troops, now entirely outside the city, from the barrier of Prina to the suburb of Frederickstadt. He had now accumulated a force of at least 120,000 men, of whom 20,000 were admirable cavalry; an army sufficient in strength not only to repel any further attack which might be directed against the city, but to resume the offensive at all points. Napoleon disposed his troops after the following manner: the right wing, composed of the corps of Victor, and the cavalry of Latour Marbourg, was stationed in front of the gate of Wildsdrack, and in the fields and low grounds from that down the Elbe toward Priesnitz; the center, under the emperor in person, comprising the corps of Marmont and St. Cyr, having the infantry and cavalry of the Old Guard in reserve, supported by the three great redoubts; on the left Ney had the command, and directed the four divisions of the Young Guard, and the cavalry of Kellerman, which extended to the Elbe, beyond the suburb of Pirna. 120,000 men were, by daylight on the following morning, assembled in this position, having Dresden, bristling with cannon, as a vast fortress to support their center. The allies arranged their forces in the following manner: on the right, Wittgenstein commanded the Russians on the road to Pirna, and Kleist, the Prussians, between Streisee and Strehlen; in the center, Schwartzenberg, with the corps of Colloredo, Chastellar, and Bianchi's grenadiers in reserve, occupied the semicircle of heights, which extend from Strehlen by Raeckmitz to Plauen; while beyond Plauen, on the left, were posted the corps of Giulay, and one division of Klenau's troops which had at length arrived. But from the extreme allied

left, at the foot of the heights of Wolfmitz to Preisnitz, was a vacant space wholly unoccupied, destined for the remainder of Klenau's men when they should come up.

Both armies passed a cheerless night, drenched to the skin by the unceasing torrents of rain. Napoleon was on horseback at six in the morning and rode out to the neighborhood of the great redoubt, which had been the scene of such a desperate contest the day before. Ghastly traces of the combat were to be seen on all sides: out of the newly-made graves hands and arms were projecting, which stuck up stark and stiff from the earth in a most frightful manner. The cannonade soon began along the whole line; but it was kept up for some hours only in a desultory manner, the excessive rain and thick mist rendering it impossible either to move the infantry or point the guns with precision. In the mean time the French right gradually gained ground upon the detached corps of Austrians, beyond the ravine on the allied left, which was equally incapable of maintaining itself by its intrinsic strength, or obtaining succor across the chasm from the center, and Klenau, though strenuously urged to accelerate his movements had not yet arrived. Napoleon was not long in turning to the best account this state of matters in the allied line. Occupying himself a strong central position, and in a situation to strike at any portion of the vast semicircular line which lay before him, he had also this immense advantage, that the thick mist and incessant rain rendered it impossible not only for the allied generals to see against what quarter preparations were directed, but even for the commanders of corps to perceive the enemy before they were close upon them. This last circumstance proved fatal to their left wing. Unperceived by the enemy, Murat had stole around in the rear of Victor's men, and, entirely turning the flank of the Austrians, got with Latour Maubourg's formidable cuirassiers into the low meadows which lie between Wolfnitz and the Elbe, in the direction of Preisnitz, where it was intended that Klenau's corps should have completed the allied line to the river. Shrouded by the mist, he had thus got with his whole force close to the Austrian left, and almost perpendicular to their line, before they were aware of his approach. Murat, in order to divert the enemy's attention from this decisive attack, caused Victor's infantry to occupy Lobda, in their front, whence they advanced in column against the line, and kept up a heavy cannonade from a strong battery posted on an eminence on their left; and when the action had become warm with the foot, suddenly burst, with 12,000 chosen horsemen, out of the mist, on their flank and rear. In a few moments the Austrian line was broken through and pierced in all directions, and cut to pieces. A few battalions next the center escaped: the whole remainder, being three fourths of the entire corps, with General Metsko, were killed or made prisoners. No sooner was Napoleon aware, by the advancing cannonade on his right, that Murat's attack had proved successful, than he gave orders for his left to advance against Wittgenstein; while the action in the center was confined to a distant cannonade, Ney had concentrated the four divisions of the Young Guard between the Cross Garten and the Elbe, and with them and Kellerman's dragoons, he immediately made a vigorous attack upon the enemy. The Russians posted at the villages of Seidnitz and Grass Dobritz, after a gallant resistance, were at length obliged to give way before the repeated attacks of Ney's men. Ney gradually advanced along the Elbe, driving the enemy before him, until his flank was opposite the enemy's center. At this moment the famous General Moreau, who was in earnest conversation with the Emperor Alexander, was struck by a cannon-shot from a French battery in the center, which almost carried off both his legs, the ball passing through his horse. This event excited a very deep sensation at the allied head-quarters, and for a time averted Alexander's attention at the most critical moment of the action. The allied generals now held a council of war, in which, after much discussion, it was resolved to retreat. Accordingly, on the evening of the 27th, the whole allied army, in three columns, commenced their march, leaving the field in the possession of the victorious French. Early on the morning of the 28th, Napoleon visited the field of battle. It may be conceived what a ghastly spectacle was presented by the ground, on which, within the space of a league round the walls of the city, nearly 300,000 men had combatted for two days, with determined resolution, under the fire of above 1,000 pieces of cannon. The wounded had, for the most part, been transported during the night into the town, by the efforts of the French surgeons, and the unwearied zeal of the inhabitants. But the dead, still unburied, lay accumulated in frightful heaps, for the most part, half naked, having been stripped by those fiends in woman's form, whom so prodigious a concourse of men had attracted to the scene of woe. Cuirasses, sabers, muskets, helmets, belts and cartouch-boxes, lay about in endless disorder; while the ground was plowed in all directions, by vast numbers of cannon-balls. The allies lost, on this occasion, at least 25,000 men, killed, wounded, missing or taken prisoners. 26 cannon, 18 standards, and 130 field-pieces

fell into the hands of the French. The French lost about 10,000 men, killed and wounded. In the pursuit which immediately followed, the French took a great quantity of cannon, and baggage and ammunition-wagons, which the allied army, in their haste to escape, abandoned to the enemy, and before the troops had extricated themselves from the mountains, 2,000 additional prisoners were taken by the pursuers.

DREUX, A.D. 1562.—Near Dreux, a town of France, in the year 1562, an engagement took place between a body of Catholic soldiers commanded by the Constable Montmorency, and under him by the Duke of Guise, and the Protestant troops under the Prince of Condé. The field was fought on both sides with great obstinacy, and the action was distinguished by this singular event, that Condé and Montmorency, the commanders of the opposite armies, fell both of them prisoners into the hands of their enemies. The Protestants were finally put to flight, with great slaughter. Montmorency escaped from his enemies, but Condé remained in the hands of the victors.

DROGHEDA.—On the banks of the Boyne, four miles above its embouchure into the Irish sea, stands Drogheda, one of the most famous cities of Ireland. The river divides the town into two unequal portions which are connected by a bridge of three arches. In the time of Oliver Cromwell, the town was called Tredagh, and as it was in the neighborhood of Dublin, its possession was deemed of the utmost importance both by the royalists and by the supporters of the commonwealth. In the year 1649, Cromwell, having entered Dublin in triumph, hastened to Drogheda with his army to lay siege to that town which was in the hands of the royalists. The town was well fortified, and its garrison consisted of 3,000 men under the command of Sir Arthur Aston. Having made a breach, Cromwell ordered a general assault. Twice was he repulsed with loss, but leading on his men in person, he renewed the attack, and at length gained an entrance into the town. The furious valor of his soldiers overthrew all opposition. The tower was taken, sword in hand, and orders being issued to give no quarter, the soldiers of the garrison were cruelly slaughtered. Even the few who were spared by the clemency of the soldiers, were miserably butchered the next day by Cromwell's orders. One person alone of the garrison escaped to be a messenger of this universal havoc and destruction.

DRUMCLOG, A.D. 1697.—The battle of Drumclog was fought on the 1st of June, 1697, at Drumclog, in the parish of Avondale in Scotland, between the royalists under Claverhouse, and the Covenanters. The battle was obstinately contested and resulted in the defeat of the royalists. A thrilling description of this battle, which agrees nearly with the established accounts, can be found in Sir Walter Scott's romance "*Old Mortality.*"

This affair was the only one in which Claverhouse was defeated, or the insurgent Cameronians successful. The royalists lost about thirty or forty men. The commander of the Presbyterian, or rather Covenantry, party, was Mr. Robert Hamilton, of the honorable house of Preston, brother to Sir William Hamilton, to whose titles and estates he afterwards succeeded.

DUNBAR, A.D. 1296.—Dunbar, a seaport town of Scotland, is situated on a slight eminence, on the German ocean, twenty-seven miles north of Edinburg. The town consists of a long and well-built street running east and west, with inferior streets toward the sea, and on the south introducing the road from Edinburg. In former times, on a lofty rock, within sea-mark, stood the celebrated castle of Dunbar, a fortress of great strength, whose date of building is unknown. In the year 1296, Edward I. of England dispatched Earl Warrene with 12,000 men to lay siege to Dunbar, which was defended by the flower of the Scottish nobility. The possession of this place was of the utmost importance to the Scots, for, if taken, it laid their whole country open to the enemy. They therefore advanced their main army, nearly 40,000 strong, under the command of the Earls of Buchan, Lennox, and Marre, in order to relieve it. The British commander, however, was not dismayed at the great superiority of the enemy's number, and marched out to give them battle. He attacked them with great vigor, and, as undisciplined troops, when numerous, are but the more exposed to panic, he soon threw them into confusion, and chased them off the field, with great slaughter. The loss of the Scots it is said amounted to 20,000 men. The next day, the castle of Dunbar, with all its garrison, surrendered to Edward, who arrived after the battle with the main body of the English army.

In the year 1650, Dunbar was the scene of a bloody strife between the army of Oliver Cromwell, 16,000 strong, and the royal forces of Scotland, numbering nearly 30,000 men. The Scots were commanded by General Lesley, who was a good officer, and a prudent commander. Knowing that, though superior in numbers, his army was much inferior in discipline to the English, he kept himself carefully within his intrenched camp which was situated between Edinburg and Leith. He took care to remove from the counties of Merse and the Lothans every thing

which could serve to the subsistence of the English army. Cromwell advanced to the Scotch camp, and endeavored by every expedient to bring Lesley to a battle: the prudent Scotchman, however, remained closely within his intrenchments. By skirmishes and slight renconters, he tried to confirm the spirits of his troops; and he was successful in these enterprises. His army daily increased both in numbers and courage. Cromwell found himself in a very bad situation. He had no provisions but what he had received by sea. He had not had the precaution to bring these in sufficient quantities; and his army was reduced to difficulties. He retired to Dunbar. Lesley followed him, and encamped on the heights of Lammermure which overlook that town. There were many difficult passes between Dunbar and Berwick, and of these Lesley had taken possession. Cromwell was reduced to extremities. He even had embraced the resolution of sending by sea all his foot and artillery to England, and breaking through the enemy at all hazards, with his cavalry. The madness of the Scotch ecclesiastics saved him from this loss and dishonor. Night and day the ministers had been "wrestling with God," as they termed it, and they fancied that the victory was awarded to the arms of the Scots. Revelations, they said, were made them that the sectarian and heretical army, together with Agag, meaning Cromwell, was delivered into their hands. Upon the strength of these visions they forced their general, in spite of his remonstrances, to descend into the plain, with a view of attacking the English in their retreat. Cromwell, looking through a glass, saw the enemy's camp in motion; and foretold, without the aid of revelations, that the Lord had delivered them into *his* hands. He gave orders immediately for an attack. In this battle it was easily observable that nothing in military actions can supply the place of discipline and courage; and that, in the presence of real danger, where men are accustomed to it, the fumes of enthusiasm presently dissipate, and lose their influence. The Scots, though double the number of the English, were soon put to flight, and pursued with great slaughter. The chief, if not the only, resistance, was made by one regiment of Highlanders, that part of the army which was the least infected with fanaticism. No victory could be more complete than this which was obtained by Cromwell. About 3,000 of the enemy were slain, and 9,000 taken prisoners. Cromwell, pursuing his advantage, took possession of Edinburg and Leith; while the remnant of the Scottish army fled to Stirling.

DUNBLANE, A.D. 1715.—This town of Scotland is situated on the Allan, twenty-three miles south-west of Perth. On the 12th of November, 1715, an indecisive battle was fought near this place between the royal forces of England, under the Duke of Argyle, and those of the Pretender, under the Earl of Mar. This battle is also called *Sheriffmuir*.

DUNDALK, A.D. 1318.—On the 14th of October, 1318, a battle was fought near Dundalk, Ireland, between the troops of Edward II. of England, under John, Lord Birmingham, and the Irish patriots, under Edward Bruce. The battle was obstinate and bloody; the Irish maintained their ground against the enemy until their leader and nearly their entire number were slain, when the survivors fled. The English commander caused the body of Bruce to be quartered, and sent to the four principal towns of Ireland. His head was presented by the victor to Edward, who rewarded him with the title and emoluments of Earl of Louth.

DUNDEE, A.D. 1645.—Dundee, in Scotland, was besieged and sacked by the English under the Duke of Montrose, in the year 1645. Six years afterward (1651), Monk, Cromwell's general, with 8,000 English soldiers, appeared before Dundee, and summoned the garrison to surrender. Lumsden, the Scottish governor, gave him a proud defiance; and Monk made preparations for an assault. Meanwhile, the English general learned that a number of Scottish lords were holding a meeting on a moor in the vicinity. He, thereupon, detached 600 horse, under Colonels Abured and Morgan, who were guided, it is said, by a Scottish traitor, and early in the morning of the 28th of August, fell by surprise on the assemblage, and took 300 prisoners. The besiegers soon made a practicable breach in the walls of Dundee; and advanced to the assault. The place made but a feeble resistance, and in a short time the shouts of the English were resounding through the streets. Lumsden and his troops were immediately massacred; and a general butchery of the inhabitants succeeded. Words can not describe the horrors of that day. Cruelty and lust reigned triumphant. "Mounche commandit all of quhatsummeur sex, to be put to the edge of the sword. Ther wer 800 inhabitants and souldiers killed, and about 200 women and children. The plounder and buttie they gotte in the toune, exceided 2 millions and a halffe," (about $1,000,000!). On account of its strength many of the royalists had deposited their wealth in Dundee, and all this with sixty ships and their cargoes in the harbor, fell into the hands of the victors. The fall of Dundee firmly established the power of the Protector in Scotland.

DUNGAN HILL, A.D. 1647.—On the 10th

of July, 1647, a battle was fought at Dungan Hill, in Ireland, between the English army, commanded by Colonel Jones, and the Irish, which resulted in the total defeat of the latter, with a loss of 6,000 men. The British loss was trifling.

DUNKIRK, A.D. 1658.—Dunkirk (the church of the Dunes, or sandbanks), is one of the most northerly seaport towns of France, and is situated on the Straits of Dover.

Cromwell, Protector of England, in spite of disaffection and distraction at home, proceeded in all his foreign measures with the same vigor and enterprise as if secure of the duty and attachment of the three kingdoms. In the year 1658, Spain declared war against him, and he concluded a peace or alliance with France, and united himself in all his counsels with that potent and ambitious kingdom. He maintained his alliance with Sweden, and endeavored to assist that crown in its successful enterprises for reducing all its neighbors to subjection, and rendering itself absolute master of the Baltic. Spain had long courted the friendship of the Protector; but in vain, and at length espoused the cause of the unfortunate Charles II., who formed a league with Philip IV., and removed his small court to Bruges, in Flanders, and raised four regiments of English troops, who were still faithful to him, and employed them in the Spanish service. Cromwell was particularly desirous of conquest and dominion on the continent, and he sent over into Flanders 6,000 men under Reynolds, who joined the French army, commanded by Turenne, and the combined army opened the campaign with the siege of Dunkirk, then in the possession of the Spaniards, who had garrisoned it with about 1,000 men. The Spanish army, under Don Juan, consisting of 6,000 infantry, and 4,000 cavalry, marched to the relief of Dunkirk, and on the 3d of June, 1658, encamped between the village of Zuddcote, and the lines of the besiegers. Turenne resolved to attack the Spaniards at once, and on the morning of the 4th, advanced in battle array against the enemy. The Spanish general hastily placed his men along a ridge of sand-hills which extended from the seacoast to a canal, and gave the command of the right wing to James, Duke of York, afterward James II.; the left wing was under the Prince of Condé, and the center was under the command of Don Juan, in person.

The allied army was drawn up with the French on the right and the English on the left. The English commenced the battle. They were led by Major General Morgan, who found himself opposed to his countryman, the Duke of York. With the greatest ardor the English advanced, receiving the fire of the enemy without flinching, and charging at the point of the pike, drove the enemy from their position. The Duke of York, at the head of the Spanish cavalry charged like a whirlwind upon the English, but a well directed fire of musketry drove him back with great loss; but the fight had been so obstinate that of the English scarcely an officer remained to take the command. Meanwhile, the Prince of Condé was fiercely assailed on the left by the French under Turenne, and was compelled to retreat by the bank of the canal. The center of the Spanish army was never engaged; for the regiment on its extreme left, seeing itself flanked by the French in pursuit of Condé, precipitately abandoned its position, and the whole line soon fled in the greatest disorder. The Duke of York, meanwhile, had rallied his cavalry, and charged the French in flank at the head of his company of horse-guards. The French were thrown into disorder; but they maintained the fight with obstinate valor, employing the butt ends of their muskets against the swords of their adversaries, until several squadrons of French cavalry arrived to their aid. James was surrounded; and in despair of saving himself by flight he boldly assumed the character of a French officer; riding at the head of twenty troops toward the right of their army, and carefully threading his way through the different corps, arrived without exciting suspicion at the bank of the canal, by which he speedily effected his escape to Fermes. The victory on the part of the allies was complete. The Spanish cavalry made no attempt to protect the retreat of their infantry; every regiment of which was successively surrounded by the pursuers, and compelled to surrender. On the 17th of June Dunkirk capitulated, and the King of France with his own hands delivered the keys to the English embassador.

In the year 1793, Dunkirk was besieged by the English under the Duke of York, who was compelled to retire without effecting his purpose.

DURRENSTEIN, A.D. 1805.—In 1805 a battle was fought, near Durrenstein, a town of Lower Austria on the Danube, between the allied armies of Russia and Prussia, and the French, in which the latter were defeated.

DURHAM, (NEVILLE'S CROSS), A.D. 1346.—This ancient and celebrated city of England is situated on a bend of the river Wear, 238 miles north-west of London. The city contains two grand objects of interest, the cathedral and castle. The first of these structures, begun in the reign of William Rufus, but much enlarged and improved in subsequent ages, is a large and majestic pile of Norman architecture. The castle founded by William the Conqueror, and intended partly to bridle that part of his own dominions, and

partly as a defense against the irruptions of the Scotch, stands a little to the north of the cathedral in a rocky peninsula, about 80 feet above the river, which nearly encircles both the cathedral and castle.

In the year 1346, when Edward III. of England, made his last invasion upon France, David Bruce, King of Scotland, invaded the frontiers of England with an army of 50,000 men, and carried his ravages and destructions to the gates of Durham. But Philippa, Edward's queen, assembling an army which she intrusted to Lord Percy, approached the enemy at Neville's Cross, near the city of Durham. The English army consisted of 22,000 men, of whom 12,000 were men-at-arms; 3,000 were archers, and 7,000 were other soldiers variously armed. The Scots were posted opposite the English; and both armies were drawn up in order of battle. The English army was drawn up in four battalions. The first was commanded by the Bishop of Durham and Lord Percy; the second by the Archbishop of York and Lord Neville; the third by the Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Mowbray; and the fourth by Lord Baliol (governor of Berwick), the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Roos. Each battalion had its just proportion of men-at-arms and archers. After her men were drawn up in battle array, the queen rode through the ranks of her army, and exhorted every man to do his duty, and take revenge on these barbarous ravagers. Nor could she be persuaded to leave the field until the armies were on the point of engaging. The engagement was commenced by showers of arrows from the archers on either side. At length, however, the combatants wavering in the battle approached each other, and a furious hand-to-hand combat ensued. The struggle commenced about nine o'clock in the morning and lasted till noon. The Scots, armed with sharp and formidable Lochaber-axes, dealt deadly blows upon their enemies; but the English with their heavy swords and bills, cut their way into the midst of the enemy, and after a most bloody battle, at length put the Scots to flight. Fifteen thousand of the Scots were slain; and King David, himself, was taken prisoner; fighting most gallantly and being severely wounded before he was captured. Many of his nobles and knights, and many thousands of his men were taken prisoners. This action is also called the battle of Neville's Cross.

ECKMUHL, A.D. 1809.—This Bavarian village is situated on the great Laber, thirteen miles south of Ratisbon. It is noted only on account of the famous battle fought in the year 1809 in its vicinity, between the grand French army under Napoleon, and the Austrians under the Archduke Charles.

At noon, on the 22d of April, 1809, the French army, 75,000 strong, approache Eckmuhl, where the Archduke Charles with his army was awaiting them. The Austrian army consisted of about 50,000 men. As the French troops arrived on the top of the hills of Lintach, which separate the valley of the Iser from that of the Laber, they beheld the field of battle stretched out before them like a map. From the marshy meadows which bordered the shores of the Laber, rose a succession of hills, one above another, in the form of an amphitheater, with their slopes cultivated and diversified by hamlets, and beautiful forests clothing the higher ground. The villages of Eckmuhl and Laichling, separated by a large copsewood, appeared in view, with the great road to Ratisbon winding up the acclivities behind them. In the interval of the woods, the Austrian artillery was to be seen; standards waved in the village, and long white lines, with glancing helmets and bayonets, showed the columns of the Austrian generals, Rosenberg and Hohenzollern, already in battle array, in very advantageous positions on the opposite side of the valley. The French eagerly descended into the low grounds, while the emperor galloped to the front, and immediately formed his plan of attack. Davoust's column fiercely fell upon the left of the enemy's line, while Lannes, with two divisions of the corps, assailed the village in the center. After a desperate contest, Lannes succeeded in expelling the enemy from the village of Eckmuhl, and in a few moments the shouts of Davoust's column were heard above the din of battle, as they drove the enemy before them. This severe check on his left, caused the archduke to give a general order to fall back. Napoleon now ordered a general attack. To cover his retreat, the archduke placed twelve squadrons of cuirassiers, and a large body of hussars, in front of Eglofsheim, which was garrisoned by six battalions of grenadiers, and supported by several powerful batteries. As the French infantry, in hot pursuit, approached this formidable mass of cavalry, they paused, till the French horse came up in sufficient strength to hazard an engagement; a variety of charges then took place on both sides, with various success; but at length the magnificent Austrian horse bore down with apparently irresistible force upon their pursuers. The French light horse could

not withstand the shock, and were quickly dispersed; but soon their own cuirassiers came up, and then two rival bodies, equally heavy-armed, equally brave, equally disciplined, engaged in mortal combat. So vehement was the onset, so nearly matched the strength of the combatants, so tremendous the conflict, that both parties, as if by mutual consent, suspended their fire to await its issue; the roar of the musketry subsided, even the heavy booming of the cannon ceased, and from the mêlée was heard only, as from the battle of the knights of old, the loud clang of the swords ringing on the helmets and cuirasses of the dauntless antagonists. The sun set while the contest was still undecided; the moon rose on the deadly strife, and amid her silvery rays, fire was struck on all sides by the steel upon the armor, and dazzling sparks flew around the combatants, as if a thousand anvils were at once ringing under the blows of the forgers. At length the ringing strokes grew fainter and fainter; the Austrians, unable any longer to make head against the invincible power of the enemy, broke and fled, leaving two thirds of their number on the field. But their heroic stand, however fatal to themselves, proved the salvation of their army. During the engagement, the artillery and infantry withdrew in safety to the rear. Napoleon, with his victorious army, fatigued by fighting, reposed on the bloody field they had won. During the night, the whole Austrian army crossed the Danube, and retired within the walls of Ratisbon. The next day the French army was before the gates of that city. In the battle of Eckmuhl the Austrians lost 5,000 men, killed and wounded, and 7,000 made prisoners, besides twelve standards and sixteen pieces of cannon which fell into the victors' hands. The French loss was about 4,000, killed and wounded.

EDESSA, A.D. 503.—Edessa is the ancient name of a town of Asiatic Turkey, called Oorfa.

The inhabtants of Edessa have, or rather had, a legend that Christ promised their king Abgarus that their city should never be taken. This gave them such confidence, that they on all occasions braved the most formidable enemies. In 503 of the Christian era, Cavadez, king of Persia, approached Edessa at the head of an army. The confidence of the inhabitants was so little shaken by the appearance of this formidable host, that they left their gates wide open during a whole day, and, such is the influence of superstition, the Persians did not make the least attempt to violate the prohibition. It is related that, on this occasion, children even went to the camp of the Persians and insulted them with impunity. Cavadez proposed an accommodation; but without effect. This prince was preparing his batteries, when the inhabitants made so furious an assault upon him, that, without losing a single man, they repulsed his army with great slaughter. Ashamed of his defeat, the great king regained his dominions at quickest speed.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 544.—Chosroës, son of the above king, presented himself before Edessa, but without any better success. Upon the point of abandoning his enterprise, he made it known, by a herald, that he meant to sell all the prisoners he had taken at Antioch. The whole city of Edessa, animated by the zealous and active charity which religion inspires, was in a state of eager impatience to redeem these unhappy victims of war. Every one wished to contribute in proportion to, or even beyond, their fortune, to this pious purpose. Each person carried his offering to the great church, which was speedily filled with treasures of various kinds. Courtesans from their vices, honest peasants from their labors, if they had but a goat or a sheep, contributed cheerfully to the liberation of their fellow Christians. This generous emulation produced a sufficient ransom for all the prisoners. But, as is too often the case, this wealth, collected for holy purposes, became so great as to attract the cupidity of Buzes, who commanded the city for the Emperor Justinian: when it was collected, he appropriated the whole to himself, and Chosroës took his prisoners to a better market.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 549.—Four years after, this prince again laid siege to Edessa, and attacked it vigorously. But the besieged made a sortie, in which, it is said, an officer named Arget killed, with his own hand, twenty-seven of the enemy, and in which Chosroës was repulsed. He then commenced, out of reach of the city missiles, a platform, with the purpose of carrying it up to the walls. The sight of this terrible work induced the inhabitants to have recourse to prayer. The physician Stephen endeavored to bend the haughty monarch; but his discourse produced very little effect upon Chosroës; he made such hard propositions, that the besieged fell back upon their courage and their resources. They destroyed the point of the terrace, by digging a chamber under it, and filling it with the most combustible wood, steeped in oil of cedar, sulphur, and bitumen; fire was easily set to this, and the following night, columns of fire were seen bursting from different parts of the platform. At the same time, the Romans, the better to deceive the enemy, threw upon it a number of fire-pots and ignited torches. The Persians, not suspecting there was any other cause for the fire, came in crowds from their

camp to extinguish it, and were received with showers of missiles from the walls. Chosroës himself came to the scene of action, and was the first one to discover that the conflagration was in the entrails of his platform. He ordered the whole army to throw earth upon the top, to stifle the flames, and water to extinguish them; but all in vain; when vent was stopped at one place, a hundred more passages were opened in others, the water thrown upon the sulphur and bitumen augmenting the violence of the burning. In the midst of the confusion, the garrison made a happy and vigorous sortie, producing great slaughter among the Persians. At length the flames burst from all parts, and the work was abandoned.

Six days after, Chosroës ordered the walls to be scaled, early in the morning; but, after a severe contest, the Persians were repulsed, and obliged to abandon their ladders, which were drawn up over the walls by the besieged, amid triumphant laughter. On the same day at noon, the Persians attacked one of the gates; but the garrison, the peasants who retired to the city, with the inhabitants, made a sortie from the gate attacked, and again repulsed their enemies. At length, the King of Persia, enraged at this noble resistance, resolved upon a general assault. The citizens crowded to defend their walls; every human being in Edessa became a soldier; women, children, and old men, were all eager to share the labors of the combatants, or to furnish them with arms and refreshments. The Persians gave way; Chosroës forced them back to the walls with threats and blows; but, notwithstanding his efforts, they yielded to the brave efforts of the besieged. Foaming with vexation and rage, Chosroës regained his camp, and soon afterward returned to his own states. During this furious attack, an immense elephant, bearing upon his back a lofty tower, filled with archers, advanced toward the wall like a terrible machine, from the top of which poured a continuous shower of darts and arrows. There was a great chance of the wall being escaladed at this spot, when a Roman soldier took it into his head to suspend a pig by a cord, and dangle it before the elephant. This animal appeared amazed at the horrible noise made by the suspended pig; he at first looked at it earnestly, and then, turning his back, retreated in such haste as to place his master's troops in danger.

Fourth Siege, A.D. 1097.—Although the means by which Edessa fell into the hands of one of the Crusaders may not be, correctly speaking, a siege, the circumstances are too interesting to be passed by in silence.

Of all the Crusaders, Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey, was one of the bravest, but at the same time the most intractable. In fact, he had the honesty to confess what many of his comrades really felt, but were ashamed to admit; he came into Asia to make his fortune, and he lost no opportunity for effecting that great purpose.

Seduced by the attractive picture drawn of the provinces upon the banks of the Euphrates by Pancratius, an ambitious, restless, Armenian prince, Baldwin, soon after the siege of Nicea, abandoned the main army of the Crusaders, and may literally be said to *have gone to seek his fortune* at the head of 1,500 foot and 200 horse, all attracted by the hopes of plunder. He was the more free for this undertaking, from having just lost his wife Gundechilde, who had accompanied him to the Crusade. He witnessed the magnificent obsequies bestowed upon her by his fellow-adventurers, and then departed, unregretted, on his expedition.

The cities of Turbessel and Ravendel were the first places that opened their gates to the fortunate adventurer. These conquests soon produced a division between Baldwin and Pancratius, both being actuated by the same ambitious projects; but this quarrel did not stop the march of the brother of Godfrey a moment. The Crusader opposed open unhesitating force to cunning; he told Pancratius, if he presumed to be his rival, he should at once treat him as an enemy; and thus banished the disappointed Armenian from the theater of his victories. Baldwin stood in need of neither guide nor help in a country whose inhabitants all came out to hail and meet him. His fame preceded his march; and his exploits were canvassed in Edessa long before he drew near to its walls.

This city, the metropolis of Mesopotamia, and so celebrated in the history of the primitive church, having escaped the invasions of the Turks and Persians, became the place of refuge for all the neighboring Christians, who brought their wealth thither for security. A Greek prince, of the name of Theodore, sent by the Emperor of Constantinople, was governor at the time, and maintained his position by paying tribute to the Saracens. The approach and the victories of the Crusaders produced a great sensation in Edessa. The people united with the governor in calling Baldwin to their aid. The bishop and twelve of the principal inhabitants were deputed to meet the European adventurer. They spoke to him of the wealth of Mesopotamia, of the devotion of their fellow-citizens to the cause of Christ, and conjured him to save a Christian city from the domination of the infidels. Baldwin easily yielded to their entreaties, and set forward on his march to cross the Euphrates.

He had the good fortune to escape the

Turks, who laid wait for him, and without drawing a sword, arrived safely in the territories of Edessa. Having left garrisons in the places which had surrendered to him, when he came near to this great object of his ambition, he had really with him no more than a body of 100 horsemen. As he approached the city, the whole population came out to meet him, bearing olive branches, and singing triumphant hymns. It was a singular spectacle to behold such a small number of warriors surrounded by an immense multitude, imploring their support and proclaiming them their liberators. They were received with so much enthusiasm, that the prince or governor took umbrage at it, and began to see in them enemies much more dangerous than the Saracens. To attach their leader to himself, and to engage him to support his authority, he offered him vast wealth. But the ambitious Baldwin, whether he expected to obtain more from the affection of the people and the good fortune of his arms, or whether he considered it disgraceful to be in the pay of a petty foreign prince, refused the governor's offers with contempt, he even threatened to leave the city to its fate. The inhabitants, to prevent his departure, assembled in a tumultuous manner, and conjured him with loud cries to remain among them; the governor himself made fresh efforts to detain the Crusaders and interest them in their cause. Baldwin gave them all clearly to understand that he would never be at the trouble of defending states that were not his own; and the Prince of Edessa, who was old and childless, determined to adopt him as his son, and to designate him as his successor. The ceremony of adoption was gone through in the presence of the Crusaders and the inhabitants. According to the custom of the East, the Greek prince caused Baldwin to pass between his shirt and his naked flesh, giving him a kiss, in token of alliance and parentage. The old wife of the governor repeated the same ceremony, and from that time Baldwin, considered as their son and heir, neglected nothing for the defense of a city which was to belong to him.

An Armenian prince coming to the aid of Edessa, Baldwin, seconded by this useful auxiliary, with his own horsemen and Theodore's troops, thought himself in a condition to take the field against the Turks. He was at first successful, but, while his men were engaged in plunder, they were attacked, and obliged to return to Edessa, where their appearance spread consternation.

As a loser is never welcome, Baldwin and Theodore began now to quarrel. But the people were all in favor of the new prince, and after several disgraceful plots and tumults, the Edessans hurled their old governor from the battlements, dragged his bleeding body through the streets, rejoicing over the murder of an old man as if they had gained a victory over the infidels.

Although Baldwin affected to be passive in this horrid business, he did not fail to seize the advantages that accrued to him in consequence of it. He was proclaimed master and liberator of Edessa. Seated on a bloody throne, and dreading the inconstant humor of the people, he soon inspired as much fear among his subjects as among his enemies. But his firmness of character overcame domestic seditions, and his prudence, tact, and valor, speedily extended his dominions. He purchased the city of Samoata with the treasures of his predecessor, and took several other cities by force of arms. As fortune favored him in every thing, the loss even of his wife assisted his projects of aggrandizement. He married the niece of an Armenian prince, and, by this alliance, extended his possessions to Mount Taurus. All Mesopotamia, with the two shores of the Euphrates, acknowledged his authority, and Asia beheld a Frank knight reigning without obstacle over the richest provinces of the ancient kingdom of Assyria.—*Robson.*

EDGEHILL FIGHT, A.D. 1642.—Edgehill is an elevated ridge of land in Warwick county, England, seven miles north-west of Banbury.

The battle of Edgehill took place on the 23d of October, 1642, and was the first engagement of importance between the royalists and the parliament army, in the civil war. Charles I., with 6,000 men, was on his road toward London, from Nottingham, and the Earl of Essex hastened, with an army of 15,000 men, to Worcester to check the advance of the royal army. In London the news of the approach of the royalists was received with terror; and peremptory orders were dispatched to Essex to hasten with his whole force to the protection of the capital and the parliament. Essex had anticipated this order, and his vanguard entered the village of Keynton on the same evening (October 22) on which the royalists halted on Edgehill, only a few miles in advance. At midnight Charles held a council of war, in which it was resolved to turn upon the pursuers and offer them battle. Early in the morning the royal forces were drawn up in battle order on the summit of a range of hills. Their position was decidedly advantageous in case of attack; but Essex, whose artillery with one fourth of his men, was several miles in the rear, satisfied with having arrested the march of the enemy, quietly posted the different corps, as they arrived, on a rising ground, in the vale of the Red Horse, about

half a mile in front of the village. About noon the cavaliers grew weary of inaction; and intreated the king to lead them into battle. Their importunity at last prevailed; and at about two o'clock in the afternoon, the king discharged a cannon with his own hand as the signal of battle. The royalists descended in good order to the foot of the hill, where their hopes were raised by the treachery of Sir Faithful Fortescue, a parliamentary officer, who, firing his pistol into the ground, ranged himself, with two bodies of cavalry, under the banner of the king. Soon afterward, Prince Rupert, who commanded the cavalry on the right of the royal army, charged the parliamentary horse, under Sir James Ramsay; broke them at the very onset; urged the pursuit two miles beyond Keynton, and, finding the baggage of the army in the village, indulged his men for the space of an hour, in the work of plunder. Had it not been for this fatal imprudence, the royalists would probably have gained a decisive victory. During his absence the main bodies of infantry were engaged, under their respective leaders, the Earls of Lindsay and Essex, both of whom dismounting, led their men into action on foot. The cool and determined courage of the roundheads undeceived and disconcerted the cavaliers. The royal horse, on the left, a weak body, under Lord Wilmot, had sought protection behind a regiment of pikemen; and Sir William Balfour, the parliamentary commander, leaving a few squadrons to keep them at bay, wheeled round on the flank of the royal infantry, broke through two divisions, and made himself master of a battery of cannon. In another part of the field the king's guards, with his standard, bore down every corps that opposed them, till Essex ordered two regiments of infantry and a squadron of horse to charge them in front and flank, while Balfour, abandoning the guns which he had taken, burst on them from the rear. They now broke; Sir Edward Varner was slain, and the standard which he bore was taken; the Earl of Lindsay received a mortal wound; and his son, the Lord Willoughby, was made prisoner, in the attempt to rescue his father. Charles, who, attended by his troop of pensioners, watched the fortune of the day, beheld with dismay the slaughter of his guard. The standard was, however, recovered by the daring valor of a Captain Smith, whom the king made a baronet on the spot. The king now ordered the reserve to advance, placing himself at their head; but at that moment Rupert and the cavalry reappeared, and their presence restored the hopes of the royalists and damped the ardor of their opponents. A breathing time succeeded: the firing ceased on both sides, and the adverse armies stood gazing at each other, till the darkness induced them to withdraw—the royalists to their first position, and the parliamentarians to the village of Keynton. From the conflicting statements of the parties, it is impossible to estimate their respective losses. Most writers make the number of the slain 5,000, but the clergyman of the place, who superintended the burial of the dead, reduces it to about 1,200 men. Both parties claimed the honor, neither reaped the benefit, of the victory. Essex, leaving the king to pursue his march, withdrew to Warwick and thence to Coventry: Charles, having compelled the garrison of Banbury to surrender, turned aside to the city of Oxford. Each commander wished for leisure to reorganize his army after the late battle.

ESDRAELON, B.C. 1316.—In the year 1316 B.C. in the plains of Esdraelon, in Palestine, was fought the famous battle between the Israelites under Deborah and Barak, and the Canaanites under Sisera. The Lord, to punish the children of Israel, sold them to Jabin, king of Canaan. The Israelites were sorely oppressed by their cruel taskmasters, and intreated the Lord to rescue them from the chains of slavery. Deborah, the prophetess, sent for Barak, and said to him, "Hath not the Lord God of Israel, commanded, saying, Go, and draw toward Mount Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand men, of the children of Naphtali, and of the children of Zebulun. And I will draw unto thee, to the river Kishon Sisera the captain of Jabin's army, with his chariots and his multitude; and I will deliver him into thy hands?" Barak replied, "If thou wilt go with me, then I will go; but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go." "I will surely go with thee," said Deborah, "notwithstanding the journey that thou takest shall not be for thine honor; for the Lord shall sell Sisera into the hands of a woman." Deborah accompanied Barak to Kadesh, and thence, with 10,000 men, they both advanced to Mount Tabor. Sisera, receiving intelligence of this movement of the Israelites, collected his chariots to the number of 900, and all the people that were with him, and marched to the river Kishon, which waters the plain of Esdraelon. The Israelites marched from Mount Tabor, and attacked the Canaanites. The Lord rendered them assistance, and by his aid, Sisera, with all his chariots, and his entire force, were put to rout. Sisera dismounted from his chariot and fled on foot. The Israelites pursued the fugitives with such ardor, that of the whole army of the Canaanites not one escaped. Sisera fled to the tent of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, who was at peace with the Canaanites. She admitted him, but treacherously killed him while he was sleeping, by

driving a nail into his temple. The Israelites, after this, prosecuted the war so vigorously that, with the help of the Lord, they destroyed Jabin, the king of Canaan, and regained their freedom.

ENGEN, A.D. 1800.—Engen is situated on the Aach, in Baden, twenty-three miles north-west of Constance.

On the 2d of May, the center of the French army, commanded by Moreau, encountered the main force of the Austrians in the extensive plain which lies before the town of Engen. The Austrians, with Kray at their head, numbered some 40,000 men, besides the cavalry, which consisted of over 9,000, and as they were drawn up, presented a very grand and imposing appearance. The design of Moreau was to attack in front himself, at the head of the reserve and part of the center, while St. Cyr, with his division, was to turn the left of the enemy. But that general, being five leagues in the rear, could not come up until late in the day, and Moreau, fearing if the action was delayed the enemy would retreat, at the head of 32,000 men commenced the action himself. The principal effort of Moreau was to gain possession of the plateau on the right of the imperialists, which would command their line of retreat, and also facilitate his union with St. Cyr; but Kray having taken every advantage of the ground in that quarter, for a long time resisted all the efforts of the republicans to drive them back from the vineyards and wooded hills, which they had surmounted with a numerous artillery. After a time, the French carried the peak of Hohenhowen, the highest point on the field of battle, and the Austrians returned to the village of Ehingen. The Austrians strongly re-enforced this important post, to restore the combat, and Moreau brought up his reserve to drive them from it. The republicans at first succeeded in carrying the village, but Kray charged in person at the head of the Hungarian grenadiers, drove them out with great slaughter, and compelled them to flee in disorder to the plain. Moreau hastened to the scene of action, restored order in a measure, and partly regained the lost ground, but the Hungarians still kept possession of the village, and all the roads leading to it. During this time, the French division of Richepans, which had taken possession of the peak of Hohenhowen, were exposed to a furious attack from the Austrian right. The summit of the mountain seemed like a volcano, throwing out fire in every direction; and as twilight approached, it was easily seen, from the strong light that illuminated the heavens in that quarter, that his position was with great difficulty maintained. At seven in the evening, the vanguard of the corps of St. Cyr arrived, and soon after took a part in the action. The battle was now more equal, and although the artillery on both sides still kept up a furious fire, it was evident that Kray only fought to gain time to withdraw his stores and ammunition. The Austrian general, receiving information of the defeat of the Prince of Lorraine, and the capture of Stockach, which threatened his communications, drew off his forces in the direction of Liptingen and Moeskirch, and formed a junction with the prince, who had retreated in the same quarter. The loss of the Austrians in this battle was nearly 7,000 men; that of the republicans was not so great.

ENGHIEN, A.D. 1692.—The battle of Enghien was fought on the 3d of August, 1692, by the British, under William III., and the French under Marshal Luxemburg. The French, on this occasion, were victorious. Louis XIV. had invaded the Netherlands with an immense army, marshaled by Generals Luxemburg, Condé, and Turenne. William had put himself at the head of the confederated army in the Netherlands, and leagued himself with the Protestant powers upon the continent against the ambition of Louis. Although defeated in the battle of Enghien, he triumphed in the end.

ESPIERIES, A.D. 1794.—This battle was fought on the 22d of May, 1794, by the allied English and Austrians on the one side, and the French on the other. The battle was long and bloody. Each army consisted of nearly 100,000 men. The French were finally defeated, losing 12,000 men, killed and wounded, 500 prisoners, and seven peices of cannon.

EUPATORIA, A.D. 1855.—On the 17th of February, 1855, the town of Eupatoria, in Russia, occupied by the Turks, was attacked on the eastern side by 25,000 Russians, of whom 12,000 were cavalry, with 80 pieces of artillery, under General Osten Sacken. The combat lasted from half past five o'clock until ten o'clock in the morning. The Russians were finally repulsed. The Turks lost nearly 400 men killed and wounded. Among the slain were Selim Pasha, general of the Egyptian division, and Colonel Rustem Bey. The Russians lost about 500 men killed, and a large number wounded. The battle consisted chiefly of a heavy fire of artillery, under cover of which the Russians made two or three attempts to carry the town. On the next day they returned toward Simpheropol. The French steamers at anchor in the roadstead contributed energetically to the defense of the town. Eighteen Frenchmen were killed and wounded on shipboard.

A cavalry action took place on the 29th of September, 1855, between the French under General d'Allonville, seconded by the Turks

under Achmet Mushir Pasha, and the Russians, near Eupatoria, in which the latter were defeated with a loss of 50 in killed and wounded. The French lost 35 men. In this action the French captured 6 guns, 12 ammunition-chests, with their teams, 169 prisoners, and 250 horses.

EURYMEDON, B.C. 470.—In the year 473 B.C., the Athenians lost one of their most distinguished citizens, as well as ablest generals, by the banishment of Themistocles. They endeavored to retrieve that loss by bestowing the command of the armies on Cimon, who was not inferior to him in merit. No Grecian general ever gave so great a blow to the pride and haughtiness of a Persian monarch, as Cimon. Not satisfied with driving the Persians out of Greece, he pursued them, without suffering them to take breath, and ravaged and laid waste many portions of their dominion. In the year 470 B.C., he learned that the Persian fleet, consisting of 350 ships of war, was lying near the mouth of the river Eurymedon, in Pamphylia. Notwithstanding the inferiority of his fleet in number (it consisted only of 200 ships), he determined to attack the enemy. The Persian fleet was supported by the land army on the coast. It was soon put to flight; and more than 200 ships were taken, besides those that were sunk. A great number of the Persians had left their ships and leaped into the sea, in order to join their land army, which lay on the shore. The barbarian forces advanced close to the sea, and it appeared to Cimon, an arduous undertaking to make good his landing by dint of sword, with troops who were fatigued with the late action, and to engage those that were quite fresh, and many times their number. But when he saw his men elated with their late victory, and desirous to be led against the enemy, he disembarked his heavy infantry, while yet warm from the action. With loud shouts they rushed forward upon the Persians, who received the charge without breaking. A sharp contest ensued, and many of the bravest and most distinguished Athenians were slain. At length the barbarians, with much difficulty, were put to rout; many were killed, and a great number fell into the hands of the Greeks as prisoners. The main body of the Persian army fled from the field of battle, leaving their pavilions full of all manner of rich spoil behind them. Thus, Cimon, like an excellent champion, won two prizes in one day, and by these two exploits outdid the victory of Salamis at sea, and of Platæa on land.

EUTAW SPRINGS, A.D. 1781.—At the head of this small stream which flows into the Santee river, in South Carolina, was fought on the 8th of September, 1781, a battle between the American patriots and the British, which will be remembered to all time.

After the battle of Hobkirk, General Greene fell back with the American troops upon Gum Swamp, five miles from Hobkirk. The British general, Lord Rawdon, on the 9th of May, 1781, evacuated Camden, and retired toward Charleston, and encamped on the 13th at Nelson's Ferry, on the banks of the Santee river. Shortly afterward, learning that the forts of Granby, Orangeburg, and Motte, had fallen into the hands of the Americans, the British general raised his camp and retired as far back as Eutaw Springs. Greene resolved to take advantage of this movement on the part of the enemy by reducing Ninety-six and Augusta, the only posts that still favored the royal cause. The Americans accordingly laid siege to both these places, General Greene assailing Ninety-six, and Colonel Pickens, Augusta. Pickens was successful at Augusta; but at Ninety-six Greene did not fare so well.

Finding the place too strong to be carried by storm, the American general raised the siege and withdrew beyond the Tiger and Broad rivers. Rawdon entered Ninety-six, shortly afterward, and having examined the place, was of opinion that it could not hold out against a regular attack. He therefore recommenced his march, and advancing toward the lower part of South Carolina, established his head-quarters at Orangeburg. Greene, emboldened by his retreat, approached this place; but perceiving that the position of the British army was most advantageous, he halted, and turned his course toward the high hills of the Santee. Here he occupied himself in strengthening his army, and exercising his troops. His diligence was amply rewarded. The militia flocked to his standard, from the surrounding country, in crowds, and he soon found himself at the head of an army composed of soldiers equal in number and courage to those of the enemy. At the beginning of September, finding his troops anxious to be employed, Greene resolved to endeavor to expel the British from the few towns they still occupied in South Carolina, except the city of Charleston. The American army accordingly advanced by a circuitous route toward the upper Congaree, and passing that river, descended rapidly along its left bank, in order to attack the British, under Colonel Stuart, who were stationed at Macord's Ferry, near the Congaree and Santee rivers.

No sooner did the British perceive the approach of the enemy than they abandoned their position at Macord's Ferry, and fell back on Eutaw Springs, where they commenced to fortify themselves. Greene pur-

sued them thither, and, on the morning of the 8th of September, advanced in battle array against the enemy. The American army consisted of 2,300 men. The vanguard was composed of militia, two battalions of North, and two of South Carolina. The center consisted of the regular troops of the Carolinas, and of Virginia and Maryland. Lieutenant Colonel Lee, with his legion, covered the right flank, and Colonel Henderson, with the State troops, under Colonels Polk, and Wade Hampton, the left. The rear guard was composed of the dragoons of Colonel Washington, and the Delaware militia, under Captain Kirkwood. The artillery consisted of four pieces, two three-pounders and two sixes. The first, under Captain Gaines, advanced with the vanguard; the second, under Captain Brown, with the center. The British army consisted of about 2,500 men. The English commander drew up his troops in two lines; the first line was covered on the right by the little river Eutaw, and on the left by a thick grove. The second, which formed the reserve, was stationed on the height which commands the Charleston road. The right wing of the first line consisted of the Irish Buffs (3d regiment); the center of loyalists, under Lieutenant Colonel Cruger, and the left, of 63d and 64th veteran regiments. The second line was composed of Coffin's cavalry, and a detachment of infantry. The artillery was planted in the front of the line. In the rear of the British line was a cleared field, which was spotted with the tents of the soldiers. Near the Charleston road was a strong brick house, which, with its garden, was fortified with pallisades. Thus, on the morning of the 8th, were posted the two hostile armies. The landscape was basking in loveliness. The woods clothed in green; the verdant fields, the fragrant air, and the rippling stream, all seemed more fitted for peace than war, yet soon was the fair groves to be shattered by cannon-shot, the grassy fields to be marred by the heels of contending men; the air to be racked by the harsh concussion of fiery discharges, and the lucid waters of Eutaw to be polluted by the blood of dying men.

At about eight o'clock, the Americans having arrived within four miles of Eutaw, Colonel Lee fell in with a British foraging party, of about 400 men, under escort of Captain Coffin. Coffin, not aware of the proximity of the main body of the American army, immediately assailed the troops of Armstrong, who led Lee's advance. Armstrong fell back, and the British eagerly pursuing fell fiercely on Lee and Henderson. A sharp skirmish ensued. Lee's cavalry, under Major Eggleston, at length succeeded in gaining Coffin's flank, and attacked him in the rear. The Americans profiting by this movement, attacked the British in turn, with the utmost vigor, and, after a desperate struggle, put them to flight. Many of the British infantry were killed, and 40, with Coffin, were made prisoners. A number of the foraging party were also captured. The Americans, animated by this victory, pressed forward rapidly. When within a mile of the British position, they suddenly encountered another detachment of the enemy, which had been sent forward to succor Coffin and the foragers. The British fell back, and Greene pressed eagerly to a general attack. The British artillery swept the road, and checked the advance of the Americans; but Gaines's artillery was brought forward, at full gallop, and opened upon the British with terrible effect. The enemy's detachments separately fell back to the flanks of the main body of their army.

The Americans extending their lines, steadily advanced, pouring rapid and destructive volleys of artillery and musketry upon the British. The action now became general. Both parties incessantly plied their artillery and musketry, and the carnage was fearful. At length the Carolina militia wavered and fell back. The British division at the left of the first line, leaving its position, eagerly pressed after the retiring Americans. The militia fought furiously as they retired, contesting every inch of soil with obstinate valor. At this moment Gaines's three-pounders were dismounted, and one of the British cannon was disabled. The center of the American army was pierced, but the two wings maintained their ground checking every advance of the enemy. The British line was also opened, the left being in full pursuit of the flying militia in the American center, while the center and right wings were engaged with the two wings of the enemy. Greene observed this opening in the British line, and immediately took advantage of it. Pushing forward his second line, he charged the British left so violently that they in turn wavered, and began to recede in disorder. At the same moment the second line of the British army was brought forward, and furiously assailed the fresh American troops. "Let Williams advance, and sweep the field with bayonets!" was Greene's orders, and like a tempest the brave Virginians under Colonel Campbell, and the equally gallant Marylanders, under Colonel Williams, rushed upon the enemy. When within forty yards of the British, these troops delivered one destructive volley; and then with fixed bayonets charged furiously upon them. The British were thrown into disorder; and Captain Rudolph of Lee's legion, wheeling upon their flank, completed

their defeat by a close and well-directed fire of musketry. Meanwhile, a body of Maryland troops, under Howard, were hotly engaged with the Irish Buffs, on the right of the British army. So close were the combatants that their bayonets were crossed; and in that position they maintained an incessant fire upon each other. The Virginians and Marylanders after defeating the British left, fell with the utmost fury upon the British center and right. The shock was terrible; and the British receded. And now a shout of victory arose from the American lines which was heard above the din of battle; and that shout fell upon the ears of a dying hero. Colonel Campbell was mortally wounded in the charge which shattered the British line. "I die content!" said he, and expired. The English in their flight threw themselves into the house and garden before mentioned, where they resolved to make a desperate defense. Others took shelter in a thick and almost impenetrable wood. The Americans at once endeavored to dislodge the enemy. The house was battered by four pieces of cannon; Colonel Washington on the left advanced to penetrate the wood, and Colonel Lee to force the garden. The English defended themselves gallantly, and the Americans endeavored in vain to drive them from their strongholds. Both parties fought with the most determined valor, and the carnage was fearful. Washington's horse was shot under him, and he himself received a severe bayonet wound. His life was in the greatest peril; but a British officer nobly interfered, saving him from the hands of the infuriated soldiery, and making him prisoner. Meanwhile, Stuart, having relieved his right wing pushed forward, by a circuitous movement against the left flank of the Americans. This bold movement convinced Greene that further efforts to dislodge the enemy were useless. Leaving Colonel Hampton with a strong picket, near the British camp, the American general withdrew the remainder of the army seven miles to the rear of the British. He brought off about 500 prisoners, and all his wounded, with the exception of those near the house. He abandoned two pieces of artillery to the enemy. The English did not attempt a pursuit; but were contented to repossess themselves of their camp. The Americans lost in this battle, which continued four hours, 152 men killed, 355 wounded, and 40 missing. The British lost 693 men killed, wounded, and made prisoners. Eighty-five were killed on the plain On the day after the battle, the British commander, retreated for Charleston, leaving 72 of his wounded, and 1,000 stands of arms, behind him. In this battle both parties claimed the victory; in truth it belonged to neither; but the advantage decidedly belonged to the Americans. For his skill, bravery and caution, on this occasion, Greene received the merited reward of a gold medal, struck by order of Congress.

EVESHAM, A.D. 1265.—Evesham is situated on both banks of the river Avon, in England, in a beautiful and fertile valley bearing the same name. Near this place was fought, on the 4th of August, 1265, the battle between Edward, Prince of Wales, afterward Edward I., and the confederated barons under Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. Leicester, with his army, lay at Evesham, in expectation of being every hour joined by his friends from London, when suddenly the forces of Edward appeared in the field before him. Drawing up his army in a compact circle, the earl exhorted his soldiers to fight like men who had all to gain or all to suffer. At the same time, he obliged the old king (Henry III.) to put on armor, and to fight against his own cause in the front of the battle. The battle soon began, but Leicester's army, exhausted by famine on the mountains of Wales, were ill able to sustain the impetuosity of Edward's attack, who bore down upon them with incredible fury. During this terrible day, Leicester behaved with astonishing intrepidity, and kept up the spirit of the action from two o'clock in the afternoon till nine at night. At last, his horse being killed under him, he was obliged to fight on foot, and though he demanded quarter, his enemies refused it, and he fell dead upon the field, covered with wounds. The old king, who had been purposely placed in the front of the battle by the rebels, was soon wounded in the shoulder, and being clad in armor, and thereby unknown to his friends, was on the point of being killed by a soldier, when he cried out, "I am Henry of Winchester, your king!" A knight of the royal army, recognizing his voice, spurred forward, and saved his life. Prince Edward, hearing the voice of his father, sped to the spot where he lay, and had him conducted to a place of safety. The rebels, beaten at all points, fled in every direction. The body of Leicester, being found among the dead, was barbarously mangled by one Roger Mortimer, and then, with an accumulation of inhumanity, sent to his wretched widow, as a testimony of the success of the royalists. This victory proved decisive; and the rebels everywhere submitted, or were pursued with vigor. Their castles were taken and demolished; and scarce any were found that disputed the king's authority.

EYLAU, A.D. 1807.—The village of Eylau, in Prussia, was, on the 8th of February, 1807, the scene of one of the most terrible

battles recorded in history. There, within half cannon-shot of each other, were encamped two hostile armies, French and Russian, the former 80,000 strong, the latter 75,000; and their immense masses were disposed in close array, on a space not exceeding a league in breadth. The field of battle was an open expanse of uninclosed ground, rising in swells or small hills, interspersed with many lakes; but as the whole surface was covered with snow, and the lakes so thoroughly frozen as to bear the weight either of cavalry or artillery, the whole surface was accessible to military operations. The Russians were provided with four hundred and sixty pieces of cannon, while the French had not above three hundred and fifty pieces. The French cavalry was nearly 16,000 strong. Thus the two armies were nearly equal—the French superiority in numbers, and especially in cavalry, being counterbalanced by the advantage which the Russians had in that important arm, the artillery. The Russian right, under Tutschakoff, lay on either side of Schloditten, the center, under Sacken, occupied a cluster of little open hills, intercepted by lakes, in front of Kuschnitten; the left, under Osterman Tolstoy, rested on Klein-Saussgarten; the advanced guard, 10,000 strong, with its outposts, extending almost to the houses of Eylau, was under the command of Bargrathion; the reserve, in two divisions, was led by Doctoroff. The whole army in front was drawn up in two lines, with admirable precision; the reserve in two close columns behind the center; the foot artillery, consisting of 400 pieces, was disposed along the front of the lines; the horse artillery carrying sixty guns; cavalry and Cossacks, under Platoff, in reserve behind the center and wings, in order to support any point which might appear to require assistance. The French position, generally speaking, was more elevated than that of the Russians, with the exception of the right, which was commanded by the heights of Klein-Saussgarten. The town of Eylau, however, occupied in force by their troops, was situated in a hollow, so low that the roofs of the houses were below the range of the cannon-shot, and the summit of the church-steeple, which stands on an eminence alone, was exposed to the destructive storm. Davoust was on the right, and received orders from Napoleon to attack the village of Klein-Saussgarten and Serpallen, occupied by the enemy. Soult, in the center, was destined to advance against the Russian main body, and the strong batteries placed opposite to Eylau. Augereau was on the left to support his attack; the Imperial Guard, and cavalry of Murat, in reserve behind the center, ready to support any attack which might appear likely to prove unsuccessful. Lestocq, the Russian general, had lain the preceding night with his division at Husehnen, which was only three leagues distant, and was expected to join the Russian army before the battle was far advanced. Ney, the French marshal, had not yet arrived with his division; but orders were dispatched to him to attack the Russian right, when the action was warmly engaged; and it was hoped that he would come up, at least as soon as Lestocq on the other side, upon whose traces he had long been following. When Napoleon saw that the Russians stood firm, and were resolved to give battle, he determined to turn their left wing by the corps of Davoust, and throw it back on the middle of the army. The better to conceal this object, he commenced the action shortly after daybreak, by a violent attack on their right and center.

The Russian batteries in the center poured incessant, but ill-directed volleys upon the French masses in front of Eylau; while the French guns replied with fatal effect from their elevated position, down upon the enemy, whose lines were exposed from head to foot to the range of their shot. Suddenly the left wing of the French army, led by Marshal Augereau, advanced in massy columns toward Schloditten, while Soult' scorps, preceded by 150 pieces of artillery, marched with an intrepid step against the Russian center, and forty guns of the Imperial Guard, posted on an eminence, near the church of Eylau, opened a heavy fire on the great central Russian battery.

When these troops had advanced about 300 yards, driving the Russian trailleurs before them, the Russian cannon-shot from two hundred pieces, admirably directed, plowed through the mass, and so shattered it, that the whole body inclined to the left to get under the shelter of a detached house which stood in the way. At this moment a snow-storm set in, and darkened the air, so that neither party could see its opponents; but, nevertheless, the deadly storm of bullets continued to tear the massy columns of Augereau, and the fire was so violent as to prevent Soult from rendering him any effectual support. In the midst of this carnage, enveloped by the driving snow, Augereau's division was suddenly assailed on the one side by the right wing of the Russians, and on the other by the Russian reserve, and Doctoroff's powerful cavalry. So thick was the snow-storm that the French did not perceive their assailants, till they had approached within a few yards of them, and the long lances of the Cossacks almost touched their breasts. Before this terrible and unexpected charge of cavalry and infantry, the French columns were dissolved as if by magic.

Overwhelmed, they broke and fled in the wildest disorder, closely pursued by the Russian cavalry and Cossacks, who sabered down the fugitives without mercy. Out of 16,000 men, who composed the French columns of attack, 1,500 only found their ranks again. The others were either taken or destroyed; and Augereau, with his two generals of division, Desgardeus and Heudelet, were severely wounded. Napoleon, stationed in the church-yard of Eylau, was apprized of this disaster by the torrent of fugitives which rushed into the village. The snow-storm suddenly cleared away, and he saw the Russian right and center far advanced. The crash of the Russian balls on the steeple and walls of the church, showed how nearly danger was approaching. A Russian division actually entered the town in close pursuit of the fugitives, and with loud hurrahs charged to the foot of the mound where the emperor was placed with a battery of the Imperial Guard, and his personal escort of 100 men. In spite of his danger, Napoleon retained his usual presence of mind. He ordered his little body-guard to form a line, in order to check the enemy's advance, and dispatched orders to the Old Guard to attack the column on one flank, while a brigade of Murat's horse charged it on the other. At the sight of the grenadiers of Napoleon's guard, the Russians came to a dead stand; and before they could make a regular assault, Murat's men and the Old Guard rushed upon them with the utmost fury, and almost the whole division was cut to pieces on the spot. Napoleon now ordered a grand charge by the whole cavalry and Imperial Guard, supported by the divisions of Soult, who were again formed and led back to the attack upon the center. Napoleon anxiously watched the movements of this enormous mass. Fourteen thousand cavalry, and 25,000 foot soldiers, supported by 200 pieces of cannon, moved over the slope. The snow had again commenced falling. In the midst of a storm of whirling snow, the French troops precipitated themselves upon the Russian center. The shock was irresistible; the front line of the Russians, thrown into disorder, was obliged to give way; their cavalry was crushed by the enormous weight of the 14,000 horsemen who followed the white plume of Murat, and a terrible *mêlée* ensued in which prodigious losses were sustained on both sides. The Russians disdained to fly, and rallying again and again, maintained the combat with the most dogged determination. At this moment, Benningsen, the Russian commander, ordered up the whole of the infantry of the reserve. These brave men, regardless of the storm of grape and musketry which fell in their advancing ranks, pressed on eagerly to the support of their comrades; and uniting with the first line, charged home with loud cries upon their enemy. In the shock, Essen's Russian division was broken, and the French horse swept through several openings and got as far as the reserve cavalry of Benningsen. But now with loud shouts the Cossacks of the Don advanced. Regardless of danger, they galloped forward to the charge, their long lances in rest, their horses at full speed, and in an instant pierced through and scattered the French cuirassiers. Retreat was impossible through the again closed ranks of the enemy, and 18 only of the whole body regained their own lines by a long circuit. The divisions of Davoust on the French left, in the mean time, were performing prodigies of valor. By repeated and vigorous attacks he possessed himself of the village of Klein-Saussgarten. At Serpallen the action was warmly contested. After a most obstinate conflict the Russians at this point gave way; the cannoneers bravely resisting, were bayoneted at their guns, and their pieces were about being taken by the French, when the Russians were reinforced by two regiments which Benningsen sent to their support, and the French were in their turn charged by cavalry, broken and driven back upward of 300 yards. But the progress of the French at Klein-Saussgarten was so great, that the enemy, alarmed, were obliged to abandon the ground they had regained. Friant debouched in their rear in great strength, and rapidly continuing his advance from left to right of the Russian position, he had soon passed, driving every thing before him, the whole ground occupied by their left wing, and was making dispositions to assault Kuschnitten, which had been the head-quarters of Benningsen the preceding night, and which lay directly behind the Russian center. Never was change more sudden; the victorious Russian center turned and attacked both in flank and rear seemed on the point of being driven off the field of battle; already the shouts of victory were heard from Davoust's division, and vast volumes of black smoke, blown along the whole Russian center and right from the flames of Serpallen, evinced the steady progress of the French on their left.

With loud shouts, the French assaulted and carried Kuschnitten, in spite of the most obstinate resistance on the part of the enemy. At this critical moment, the long-expected corps of Lestocq arrived on the Russian right. He was instantly ordered to defile as quickly as possible in the rear of the Russian right, so as to assist in the recapture of Kuschnitten behind their center, where the French, under St. Hilaire, had established themselves in so threatening a manner. These directions

were immediately obeyed. Under cover of a terrible cannonade on its houses, the Russians charged the village in three columns, and carried it with irresistible force; and by the most strenuous exertions, Lestocq also expelled the French under Davoust from the hamlet of Anklappen and the wood adjoining, and was pressing forward toward Saussguarten, when night came on. The battle was over on the center and left, and already the French lines were illuminated by the fires of innumerable bivouacs, when both armies were startled by a sharp fire, succeeded by loud shouts on the extreme right of the Russians, toward Schloditten. It was the fire of Ney's corps, which, following rapidly on the traces of Lestocq, had entered Altof, driving the Russian detachment, which Lestocq had left to occupy that village, before him, and had now carried Schloditten, in order to cut off the Russian communication with Königsberg. Benningsen immediately ordered the Russian division of Kamenskoi, which had suffered least in the preceding action, to assault the village, which was executed at ten o'clock at night. Ney's corps, overwhelmed by numbers, were expelled from the village, and the shouts of the victorious Russians were heard even at Eylau. At eleven o'clock the Russian generals held a council of war, on horseback, and a retreat was decided upon. The desperate valor and the superior numbers of the French troops, discouraged the Russian general, and he immediately gave orders for the retreat, which began at midnight. The army marched through Schloditten, toward Könisberg, unmolested by the enemy. Thus ended the terrible battle of Eylau. The loss on both sides was immense. On the side of the Russians 25,000 had fallen, of whom 7,000 were slain outright. The French lost nearly the same number of men, killed and wounded. Sixteen Russian guns and fourteen standards were taken by the French; while the Russians had to boast of twelve eagles taken from their antagonists. Scarcely any prisoners were made on either side during the action, but 6,000 wounded Russians, most of them in a hopeless state, were left on the field of battle, and fell into the hands of the French.

The battle-field presented on the following morning a most fearful spectacle. In the short space of six miles 50,000 men lay weltering in their gore. 6,000 horses were scattered in huge piles over the plain, some of them dead, and others dying; and the shrill screams of the wounded animals were mingled with the groans and stifled cries of the suffering men, whose forms were crushed beneath the weight of their dying horses. The snow, stained crimson with blood, afforded no coolness to the feverish bodies of the wretched soldiers, who were burning with thirst, and goaded to madness by the pain of their wounds. The plain was filled with woe and pain, and the air was loaded with lamentations, curses, and shrieks of despair. "The spectacle," said Napoleon, after describing the dreadful appearance of the battle-field, in his bulletin home, "is sufficient to inspire princes with the love of peace, and horror of war."

FAIRFIELD, A.D. 1779.—Fairfield in Connecticut, in the year 1779, was entered by Governor Tryon with 2,600 British soldiers, and the town was given up to promiscuous plunder. After subjecting the inhabitants to the most brutal treatment, the troops set fire to the town, and the court-house; two churches, eighty-five dwellings, fifty-five barns, fifteen stores, and fifteen shops, were burned to ashes, producing great distress. 500 barrels of rice, which had been stored in the cellar of the court-house, were destroyed.

FALERII, B.C. 394.—The Romans and the Falerii were at war. Camillus being named dictator, attacked these people and besieged their capital. Before the circumvallation of the place was completed, a schoolmaster came out of the city and placed all his pupils in the hands of the Romans, as the readiest way of inducing the inhabitants to surrender. The indignant dictator ordered the perfidious master to be stripped, had his hands tied behind him, and, arming the boys with rods, commanded them to flog the treacherous pedagogue back to the city. Plutarch says that Camillus was much shocked at this action of the schoolmaster, and said to those around him—"War at best is a savage thing, and wades through a sea of violence and injustice; yet even war itself has its laws, which men of honor will not depart from; nor do they pursue victory so as to avail themselves of acts of villainy and baseness. A great general should rely upon his own virtue, and not upon the treachery of others." It is said that the magistrates of the place were so affected by the magnanimity of the dictator, that they brought him the keys of the city.

FALKIRK, A.D. 1298.—Falkirk, a town of Scotland, stands on an eminence three miles south of the Frith of Forth, at the

south-west extremity of the fertile tract of land called "The Carse of Falkirk." Two miles north-east of Falkirk, is the village of Carron, on the river Carron, which falls into the Frith of Forth. In a valley between Falkirk and the Carron, a battle was fought in the year 1298 by the Scotch under Sir William Wallace, and the English commanded by Edward I. The Scotch army, nearly 100,000 strong, was posted at Falkirk, and there determined to abide the assault of the English. The English king, determined to crush the Scotch army by one bold stroke, had collected the whole military force of England, Wales, and Ireland, and marched with an army of 100,000 combatants to the northern frontiers. To Wallace the Scots had given the entire command of their army; but his elevation, though purchased by great merit, was the object of envy to the Scotch nobility, who repined to see a private gentleman raised above them. Wallace was aware of their jealousy, and dreading the ruin of his country from these intestine discords, with a magnanimity only equaled by his courage, resigned his authority, and retained command only over that body of his followers who, being accustomed to victory under his standard, refused to follow any other leader into the field. The chief command of the Scotch army devolved upon the Steward of Scotland, and Cummin of Badenoch, men of high birth, under whom the sensitive chieftains were willing to serve in the defense of their country. Having collected their several forces from every quarter, the two Scottish commanders fixed their station at Falkirk. Wallace accompanied them, at the head of his brave followers. The Scotch army was drawn up in three separate divisions, each forming a complete body of pikemen. The intervals between the three bodies were occupied by archers. The cavalry was placed in the rear; and, dreading the great superiority of the English horse, they endeavored to secure their front by pallisades tied together by ropes. Thus disposed they awaited the approach of the enemy. When the English army arrived within sight of the Scots, Edward divided his troops into three bodies and led them to the attack. As he advanced at the head of his men, the Scots set up such a shout, that his horse took fright, and dislodged him from his saddle, and afterward kicked him on the ribs as he lay on the ground; but the intrepid monarch, though sorely bruised by his fall, quickly remounted his horse, and ordered his troops to begin the attack. The English archers first assaulted the Scottish bowmen, who, after a sharp struggle, were driven from the field. The Welsh troops next assaulted the enemy; but the Scots, who fought with determined valor, fiercely drove them back. On this the English archers poured shower after shower of arrows among the pikemen who were cooped up within the intrenchments, which threw them into disorder. Then the English pikemen and cavalry advanced to the attack, with Edward at their head. Pulling up the pallisades, they charged the enemy with so much impetuosity that they were no longer able to resist. In this distress Wallace did all that lay in the power of man to sustain and avert the shock; but the division under Cummin, quitting the field, the divisions of the Lord Steward and Wallace were alone exposed to the united charge of the English pikemen and cavalry, and the incessant showers of arrows from the English archers, who at that time began to excel those of all other nations. The followers of Wallace, for a long time, maintained this unequal contest; but, finding himself in danger of being surrounded, he at last was obliged to give way, and slowly retired with the poor remnant of his troops behind the river Carron. The Scottish army, at all points, was broken and driven off the field. Edward's victory was complete. Twelve thousand Scots—some historians say 50,000—were left dead upon the field of battle. The English lost 100 men killed. In the general rout of the Scottish army, Wallace's military skill, and presence of mind, enabled him to keep his troops together, and, retiring behind the Carron, he marched leisurely along the banks of that river, which protected him from the enemy. Notwithstanding this great victory, the subjection of Scotland by the English was not completed. The English army, after reducing the southern provinces, was obliged to retire for want of provisions, and left the northern counties in the hands of the natives.

On a moor, within half a mile of the town of Falkirk, Charles Stuart the Pretender, in 1746, gained a victory over the army of the royalists, under General Hawley.

FALKOPING, A.D. 1388.—In the year 1388, a battle was fought near Falköping, a small town in Sweden, near Mariestad, between the Swedes, under King Albert, and the army of Margaret, Queen of Denmark. After a bloody struggle, the king was defeated and was himself made prisoner.

FEHRBELLEN, A.D. 1675.—A battle was fought A.D. 1675, near Fehrbellen, in Prussia, between the Swedes, and the troops of the Elector of Brandenburg, in which the former were defeated.

FERE CHAMPENOISE, A.D. 1814.—Near this village, in France, on the 28th of February, 1814, the French, after an obstinate conflict, were totally defeated by the allies.

FISHGUARD, A.D. 1797.—In 1797, a detachment of French guards landed at Fishguard, or Aberzwain, a seaport town, in South Wales, and were captured after a slight resistance, to a man, by the inhabitants, under Lord Cawdor.

FLATBUSH. See *Brooklyn.*

FLENSBORG, A.D. 1848.—In 1848, Flensborg, in Denmark, with its environs, was the scene of hostile operations between the Germans and Danes.

FLEURUS. See *Charleroi.*

FLODDEN, A.D. 1513.—This village is memorable as the scene of one of the most destructive conflicts recorded in British history. War having been declared between the English and the Scots, James IV., King of Scotland, crossed the Tweed with an army of 50,000 men, and ravaged those parts of Northumberland which lay along the banks of that river. But as his forces were numerous, and the country barren, he soon began to want provisions; so that many of his men deserted, and returned to their native country. Meanwhile, the Earl of Surrey, having collected a force of 26,000 English soldiers, marched to the defense of the country, and approached the Scots, who lay on some high grounds near the hills of Cheviot. The river Till ran between the armies, and prevented an engagement; Surrey, therefore, sent a herald to the Scottish camp, challenging the enemy to descend into the plain of Milfield, toward the south; and there, appointing a day for the combat, to try their valor on equal ground. As he received no satisfactory reply, he made a feint of marching toward Berwick, as if he intended to enter Scotland, to lay waste the borders, and cut off the provisions of the enemy. The Scottish army in order to prevent this purpose, put themselves in motion; and having set fire to the huts in which they had quartered, they descended from the hills. Surrey, taking advantage of the smoke which was blown toward him, and which concealed his movements, passed the Till with his artillery and a vanguard at the bridge of Twisel, and sent the rest of his army to seek a ford higher up the river. An engagement now became inevitable and both sides prepared for it with tranquillity and order. The English divided their army into two lines: Lord Howard led the main body of the first line, Sir Edward Howard the right wing, Sir Marmaduke Constable the left. The Earl of Surrey himself commanded the main body of the second line, Lord Dacres the right wing, Sir Edward Stanley the left. The front of the Scots presented three divisions to the enemy; the middle was led by the king himself; the right by the Earl of Huntley, assisted by Lord Hume; the left by the Earls of Lennox and Argyle. A fourth division under the Earl of Bothwell, made a body of reserve. Huntley began the battle, and, after a sharp conflict, put to flight the left wing of the English, and chased them off the field; but on returning from the pursuit, he found the whole Scottish army in great disorder. The division under Lennox and Argyle elated with the success of the other wing had broken their ranks, and rushed headlong upon the enemy. Sir Edward Howard, at the head of his division, received them with great valor, and Dacres, who commanded the second line, wheeling about during the action, fell upon their rear, and put them to the sword without resistance. The division under James, and that under Bothwell, animated by the valor of their leaders, still made head against the English, and throwing themselves into a circle, protracted the action till night separated the combatants. The victory seemed yet undecided, and the numbers that fell on each side were nearly equal, amounting to above 5,000 men; but the morning discovered where the advantage lay. The English had lost only persons of small note; but the flower of the Scottish nobility had fallen in battle, and the king himself, after the most diligent inquiry, could nowhere be found. In searching the field the English found a dead body which resembled him, and was arrayed in a similar habit; and they put it in a leaden coffin, and sent it to London. The Scotch did not renew the fight. Their loss was extremely great. Besides the king, no fewer than twelve earls, thirteen lords, and five eldest sons of peers, with a vast number of gentlemen of distinction, and about 5,000 common soldiers, were left on the field. The loss on the part of the English was not so severely felt. Sir Walter Scott gives a vivid, and generally just account of this great battle, in his *Marmion.* This battle was fought on the 19th of September, 1513.

FLUSHING, A.D. 1809.—Flushing, a seaport town of the Netherlands, was ineffectually bombarded by the British in August, 1809.

FONTAINEBLEAU. See *Montereau.*

FONTERABIA, A.D. 1837.—Fonterabia, in Spain, was in 1837 the theater of several hostile engagements between the troops of General Evans, and the Carlists. After a series of bloody conflicts, the Carlists were defeated and Evans took possession of the town.

FONTENAY, A.D. 841.—Fontenay, in Burgundy, was in 841, the scene of a terrible conflict between the sons of Louis le Debonnaire, the result of which was the division in 843 of the Frankish empire, founded by Charlemagne the great.

FONTENOY, A.D. 1745.—The battle of

Fontenoy was fought on the 30th of April, 1745, between the French army, under Count Saxe, and the allied armies of England, Hanover, Holland, and Austria, under the Duke of Cumberland. Fontenoy is in Belgium, in the province of Hainaut, five miles south-east of Tournay. The French had resolved upon a most strenuous effort to defeat the plans of the allies in the Netherlands. They had assembled an army of 120,000 men, the chief command of which was given to Count Saxe, natural son to the late King of Poland, and who had long been a soldier of fortune. Count Saxe was a brave and experienced general; his long service had taught him to regard danger as a secondary matter; and he listened to the whistling of bullets with the same composure that he would have evinced in the drawing-room or dancing saloon. To this great general, his opponent, the Duke of Cumberland, offered a strong contrast. He neither possessed courage nor talents for war; nor was he able to bring such a formidable body of men into the field. The French, therefore, swept every thing before them. They laid siege to Fribourg, and, early in the campaign of 1745, invested the strong city of Tournay. The allies, notwithstanding the inferiority of their numbers, and although commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, yet they resolved to save Tournay by hazarding a battle. The allies, therefore, marched against the enemy; and stationed themselves within sight of the French, who were encamped on an eminence, with the village of St. Antoine on their right, a forest on their left, and the town of Fontenoy before them. The allies began the attack at two o'clock in the morning. Through the darkness of night the stout English troops pressed forward up the steep acclivity, and attacked the French with an ardor which, for a time, bore down all opposition. The French fought with the utmost gallantry; Count Saxe, who was at that time sick of the disorder of which he afterward died, was carried about to all the posts in a litter, and with the utmost coolness and intrepidity directed the movements of his troops, praising the brave, and encouraging the faint-hearted, by assuring them that, notwithstanding the unfavorable aspect of affairs, the day was his own. The battle raged furiously. A column of the English, without any commander, but by mere mechanical courage, advanced upon the enemy's lines, which opening formed an avenue on each side to receive them. They had no sooner entered than the French artillery, on three sides, began to play upon them with terrible effect. The action now became general. Prodigies of valor were performed on each side, and the ground was literally covered with the dead and dying. At length the English, on whom the brunt of the battle fell, were obliged to retreat, at about three o'clock in the afternoon. This was one of the most bloody battles that had been fought in this age: the allies left on the field of battle 12,000 men; and the French lost nearly an equal number. This blow, by which Tournay was taken by the French, gave them such a manifest superiority, during all the rest of the campaign, that they kept the fruits of their victory during the continuance of the war. In connection with this battle we can not forbear giving the following anecdote, taken from a French work, entitled *le Histoire des Chiens celèbres*, which, however remarkable, is said to be well attested:

"Mustapha, a strong and active greyhound, belonging to a captain of artillery, raised from his birth in the midst of camps, always accompanied his master, and exhibited no alarm in the midst of battle. In the hottest engagement he remained near the cannon to which his master was attached, and carried the match in his mouth. At the memorable battle of Fontenoy, the master of Mustapha received a mortal wound. At the moment when about to fire upon the enemy, he and several of his corps were struck to the earth by a discharge of artillery. Seeing his master extended lifeless and bleeding upon the ground, the dog became desperate and howled piteously. Just at that moment a body of French soldiers were advancing to gain possession of the piece, which was still aimed at them, from the top of a small rising ground. As if with a view to revenge his master's death, *Mustapha seized the lighted match with his paws, and applied it to the cannon loaded with case-shot!* Seventy men fell on the spot, and the remainder took to flight! After this bold stroke the dog lay down sadly near the dead body of his master and remained there twenty-two hours, without food. He was at length, with difficulty removed, by the comrades of the deceased. This gallant greyhound was afterward presented to George II. who had him taken care of as a brave and faithful public servant."

FORLI, A.D. 1797.—This city in Italy was taken by the French, in 1797.

FORMIGNY, A.D. 1450.—A desperate battle was fought, in the year 1450, near Formigny, a town of France, between the French and English. The battle was hotly contested; and the British were finally defeated, and in consequence were obliged to withdraw from Normandy.

FORNOVO, A.D. 1495.—In 1495, a bloody engagement took place at Fornovo, a town of northern Italy, between the French army, under Charles VIII., and the Milanese and their allies, in which the latter, after an obstinate struggle, were defeated with great loss.

FORT BOYER, A.D. 1814.—On the 15th of September, 1814, four British ships, carrying 90 guns, and a land force of about 700 men, under Colonel Nicholls, commenced a cannonade, within musket-shot, upon Fort Boyer, a small redoubt, garrisoned by 120 Americans, under Major Lawrence, which commanded the entrance from the Gulf of Mexico to Mobile. The British were repulsed with a loss of 232 killed and wounded. The Americans lost 8 men, killed and wounded. The British ship *Hermes* stranded, and the guns of the fort were opened upon her with terrible effect, and in a few moments she blew up. Nearly the whole of her crew perished in the explosion. Nicholls effected his retreat to Pensacola, where he was received by the Spanish governor of that place with open arms. See *Pensacola.*

FORT CAROLINA, A.D. 1565.—This fort was erected by the French Huguenots, in the year 1565, on the banks of the river May, in Florida. On the 21st of September, 1565, the French garrison was attacked by a superior force of Spaniards, under Melendez, who had settled at St. Augustine. The French made an obstinate resistance, but the Spaniards finally were masters of the fort. No sooner had they gained possession of the fortress than they commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the garrison. Neither men, women, nor children were spared. About two hundred persons were slain. A few only escaped to the woods, where many of them died from starvation. Some who returned to the fortress and gave themselves up to the Spaniards, were immediately slaughtered. The survivors, after incredible hardships, reached the seacoast, where they fortunately espied two French vessels, which received them on board.

FORT DADE, A.D. 1835.—In the month of December, 1835, Major Dade, with 112 men, was attacked near Fort Dade, in Benton county, Florida, by an overwhelming body of Indians. The gallant major and his men made a heroic resistance; but after piling the ground with the corpses of their enemies, they were overpowered by the very weight of the savages, and all were killed with the exception of one man, who escaped to bear the fearful tidings to the nearest white settlement.

FORT ERIE, A.D. 1814.—On the western bank of the Niagara river, directly opposite the city of Buffalo, stand the ruins of Fort Erie, the scene of one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the second war between England and the United States. Early in the month of July, 1814, Brown, the American general, crossed the Niagara into Canada, and invested Fort Erie, which was surrendered without opposition, and the prisoners, 137 in number, were sent to Buffalo. The American army then advanced to Chippewa, where they encountered and overcame the British, who retired to Fort George, while the Americans took post at Queenston. Slight skirmishes only took place between detachments of the two armies, until the 25th of July, when the battle of Lundy's Lane, near the cataract of Niagara, occurred. After a most sanguinary conflict, the British were defeated. The American generals, Brown and Scott, both being severely wounded, the command of the army devolved upon General Ripley, who took post at Fort Erie. General Gaines soon after arrived, and took the command. Immediately on his arrival at Fort Erie, Gaines set about strengthening the works until it was in a good state of defense. The garrison was composed of about 2,500 men. Drummond, the British leader, immediately laid siege to the fort, with about 3,500 men, and by the 4th of August, had formally invested the place. Having completed his trenches, and erected his batteries within four hundred yards of the fort, on the 13th he opened his fire. During that day and the following, the cannonade was incessant, and the enemy's fire was steadily returned by the garrison. On the night of the 24th, Drummond deemed the defenses so much injured that he determined to hazard an assault early on the morning of the 15th. The assailants were divided into three columns, each column numbering about 1,000 men. The storming parties were to move simultaneously against three points; the first against Towson's battery, occupying the extreme north-east angle of the fortifications; the second against the right, and the third full on the fort itself.

"At about two o'clock in the morning, the muffled tread of the advancing columns was distinctly heard in the darkness. The one directed against Towson's batteries near the water, came first within range, when a tremendous fire opened upon it. In an instant the whole scenery was lit up by the blaze of the guns, which threw also a red and baleful light over the serried ranks, pressing with fixed bayonets to the assault. Although Towson kept his batteries in fierce play, and sheets of flame went rolling on the doomed column, it kept resolutely on till it approached within ten feet of the infantry. But its strength was exhausted; it could stagger on no further; and first wavering, it then halted, and finally recoiled. Rallied to a second attack, it advanced with loud shouts, only to be smitten with the same overwhelming fire. Encouraged to a third effort, it swerved from the direct assault, and endeavored to wade around an abattis of loose brushwood, that stretched from the batteries to the shore. Pressing forward, up to their

arm-pits in the water, some few reached the inclosure within, but only to perish, and the remainder retreated. The column advancing against the right battery, commanded by Douglass, was allowed to approach within fifty yards, when such a rapid and wasting fire was poured upon it, that it recoiled in confusion. The central column, led on by Lieutenant Colonel Drummond, pressed firmly and rapidly through the fire of Hindman's guns, applied their ladders to the walls, and began to mount, and after a desperate resistance, succeeded in effecting a lodgment in the fort which they maintained courageously until daylight, when some powder in a stone building near by, catching fire by accident, exploded with such a tremendous concussion that the besiegers, thinking a mine had been sprung, were seized with a sudden panic, and fled in disorder from their advantageous position.

Drummond, however, did not abandon the siege, but sat down before the fort with a stronger determination than ever to reduce it. The British lost in the assault, 157 men killed, 308 wounded, and 186 made prisoners. The Americans lost eighty-four. On the second of September, General Brown had so far recovered from his wound as to be able to resume his command. The main body of the British army was incamped in an open field, surrounded by a forest, two miles distant from their intrenchments, in order to be out of reach of the American cannon, while one third of their force protected the artillerists in completing their batteries, and the workmen in digging trenches and erecting block-houses. They had completed two batteries, and a third was nearly finished, when General Brown determined to make a sortie with nearly the whole of his disposable force, and with one bold stroke to overwhelm the batteries of the enemy and destroy their works. For four days previous, Brown tried the effect of his artillery upon the enemy's works. The assault was to be made on the 17th of September, at noon, an hour when such an attempt would be least expected. The assailants were to be divided into two columns. "The left, composed of Porter's volunteers, Gibson's riflemen, a portion of the 1st and 23d regiment of regulars, and some Indians, was directed to march along a road which had been cut through the woods, while General Miller, with the 1st brigade, was to move swiftly along a deep ravine that run between the 1st and 2d batteries of the enemy, and the moment they heard the crack of Porter's rifles, mount the ravine, and storm the batteries. About ten o'clock, every thing being ready, Brown opened with his artillery, and for two hours it was an incessant blaze and roar along the line of the intrenchments. Its cessation was the signal for the two columns to advance. General Ripley commanded the reserve, while Jessup, with 150 men, held the fort itself.

"Porter, with his column, surprised and overthrew the enemy's pickets, and began to pour in rapid volleys on his flank. Miller no sooner heard the welcome sound than he gave the order to charge. In an instant the brigade was on the top of the bank, and without giving the enemy time to recover from their surprise, the troops dashed forward on the intrenchments in front of them. Though assailed so unexpectedly and suddenly, the enemy fought gallantly to save the works which had cost them so much labor. The contest was fierce, but short. Carrying battery after battery at the point of the bayonet, the victorious Americans pressed fiercely on, till all the batteries, and the labor of nearly fifty days, were completely in their possession. Ripley then hastened up with the reserve to form a line for the protection of the troops while the work of destruction went on; while executing this movement he was wounded in the neck and carried back to the fort.

"In the mean time, Drummond, aroused by the first volleys, had hurried off reinforcements on a run. Pressing forward through the rain, urged to their utmost speed by the officers pointing forward with their swords to the scene of action, they, nevertheless, arrived too late to prevent the disaster."*

Having completely demolished the enemy's works, the Americans, perceiving strong reinforcements coming up, retired in good order within the fort. The Americans lost 300, killed and wounded. The British lost 400, killed and wounded, and 300 taken prisoners. The result of the sortie completely discouraged the British general, who, on the night of the 21st, raised the siege, which had continued forty-nine days, and retired to his intrenchments behind Chippewa. On the 5th of November the Americans, having laid Fort Erie in ruins, recrossed the Niagara, and withdrew with all their force into the American territory.

FORT GEORGE, A.D. 1813.—Fort George in Canada, at the western extremity of Lake Ontario, was taken by the American army under General Dearborn, on the 27th of May, 1813. The fort was occupied by a British garrison, and a British army under General Vincent was incamped near its walls. The Americans, under Colonels Winfield Scott and Porter, attacked the troops of Vincent, and after a brief but bloody conflict, the British line was rent asunder, and the troops fled in disorder over the plain. Fort George was abandoned, and the garrison streamed after the defeated army. They had set fire to the

* Headley.

train of the magazines before they left, and one of the magazines exploded with fearful violence, but no injury was done to life or limb. The Americans then took possession of the fort, and the British effected their retreat in safety. In this affair the Americans lost seventy-two, in killed and wounded; the British 250, killed and wounded, and 100 made prisoners.

FORT GRISWOLD.—See *New London.*

FORT MEIGS, A.D. 1813.—Fort Meigs stood upon the east bank of the Maumee, in the State of Ohio, a short distance above where that river empties into Lake Erie.

After Winchester's defeat at Frenchtown, the American army, under General Harrison, retreated to Fort Meigs. Here the troops remained inactive, acting only as a barrier between the Ohio settlements and the Indians until the latter part of April, 1813. Meanwhile the savage chieftain had returned with reeking hands from the massacre at Fort Mimms, and had joined the British camp in Canada, and with General Proctor, had organized a large force for the reduction of Fort Meigs. The fort at this time was garrisoned with about 1,000 men, and was bountifully supplied with every thing necessary for a long and obstinate defense. Twelve hundred Kentuckians, under General Clay, were also marching to the relief of the garrison. On the 23d of April, Proctor, with a strong British force, and a horde of Indian allies, under Tecumseh, entered the mouth of the Maumee in boats, and besieged the fort in due form. Heavy batteries were erected on the west bank of the river, and the light troops and Indians stationed on the opposite side. The besieged opened a well-directed cannonade from the fort upon the enemy, which compelled them to perform the most of their work by night. Having completed his batteries, Proctor, on the 1st of May, opened his fire. The garrison had suffered but little, except from the want of water. The well in the fort was dry, and they were obliged to bring water from the river. But many of the men were slain by the Indians, while on this service, and the savages, emboldened by their success, gradually drew closer to the fort, and climbing into tall trees poured showers of bullets into the interior of the American works. Before opening his batteries, Proctor sent the garrison a summons to surrender, which Harrison scornfully declined, and opened a brisk cannonade upon the enemy. For four days both parties maintained their fire, when Harrison received the joyful intelligence that Clay, with his Kentuckians, was near at hand. The American commander now resolved to compel the enemy to raise the siege. He sent a messenger to Clay, directing him to land 800 men on the west bank of the river, and attack the enemy's batteries, and spike the guns; while the remaining 400 advanced along the east bank toward the batteries against which the garrison should make a sortie. The 800 Kentuckians were placed under the command of Colonel Dudley, and crossing the river in good order fiercely attacked the British batteries. In the face of the fiery tempest which burst forth from the grim line before them, they carried the batteries, and neglecting to spike the guns rushed on in furious pursuit of the flying English, or turned aside to fight the savages, with whom the wood was alive. Proctor, meanwhile, aroused by the sound of the conflict, hastened from his camp, a mile and a half below, with reinforcements. Arriving at the scene of action, he rallied the fugitives and joined at this moment by Tecumseh, with a strong body of Indians, he fell with the utmost fury upon the Kentuckians, who in their eager pursuit had thrown themselves into disorder. The Americans fought with the utmost gallantry; but they fell rapidly before the furious strokes and withering fire of the enemy, whose number was greatly superior. Only 150 of these gallant men reached the eastern bank of the river in safety. Colonel Dudley was mortally wounded. Meanwhile, Colonel Miller, with the Americans on the east bank, attacked the British batteries on that side of the river and carried them at the point of the bayonet, and spiking the guns, returned to the fort with 42 prisoners. On the 8th of May, Proctor raised the siege, and under a galling fire from the fort, made a hasty and disorderly retreat down the river. The Indians had abandoned their allies the day before. In this siege the Americans lost nearly 800 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The British lost about 100 in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

FORT MIMMS, A.D. 1813.—During the second war between the United States and England, twenty-four families had congregated at Fort Mimms, a mere block-house, situated on the Alabama river, near the junction of the Tombigbee, in the State of Mississippi, where they had fled for shelter from the anticipated ravages of Tecumseh and his savage warriors, who had formed an alliance with England against the Americans. Fort Mimms was garrisoned by 150 men, under Major Beasely, and, with proper precaution, could have resisted the attack of the savages; but they were so careless that suddenly, in broad daylight, they permitted nearly 700 Indians to advance within thirty feet of the fort, without being discovered. The gate was open, and the savages, with one wild yell, rushed through, into the outer inclosure, driving the terrified soldiers into

the houses within. The Indians mounted these buildings and fired them, and shot down every man who attempted to escape. The soldiers, perceiving their doom, fought with the desperation of despair. They rushed from the houses and furiously attacked the foe, laying 60 of them dead at their feet, before they were themselves overpowered. At length the last of the brave defenders was slain; and the Indians commenced a work of blood, at which the soul sickens. Women and children were ruthlessly butchered, and their mangled corpses tossed upon the gory pile, formed of the bodies of their husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers. Of all the 300 that had inhabited Fort Mimms not one escaped.

FORT NIAGARA, A.D. 1759.—Fort Niagara stands on the east side of the Niagara river, at its entrance into Lake Ontario, in the State of New York.

In 1679, a French officer, named De Salle, erected a small fort at the mouth of Niagara river, and in 1725 a stronger fortification was erected here. In 1759, it was captured by the British, under Sir William Johnson. The force sent against the fort was under the command of General Prideaux, who sailed from Oswego, and appeared before the French works on the 7th of July. The British immediately opened their batteries on the fort. An unfortunate accident deprived them of their commander: Prideaux was killed, on the 15th of July, by the bursting of a gun. Johnson then assumed the command, and the siege was carried forward with vigor. An army of French regulars, which were collected from Detroit and Erie, La Bœuf, and Venango, and numbered about 1,200 men, were marched to the rescue of the garrison of Fort Niagara. On the morning of the 24th the French made their appearance. Sir William Johnson attacked these troops and, although his own force was considerably weaker in numbers, put them to rout with fearful slaughter, at the first charge. The English pursued the fugitives through the woods, slaying until fatigue put an end to the bloody work. The dead were scattered along the forests and were not counted. On the next day the garrison surrendered, and 600 prisoners fell into the hands of the victors. This victory put the English into the possession of all the French posts, as far as Erie.

Fort Niagara, during the American revolution, says De Veaux, "was the head-quarters of all that was barbarous, unrelenting and cruel. There were congregated the leaders and chiefs of those bands of murderers and miscreants who carried death and destruction into the remote American settlements. There civilized Europe reveled with savage America, and ladies of education and refinement mingled in the society of those whose only distinction was to wield the bloody tomahawk and the scalping-knife. There the squaws of the forest were raised to eminence, and the most unholy unions between them and officers of the highest rank, smiled upon and countenanced. There, in their strong-hold, like a vast vulture, securely, for seven years, they sallied forth and preyed upon the distant settlements of the Mohawk and Susquehanna valley. Is was the dépôt of their plunder: there they planned their forays, and there they returned to feast, until the time of action came again."

During the war of 1812, Fort Niagara was garrisoned by the Americans with about 350 men, under Captain Leonard. On the night of the 19th of December, 1813, a party of British and Indians, nearly 1,200 strong, crossed the river and took the fort by surprise. The commandant was absent, having left during the evening; the pickets were taken by surprise, the main gate was opened and guarded, and the enemy rushed in without hinderance, slaying about 60 of the garrison, before giving them an opportunity to surrender. The remainder fell into the hands of the victors, as prisoners of war.

FORT NINETY-SIX, A.D. 1781.—The pleasant village of Cambridge, in Abbeville district, South Carolina, is situated near the site of old Fort Ninety-six. This fort was occupied by about 550 royalists, under Colonel John Cruger, in the month of May, 1781, when it was besieged by General Greene, with about 1,000 American troops. The Americans, under the direction of Colonel Kosciusko, broke ground on the evening of the 22d of May; the siege continued until the 18th of June, when Greene, hearing that Rawdon was marching to the assistance of the besieged, and unwilling to encounter that general's superior force, raised the siege and retreated toward the Ennoree. In this siege the Americans lost about 150 men, in killed, wounded and missing. The precise loss of the besieged is unknown.

FORT SCHUYLER, A.D. 1777.—The site of old Fort Schuyler, also called Fort Stanwix, is occupied by the village of Rome, in Oneida county, New York. In the spring of 1777, the celebrated Indian chief, Brant, invaded New York, from Canada, with over 500 warriors. General Herkimer, who commanded a small party of American troops, held a conference with Brant in an open field near Unadilla, and endeavored to treat with the savages. His attempt was unsuccessful, and after a stormy council, during which the Indians were very insulting, the two forces separated, and Brant joined the British army, which, under the command of Sir John Johnson, and Colonel John Butler,

was organizing at Oswego, preparatory to an expedition against the defenseles settlements of the Schoharie and Mohawk valleys.

It is a stain upon the British character that, in both the revolutionary war and the contest of 1812, the royal government hired savage butchers to follow their armies into the field. On this occasion the Indians were invited to a grand war-feast by the royal officers, and then they enlisted as enemies to the patriotic cause.

The fort of Oswego was crowded with the grim sons of the wilderness. They were furnished with gay dresses, new arms, and "fire-water" in abundance, and before the council concluded, the great tribes of the Six Nations, numbering at the time several thousand warriors, entered into a firm alliance with the British, and they agreed to fight until King George had subdued his rebellious subjects. Each Indian was presented with a gun, tomahawk, scalping-knife, ammunition, a brass kettle, a piece of gold, and a suit of scarlet clothes.

Rumors of the British preparations reached the patriot settlements in Tryon county, and Colonel Gansevoort, who commanded a small half-finished fortification, known as Fort Schuyler, implored the aid of Congress and of the State of New York. But at that period the American army had enough to do with the forces of England in the field, and Congress could not afford much assistance. On the 1st of August, 1777, General St. Leger, Colonel Butler, and Brant, with over 1,700 British and Indians, commenced their invasion, and soon appeared before Fort Schuyler. Colonel Gansevoort's force numbered 750 men, with a few small cannon. They had no flag! But this latter article was soon supplied; shirts were cut up for white stripes and sewed upon the red lining of a cloak belonging to one of the officers, and it was thrown proudly out to the forest wind.

The siege instantly commenced. Bombs were thrown into the fort, while the savages, with their rifles, watched every opportunity for a shot at the besieged. Every night they filled the air with horrible yells and endeavored to set the works on fire. The Americans, however, were not intimidated. They refused to listen to St. Leger's summons to surrender, and maintained a vigorous defense.

In the mean time General Herkimer, a brave old soldier, rallied the militia of the surrounding country, and was soon on his way to relieve the garrison with a force of 800 men. But younger men endeavored to supersede him in command. They reproached him with being too cautious, and finally charged the gallant officer with being a coward and a Tory. Colonels Cox and Paris were loud in their taunts. But General Herkimer answered calmly, that he was placed in command as a guardian and a father, and that the troops should not be led into unnecessary danger. Accordingly he advanced with great caution, at the same time telling those who were so anxious to force the enemy, that he feared they would be the first to retreat.

Battle of Oriskany.—On the morning of the 6th of August, the patriots arrived near Oriskany, about eight miles east of Fort Schuyler. Herkimer found means to warn Gansevoort of his approach, and requested, when he should hear the sound of guns, to make a sortie on the British camp. St. Leger sent forward a strong force to meet Herkimer, and formed an ambuscade for his troops in a narrow deep ravine. It was about nine o'clock in the morning, dark and sultry, when the relieving army entered the valley. In one of the general's instructions, the van-guards were careless, or the ambuscade would have been discovered. One regiment of the force had entered the ravine, when Brant gave the signal, and his warriors, sounding the war-whoop, poured in a galling fire from their rifles, and rushed forward tomahawk in hand. A portion of the militia, as Herkimer predicted, instantly broke and fled to the rear, but the general's division boldly and firmly held their ground. Herkimer was instantly wounded, and Colonel Cox and Captain Van Slyke killed at the first fire. Herkimer was carried beneath a beech-tree, where, seated upon a saddle, he calmly directed his men and cheered them on. The militia fought with desperation, receiving and giving no quarter. The balls flew like hail, and the war-whoop rang shrilly through the forest. The patriots soon discovered that the Indians were watching until a man discharged his gun, then they would rush forward with tomahawk and knife. To prevent this, two militia-men stood behind a tree together, and fired alternately.

While the fight was going on, volleys of musketry were heard in the rear. It was a sortie from the fort. No sooner did Colonel Gansevoort hear the roar of battle in the forest, than he ordered Colonel Willet, with 300 men, to fall upon the British camp. Colonel Willet executed his commission in a splendid manner. Like a thunderbolt his little force burst upon St. Leger's encampment, and the mongrel force of Tories and Indians, and the few regulars present, were scattered like chaff. The savages fled into the forest, while St. Leger and Johnson barely escaped —the latter without his coat. Twenty-one wagon-loads of spoils—arms, ammunition, clothing, provisions, blankets, camp-equipage,

money, valuable documents and papers—were hauled into the fort, together with *five British standards!* Willet did not lose a man, and he was received in the fort with loud cheers. The British colors were all hoisted upon the staff, under the rough American flag!

Herkimer's men, greatly encouraged, attacked the enemy with renewed vigor, and the Indians, having lost nearly 100 warriors, and several chiefs, raised the cry, "*Oohph!* Oohph!" (the signal to retreat), and fled deep into the forest. The British soon followed, and, after a terrible battle of six hours, the Americans were left masters of the field. The patriots lost 160 men killed, and about the same number wounded, besides some prisoners. The enemy's loss was much greater, though never exactly ascertained. The Indians were disappointed. General Herkimer died of his wounds a few days after the fight. His army having no head, and being unable to reach the fort, retreated.

Smarting at their severe loss, and mortified at the sacking of their camp, St. Leger's army attacked Fort Schuyler with renewed vigor. Lying messages, to the effect that strong reinforcements were at hand, were sent by the royal commander to the fort, coupled with threats of massacre unless it surrendered. But Colonel Gansevoort scorned alike threat and overture, continuing his defense in the bravest manner. Day after day the siege continued. St. Leger began to approach in regular parallels, and employed the sap and mining system. With great danger, Colonel Willet and Lieutenant Stockwell succeeded in passing the British lines, and hastening to General Schuyler, implored aid for the besieged garrison. In fact, the fort was becoming much straitened, when suddenly the enemy broke up camp and fled toward Canada. This sudden flight was caused by the arrival of scouts, with the intelligence that a strong force was at hand to relieve the fort. This rumor was false, but the Indians believed it, and, having become wearied with the siege, they at once started off. The panic was communicated to the rest of the army, and they all began such a hurried retreat as to leave all their baggage, artillery, and spare arms. The savages fell upon and scalped many of their allies in the route. Thus was Fort Schuyler relieved.

FORT ST. DAVID, A.D. 1758.—This fortress in Hindoostan, was taken from the British by the French under M. Sally, after a short siege, in 1758.

FORT STEPHENSON, A.D. 1813.—Fort Stephenson stood upon the ground formerly occupied by Lower Sandusdy, now Fremont. On the 2d of August, 1813, this place was heroically defended against 500 British regulars and 500 Indians, under General Proctor, by Major Croghan, a youth of twenty-one years, with only 160 men.

This affair, though of comparatively small importance, is in itself one of the most brilliant that occurred during the war of 1812. The British, in the month of August, were making threatening movements upon all the various forts which had been established by the Americans on the rivers that empty into Lake Erie. The volunteers from Ohio and Kentucky had not yet arrived, and could not be expected before September; and the British being considerably reinforced by regular troops, and an unusual number of Indians, under their famous leader Tecumseh, saw that it was all-important to reduce those forts before the appearance of the volunteers. Major Croghan, having received intelligence that the British were about to invest the fort of Lower Sandusky, marched from Upper Sandusky, where he had commanded with a small body of men to the former place, and had placed it in the best possible posture of defense. He had only 160 men, consisting of regulars and detachments of the Pittsburg and Petersburg volunteers. The fort was provided with but one gun, a six-pounder; and the commander had had only sufficient time to make a ditch of six feet deep, and nine feet wide, outside the stockade of pickets with which these hastily-constructed forts were inclosed. General Harrison thought that it was impossible to defend the place successfully, and ordered young Croghan to retire at the approach of the enemy, after destroying the works; but the gallant officer assumed the responsibility of disobeying this command. On the 1st of August, General Proctor, having left a large body of Indians, under Tecumseh, before Fort Meigs, arrived at Sandusky, with about 500 regulars, 700 Indians, and some gun-boats. After he had disposed his troops in such a manner as to cut off the retreat of the garrison, the British general sent a flag by Colonel Elliot and Major Chambers, demanding a surrender, accompanied with the threat of butchery if the garrison should hold out. Croghan sent a spirited answer; and his troops, nearly all striplings like himself, vowed to support their gallant officer to the last. When the flag returned, the British opened a brisk fire from the gun-boats and a howitzer. The fire was maintained during the night. In the morning, three six-pounders, which had been planted under cover of the night, were opened upon the fort, within two hundred and fifty yards of the pickets, but without much effect. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Americans discovered that the enemy was concentrating his fire upon the north-west

angle of the fort, with the intention of making a breach. This part was immediately strengthened by the opposition of bags of flour and sand, so that the pickets suffered but little injury. During this time, the American six-pounder was carefully concealed in the bastion which covered the point to be assailed, and it was loaded with slugs and grape. The British columns were now ready for the assault. About 500 men in close order advanced toward the part of the picket where it was supposed to be most injured, at the same time making several feints to draw the attention of the besieged to other parts of the fort; their force being thus divided, a column of 350 men, which were so enveloped in smoke as not to be seen until they approached within twenty paces of the lines, advanced rapidly to the assault. Their progress was checked by a fire of musketry from the fort; but they were soon rallied by Colonel Short, who, springing over the outer works into the ditch, commanded the rest to follow, crying out, "Give the damned Yankees no quarter!" But no sooner had he reached the ditch, accompanied by the greater part of his followers, than the American six-pounder was unmasked, and thundered forth its terrible contents into the midst of the assailants, killing and maiming the greater portion of them. Colonel Short was slain, but the officer on whom the command now devolved, re-formed his broken column, and again rushed to the ditch. But again were they hurled back by the deadly fire of that solitary six-pounder. The Americans, meanwhile, plied their muskets vigorously; the British force was thrown into complete disorder, and in spite of the efforts of their officers, fled terror-stricken into the woods, whence they were soon followed by their savage allies. They made no further attempt to storm a fort so nobly defended by its heroic garrison. "If this gallant defense deserves the applause of the brave," says Mr. Breckenbridge, in his history of the last war, "the subsequent conduct of the besieged deserves the praise of every friend of humanity. The scene which now ensued deserves to be denominated sublime. The little band, forgetting in a moment that they had been assailed by merciless foes, who sought to massacre them without regarding the laws of honorable war, now felt only the desire of relieving wounded men, and of administering comfort to the wretched. Had they been friends—had they been brothers—they could not have experienced a more tender solicitude. The whole night was occupied in endeavoring to assuage their sufferings; provisions and buckets of water were handed over the pickets, and an opening was made by which many of the sufferers were taken in, who were immediately supplied with surgical aid; and this although a firing was kept up by the enemy until some time in the night. The loss of the garrison amounted to one killed and seven wounded; that of the enemy was supposed to be at least two hundred. Upward of fifty were found in and about the ditch. It was discovered next morning that the enemy had hastily retreated, leaving a boat, and a considerable quantity of military stores. Upward of seventy stands of arms were taken, besides a quantity of ammunition. This exploit called forth the admiration of every party in the United States. Croghan, together with his companions, Captain Hunter and Lieutenants Johnson, Baylor, Meeks, and Anthony, and Ensigns Ship and Duncan, together with other officers and volunteers, were highly complimented by General Harrison. They afterward received the thanks of Congress. Croghan was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and was presented with an elegant sword by the ladies of Chillicothe."

FORT WASHINGTON, A.D. 1776.—The site of Fort Washington stands on the east bank of the Hudson river, on the highest eminence of Manhattan island, nearly opposite Fort Lee, in New Jersey, about nine miles north of the city of New York. The remains only of the fort are now visible. It was a strong earth-work, covering with its detached works, several acres of ground. In the interior was a sort of citadel within which were the magazines. It was provided with about 20 cannon, and several howitzers and mortars.

On the 28th of October, 1776, (the day of the battle of White Plains), Knyphausen at the head of six German battalions, marched from New Rochelle, and took possession of the works at Kingsbridge, from which the Americans had retreated to Fort Washington. At this place Knyphausen on the 2d of November, crossed the Hudson river into Manhattan island, and proceeded to invest Fort Washington, on the north. The Americans in Fort Independence and redoubts in the vicinity, fled on the approach of the enemy to Fort Washington; and the whole of the country beyond the Hudson, between Dobb's Ferry and Morrisania, west of the Bronx, was in the possession of the British army. On the 4th of November, Howe with his army abandoned White Plains, and descending the Hudson river encamped upon the heights of Fordham, extending his left wing almost to Kingsbridge. On the 7th, three British ships sailed up the Hudson, and a large number of flat-boats went up the river, and were moored near Kingsbridge. Fort Washington was completely surrounded by

hostile forces. Howe now prepared to attack the work. The American garrison consisted of about 3,000 men, under the command of Colonel Magaw, an experienced and valiant officer. On the 15th of November, Howe, being apprized of the real strength of the garrison, by a deserter, sent a messenger for the commander to surrender; and threatening a massacre of his troops in case he should refuse. Magaw in a brief and manly note declined to comply; and sent a copy of his answer to Washington, who was at Hackensack, N. J. Early on the morning of the 16th, the British opened a brisk cannonade on the American works, and under cover of their guns, the beseigers crossed the Harlem, and advanced to the assault in four columns.

Magaw disposed his forces to meet the attack. In a redoubt (Fort George) upon a line north of Fort Washington, Colonel Rawlings's riflemen, were posted, and some troops were stationed at the outpost called Cork-Hill Fort. Colonel Baxter's militia were placed on the wooded hills east of the fort, along the Harlem river, and the troops of Colonel Cadwallader of Pennsylvania, were stationed along the lines in the direction of New York. The plan of attack was admirably arranged. General Knyphausen with 500 Hessians and Waldeckers was to advance to the attack on the north, simultaneously with a division of English and Hessian troops commanded by Lord Percy, who were to assault the works on the south. General Matthews, with the light infantry, the guards, and two battalions of grenadiers, supported by Cornwallis, was to cross the Harlem, and attack the intrenchments, which extended from Fort Washington toward the East river, and Colonel Stirling was to pass the river further up, and make a feigned attack, which if circumstances warranted should become real, on the south. On crossing the river, Knyphausen divided his forces into two divisions. The first under Knyphausen, penetrated the woods near Tubby Hook, and attacked the troops of Colonel Rawlings. The Americans made a gallant defense, and the Germans sustained a heavy loss. The Marylanders from behind their works, poured forth unceasing volleys; and their unerring rifles committed fearful havoc among their assailants. At length the Hessians, redoubling their efforts, gained a steep ascent, whence they came down upon the enemy with irresistible impetuosity; and Colonel Rawlings was forced to yield and retreat under cover of the guns of the fort. The second division under Colonel Rall* drove the Americans out of Cork-Hill Fort, and Lord Percy, meanwhile, having crossed the river, swept over the plain, and attacked Cadwallader. Percy's division consisted of 800 men; Cadwallader's force numbered only 150. Yet with that small force, and one 18 pounder, he maintained the conflict with such ardor, that Percy was forced to move to the left behind a wood, and for the time being the conflict ceased. Meanwhile, the troops of Matthews and Stirling landed. Matthews pushed up the wooded heights, and firmly attacked the troops of Baxter, driving them from the hills. Stirling immediately after landing, forced his way to the summit of a hill within the American lines, and assailed a redoubt on the summit. The Americans made a gallant resistance; but were finally obliged to abandon the redoubt, leaving 200 prisoners in the hands of the victors. Colonel Cadwallader being informed of this disaster, and perceiving the peril of being placed between two fires, cut his way through the enemy, taking about 30 prisoners as he went, and reached the fort with the loss of only a few men. The Americans at all points outside the fort, were gradually driven back, and at noon all were gathered within the walls of Fort Washington. General Howe now again summoned the garrison to surrender. The Americans had consumed nearly all their ammunition; and Magaw, perceiving further resistance to be vain, decided to capitulate. At half-past one o'clock the British flag waved triumphantly over the walls of Fort Washington. The garrison, numbering about 2,500 men, were made prisoners of war; they were sent to New York, and were confined in the noisome cells of the city jails. The Americans lost in this conflict in killed and wounded about 100 men; the British lost nearly 1,000 mostly Hessians. The loss of Fort Washington was a sad blow to the patriot cause—not only did the English secure the entire possession of the island of New York, but they crossed the Hudson river and took possession of Fort Lee in New Jersey, without molestation. The garrison effected its escape; but the artillery, and military stores, their baggage and tents, all fell into the hands of the victors. The British could now penetrate into the very heart of New Jersey. Washington, from Fort Lee, had seen the fall of Fort Washington; and with tearful eyes beheld the scarlet flag of England flaming above its ramparts. He now turned his attention toward the defense of Philadelphia; and had abandoned Fort Lee before the British approached it.

FOUGIERS, A.D. 1793.—A bloody battle took place near Fougiers, in France, between the republicans and the Vendeans, on the 15th November, 1793.

FREDERIKSHALD, A.D. 1718.—Charles XII. being desirous, for the second time, of making the conquest of Norway, laid siege to

* Rall was killed at Trenton, seventy days afterward.

Frederikshald, an important place, situated at the mouth of the river Tistendall, near the Channel of Denmark. It was in the month of December, 1718. The winter was severe, and the cold killed a number of soldiers. The works, nevertheless, advanced quickly, and the city was soon pressed very closely.

"On the 11th of December," says Voltaire, "the king went, at nine o'clock in the evening, to visit the trenches, and not finding the parallels advanced to his mind, he appeared much dissatisfied. M. Mégrel, a French engineer, who conducted the siege, assured him that the place would be taken in eight days. 'We shall see,' said the king, and continued his examination of the works, in company with the engineer. He stopped at a place where the *boyau* made an angle with the parallel. He knelt down upon the interior talus, and, resting his elbows upon the parapet, he remained for some time watching the laborers, who were continuing the trenches by star-light."

Almost half the person of the king was exposed to a battery of cannon pointed at the right angle, where he was, and which was firing cartridges. At this moment his officers saw him fall upon the parapet, breathing a heavy sigh. They rushed toward him, but Charles XII. was no more. A ball, weighing half a pound, had struck him on the temple, and had made a hole in which three fingers could be introduced. When dying, he had the strength to place, as by a natural movement, his hand upon the guard of his sword. Mégrel, an indifferent and singular man, was content with saying, as he surveyed the lifeless monarch: "*We may retire, the piece is played out.*" To keep the knowledge of this misfortune from the troops, until the prince of Hesse, Charles's brother-in-law should be informed of it, his body was enveloped in a grey mantle, with a wig and hat upon his head. In this disguise, the corpse of the king was conveyed away, under the name of Captain Carlesberg.

It is now generally supposed that a pistol, fired by some mean and traitorous hand, closed the carcer of this celebrated monarch, who was too aptly styled the "Madman of the North."

FRENCHTOWN, A.D. 1813.—This small town, on the river Raisin, in Canada, was, in the year 1813, the scene of one of the bloodiest affrays which occurred during the second war between the United States and England. The surrender of General Hull at Detroit exposed the north-western frontier to incursions from the British and Indians; and the people of the western States were naturally anxious to recover the posts lost by the cowardice of that general. During the autumn of 1812, General Harrison, who had command of the army in that quarter, was occupied in collecting and organizing his forces in that quarter. General Winchester, who, with some 150 men, was incamped six miles from Fort Defiance, was, on the 8th of January, 1813, sent forward in advance of the army. He was to proceed to the rapids of the Maumee, and then take in his supplies of ordnance and provisions, and thence to march at once to West Malden, which town was occupied by the British and Indians. Three days after General Winchester had arrived at the rapids, he received an urgent request from the inhabitants of Frenchtown, a small settlement nearly forty miles distant, on the river Raisin, to come to their protection against the British and Indians assembled at Malden. A detachment of 500 men, under Colonel Lewis, was at once sent forward to Presque Isle, there to await the arrival of the main column. But Lewis, learning that an advance party of the enemy were already in possession of Frenchtown, hurried forward, and in the afternoon of the 21st of January, arrived on the banks of the stream opposite to the village. The river being frozen, he immediately ordered the charge to be sounded. The column advanced steadily across the ice, and entering the village under a heavy fire of the British, forced them from their position, and soon drove them to the woods. Darkness closed the combat. On the 23d of January, General Winchester arrived with a reinforcement of 250 men. He had sent a dispatch to General Harrison, then on the lower Sandusky, announcing his movements, and asking for reinforcements. The latter sent forward a detachment of 300, and followed himself the same day with 350 men, in hope of affording relief to General Winchester. General Proctor, at Malden, only eighteen miles distant, hearing of Colonel Lewis's advance on Frenchtown, hurried down with 600 British and Canadian troops, and 1,000 Indians under command of their chiefs, Splitlog and Roundhead, and six pieces of artillery, to attack him. The 500 Americans under Colonel Lewis were stationed behind pickets, in the form of a semicircle; but the 250 under General Winchester, were placed outside, 400 yards distant, and wholly uncovered. . On the morning of the 23d, Proctor's army arrived at the town, and immediately advanced to the assault. Lewis's men received them with such a fierce and deadly fire that they wheeled and fled in confusion. But while the attack in front was repulsed, that on the exposed left wing was completely successful. The Americans made but a momentary resistance, and then, borne back by numbers, turned and fled in all directions. But their retreat was entirely cut off by the Indians, who, with fearful yells,

fell upon the fugitives, tomahawking them without mercy. Winchester and Lewis, with 100 men, rushed forward to their rescue, but they were soon surrounded by the savages; their men were cut down and tomahawked, and they themselves made prisoners, and carried to Proctor. In the mean time, the right wing maintained the unequal contest with undaunted courage and resolution. The British troops, unable to make any impression on the gallant band, paused; and it is doubtful whether Proctor would have ventured to make a second attack. Proctor, however, represented to Winchester that he could easily set the town on fire, and reduce the garrison, but that should they prolong their resistance, he could not guaranty the persons of the soldiers or the inhabitants from the barbarity of the Indians. Winchester, fully believing that the 500 men, who still maintained an undaunted front, must be sacrificed, agreed upon a capitulation, and an officer was sent to Major Madison, who now commanded that gallant little band, informing him of the unconditional surrender of his troops by his superior officer. The brave major, who did not at all consider himself and gallant band as vanquished men, informed the officer "that he would not surrender at all, unless the side-arms of the officers should be restored to them at Amherstberg, the wounded promptly and securely transported to that post, and a guard sufficient for their safety assigned them." If the British commander refused to grant these terms, he and his men would fight to the last, and, if necessary, die with their arms in their hands. Proctor, at first, rejected this proposition, but at length yielded, only because no other terms would be listened to. But no sooner did the garrison surrender, than, in direct violation of the conditions, he gave unbridled license to the soldiers and Indians. The latter were allowed to scalp and mutilate the dead and wounded. Proctor, fearing the approach of Harrison, hastily departed for Amherstberg with the prisoners, leaving the dead at Frenchtown, unburied, and sixty of the wounded, who were too feeble to march, unprotected. The next day, a large body of the Indians fell upon the wounded, tomahawed and scalped them, and setting fire to the houses, consumed the dead and dying together, responding to the shrieks of the suffering victims with whoops and yells, and hellish laughter. Two hundred dead bodies were left unburied, and for days after, hogs and dogs feasted on the mutilated corpses. Fired by these barbarities, the Americans from all quarters flocked to the standard of their country, and on the battle-field of the Thames, effectually avenged their murdered fellow-citizens.

FRETEVAL, A.D. 1194.—Near Freteval, a town of France, on the Loire, was fought, A.D. 1194, a battle between the troops of Philip Augustus and the English army, in which the former was signally defeated.

FRIEDBERG, A.D. 1745.—On the 4th of June, 1745, a battle was fought at Friedberg, a town of Prussian Silesia, between the Austrians and Saxons, and the army of Frederic II., of Prussia, the greatest monarch of the eighteenth century. After an obstinate engagement, Frederic obtained a signal victory.

FRIEDLAND, A.D. 1807.—This Prussian town, which has acquired immortal celebrity by the famous battle of which it was the theater, in 1807, is situated on the west bank of the river Alle, which flows in a northerly direction toward the Baltic Sea. It is situated between the river and a large artificial lake, or fish-pond, which lies to the north, and has been formed by damming up a rivulet, called the Millstream, which flows from the high grounds to the westward, near Posthenen, on the Alle, and falls into it at right angles. The windings of the Alle serve as a natural wet ditch round Friedland, on the south and east; the fish-pond protects it on the north; in a military point of view, therefore, it is only accessible on the western side, where it is approached by the road from Eylau, from which side also set out the roads to Königsberg to the north, and Wehlau and Tilsit, on the north-west. In that direction there is a large open space dotted with villages, and cultivated ground, neither hill nor plain, but an undulated surface, intersected only along its whole extent by the Millstream, which is very deep, with rugged sides, and in many places, from the refluent waters, scarcely fordable. At the distance of two miles from Friedland, as a center, the cultivated plain to the westward is bounded by a semicircle of woods, which fringe the higher grounds and form the horizon when looking in that direction from the town. The banks of the Alle on the eastward are very steep; and though there are three bridges over that river, in other quarters it can be passed only at a few fords.

On the 11th of June, 1807, the Russian army, retreating before the victorious army of the Emperor Napoleon, evacuated Heilsberg, and marching all night, established themselves at Bartenstein. Napoleon, observing this movement, detached Murat's dragoons to follow upon the traces of the enemy, and moving forward from his position before Heilsberg, himself with his whole army encamped on the blood-stained plain of Eylau, where he established his head-quarters. During the night of the 12th, the Russians resumed their march through Schiffenheil,

toward Königsberg, and on the following morning had reached the banks of the Alle. Napoleon, however, had anticipated them in their march upon that city. Murat and Victor were in full advance from Eylau to Königsberg. Soult was marching on Creutzburg; Napoleon himself, at the head of the corps of Lannes, Ney, and Mortier, was approaching Friedland, by Domnau, ten miles from that town, where the Imperial Guard were already arrived. By three different movements the bulk of the French army interposed between Benningsen, the Russian general, and Königsberg, where all his magazines were placed, and Napoleon was in a situation, by a rapid advance upon Wehlau, to threaten his line of retreat to the Russian frontier. Benningsen saw that no time was to be lost; he gave orders to continue the march, and by great exertions the army reached Friedland, where head-quarters were established. On the evening of the 13th, Benningsen received intelligence that the corps of Lannes was lying at Posthenen, a village about three miles from Friedland, on the road to Königsberg. The exposed position of that corps, which formed the vanguard of the French army, inspired the Russian general with the hope that by a sudden attack, it might be destroyed before the main body of Napoleon's forces could advance to its relief. According to his orders, at two o'clock on the morning of the 14th, the Russian vanguard commenced defiling over the bridge of Friedland, and advanced along the road to the attack of Lannes's corps. No sooner did the videttes of Lannes's corps descry the advanced posts of the Russians than a sharp fire of musketry began, which was soon increased to a heavy cannonade, as the dark masses of infantry and cavalry swiftly advanced. The French trailleurs fell back, skirmishing, however, sharply, as they retreated; the alarm was speedily conveyed to the rear, and the whole corps stood to arms. In the mean time, the French troops were constantly reinforced in the rear, by the arrival of detached portions of the main body, which were steadily advancing toward Friedland. Benningsen had at first dispatched a single division across the river; but the increasing resistance of the enemy, caused him to pass over another to its support. Three pontoon bridges were constructed to facilitate the passage, and by degrees as the increasing masses of the French showed that other corps had arrived to the assistance of Lannes, the entire army was brought across. Thus was the Russian general, who at first, contemplated only a partial operation, insensibly drawn into a general action. Mortier's corps arrived to the support of Lannes in a short time after the firing commenced. Both corps then withdrew to the heights stretching from Posthenen to Heinrichsdorf, about three miles to the westward of the river Alle.

Benningsen deeming these the only forces he had to contend with, drew up his whole forces, as they successively arrived on the field from the bridges in the narrow plain, backed by Friedland and the Alle, facing toward the westward, about half a mile in front of that town. The Millstream flowing in a perpendicular direction to his line, nearly cut it in two equal parts: the right wing extended from the rivulet to the Alle, through the wood of Domeraner; the left, which was less considerable in length, stretched in a southerly direction also to the Alle, across the wood of Sortlack, and barring the roads of Eylau, Bartenstern, and Schippenheil, nearly at the point where they intersected each other. The whole army was drawn up in two lines, facing to the west: the first and third battalions of each regiment in battle array, composing the first line; the second in close columns, behind the intervals between them, forming the second line. In their rear was the river Alle, across which in case of a retreat they would be obliged to retreat over three bridges. The whole Russian army consisted of 55,000 men, of whom 10,000 were cavalry. The right wing of the Russian army was commanded by Gortchakoff, the left by Bagrathion. The cavalry on the right was under Nuaroff and Gallitzen, that on the left was commanded by Kollagriboff.

As the successive divisions of the Russian army took up their position on the west bank of the river, Lannes gradually fell back, covering his movements with a cloud of light troops, whose incessant fire concealed the real strength of his force. A body of thirty French squadrons endeavored to turn the Russian right in front of Heinrichsdorff. They attacked the enemy at that point with such vigor, that they were upon the point of accomplishing their purpose, when the advance of some fresh regiments compelled them to give ground. Shortly after, 3,000 men in a column advanced straight toward Friedland. The Russians permitted them to approach close to their batteries unmolested, when suddenly they opened a terrible fire of grape, which, crashing through the assailants, struck down 1,000 men; the column was routed and an eagle was taken. The Russians now advanced their left wing, which, attacking the French right, drove it back with such vigor that they seemed about retiring altogether toward Eylau; but shortly afterward the French received fresh reinforcements, and the Russians were in turn repulsed with great loss. A tremendous cannonade was now opened along the whole

line, and announced the approach of a general battle. Napoleon, at Domnau, heard the sound of the cannon, and mounting his horse rode rapidly to the front. The increasing cannonade, and the sharp rattle of musketry, warned him that a serious conflict was already raging. He dispatched orders for the corps in the rear to hasten their march, and, having arrived at the heights behind Heinrichsdorf, which overlook the battle-field, he immediately sent out the officers of his staff in different directions to observe the movements of the enemy. Savery soon returned with the information that the march of troops over the bridge of Friedland was incessant; that none were retracing their steps, and that the masses in front were continually increasing and extending themselves. "'Tis well," replied the emperor, "I am already prepared: I have gained an hour upon them, and, since they wish it, I will give them another: this is the anniversary of Marengo: the battle could not be fought on a more propitious day." It was the 14th of June. By three o'clock in the afternoon the bulk of the French army had arrived, and Napoleon at once dispatched orders for all the troops to prepare for action in an hour. In the mean time the soldiers were ordered to sit down and rest themselves, while the most minute inspection took place in the ranks to see that the muskets were in good condition, and the cartridge-boxes amply supplied. Napoleon's order of battle was as follows: the right of the army, directly in front of Friedland, was occupied by the corps of Ney; next stood that of Mortier, on the extreme right of the corps of Lannes. In the second line immediately behind Ney, were stationed the corps of Victor, the Imperial Guard, with a numerous brigade of fusileers, under Savery; and the cavalry, under Grouchy, Latour Marbourg, and Nansouty, behind the center and right. The whole army was directed to advance in *echelon*, with the right in front, and the left slightly thrown back. Thus Ney would be first engaged. The artillery was directed to redouble their fire along the whole line as soon as the heads of their columns were seen emerging from the woods. The French army consisted of 70,000 infantry, and 10,000 horse. At five o'clock, at a signal given by the discharge of twenty pieces of cannon from the French center, the whole army stood to arms, and immediately the heads of Ney's columns were seen emerging from the woods behind Posthenen, and rapidly advancing upon Friedland. On all sides the Russians saw the enemy's forces. From the steeples of Friedland, through the interstices of the trees, or the openings of the forest, they were descried in masses of enormous power and depth. Like an immense mass of steel, Ney's column advanced, driving before it the Russian chasseurs of the guard and several regiments of cavalry and Cossacks who were placed in advance, and had endeavored to check its progress. At the same time Victor's corps advanced from the second line to the ground originally occupied by Ney; forty pieces of artillery, under the command of General Lenarmont, belonging to Victor's corps, were pushed on 400 paces further, on to a rising ground, and thence poured incessant and deadly volleys over the whole Russian line, effectually preventing any succors being sent to the left, which was threatened by Ney.

Ney's column assailed that portion of the enemy's army with such vigor that it was shaken everywhere; the loud shouts of his soldiers were heard along the whole line; their advanced guards were close to Friedland, and they were upon the point of storming the town, and completing the ruin of the enemy by gaining possession of the bridges in his rear. At this critical moment, the Russian Imperial Guard, which was placed in reserve behind the artificial lake, to the north of Friedland, was ordered to advance. Eagerly rushing forward with fixed bayonets, the Russians charged down upon Ney's column, in front and flank, with such vigor that it was penetrated, and, after a most furious hand-to-hand conflict, in which both sides sustained prodigious loss, driven back. Still fighting fiercely, Ney's men retired, eagerly followed by the Russians, until they reached the reserve under Victor. The ground which the combatants had traversed was strewn with the dead and dying, and the soil was deluged with blood. But supported by Victor's corps, Ney's soldiers made a stand, and the Russians, borne back by the united bodies, re-trod the ground which they had so gallantly won, and fresh victims encumbered the soil so fiercely contested. Dumont's division pressed on in hot pursuit, and Lenarmont's terrific battery advanced, playing without intermission on the crowded ranks of the retiring Russians, who were thrown into such confusion as they entered Friedland, that the leading French divisions determined to hazard an assault. The French soldiers poured into the town, and a bloody battle raged in the streets. Soon the Russians were expelled; the principal buildings were set on fire, and some of the fugitives, after crossing the river, applied the torch to the bridges. In a few moments they were enveloped in flames, and clouds of smoke shrouded the whole field of battle like a funeral pall. Meanwhile, the Russians on the center and right, kept their ground under a terrible cannonade, which told with fatal effect on the dense masses, which, from the

limited extent of the ground, were there accumulated between the front and the river. At the retreat of the left wing and the guards, however, their flank was uncovered, and the left of Oudinot's grenadiers assailed them on that point with great vigor; but at that moment the Russian cavalry galloped forward at full speed, and charged the French with such fury, that they were trampled down and destroyed. The Russian infantry now advanced in the center, and poured in a destructive flanking fire upon the enemy, which effectually covered the retreat of their cavalry, who had so gallantly repulsed the French grenadiers. But now the flames of Friedland and the bridges were seen to arise, and the vast volumes of smoke which filled the atmosphere told that their retreat was cut off, and success hopeless. Despair filled their ranks. But with courage unshaken, they united the fronts of their battalions, and closed the ranks of the soldiers, and presented an unbroken front to the enemy. The French artillery, approaching to half cannon-shot distance, plowed through this dense array, while their infantry threw in incessant and destructive fires of musketry. Slowly and in solid order the Russians retired, unbroken and unshaken, in spite of the fearful storm of grape and bullets which swept through their ranks. From their rear they kept up an incessant fire upon the pursuing enemy, and vigorously repelled the repeated charges of the French grenadiers. At length, amid incessant discharges of grape and musketry, the Russians reached the bank of the river at a fordable point, and commenced the passage. The death-dealing missiles of the French continued to shower among the fugitives wading through water, breast high, toward the opposite shore, which they finally gained with the greater part of their artillery.

The slaughter, during this terrible passage, was immense. Two Russian divisions, impatient of the slow progress at the ford, and unable longer to endure the incessant showers of musketry and grape, threw themselves, sword in hand, into Friedland, and endeavored to open a passage, with fixed bayonets, to the bridge. A bloody conflict ensued; but with the desperation of despair, the Russians forced their way through the burning houses, to the water's edge. There, however, they found the bridge destroyed. Turning, these brave men fought their way back through the French masses, and with sadly diminished numbers, reached the ford, and during the darkness of night plunged into the stream. Many, missing the fords, were drowned; others were slain by the balls of the enemy, and only a bleeding remnant reached their companions on the opposite shore. The French army, wearied with the strife, reposed on the bloody field which they had won. Such was the battle of Friedland, which, at one blow, destroyed the powerful league of Prussia and Russia against the Emperor of France. It was speedily followed by the peace of Tilsit, by which Russia lost no territory, but Prussia was obliged to surrender nearly half her dominions. The losses of the Russians were great. Eighteen thousand men had fallen, either killed or wounded, and five hundred were made prisoners. Five thousand of the wounded, and eighty pieces of cannon, fell into the hands of the victors. The French lost 8,000, killed and wounded.

FRONTIERRA, A.D. 1663.—In the year 1663, a conflict took place near Frontierra, in Portugal, between the Spaniards and Portuguese. The former were defeated with great loss.

FUENTES DE ONORE, A.D. 1811.—This small town, sixteen miles west of Ciudad Rodrigo, in Spain, was the witness of several bloody conflicts, in 1811, between the French and English troops.

GAZA, B.C. 312.—The city of Gaza stands about two miles from the Mediterranean Sea, in Palestine, about 48 miles from Jerusalem.

In the year 312 B.C., a battle was fought on the plains of Gaza, between the forces of Ptolemy, one of Alexander's generals, who had declared himself King of Egypt, and the army of Demetrius. After an obstinate battle the troops of Demetrius were at length compelled to fly. He lost 5,000 men killed, 8,000 made prisoners, and all his tents, treasures and equipage.

Gaza is one of the strongholds of Egypt, and was besieged by Alexander the Great, in the year 332 B.C., for two months. Upon his arrival before the city, Alexander found it strongly garrisoned, and under the command of Betis, one of the eunuchs of Darius. Betis was a brave man and loyal to his sovereign, and defended the city against Alexander, with great vigor; and although he employed every art of war, and notwithstanding his soldiers fought with the utmost intrepidity, he was forced, however, to remain two months before it. Alexander, during the siege, received two wounds, and exasperated at the obstinate resistance of the garrison, he resolved to treat the governor, the inhabitants and the soldiers with a barbarity wholly inexcusable. He caused 10,000

men to be cut to pieces, and sold all the rest, with their women and children, into slavery. Betis, the governor of Gaza, was taken in one of the last assaults. Alexander was either angry or jealous at the courage with which he had seen him face death, and ordered him to appear before his throne: "Wretch!" cried he, "thou shalt not die sword in hand, as thou didst hope; expect to suffer all the torments vengeance can contrive." To imitate Achilles, who dragged the body of Hector three times round the walls of Troy behind his chariot, he ordered the unfortunate Betis to be pierced through the heels and to be fastened to a chariot, which he drove round the walls of Gaza; thus depriving the brave governor of the little life left by his wounds.

Second Siege, A.D. 633.—Amrou, commander of the Saracens, presented himself before Gaza, in the year 633 of the Christian era. The governor of the place haughtily asked him, in an interview, what brought him into Syria? "The order of God and of my master," replied Amrou. They soon proceeded to action: the troops of Gaza were cut to pieces; Amrou took the governor prisoner, and Gaza opened its gates to him.

Third Siege, A.D. 1799.—The French, under Bonaparte, besieged and took Gaza, in the Egyptian expedition; but as there is no striking circumstance to give interest to the siege, save that it was prosecuted by Bonaparte, the "modern Alexander," we shall content ourselves with recording the fact.

GEMBLOUX, A.D. 1794.—In 1794, a battle took place near Gembloux, a village of Belgium, between the French and the Austrians, in which the latter were signally defeated.

GERMANTOWN, A.D. 1777.—This place was formerly one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, but it is now included within the chartered limits of the city.

After its defeat, on the banks of the Brandywine, the American army, numbering about 10,000 men, under Washington, retreated toward Philadelphia, and encamped at Germantown. The British army (consisting of 12,500 men), the next day after the battle, marched toward Chester, on the Delaware, as if with the intention of surprising Philadelphia. Washington, as soon as his soldiers were rested, crossed the Schuylkill, and advanced to oppose Howe. On the 16th of September, Howe arrived at Goshen, and there received intelligence that the Americans were approaching to give him battle, and were already within five miles of Goshen. Both armies immediately prepared for action; but a violent storm of rain suddenly arose and prevented an engagement. Washington again crossed the Schuylkill at Parker's Ford, and encamped on the banks of Skippack creek, near its entrance into Perkiomy creek, about twenty-three miles north-west from Philadelphia. But as this movement left the troops of Smallwood, who had been ordered to hang on the flank and rear of the British army, too much exposed to be surrounded by the enemy, Washington detached General Wayne, with his division, to the rear of the British army, with orders to form a junction with Smallwood; and to seize every occasion to annoy the enemy. The British army, owing to the severity of the weather, did not pursue the enemy, but halted at Tryduffin. The British spies informed Howe that General Wayne, with 1,500 men, was lying in the wood in the rear, at no great distance from the left wing of his army.

The British general determined to dislodge Wayne at once. Accordingly on the night of the 13th, he detached general Gray with about 2,000 men, foot and horse, to surprise the enemy. Gray performed his duty with prudence and activity. Conducting his men silently through the woods, he arrived unobserved by the enemy, at about one o'clock in the morning, before Wayne's incampment. The American pickets were captured without alarming the camp, and the British troops rushed in upon the sleeping soldiers. The camp was thrown into a state of the utmost confusion and terror. In the darkness of the night, suddenly awakened by the furious onslaught of the enemy, chilled by cold, and overcome by fatigue, the Americans were capable of making but little resistance. The slaughter was terrible; and the whole corps must have been cut off, if Wayne had not preserved his coolness. He rallied a few of his troops, and received the charge of the enemy, with vigorous discharges of musketry, keeping the British at bay, until his terrified soldiers had made their escape. He then in good order withdrew his little band from the field. Three hundred Americans were slain, and all their baggage, stores and arms fell into the hands of the victors. The British loss was trifling. Having thus secured his rear, Howe determined to force the enemy to a general battle, or to push them at such a distance from Philadelphia, as would allow him to cross the Schuylkill, and take possession of that city. Washington to prevent this retired with his army and encamped at Pottsgrove (now Pottstown) 20 miles above Morristown. Howe receiving intelligence of this movement on the part of the Americans, wheeled his army, and marching down the Schuylkill, crossed that river at Flatland and Gordon's Fords. The British army reached the left bank of the river on the night of the 23d of September, and was thus placed between the city of Philadelphia and the Amer-

ican army. Washington now abandoned all hope of saving Philadelphia from the enemy; and on the 26th of September a detachment of the British army entered that city. The main body of the army encamped in Germantown. The Americans, in order to prevent the British fleet from communicating with the troops in the city, erected works and batteries, on Mud Island, in the Delaware, near the junction of the Schuylkill, and also constructed a fort on the opposite shore of New Jersey, at Red Bank. In the channel of the river between these batteries, they sunk several machines for the purpose of obstructing the passage of the fleet. They also were constructing extensive works, at Billingsford on the Jersey shore. The British were well aware of the importance of a free communication with the sea, by means of the Delaware; and two regiments were sent to put an end to the operations of the Americans at Billingsport, and other points on the Delaware. The expedition was so successful that the Americans were obliged to abandon their works at Billingsport; and the British succeeded in removing the obstructions from the river so that a narrow passage was opened for their fleet. The two regiments returned, after their expedition to Chester, where they joined another which had been sent from Germantown, that they might all together form a sufficient escort for a large convoy of prisoners to the camp. Advised of the weakened state of Howe's army in consequence of the detachment of these divisions, Washington, who had not left his position at Skippack creek, resolved to attack the main body of the army at Germantown. In the mean time his army had been augmented by the junction of the troops from Peekskill on the Hudson, and a body of Maryland militia. The village of Germantown consisted of buildings standing on either side of a single street, extending a distance of two miles.

The British line of incampment crossed the village at right angles, at about the center, the left wing extending to the west to the Schuylkill. The left wing was covered in front by the German chasseurs, mounted and dismounted, and the right wing by a battalion of light infantry and the Queen's rangers, also in front. The center was posted in the town and was guarded by the 40th regiment, and a battalion of light infantry stationed about three fourths of a mile in advance. Washington called a council of officers, and it was decided that Sullivan and Wayne's divisions, flanked by Conway's brigade, should enter the town by the way of Chestnut Hill, to attack the English center, while the Pennsylvania militia, under General Armstrong, should get upon the enemy's left flank and rear, by falling down the Manatawny road. The divisions of Greene and Stephens flanked by MacDougal's brigade were to make a circuit toward the east by the Limekiln road, and enter the town at the market-house to attack the left flank of the right wing. The Maryland and Jersey militia, under Smallwood and Forman, were to advance along the old York road, and attack the rear of the right, and the brigades of March and Maxwell, were to be held in reserve. Having made these dispositions, Washington on the 3d of October, left his camp at Skippack creek, and advanced toward the enemy. It was about seven o'clock in the evening. Parties of cavalry were sent on with orders to scour the country silently, and arrest every individual who might give notice to the enemy of the threatened danger. Washington accompanied the column of Sullivan and Wayne, in person. The march was performed in the utmost silence. At about three o'clock in the morning the British pickets at Chestnut Hill, discovered the approach of the Americans; the alarm was given; the troops were called to arms, and each man took his post with the haste of surprise. The Americans came up at about sunrise. At seven o'clock General Conway attacked the British pickets, and drove them back to the main body of their army. Conway closely followed, and fell upon the 40th regiment and the battalion of light infantry. A sharp conflict ensued; but the British were soon overpowered and driven back in disorder into the village. The victors pursued eagerly, and furiously assailed the British center, under Colonel Musgrave. Musgrave finding his troops unable to cope with the enemy, threw themselves with five companies of the 40th regiment into a large and strong stone house (Judge Chew's, situated near the head of the village), whence he poured upon the Americans such a terrible fire of musketry that they were checked. The Americans repeatedly endeavored to storm this unsuspected covert of the enemy; but they met with such a determined resistance from its defenders that their efforts were fruitless. The fire of the small arms was ineffectual. At length cannons were brought to bear upon the house by the artillery regiment of Maxwell's brigade; but such was the courage of the English, the violence of their fire, and the strength of the house, that they were unable to dislodge them. Meanwhile, General Greene had approached the British right wing, and after a slight engagement routed the Queen's rangers and the light infantry. Then turning a little to his right, he attacked the left flank of the enemy's right wing, and endeavored to enter the village, feeling assured that the Pennsylvania militia, under Armstrong, on the right, and

the militia of Jersey and Maryland, commanded by Smallwood on the left, would have executed Washington's orders by attacking and turning the first the left, and the second the right flank of the British army, but neither of these detachments did their duty. The former arrived within sight of the German chasseurs, but did not attack them, the latter did not appear on the field until it was too late. General Gray, finding his left flank secure, marched with nearly the whole left wing of the British army, to the assistance of the center, which was upon the very point of defeat, notwithstanding the unexpected resistance of Colonel Musgrave. The battle in Germantown now raged furiously; and the issue for a time was doubtful. The British general, Agnew, was killed while gallantly charging at the head of the 1st brigade. A detachment of Greene's column, under Colonel Matthews, advanced to the eastward of the house occupied by Musgrave, and assailed a party of English, with such fury that they were driven into the village, leaving over 100 prisoners in the hands of the Americans. Matthews was about entering the town, but bewildered by a fog which began to form at daylight, and which was so thick that the contending parties could not see each other, he was unable to resist the extremity of the right wing of the enemy, which finding they had nothing to apprehend from the Maryland and New Jersey militia, surrounded him and his men, and attacked him so fiercely that the prisoners were rescued. A terrible conflict ensued amid the gloom.

The Americans received the attacks of their foes with desperate courage, and it was not until the most of his officers and men were killed, that Matthews found himself obliged to surrender, with his bleeding remnant of about 100 men. This circumstance enabled the two regiments of the British right wing to throw themselves into Germantown, and to march to the relief of Musgrave in the center. They attacked and defeated a body of Americans who had at that moment entered Germantown. The patriots then hastily retired from the village, taking their artillery with them; but leaving the ground behind them strewn with the corses of their countrymen. General Gray, now being absolute master of the town, flew to the succor of his left wing, which was engaged with the left of Greene's column. Sullivan's division, with Armstrong's division of North Carolinians, and part of Conway's brigade, having driven the enemy before them into the center of Germantown, found themselves alone, and surrounded by foes. Their ammunition was expended, and through the fog they could see the forces of the enemy gradually drawing around them. The troops suddenly became panic-stricken, and fled hastily. The divisions of Greene and Sullivan were the last to quit the field, and their retreat was gallantly covered by Count Pulaski and his legions. Thus the Americans abandoned to the English the prize of victory when another moment might have placed it within their grasp. The battle of Germantown lasted two hours and forty minutes, and was one of the bloodiest and most obstinate conflicts of the American revolutionary war. The Americans lost 152 killed, 521 wounded, and 400 made prisoners. Among the prisoners were fifty-four officers. The British lost 100 killed, and 400 wounded. Among the slain were Brigadier General Agnew, an officer of rare merit, and Lieutenant Colonel Bird. The American army saved all its artillery, and the same day retreated to their former camp on Skippack creek. Although defeated when victory appeared on the point of declaring in their favor, the American generals were not blamed by their countrymen. On the contrary, Congress passed a vote of thanks to Washington for his wise and well-concerted attack upon the enemy's army near Germantown, and to "the officers and soldiers of the army for their brave exertions on that occasion."

GHUZNEE, A.D. 1839.—On the 23d of July, 1839, Ghuznee, a fortified city of Affghanistan, was stormed and taken by the British under Lord Keane. In 1842, it was besieged by the Affghans, and the English garrison surrendered, but in the same year it was retaken by the English under General Nott.

GIBRALTAR, A.D. 1799.—This famous fortress, belonging to Great Britain, stands on the west side of a mountainous promontory, or rock, in the south part of Spain, adjoining the narrowest part of the strait of Gibraltar, connecting the Atlantic and Mediterranean. The rock is from a quarter to three quarters of a mile in breadth. Its north side fronting the long, narrow isthmus, which connects it with the main land, is perpendicular, and wholly inaccessible; the east and south sides are steep and rugged, and extremely difficult of access, so as to render any attack on them, even if they were not fortified, next to impossible; so that it is only on the west side, fronting the bay, where the rock declines to the sea, and the town of Gibraltar is built, that it can be attacked with the slighest prospect of success. Here, however, the strength of the fortification is such, that the fortress seems impregnable, even though attacked by an enemy having command of the sea. The fortifications are of extraordinary extent and strength. The principal batteries are all casemated, and traverses are constructed to prevent the mischief that might ensue from the

explosion of shells. Vast galleries have been excavated in the solid rock and mounted with heavy cannon; and communications have been established between the different batteries, by passages cut in the rock, to protect the troops from the enemy's fire. In fact, the whole rock is lined with the most formidable batteries, from the water to the summit, and from Land Gate to Europa Point, by which name the southern extremity of the rock is designated; so that if properly victualed and garrisoned, Gibraltar may be said to be impregnable. Gibraltar, the *Caepe* of the Greeks, formed with Abyla, on the African coast, "the pillars of Hercules." Its name was changed to *Gibel Tarif*, or mountain of Tarif, in the beginning of the eighth century, when Tarif Eben Zarca landed with a large army to conquer Spain, and erected a strong fortress on the mountain side. During the Moorish occupation of Spain, it increased in importance, but was at length taken by Ferdinand, King of Castile, in the fourteenth century. It was soon recaptured, and did not become an appendage to Spain till 1462. Its further history, till its conquest by the English in 1704, is unimportant. During the war of the Spanish succession, the English and Dutch fleets, under Sir George Rooke and the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, attacked the fortress, which surrendered, after some hours' resistance. The Spaniards, during the nine following years, vainly endeavored to regain it; and in 1713 its possession was secured to the English by the peace of Utrecht. In 1727 the Spaniards blockaded it for several months without success. The most memorable, however, of the sieges of Gibraltar, is the last, begun in 1779, and terminated in 1783. The British garrison was commanded by Sir William Elliot, afterward Lord Heathfield. A powerful combined French and Spanish fleet was collected, to co-operate in the attack, which excited an extraordinary interest throughout all Europe.

On the 21st of June, 1779, all communication was cut off between Gibraltar and the surrounding country, and the fort was blockaded by the middle of the following month. Fortunately, in the early part of the year, General Elliot, who had recently been appointed governor, had arrived in the fort, and brought to the crisis the aid of his superior military science and talents. A supply of provisions had also been recently received. The firing commenced on the 21st of September, when a cannonade was opened from the fort which did much damage to the besiegers' works, yet the blockade daily became closer; supplies could no longer be stealthily introduced; provisions were extremely dear; disease spread rapidly. The besiegers commenced firing on the 12th of January, 1780. By the end of March, the garrison was cheered by the arrival of a supply of provisions, brought in by Admiral Rodney, who had made his way bravely, in spite of the efforts of the enemy to prevent him. After this, the garrison and town's people were repeatedly reduced to great extremities before provisions arrived. In the spring of 1781, the besiegers completely destroyed the town by the fire of their batteries. On the 27th of April, however, a most gallant exploit was performed by a party from the garrison, who succeeded in reducing to ashes all the erections of the enemy. These, however, being repaired, the firing recommenced, and for more than a year was maintained incessantly. But the grand effort was to be made by the besiegers in the year 1782. In spite of the formidable batteries on the rock, the bold, if not extravagant project, was entertained of attempting to silence them by the fire of ten enormous floating batteries, ingeniously constructed by the Chevalier d'Arcon. If the besiegers were active, the besieged were no less so. In the course of the same year, on the suggestion of General Boyd, the enemy's fire was returned from the rocks with red-hot balls, a device which was found to produce the most striking effect. The enemy, however, now prepared for their grand effort. On the 12th of September the combined fleets of France and Spain arrived in the bay; next morning they were drawn up around the south and west sides of the promontory, a most formidable armament, consisting of forty-seven sail of the line, seven of which were three-deckers, together with ten battering ships, the strongest that had ever been built, and many frigates and smaller vessels. On land there lay an army of 40,000, with batteries on which were mounted 200 pieces of heavy ordnance. On the other side, the garrison now consisted of about 7,000 effective men. The ships were permitted to take their stations without molestation, but about a quarter before ten o'clock, as soon as the first of them dropped anchor, the citadel began to pour upon them its hitherto reserved artillery. Now commenced a scene of terrible sublimity. 400 pieces of the heaviest ordnance thundered without intermission, and filled the air with smoke and flame. For several hours the attack and defense were so well supported as scarcely to admit any appearance of superiority in the cannonade on either side. The wonderful construction of the ships seemed to bid defiance to the powers of the heaviest ordnance. In the afternoon, however, the face of things began to change considerably. The smoke, which had been observed to issue from the upper part of the flag-ship, appeared to prevail, notwithstanding the constant application of water;

and the admiral's second was observed to be in the same condition. Confusion was now apparent on board several of the vessels; and, by the evening, their cannonade was considerably abated. About seven or eight o'clock it almost entirely ceased, excepting from one or two ships to the northward, which, from their distance, had suffered very little injury.

In the end, the attack concluded in the complete annihilation of the assailing squadron. All the larger ships were beaten to pieces or burned. As night approached, groans and signals of distress from those on board the shattered navy supplied the place of the now slackened fire. Many of the wretched men were struggling for life in the waters; and the victors themselves at last put out to their assistance, and picked numbers of them up. The loss of the enemy was supposed to amount to about 2,000, including prisoners. Of the English, there were only sixteen killed and sixty-eight wounded. The rock was a much better defense than those strong-built men of war. The assailants had 300 pieces of ordnance in play; the garrison only eighty cannon, seven mortars, and nine howitzers. Captain Drinkwater in his interesting history of the siege, states that upwards of 8,300 rounds, more than half of which were hot shot, and 716 barrels of powder, were expended by the English artillery.

GISORS, A.D. 1198.—Gisors is a town of France, and is situated on the Epte, in the department of Eure, thirty-three miles north-east of Evreux. Here, in the year 1198, a battle was fought between the armies of England and France. Philip, King of France, had marched from Nantes with three hundred knights, their esquires, and a large body of cavalry, for the purpose of raising the siege of Courcelles; but Courcelles had already surrendered, and he was met by the English army, under Richard I., on the road to Gisors. After a sharp engagement, the French fled to that fortress; the bridge broke under the weight of the fugitives, and the king, with twenty knights all in armor, was precipitated into the river Epte. All, save the king, perished. Philip was extricated with difficulty, and owed his safety to the devotion of his followers, who gallantly turned on the pursuers, and renewed the battle, till all were either taken or slain. Forty barons, one hundred knights, and a hundred and forty chargers, covered with armor, were the reward of the victors. Richard, in a circular letter, communicated the news to his friends in England, and boasted with scornful complacency, that he had made the King of France drink of the waters of the Epte. The parole of Richard for the day was "Dieu et mon droit" (God and my right), and from this time it was made the motto to the royal arms of England.

GLADSMUIR, A.D. 1745.—The battle of Gladsmuir, known, also, as that of Prestonpans, took place in the year 1745, near Prestonpans, in Haddington county, Scotland, between the royalist army and that of the Pretender. The battle was fought partly in Gladmuir, a parish four miles west of Haddington, whence the name.

GLENLIVIT, A.D. 1594.—Glenlivit, a village of Scotland, in 1594 was the scene of a bloody conflict between the adherents of the Earls of Huntley and of Argyle. The battle was characterized by all that brutality and vengeful hatred which only civil warfare can arouse. Both parties fought with equal ardor, but at length the army of Argyle was defeated with great loss.

GOREY, A.D. 1798.—The battle of Gorey was fought on the 4th of June, 1798, between the forces of the King of England and the Irish rebels. The royalists were defeated with considerable loss. The king's forces, after losing several pieces of cannon, retreated to Gorey, and afterward to Arklow, abandoning both towns, the insurgents being nearly 20,000 strong.

GRAMPIAN HILLS, A.D. 79.—The battle of the Grampian Hills was fought in the year 79, between the Scottish army, under Galgacus, and the Picts, under Agricola. The battle was fought on a single hill, the Mons Grampius of Tacitus, whence these hills derive their name.

GRANADA, A.D. 1491.—Ferdinand V., King of Arragon, besieged Boabdil, the last king of the Moors of Granada, in his capital, with an army of 50,000 men. Granada, surrounded by a double wall, fortified by 1030 towers, had two citadels, one of which served as a palace for the king. An army of 30,000 Moors was within the walls; it had an immense and warlike population, and magnificent stores of munitions and provisions seemed to render it impregnable. Ferdinand did not attack Granada according to the usual system of sieges; he employed neither lines, nor trenches, nor artillery; he surrounded his own camp with walls and works. His sole aim was to starve the enemy, and make himself master of all the passages; he rooted up the trees, he burned the houses, and in a moment changed a delightful territory into a dry and arid desert. The garrison endeavored to make sorties, but it was overwhelmed by numbers, and always proved unfortunate. The Saracens flattered themselves that the rigors of the winter would oblige the Christians to depart; but their hopes were disappointed. Ferdinand's camp became a fortified city, furnished with solid fire-proof houses. The Moors saw with

grief that nothing could discourage the Castilians. The rigors of famine began to be felt, and cold augmented both public and private misery. In this extremity it was determined to treat with Ferdinand, and they consented to surrender if not relieved within sixty days. Scarcely had the Moorish king signed the treaty, than he repented of it; the thoughts of descending from his throne plunged him into the deepest grief, and yet he did not dare to retract, so great were the evils that surrounded him. His army could not endure the idea of submitting to the Christians, and the inhabitants incessantly implored the assistance of God and Mahomet. Suddenly an Alfaique excited the people to revolt; at his voice 20,000 men took arms. Boabdil required all his eloquence to restore order; he pointed out to them, with tears in his eyes, that if they preferred life to a certain death, they were bound by the stern necessity of observing the capitulation. The sedition was appeased, but the public despair was so great that the king of the Moors, dreading to see it renewed, hastened to surrender all his forts, and to repair to the camp of the conqueror. Thus, after a duration of 762 years, terminated the domination of the Moors in Spain.—*Robson.*

Washington Irving, in his history of the Conquest of Granada, has given a detailed account of this siege. We can not too highly recommend the perusal of this work to our readers.

GRANICUS, B.C. 334.—The Granicus is a narrow, deep, and rapid stream in northern Asia, originating in the northern slope of the range of Ida, and running a north-east course of forty geographical miles to the Propontis, now called the sea of Marmora. Its modern name is the Oostrala. Its western banks are reported by travelers to be high, steep, and rugged.

In the year 334, B.C., Alexander arrived on the banks of the Granicus. His army consisted of a little more than 30,000 foot, and four or five thousand horse. They were all brave men, well disciplined, and inured to fatigue. On the opposite side of the river was stationed the Persian army, which Darius, upon hearing that Alexander was about to invade his country, had sent thither to intercept his progress. The Persian army numbered 100,000 foot, and upward of 10,000 horse. The cavalry was posted along the shore in a line, forming an extended front to oppose the Macedonians should they attempt to pass the river. The two armies remained in sight of each other a long time, as if dreading the event. At length, Alexander, impatient at the delay, took the command of the right wing of his army, and placing the left under the command of Parmenio, plunged into the stream. The trumpets sounded, and setting up a shout which seemed to rend the very air, his troops leaped into the river after him. Surrounded by the flower of his army, thirteen troops of horse, Alexander madly buffeted the rushing current, and made rapid progress toward the enemy. The Persians hurled down multitudes of arrows upon the Macedonians, but they heeded them not. They gained the opposite bank, and forcing their way up its slippery sides, they engaged the Persians hand to hand. The Macedonians, as they landed, were somewhat disordered, for the Persian cavalry attacked them as fast as they landed, making good use of their spears, and when those were broken, of their swords. Alexander himself was sorely pressed. The white waving plume which ornamented the crest of his helmet, and his brilliant buckler, rendered him most conspicuous. A javelin was thrust through his cuirass at the joint, but he escaped uninjured. Immediately afterward he was attacked at once by two distinguished Persian officers, Rhoesaces and Spithridates. With great address he avoided Rhoesaces, and received Spithridates with such a blow upon his breast-plate that it broke in pieces. He now drew his sword to dispatch him; but at this very moment Rhoesaces rushed upon him, and raising himself up on his horse, uplifted his battle-axe, and with all his strength, dealt a blow at Alexander, which cut off his plume and crest, and penetrated through the helmet even to the hair. He was upon the point of repeating the blow, when Clitus, with one stroke of his sword, cut of Rhoesaces's hand, and thus preserved the life of his monarch. The Macedonians, excited to madness at the sight of the imminent danger of their leader, pushed against the Persians with redoubled vigor. At length the center of the Persian cavalry began to give ground, and immediately the two wings were broken and put to flight. Alexander did not pursue them far, but turned about to attack the Persian foot, which was engaged with his infantry. The Persians who had received the first attack of the Macedonians with firmness, upon the arrival of Alexander and his cavalry, instantly turned and fled. The Grecian infantry in Darius's service alone remained. This body of men made a stand upon an eminence, and demanded from Alexander a promise to let them march away unmolested. But in his rage, Alexander would not listen to reason, and instantly rushed with his troops into the mass of the Greeks, crying out to his men to spare none of the enemy.

The Greeks made a vigorous resistance. Alexander's horse (not Bucephalus), was

killed with the thrust of a sword. The battle raged so hot around him that more Macedonians were killed in this struggle than in all the rest of the battle. The Greeks were well disciplined soldiers, and had been thoroughly inured to war. Their desperate condition caused them to fight with an energy almost superhuman; but crushed by the superior numbers of their enemies, they were all cut to pieces except 2,000, who were taken prisoners. A great number of the Persian commanders lay dead on the field. 20,000 foot, and 2,500 horse were killed in this engagement, on the Persian side, while the Macedonians lost only 22 of the royal horse which were killed at the first attack; 60 of the other cavalry, and about 30 foot, who the next day were all laid in one grave. To do honor to the memory of the 25 horsemen who were slain while fighting near his person, Alexander afterward caused a statue of each in brass to be erected in a city of Macedon, called Dium. He also sent to the Greeks presents out of the spoils, that they might have their share of the glory of the day. To the Athenians in particular he sent 300 bucklers. Upon the rest of the spoils he caused the following glorious inscription to be inscribed: "Alexander, the son of Philip, with the Greeks (the Lacedæmonians excepted) won these spoils from the Barbarians who inhabit Asia." See *battles of Issus and Arbela.*

GROCHOW, A.D. 1831.—Grochow is a village of Poland, three miles south-east of Warsaw. A battle occurred at this place on the 19th of February, 1831, between the Russian army, under Diebitch, and the Poles under Rodziwill. The forces on either side were nearly equal; but the Russians had a great superiority in artillery. The Poles fought with the most heroic resolution, and although toward evening they lost a few hundred yards of ground, yet when the firing ceased their ranks were unbroken, their courage unsubdued, and they had lost neither prisoners, cannon, nor standard in the fight. They lost in killed and wounded about 4,000 men; the Russians lost 5,000. The battle of Praga soon followed. See *Warsaw.*

GUAMANGA, A.D. 1824.—The battle of Guamanga, in Peru, was fought in 1824 between the troops of Sucie and the Spaniards. The Spaniards were defeated, and with their defeat, Spanish rule in South America was terminated.

GUILFORD COURT-HOUSE, A.D. 1781.—This place is situated in Guilford co., N. C., and on the 15th of March, 1781, was the scene of one of the most sanguinary and bloody conflicts of the American revolutionary war.

The southern States were the field of the most important operations in the revolutionary war, during the campaign of 1781. On the 30th of October, 1780, General Greene was appointed commander-in-chief of the southern army, in place of General Gates. He took command on the 2d of December, and with the main body of the American army, took post at Cheraw, east of the Pedee. General Morgan was sent with about 1,000 men, to occupy the country adjacent to the junction of the Pacolet river. The British army was stationed between the two divisions of the army of the enemy. Cornwallis, the English commander, detached Tarleton to attack Morgan. The battle of Cowpens followed, in which the British were defeated. Learning of the defeat of Tarleton, Cornwallis, having destroyed his heavy baggage, marched with the main body of his army, to intercept Morgan, who was pushing forward with his prisoners toward Catawba, with the intention of entering Virginia. Morgan, however, succeeded in crossing the Catawba, and arrived on the banks of the Yadkin, where he was joined by General Greene with his escort. On the 3d of February, 1781, Cornwallis arrived on the western bank of the Yadkin, almost at the moment when the Americans had gained the opposite shore. A sudden rise of the river prevented the British general from crossing; and the Americans continued their retreat. Had the river been in a passable condition, the troops of Morgan would have fallen an easy prey to their more numerous enemies. The British finally crossed the river and pressed on in pursuit. Greene arrived at Guilford Court-House where he was joined by the main body of his army from Cheraw; and the united army continued its flight. The British army pursued the retreating enemy as far as the Dan, when, upon finding that the waters of this river were so much swollen by the late rains that they were unable to cross, Cornwallis abandoned the chase, and moving southward, established his camp at Hillsbourough, in North Carolina. After allowing his troops a sufficient length of time for repose, Greene, on the 23d of February, recrossed the Dan in order to prevent Cornwallis from embodying the loyalists of the country under his banners. Colonel Lee with his cavalry scoured the country and effectually foiled the efforts of Tarleton, who was recruiting in the vicinity of the Haw and Deep rivers. Greene's army at this time consisted of about 5,000 men; and feeling strong enough to cope with Cornwallis, he resolved to give him battle. On the 12th of March he crossed the Haw and Reedy Fork, and incamped in battle array near Guilford Court-House.

Cornwallis, meanwhile, had advanced from

Deep Reep river, toward the American army. The reconnoitering parties of both armies went out in all directions. These parties frequently met, and sharp skirmishes ensued with various success. The legions of Lee and Tarleton fell in with each other in one of these excursions, and a fierce and bloody conflict ensued. Lee had the advantage at first; but on Tarleton's receiving reinforcements he was obliged to retire. These skirmishes were merely the prelude of the battle which was soon to follow. The British army consisted of about 3,000 men, English and Hessians; all tried soldiers, well armed and eager to avenge the defeat of Cowpens. The ground from Guilford Court-House, southward, falls abruptly to a broken vale, which is intersected by a small stream. At the time of the battle, there were many clearings around the court-house; and the great Salisbury road, which leads to the court-house, was lined on either side by a forest of oaks. In this forest, and near the court-house, on the 15th of March, was stationed the American army, awaiting the approach of the enemy. General Greene's order of battle consisted in three divisions; the first, composed of the North Carolina militia, under Generals Butler and Eaton, was posted near the foot of the hill, upon the fore-edge of the forest, behind a fence. The second division was composed of the Virginia militia, under the command of Generals Stevens and Lawson; the right flank of Stevens, and the left flank of Lawson resting on the road. This line was formed in the woods, parallel to the first, and about 800 yards behind it. The third division comprised the regular troops, under General Huger and Colonel Williams. They were stationed in the plain which extended from the forest to the court-house. Two six-pounders, under the direction of Captain Singleton, were planted in the road a little in advance of the first line; and two other pieces of artillery were placed on an eminence, near the court-house. Colonel Washington, with his dragoons, Kirkwood's Delaware corps, and Lynch's riflemen, flanked the right wing, and Colonel Lee, with some light infantry and Campbell's dragoons, the left. At about twelve o'clock, the British army, under General Cornwallis, approached the court-house. As the troops defiled from Salisbury road into the open plains, they presented a magnificent spectacle. The sun shone clear and unclouded upon their scarlet uniforms and glistening accoutrements, and the music of their martial band was wafted across the fields to the ears of the Americans. Like a huge piece of mechanism they obeyed the orders of their officers, and formed for the approaching battle. The right wing of the first line was composed of an English regiment and Bose's Hessian regiment, under General Leslie; the left of two English regiments under Colonel Webster. A battalion of Guards acted as a reserve to the right wing; and General O'Hara's corps to the left. The royal artillery under McLeod, and the grenadiers, advanced in close order along the road in the center. Tarleton was posted on the road with his legion; but he had received orders not to move until the infantry, after having carried the forest, should have penetrated to the plains behind it, where cavalry could operate to advantage. As the British advanced, the Americans opened a brisk cannonade upon them, which they returned with equal vigor. The cannonade continued about half an hour, when Singleton fell back with his guns to the first line. Upon this the British, leaving their artillery behind, rushed forward toward the North Carolinans, who were lying behind the fence at the verge of the wood. The Carolinians allowed them to approach within a proper distance, and then began to fire. The British replied with one volley, and gallantly rushed forward to the charge. The North Carolinians displayed the deepest cowardice. They turned and fled in the direst confusion, although not a man had been injured by the enemy's fire. Their officers vainly endeavored to rally them; but like frightened sheep they darted through the woods, nor ceased their shameful flight until beyond the reach of danger. The dastardly conduct of the troops of the first line, was a death-blow to the fortune of the Americans on that day; but the remainder of the army did their duty well. General Stevens, with his gallant Virginians, made a noble stand. Opening his ranks to allow the fugitives to pass, he reclosed them, and received the charge of the British without flinching. A furious conflict ensued; but the Virginians were at length obliged to give way, and fell back upon the regular troops. The British left, under Lieutenant Colonel Webster, now advanced and assailed the American left. The Virginians under Stevens and Lawson supported on the right by Colonel Washington and his dragoons, maintained a bloody struggle with Webster's troops. Washington having sent Lynch's riflemen to attack Webster in flank, O'Hara, with the British grenadiers and the 2d battalion of Guards, advanced to Webster's support. The 33d regiment, by Webster's orders, wheeled upon Lynch; and O'Hara's troops appearing at the same moment, a combined bayonet charge was made against the whole Virginian line, breaking it and forcing it back. Webster pressed forward and fell fiercely upon the regular troops near the court-house. The Marylanders, supported by the Virginians

under Howe, and Kirkwood's men of Delaware, maintained their ground valiantly. The struggle was fearful. At length the British troops recoiled before the furious assaults of the enemy, and Webster fell back across a ravine, where he awaited the arrival of the remainder of his line. In a few moments Lieutenant Colonel Stuart, with the first battalion of Guards, and two other corps, advanced and attacked the second Maryland regiment, under Colonel Ford. The Marylanders were supported by Captain Finley with two six-pounders. The second Maryland regiment, far from emulating the valor of the first, fell back at the very first charge of the enemy, leaving the two pieces of artillery in the hands of the British. Stuart pressed forward in pursuit of Ford's men, when Colonel Gunby, with his Continentals, turned upon him with the utmost fury. A bloody strife ensued. Lieutenant Colonel Washington at this moment came up with his cavalry and, impetuously charging the royalists, put them to flight, cutting most of them down, and recapturing the two pieces of cannon. Washington's charge was a bloody one. Like an avalanche that compact body of horse cut its way through the midst of the British, strewing the ground on every side with dead and dying. Deeds of personal valor and prowess were performed on that occasion, which are without parallel in history. One of Washington's troopers, Francisco, a gallant Virginian, cut down eleven men in succession with his broadsword.

One of the British Guards, with a bayonet thrust, transfixed Francisco's leg to his horse. The Virginian at first did not strike, but assisted the assailant in drawing forth the weapon; no sooner, however, was his limb released, than with lightning speed he brought down his terrible blade, and split the soldier's head in twain. And every man in that gallant band emulated the daring bravery of the Virginian. Stuart himself was slain by Captain Smith, of the first Maryland regiment; and the whole of his corps would have shared his fate, had not Cornwallis advanced from his post, on the Salisbury road, and covered their retreat by a brisk fire of artillery. The cannon-ball plowed through friends and foes, for the fire was directly in the face of the fugitives as well as of the pursuers; but it produced the desired effect. Washington's pursuit was checked, and with Howard he withdrew to the line of the continentals. Webster now recrossed the ravine and attacked the troops of Howe and Kirkwood. Another English regiment fell upon their left at the same time, and Colonel O'Hara, who, though seriously wounded, kept his saddle, succeeded in rallying the remnant of the Guards, and cemented the center between the left and right wings. All these movements were made so opportunely that Stuart's disaster was promptly repaired. The American regulars had to sustain, unsupported, the whole weight of the action, and Greene, convinced that there was no hope of success, and not wishing to risk the annihilation of his army, determined on a retreat before it was too late. Mean while the conflict on the British right, between the Hessians, under Bose, and the militia in the left wing of the American army, was maintained with various success; but at length Tarleton advanced to the support of the Hessians, and by one vigorous charge succeeded in breaking and dispersing the militia, who sought shelter in the wood. The main body of the American army retreated in good order. The 71st and 23d British regiments, with Tarleton's cavalry, commenced a pursuit; but they were soon recalled. Thus terminated the battle of Guilford Court-House. The battle lasted nearly two hours. The Americans lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, about 1,300. The British lost 600 killed and wounded. Four pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the royalists.

GUNDAMUCK, A.D. 1842.—Gundamuck, in Affghanistan, was, in the year 1842, the scene of a terrible massacre. The last survivors of the British army retiring from Cabool, were attacked and butchered by the Affghans. Only one man escaped. Ninety-nine soldiers and 300 camp-followers were slain in cold blood.

HAARLEM, A.D. 1572.—Haarlem, a city of the Netherlands, was besieged by the Spaniards, under Toledo, a son of the Duke of Alva, in the year 1572. The besieged made a most spirited resistance, and after holding out for seven months, were upon the point of making a desperate sortie, as a forlorn hope, when Alva offered them terms of capitulation. The Dutch accepted; but no sooner had the Spaniards entered the town than, regardless of the terms of capitulation, they commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants. Over 2,000 persons, including the Protestant ministers, the garrison, and many of the ministers, were either put to the sword or tied in couples, neck and heels, and thrown into the lake of Haarlem. Alva was probably instigated to these barbarities by the obstinate resistance with which his troops had met from the inhabitants. The

Dutch had fought with such stubborn valor that, before the Spaniards gained by dishonor that which they could not win by force, they had lost over 10,000 men.

HALLE, A.D. 1806.—Halle, a town of Prussian Saxony, situated on the river Saale, 18 miles north-west of Leipsic, was, on the 17th of October, 1806, the scene of an obstinate battle between a body of the Prussians, 14,000 strong, commanded by the Duke of Wirtemberg, and the French troops, under Marshal Bernadotte. The battle resulted in the total defeat of the Prussians, who sustained a heavy loss in killed and wounded. Four thousand prisoners and thirty pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the victors, whose loss did not exceed 1,200 men.

HALLIDON HILL, A.D. 1333.—At Hallidon Hill, near Berwick, in Scotland, was fought, in the year 1333, a bloody battle by the Scots and English. The English army, under Edward III., had laid siege to the city of Berwick, which was defended by a strong garrison under Sir William Keith. Douglass, the regent of Scotland, had assembled a large army on the frontiers ready to penetrate into England; but being informed that the garrison at Berwick was reduced to such extremities, that it was about to capitulate, unless speedily succored, he hastily advanced with his army to the relief of that important fortress. He attacked the English at Hallidon Hill, a little north of Berwick; and though his heavy-armed cavalry dismounted in order to render the action more steady and desperate, they were received with such valor, by Edward, and were so galled by the English archers, that they were soon thrown into disorder. At the death of Douglass, their general, they were completely routed. The whole army fled in confusion; and the English gave little quarter in the pursuit. All the Scottish nobles were either slain or made prisoners; near 30,000 Scots fell in the action; while the loss of the English amounted only to 15 men, of whom there was 1 knight, 1 esquire, and 13 private soldiers; an inequality almost incredible.

HALYS, B.C. 585.—The Scythians, for the space of 28 years after expelling the Medes from the country, were masters of upper Asia. The Medes, determined to regain their lost possessions, invented a deadly scheme to destroy the Scythians. Under pretense of strengthening and cultivating the alliance they had made together, they invited the greater part of the Scythians to a general feast, which was made in every family. Each master of the feast made his guests drunk, and while in that condition they were massacred. The Medes then repossessed themselves of the provinces they had lost, and once more extended their empire to the banks of the river Halys. The remaining Scythians, who were not at the feast, fled into Lydia, to King Halyattes, who humanely received them. This occasioned a war between that prince and Cyaxares, King of the Medes. Many battles were fought, during the space of five years, with almost equal advantage on both sides. The battle which closed the war was fought in the sixth year, on the banks of the Halys, and was highly remarkable on account of an extraordinary event which happened during the struggle. While the battle was at its height, the combatants on both sides were terrified by a sudden eclipse of the sun, changing the brightness of day into the darkness of night, in one moment. Both parties considered this phenomenon a sign of the anger of the gods, and immediately dispersed and fled from the field. Shortly afterward peace was declared between the two nations.

HAMPTON, A.D. 1813.—On the 25th of May, 1813, 2,500 British troops, under Admiral Cockburn and General Beckwith, made a descent on Hampton, a small fishing town by Hampton Roads, in Virginia. The American riflemen and militia stationed there, made a brave resistance, but were finally obliged to retreat before superior numbers. The little town was then literally sacked. The houses of private citizens were rifled; churches were despoiled, and women violated in open day. England may well blush for the excesses and brutalities of her soldiers on this occasion.

HAMPTON'S DEFEAT, A.D. 1813.—Early on the 21st of October, 1813, General Hampton, with the American troops under his command, entered Canada at the junction of the Chateaugay and Outard rivers; but although he had 4,000 effective infantry, 2,000 militia, and 10 guns, he was so vigorously and gallantly resisted by the frontier light infantry of the Canadians, not 600 in number, under Colonel De Salabery, who fought with the steadiness of veteran soldiers in their woods, that after three days' desultory fighting, he was driven with disgrace back into the American territory, pursued and harassed by the Canadian militia.—*Alison.*

HANAU, A.D. 1813.—Hanau is situated on the river Kinzig, in Germany, near its junction with the Maine, eleven miles east of Frankfort. At this town, on the 30th of October, 1813, Napoleon, on his retreat from Leipsic, gained a decisive victory over a very superior force of Bavarians, and other allied troops under Wrede.

On the 15th of October, the Bavarian army, under Marshal Wrede, which was stationed at Braunau, opposite to the Austrian corps under the Prince of Reuss, joined itself to the latter force, and both united, set out in the

direction of Frankfort on the Maine, for the purpose of impeding Napoleon's progress toward France. The whole allied army consisted of three divisions of Bavarian infantry, and two brigades of cavalry, of that state; and two divisions of Austrian infantry, and one of cavalry, in all numbering nearly 60,000 men. Wrede marched with such expedition that on the 27th he arrived at Aschaffenburg, where he established his head-quarters. Having detached 10,000 men to Frankfort, on the 29th he took post in the forest of Hanau, stationing his troops across the great road, and blocking up entirely the retreat of the French army to Mayence, where the army of the French emperor, on the road from Erfurth, was gradually approaching the Maine. It numbered in all about 80,000 combatants; but of these nearly 40,000 were stragglers of so far in the rear as to be of no value in the coming shock. Napoleon's artillery numbered only 200 pieces; but they were, for the most part, the artillery of the Guard, second to none in Europe for vigor and efficiency. The French soldiers were animated to a man with the utmost courage and resolution, for they panted with the desire to reach France, and they knew that they would be compelled to win every foot of soil at the sword's point. Wrede, stretching his line across the high-road, leading from Hanau to Frankfort and Mayence, completely stopped the way, and soon came into communication with the Cossacks of Chernicheff and Orloff Denizoff, who hovered around the outskirts of the French army. Having formed this junction, the Bavarian general arranged his troops in order of battle in front of the town. The right wing of his army rested on the Kinzig, and the left in echelon, on the road from Erfurth to Frankfort. Sixty pieces of cannon were planted in the center, between the bridge of Gelnhausen over the Kinzig, and the great road, to play on the advancing columns of the enemy, when they attempted to debouch from the forest of Lambroi. That great tract of wood extends for about six miles in breadth toward Erfurth, and is composed of old oaks of enormous size, whose aged stems sometimes rise out of close thickets of underwood, at others overshadow with their spreading boughs beautiful vistas of green sward, where numerous herds of swine feed on the acorns. The vanguard of the allied army was posted at Ruckingen, with orders to retire from that post, as soon as it was seriously attacked, and fall back to the main body of the army, which was drawn up across the great road in the plain which lies between the town of Hanau and the forest of Lamboi. The battle began on the forenoon of the 30th. The French columns, preceded by a cloud of tiralleurs, advanced in dense masses—the artillery following the great road, the light troops spread out in the thicket and green sward on either side—and soon a warm fire began in the forest. The dark recesses of the wood were illuminated by the frequent flashes of the musketry; the verdant alleys were hastily traversed by files of armed men, and the action began like a magnificent hunting party in the forest of Fontainebleau. Victor and Macdonald's corps, now reduced to 5,000 combatants, headed the advance, and with some difficulty made their way through the wood to the plain beyond it; but when they came there, and endeavored to deploy on its south-western skirts, they were crushed by the concentric fire of 70 pieces of cannon, which stood before the allied line, and for four hours the French army was unable to clear its way through the narrow plain which lay between the forest and the banks of the Kinzig. During this period, however, the guards and the main body of the French army had time to come up; and Napoleon immediately ordered a general attack on the enemy. General Curial, with two battalions of the Old Guard, dispersed as tiralleurs, were brought forward to the front, and began to engage the Bavarian sharp-shooters; the hardy veterans soon gained ground and won not only the issues of the forest, but part of the little plain, scattered with vales, which lay beyond; and to the space thus won the artillery of the Guard, under Drouot, was immediately brought forward. This admirable officer commenced his fire with 15 guns; but they were gradually augmented to 50, and soon acquired a decided superiority over the batteries of the enemy, whose artillery, though more numerous, returned the fire feebly. Under cover of Drouot's terrible fire, Nansoty and Sebastiani, debouched with the cavalry of the Guard, and by a vigorous charge overthrew every thing that was opposed to them. Wrede, seeing his danger, collected his cavalry, and the Bavarian horse and squares endeavored to rally behind Chernicheff's Cossacks; but the Russian dragoons were unable to withstand the thundering charges of the French cuirassiers, and the point-blank discharges of the Guard, and the whole left wing of the allies gave way and fled toward the river and the wood, and the road to Frankfort, open to the enemy. As a last resource the Bavarian general made an effort on his right; but Napoleon quickly pushed forward two battalions of the Old Guard, who arrested his advance; and Wrede despairing of success, withdrew the shattered remains of his army behind the Kinzig under the protection of the cannon at Hanau. During this vehement conflict Napoleon himself was exposed to imminent peril. He was

walking backward and forward on the highway, near a bend which the road makes in the depths of the forest, conversing with Caulaincourt, when suddenly a bomb fell near them in a ditch bordering the highway. Caulaincourt instantly stepped between the emperor and the dangerous missile, and they continued their conversation as if nothing had happened. The attendants of the emperor hardly dared to breathe; but the bomb had sunk so deep in the ditch, that it was prevented from bursting.

Meanwhile fresh troops were continually coming up from the rear, and the recesses of the wood swarmed with soldiers, carriages, and cannon. On all sides the forest resounded with the echoes of the artillery; cannon-balls crashed through the gnarled branches of the oaks, and, when Wrede made his last desperate effort, the combatants appeared so near that their cries were distinctly heard, and the bullets whistled through the branches of the trees, agitating their tops as in a hurricane. The repulse of that attack opened the road to Frankfort. During the night after the battle, the French army defiled without intermission on the great road by Wilhelmstadt, whence it was moved by Hochstadt on Frankfort. Marmont, with a part of the army, was left before Hanau, in order to protect the march of the rear guard under Mortier, which was still on the other side of the forest. At two o'clock in the morning of the 31st, Marmont began to bombard the town of Hanau, and with such effect that it was speedily evacuated by the Austrian garrison, and immediately taken possession of by the French forces. Having secured this *point d'appui*, Marmont attacked the right wing of the allies posted behind the road to Aschaffenberg, with such vigor, that it was forced to give way, and thrown back in disorder on the Maine, where it must have inevitably been destroyed, if the Guards and cuirassiers of the French army had been at hand to support the advantage. They had, however, in the mean time, passed on toward Frankfort. Marmont, consequently, fell back toward Hanau. Wrede, stung to the quick by his recent disaster, followed Marmont hastily, and at the head of his troops assaulted the town. In the conflict which ensued Wrede was severely wounded, and his troops were driven back with great loss. The command of the allied army now fell upon General Tresnel, who, relinquishing all hope of inflicting further injury on the French army, withdrew his troops toward the Kinzig. Marmont then took up his march toward Frankfort, where he was joined the same night by Mortier with the rear guard. At the battle of Hanau, the allies lost 10,000 men, of whom 4,000 were prisoners. The French lost 4,000 men in killed and wounded. This victory completely opened the route of the French army to France.

HANGING-ROCK, A.D. 1780.—This battle derives its name from a peculiarly shaped rock in Kershaw District, South Carolina, near which it took place. It was fought on the 7th of August, 1780, between the British troops, under Colonel Brown, and the American militia under Sumter, and resulted in the defeat of the British. The Americans lost twelve killed and forty-one wounded. The British loss was considerably greater.

HARLEM PLAINS, A.D. 1776.—On the 16th of September, 1776, a British force came in collision with a body of Americans, at the mouth of a deep rocky gorge which extends from the southern extremity of Harlem Heights a little to the north of the city of New York. The conflict was brief but severe. The British were driven back across the plain; but Washington, fearing an ambush, ordered a retreat, and the Americans returned to their camp on Harlem Heights. The British lost in this affair eighteen killed and ninety wounded. The American loss was trifling. See *battle of White Plains.*

HASTINGS, A.D. 1066.—Hastings, celebrated in history as the spot near which was fought the decisive battle between the Normans and English, is a town of England in Sussex county, and is pleasantly situated in a vale, surrounded on every side, except toward the sea, by romantic hills and cliffs. On one of these hills are banks and trenches supposed to have been constructed by William the Norman, during his contest with Harold II.

On the 29th day of September, 1066, William, Duke of Normandy, arrived at Hastings with an army of disciplined veterans, and laid claim to the English crown. His forces consisted of 60,000 men, all equipped in the most warlike and splendid manner. No sooner had he landed in England than he sent back his fleet to Normandy, in order to leave no retreat for cowardice. Soon after his arrival at Hastings, he published a manifesto declaring the motives that induced him to undertake this enterprise. But Harold was resolved to defend his right to the crown, and to retain that sovereignty which he had received from the people, who only had a right to bestow it. His army was composed of active and valiant troops in high spirits, strongly attached to their king, and eager for battle. William's troops on the other hand, consisted of all the flower of the continent, and had been long inured to danger. The men of Bretagne, Boulogne, Flanders, Poictou, Maine, Orleans, France and Normandy, were all voluntarily united under his command. England never before

saw two such armies drawn up to dispute its crown.

The day before the battle, William sent an offer to Harold to decide the quarrel between them by single combat, and thus to spare the blood of thousands; but Harold refused, and said he would leave it to the God of armies to determine. Both armies, therefore, that night, pitched their camps in sight of each other, expecting the dawning of the next day with impatience. The English spent the night in riot, jollity, and disorder, the Normans in devotion and prayer. The next morning, at seven o'clock, the duke called together the most considerable of his commanders, and made them a speech suitable to the occasion. He represented to them that the event which they and he had long wished for was approaching: the whole fortune of war depended on their swords, and would be decided in a single action; that never army had greater motives for exerting a vigorous courage, whether they considered the prize which would attend their victory, or the inevitable destruction which must ensue upon their discomfiture. William next divided his army into three lines: the first, led by Montgomery, consisted of archers and light-armed infantry; the second, commanded by Martel, was composed of his bravest battalions, heavy-armed, and ranged in close order; his cavalry, at whose head he placed himself, formed the third line, and were so disposed that they stretched beyond the infantry, and flanked each wing of the army. He ordered the signal of battle to be given; and the whole army moving at once, and singing the song of Roland, one of Charlemagne's bravest knights, the Normans advanced rapidly and orderly toward the enemy.

Harold had taken advantage of a rising ground, and, having likewise drawn some trenches to secure his flanks, he resolved to stand upon the defensive, and to avoid all action with the cavalry, in which he was inferior. The men of Kent were placed in the van; a post which they always claimed as their due: the Londoners guarded the standard; and the king himself, accompanied by his two valiant brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, dismounting, placed himself at the head of his infantry, and expressed his resolution to conquer or to perish in the action. The Normans began the fight with their cross-bows, which, at first, galled and surprised the English, upon whose close ranks the arrows did great execution. But soon they came to close fight, and the English, with their bills, hewed down their adversaries with great slaughter. Confusion was spreading among the Norman ranks, when William, who found himself on the brink of destruction, hastened with a chosen band to the relief of his forces. His presence restored the suspense of battle: he was seen in every place, endeavoring to pierce the ranks of the enemy, and had three horses slain under him. At length, perceiving that the English line continued impenetrable, he pretended to give ground; which, as he expected, drew the enemy from their ranks, and he was instantly ready to take advantage of their disorder. Upon a signal given, the Normans at once returned to the charge, with greater fury than before; they broke the English troops, and pursued them to a rising ground. Now Harold flew from rank to rank, exhorting, entreating, and threatening his troops, and although he had toiled all day, till near night-fall, in the front of his Kentish men, yet he still seemed unabated in force or courage, keeping his men to the post of honor. Once more, therefore, the victory seemed to turn against the Normans; and they fell in great numbers; so that the fierceness of this memorable battle was often renewed by the courage of the leaders, whenever that of the soldiers began to slacken. Fortune at length determined a victory that valor was unable to decide. Harold, while making a furious onset at the head of his troops, against the Norman heavy-armed men, was shot in the brain by an arrow; and his two valiant brothers, fighting by his side, shared the same fate. He fell with his sword in his hand, amid heaps of the slain, and, after the battle, the royal corpse could hardly be distinguished among the dead. From the moment of his death all courage seemed to forsake the English; they gave ground on every side, and were pursued with great slaughter by the victorious Normans. Thus, after a battle which was fought from early morning till sunset, the invaders proved successful, and the English crown became the conqueror's reward. Fifteen thousand Normans were slain in this battle. The English loss was somewhat greater, beside the death of the king and his two brothers. The day after the battle, the dead body of Harold was brought to William and generously restored, without ransom, to his mother. The Norman army left not the field of battle without giving thanks to heaven, in the most solemn manner, for their victory: William, having refreshed his troops, prepared to push to the utmost his advantage against the divided, dismayed, and discomfited English. The battle of Hastings was fought on the 14th day of October, 1066, and ended the Saxon monarchy in England, which had continued for more than 600 years. England, by this defeat of Harold, became subject to the Norman yoke; and after his victory, a list was taken of William's chiefs, amounting to 629, and called the "Battel Roll;" and among these chiefs the lands and distinctions

BATTLE OF THE GRANICUS

Page 259.

of the followers of the defeated Harold were distributed.

HAW, A.D. 1781.—This battle was fought between the American patriots, under Colonel Lee, and the royalists, under Colonel Pyle, on the 25th of February, 1781, near the river Haw, in North Carolina, two miles east of the Allamance, in Orange county, and resulted in the total defeat of the loyalists. The battle was of brief duration. Ninety loyalists were slain, and their commander severely wounded. The Americans did not lose a single man.

HEIDELBERG, A.D. 1622.—Heidelberg, a city of west Germany, has suffered severely from hostile assaults. In 1622, it was bombarded for a month, by the troops of the monster Tilly, who took it finally by storm, and gave his ferocious soldiers a three-days' license to pillage and destroy. The most abominable atrocities were committed. In 1688, the city was besieged by the French, under General Melac, acting under orders of Louis XIV.; they took the town and burned it, and, with a ferocity equal to that of Tilly, Melac allowed his soldiers to perform deeds of the utmost cruelty and brutality upon the persons and property of the inhabitants. In 1693, it was again taken by the French, and the cruelties practiced upon the unfortunate inhabitants exceeded, if possible, all former atrocities. Our space limits us to a mere mention of these circumstances.

HEILSBERG, A.D. 1807.—Heilsberg is situated on the Alle, in east Prussia, forty-one miles south-east of Königsberg.

On the 9th of June, 1807, the Russian army, after crossing the river Alle, and destroying the bridges, safely intrenched themselves at Heilsberg, under cover of the most formidable fieldworks. Napoleon debated a long time before deciding upon the course of attack to pursue in regard to this large force of Russians. At length it was concluded to attack them in front, and on the 10th of June preparations were made to that effect. A division was to make a front assault upon the camp, while Davoust and Mortier moved forward on the French left, to turn the right flank of the enemy, and threaten their communication with Königsberg, where the latter had their ammunition. The cavalry of Murat led the advance against the Russian intrenchments, which were about ten miles from them; bridges were hastily thrown over the river Alle, at various points; the corps of Soult, Lannes, Ney, and the infantry of the Guard, followed immediately after, on both sides of the river, to Heilsberg. The situation of Heilsberg was one of too much importance to be relinquished by Napoleon without a struggle. It was situated on a cluster of heights on both banks of the river Alle, of which the town covered a part; it commanded the roads of Wormditt, Mohlsack, and Landsberg, which intersected each other within the camp, and thus blocked up the access to Eylau and Königsberg. The Russian line might be considered unassailable as long as they held this position, and kept the course of the lower passage toward Braunsberg. But as soon as they were driven from the latter ground, their advantage was at end, as they were cut off from their dépôts of ammunition and supplies. Their weakest point was the side on the left bank of the Alle, which was connected with the redoubt by four bridges. Here were assembled nearly 80,000 men, under cover of more than 500 pieces of cannon, in nine divisions, of which seven, under the Grand Duke Constantine, occupied the left bank of the river, and two, under Prince Gortchakoff, the right bank; while Kamenskoi was stationed in the redoubts which covered the front of the position. Napoleon on his left pushed General Dulaulay forward with forty pieces of cannon, and by the strength of his fire the enemy were weakened in some degree. The divisions of St. Cyr and Legrand, part of Soult's corps, with Murat's cavalry, advanced, about seven in the evening, by the villages of Sandem, Langwiesse, and Benermeken, to the attack of the enemy's redoubts on the right bank of the river. These gallant men, as soon as they left the shelter of the ravine which had afforded them protection from the fire of the enemy, rushed forward with such fury that, in the first attack, the principal redoubt of the Russians was carried, with all the guns which it contained; while St. Hilaire, with his division, penetrated between that intrenchment and the neighboring works. The moment was one of importance, and the slightest wavering would have exposed the Russians to total ruin; but the men under Benningsen were equal to any emergency. The right wing of Prince Gortchakoff were ordered to charge instantly; and, with fixed bayonets, they rushed upon the two regiments which had taken possession of the redoubt, nearly destroyed them, and captured their eagles.

Following up their success, the Russians burst out upon the plain between the woods and redoubts, and forced the division of Soult to give ground. With the steadiness of discipline, however, they retired in hollow square by echelon, which threw an incessant rolling fire upon their pursurers; the approach of night gave the moving citadels the appearance of being surrounded by flame, while the intrenchments seemed a line of volcanoes in tremendous eruption. The retreat of St. Cyr and Legrand obliged St. Hilaire, who had penetrated to the foot of the redoubt, also to retire. Savary, with two

regiments of the Guard, and twelve guns, came up to cover his retreat, and was also surrounded. The French retired to the cover of the woods, and narrowly escaped being made prisoners by the allied army, and the Russians were again withdrawn into their intrenchments.

The incessant cannonade now ceased, and the cries of the wounded in the plain at the foot of the intrenchments, could be heard above the declining roar of the musketry. Information was received from a French deserter, at eleven o'clock at night, that preparations were making for a fresh attack. The Russians had hardly completed their arrangements, when, by the faint light of the evening, dark masses of the enemy were discerned, issuing from the woods, and advancing rapidly across the plain which divided them from the redoubt. Instantaneously the batteries opened upon them; they staggered under the discharge, but pressed on, without firing a shot; but when they came within reach of the musketry, the fire was so vehement that the heads of the columns were entirely cut off, and the remainder driven back with terrible loss. At length, at midnight, after fighting for twelve hours, the firing stopped, and in the narrow plain which divided the two armies, nothing could be heard but the groans of the wounded, who, hearing the battle would be renewed on the next day, were begging to be removed, or imploring death to put an end to their sufferings. A rain storm, in the early part of the night, diminished the suffering of hosts of wounded of both parties, who lay mingled together on the plain. The Russians expected the attack would be renewed with the first approach of day, and accordingly stood to their arms; but the morning passed without any movement on the part of the French. As the light broke, the French were seen on the skirts of the wood in order of battle, but not on their well-appointed battalions and squadrons did the eye rest. A frightful spectacle lay between the two armies; the space, about a quarter of a mile broad, and a mile in length, presented a sheet of naked human bodies, most of them dead, though the motions of a few showed that life was not yet extinct. 6,000 bodies were lying as close as they had stood in the ranks; during the night they had been stripped of every article of clothing by the camp followers of both parties, and were ghastly pale, or purple with the blood which still flowed from their wounds. By common consent, the interval of hostilities was employed in removing the wounded and burying the dead.

Napoleon was disconcerted by this result of the action. The Russians still held their intrenchments; twelve thousand French had fallen around the redoubts, without having gained one of them; the ditches were filled with dead bodies, but none had been crossed. The Russians had lost 8,000 killed and wounded, and their loss was greater than the French, in proportion to the relative strength of their army. Napoleon knew too well the strength of the enemy's position to venture to renew the attack; he therefore resolved to compel them to evacuate it by assailing their flank. Taking advantage of the arrival of Marshal Davoust's corps, he pushed it forward at noon, on the Landsberg road, toward Eylau and Königsberg. This alarmed Benningsen, yet he was not afraid of being forced in his intrenched position, but feared being cut off from his supplies at Königsberg, for on them the army depended for daily sustenance. During this time, an order of Napoleon to Victor was intercepted, commanding him to attack Lestocq and the right wing of the allies at all points, and push to Königsberg. Benningsen, seeing the intentions of the French general clearly, gave orders to retreat. At nightfall the intrenched position was evacuated, and after marching all the night of the 11th, they established themselves at daybreak in a position in front of Bartenstein, and the head-quarters were transferred to that place. Though a great part of their operations were performed in sight of the enemy, such was the awe inspired by the battle of Heilsberg, that the French troops did not oppose their retreat.

HELIOPOLIS, A.D. 1800.—Matarecyeh, an insignificant village of Lower Egypt, now occupies the site of the ancient city of Heliopolis, the city of the sun.

Kleber, who, in the year 1800, was commander of the European forces left in Egypt by Napoleon, had collected the scattered troops in one body, numbering some 12,000. On the night of the 19th of March, he drew up his army by moonlight, in four squares, in a plain in front of the ruins of Heliopolis. In front were stationed the four squares, with artillery at the angles, and the cavalry at the intervals. The corners were doubled by companies of grenadiers, who were ready to be employed either in resisting an attack, or offensive movement. Every thing was conducted in the most quiet manner; the solemnity of the occasion had subdued the usual enthusiasm of the French army; they seemed to feel that they must conquer or die. The Turks were encamped in the usual manner in confused masses, in the vicinity of El-Hanku. Six thousand janizaries lay in the village of Matarecyeh, where they had thrown up some rude fortifications; their troops of horse, with the mamelukes of Abrahim Bey, extended on the right of that advanced guard as far as the banks of the

Nile. Their whole force amounted to nearly 50,000 men; but upon more than half of them no reliance could be placed, and the situation of the regular corps in the village of Matarecyeh gave rise to a hope that they might be cut off before the remainder of the army could come to their support. Accordingly, General Friant advanced before daylight directly toward that village, while Regnier, with his divisions, moved forward in front of Heliopolis, to cut off communications between the detached forces and the main army of the Turks. As soon as the janizaries found that the enemy were approaching, they made a sally with their cimeters in their hands, and commenced a furious attack on the French squares. But their valor could not effect much against the steadiness and discipline of the European army. They were received in front with a terrible fire, and at the same time charged in flank, while disordered by their rush forward. In a few minutes they were mown down, the ditches filled by the wounded, and the French grenadiers pressed forward over the mass of dead and dying, and scaled the works. The camp of the janizaries was immediately carried; all their ammunition, cannon, and tents fell into the hands of the victorious party; and the few who fled toward the main army were cut down by the charges of the French cavalry. The grand vizier, as soon as he found that his advanced guard was cut off in such a manner, moved forward with his whole army, determined to avenge their loss. The French were resting from the fatigues of their first battle, when they discovered a cloud of dust in the east. It was the Ottoman army, still 40,000 strong, approaching to trample under the feet of their horses the small band which had the presumption to await their charge. In a moment the French formed in order of battle; the troops were again drawn up in squares, Friant on the left, Regnier on the right; the cannon filled the intervals between the masses; the cavalry was immediately in the rear, to break through the first favorable opportunity. The cannonade was soon extremely warm on both sides, but the balls of the Ottomans, owing to their ill direction, passed over the heads of the republicans, while the fire of the latter was fast dismounting their artillery, and even the staff of the grand vizier was nearly cut off by the furious tempest of bombs. Cut to pieces by the hail of bullets, the Turks prepared for a general charge. The concentration of standards along the whole line gave warning to the French; the sky was filled with dust; the earth shook as if by an earthquake, and 20,000 horsemen, at full gallop, rushed upon them. But nothing could break the firm array of the republicans. The enemy were received with a terrible discharge of grape-shot; their front rank nearly all fell under the fatal fire; the rear turned around and fled, and in a few moments the splendid array had disappeared, without even the firing of a single musket by the French infantry. The vizier rallied his troops, and again brought them up to the assault, but they could not break through the flaming citadels and terrible fires of the French. Every ball took effect, and in a short time the carnage became intolerable, and the Ottomans fled in terrible confusion toward the desert. Kleber, following them, advanced rapidly to El-Hanku; the Turks fled the moment the French came in sight; the whole army pressed forward, and before night, were in entire possession of the Ottoman camp, reposing in their tents amid all the luxury and magnificence of the East.

HEMMINGSTED, A.D. 1500.—In the year 1500 a battle was fought near Hemmingsted, a village of Denmark, between the inhabitants of the Ditmarshes and the army of the King of Denmark and the Duke of Holstein. The royal army consisted of 30,000 men, while that of the opponents was a mere handful of men; yet this little band, raw and undisciplined, attacked the army of the duke, which seemed able to crush them by its very weight, with such impetuous valor, that the royal army was thrown into confusion and forced to fly, with great loss. This victory secured to the gallant conquerors their ancient liberties for fifty years afterward.

HEXHAM, A.D. 1464.—Near the town of Hexham, in Northumberland, England, a decisive battle was fought on the 14th of May, 1464, by the Lancasterians and the Yorkists, in which the latter were defeated and put to flight. The Duke of Somerset, Lords Ross and Hungerford, were taken in the pursuit, and immediately beheaded by martial law, at Hexham. Other noblemen were in like manner executed at Newcastle. All those who were spared in the field, suffered on the scaffold.

HOBKIRK'S HILL, A.D. 1781.—Hobkirk's Hill, is a high ridge overlooking the plains of Camden, about a mile from the city of Camden, in Kershaw District, S. C.

In the early part of the month of April, 1781, the British army, under Lord Rawdon, was in occupation of Camden; and General Greene, with the American army, was marching from the scene of his recent defeat at Guilford Court-House, toward Camden. On the 19th of April, Greene descended the slopes of Hobkirk's Hill, and encamped at Logtown, within a half a mile of the city. The British army consisted of about 900

men; that of the Americans numbered 1,500. The British, however, had fortified their position so strongly, that they did not fear an attack on the place. Greene perceiving that with his small force it would be folly to endeavor to dislodge the enemy, withdrew his army from Logtown, and incamped at Hobkirk's Hill. The American position was strong. Their front between the height and Camden was covered by a thick wood, and their left and rear by an impracticable marsh. Confident in the strength of their position, the Americans took but little care to guard against a surprise; and Lord Rawdon, who caused them to be watched attentively, and learning that they had removed their artillery to some distance in their rear, resolved to attack them. Urgent circumstances compelled him to make this bold movement. His provisions were nearly exhausted, and he knew that the Americans were suspending their attack until such reinforcements should arrive, as would insure success. Having armed the musicians, drummers, and every man in his army that was able to bear a musket, on the 25th of April he marched out of the city, and advanced toward Hobkirk's Hill. Unable to force his way through the wood, or marsh, he inclined his march to the right, toward Pine-tree creek, a small stream which rises near Hobkirk's Hill, and by making a large circuit, turned the swamp, and came down suddenly upon the left flank of the American line. The patriots were taken by surprise. Ignorant of the approaching danger, they were employed in the various avocations of camp life; some washing their clothes, and others cooking their morning meal. General Greene and his officers were leisurely taking breakfast. The horses of Colonel Washington's cavalry were unsaddled, and many of the troops were reclining under the shade of the trees. It was a clear, warm morning, and the American camp presented a scene of tranquillity and ease. Suddenly the camp was aroused by the firing of their pickets, which were posted at about a quarter of a mile from the camp. They had discovered the approach of the British, and gallantly received and returned the fire of the British van, and held them in check while Greene formed his men for battle. The artillery corps, fortunately for the Americans, had returned to the camp with their pieces, that morning. Greene's plan of attack was soon formed. Observing that the British marched in very close order, he resolved to fall upon their two flanks. The right wing of the American line consisted of the Virginia brigade, under Brigadier Huger, and Lieutenant Colonels Campbell and Hawes; the left of the Maryland brigade, under Colonels Williams, Gunby, Ford, and Howard. The center was occupied by the artillery under Colonel Harrison. Washington's cavalry, and a corps of 250 North Carolina militia, under Colonel Reade, acted as a reserve.

The British steadily advanced in close order, driving the American pickets before them. As they slowly moved up the slope, Ford was ordered to attack their left flank, Colonel Campbell to assail their right, and Gunby, with the first Maryland regiment, to make an assault in front. Colonel Washington was ordered to turn the right flank of the enemy and attack them in the rear. The battle soon commenced. Rawdon extended his front, and received the assaults of the enemy with firmness. At length the British troops began to waver before the impetuous charges of the Americans. Their confusion was increased by a violent fire of grape-shot from the American artillery; and for a time victory seemed to have decided in favor of the Americans; but at this critical moment, Rawdon pushed forward his reserve which consisted of a battalion of Irish volunteers and some other troops. The battle now raged furiously. The two Virginian regiments, led by General Greene in person, fought with the utmost gallantry. The action became exceedingly warm, and victory seemed hung in a balance. Like two contending seas the two armies swayed back and forth, the British now driving the patriots before them, and now in turn receding before the impetuous valor of the Americans. At length the second Maryland regiment was charged so furiously by the enemy that it broke and fell into disorder. Gunby, their commander, was slain; and in spite of the efforts of their officers, the Marylanders fled in wild confusion. In his endeavor to rally his troops Colonel Ford fell mortally wounded. The British followed up this success vigorously, and the Americans, disheartened by the defeat of the Maryland regiment, retreated in one mass. Greene conducted the retreat skillfully; the British pursued fiercely. Meanwhile Washington, with his gallant troopers, had nobly performed his work. Having gained the rear of the enemy, he dashed with his men into the enemy, cutting them down on all sides and capturing a number of prisoners. But when he saw that Greene was in full retreat, he thought proper to follow him. A part of the prisoners escaped; but he retained fifty, and pushed forward to rejoin the main body of the army. The action was not fairly over till about four o'clock in the afternoon; the Americans had then retreated four or five miles closely pursued by parties of the enemy. Washington at this moment fiercely turned upon the pursuers, and by one vigorous charge dispersed them with a loss of nine men killed.

This ended the battle. The British re-entered Camden; and Greene encamped on the north side of Sander's creek, about five miles from Hobkirk, where he remained several days to collect the fugitives and reorganize the army. The Americans lost in killed, wounded, and missing, 266; the British 258; Greene's loss in killed was but eighteen; and of Rawdon's troops only thirty-eight were slain. This small number is remarkable when we consider the number of troops engaged, and the warmth of the action.

HOCHKIRCHEN, A.D. 1758.—The battle of Hochkirchen was fought on the 14th of October, 1758, by the Prussian army, commanded by Frederic II., and the Austrians, under Count Daun. The Prussian army was surprised in its camp, and totally defeated by the Austrians. Hochkirchen is in Saxony.

HOCHSTADT, A.D. 1704.—The battle of Blenheim, fought in the vicinity of Hochstadt, in Bavaria, is called by the Germans and French, the battle of Hochstadt.

HOHENLINDEN, A.D. 1800.—This village, famous on account of the great conflict which took place in its vicinity on the 3d of December, 1800, is situated twenty miles east of the city of Munich, in Upper Bavaria. The battle was fought by the Austrians under the Archduke John, and the French under General Moreau. Between the rivers Iser and Inn lies a space of ground about fifteen leagues in breadth. The center of this space is occupied by the forest of Hohenlinden. This forest, composed almost entirely of pine trees growing close and thick, is seven leagues long, and one league and a half broad. Two great roads only traverse these thick and gloomy woods, that from Munich to Wasserbourg; and that from Munich to Muhldorf. The village of Hohenlinden stands at the entrance of the road to Wasserbourg, on the Munich side of the forest; and that of Matenpot is at the mouth of the other road leading to Muhldorf. Between these two roads the irregular and broken surface of the forest is traversed only by country paths, almost impracticable during the storms of winter, even to foot travelers.

With his staff, Moreau had carefully reconnoitered this ground; and as soon as it became evident that the Austrian army was to advance through its dangerous defiles, he prepared, with the art of a skillful general, to turn it to the best account. He rapidly concentrated his forces in the plain at the entrance of the defiles, on the Munich side of the forest, and at the same time sent a division under Richepanse, through the forest, with orders to fall perpendicularly on the line of the great road from Hohenlinden to Muhldorf. This movement, he thought, would bring him on the flank of the Austrian center, when entangled in the defile with its long train of artillery and chariots; and that, if the French force at the entrance of that road, could only maintain its ground till this side attack took place, the ruin of the whole column, or at least the capture of all its cannon would be inevitable. To effect this object, he concentrated all the forces he could command at the mouth of the road of Hohenlinden. Early in the morning the Austrian army, on the opposite side of the woods, plunged in three columns into the forest to approach the enemy. The center, 40,000 strong, advanced by the great road from Muhldorf to Munich.

This was the only road that was practicable, in the dreadful state of the weather, for artillery; and the movement of the column was encumbered by above 100 pieces of cannon and 500 chariots. The infantry marched first; then came the long train of artillery and baggage-wagons, and the cavalry closed the procession. The right wing under the command of General Latour, consisting of 25,000 men, marched along the inferior road leading from Wasserbourg to Munich; Keinmayer moved on the flank of that column, with his light troop through the forest; while the left wing, under Riesch crossed the forest, by a small path leading by Albichen, to St. Christophe. The ground was covered with snow, and the soldiers trod its yet unstained surface, with light hearts, anticipating an easy victory over an enemy whom they deemed in full retreat before them. As they advanced, snow commenced falling with such rapidity that it was impossible to see twenty yards before the heads of the columns, while the dreary expanse of the forest presented under the trees a uniform white surface, on which it was impossible to distinguish the track. The central column, which advanced along the only good road, outstripped the other, and its head had traversed the forest, and approached Hohenlinden about nine o'clock in the morning. Here it was met by the division of Grouchy, and a furious conflict immediately commenced; the Austrians endeavoring to debouch from the defile and extend themselves along the front of the wood, the French to baffle their movements and drive them back into the forest. Both parties fought with determined valor, the snow falling thick and fast, obscured the atmosphere so that neither of the hostile lines could see each other; but aiming at the flashes which appeared through the gloom, they fired incessant volleys, and then with blind fury rushed forward to the dreadful charge of the bayonet. The Austrians, after an obstinate struggle, were gradually driven back into the forest; their ranks were broken by the trees, but posting themselves

behind the trunks, they kept up a murderous fire on the enemy. The French eagerly charging upon the retiring enemy, were also broken by the trees, and the contending armies fought man to man, with obstinate fury. In the mean time the head of the Austrian column on the right appeared at the entrance of the forest on the other road. Ney's division instantly advanced to this point, and by a vigorous charge on the flank of the enemy's column, which was in the act of deploying, not only drove it back into the forest, but captured a thousand prisoners, and eight pieces of cannon. These vigorous attacks on the heads of the Austrian columns, soon threw the long train in their center into disorder. The combat in front compelled it to halt, and the crowd in its rear pressed it forward, until it was soon in a state of complete confusion. The soldiers jammed up between long files of cannon and wagons pushed forward by those in the rear, and pressed back by those in front, swayed backward and forward without power either to advance or retire. They were in this state, when the division of Richepanse, who had struggled on with invincible resolution through dreadful roads across the forest, arrived on the Muhldorf side of the wood, directly in rear of the Austrian center. But as Richepanse approached the decisive point, and was slowly advancing in open column through the forest, his division was pierced through the center, near St. Christophe, by the Austrian left wing, under Riesch, which moving up by the valley of Albichen to gain the road of Wasserbourg, by which it was destined to pierce through the forest, fell perpendicularly on its line of march. Richepanse thus with half of his division found himself irretrievably separated from the remainder; the maneuver which he was destined to have performed on the center of the Austrians, was turned against himself, and with a single brigade he was placed between that immense body and their left wing. But undaunted by the alarming circumstance, Richepanse, pushed bravely on with his troops, to fall on the rear of the grand column of the enemy. Having dispatched orders to his separated brigade to maintain itself to the last extremity, at St. Christophe, he bravely advanced toward Matenpot, and the line of march of the grand Austrian column. As the troops approached the great road they came upon the Austrian cuirassiers under Lichtenstein, who formed part of the central column. They had dismounted and were reposing leisurely under the trees until the great park of artillery, and the reserves of Kollowrath, had passed the defile. Their astonishment at beholding this new enemy was unbounded; they had deemed themselves perfectly secure on that side, as they knew that their left wing, under Riesch, had passed through that part of the forest. The French attacked them at once; and soon drove them off the road. After this success, Richepanse, leaving his cavalry, to keep off the Austrian cuirassiers, advanced with the two remaining regiments of infantry to attack the rear of the Austrian center in the forest of Hohenlinden. The sudden appearance of this force, amounting to nearly 3,000 men, behind them, excited the utmost alarm in the Austrian column. A brigade of the Bavarian reserve was speedily directed to the menaced point, but it was overwhelmed in its advance, by the crowds of fugitives, and thrown into such disorder by the overturned cannon and caissons which blocked up the road that it never reached the enemy. The Hungarian regiments were next brought up; but they were attacked by the French with such impetuosity that they were soon broken and put to flight. Consternation and disorder prevailed throughout the entire length of the column.

The sound of cannon in the direction of Matenpot, and the appearance of hesitation and confusion in the enemy's column, announced to Moreau, who was still maintaining an obstinate conflict at the entrance of the defile, in front of Hohenlinden, that Richepanse had made a decisive attack on the rear of the Austrian center. He instantly ordered Grouchy and Ney to make a combined charge in front on the enemy. The French battalions now commenced a furious onset; and the Austrian center, shaken by the alarm in its rear, was violently assailed in front. Ney, at the head of his grenadiers, pressed forward upon the enemy, scattering them in every direction before him, until the shouts of the troops announced that they had joined the victorious Richepanse, who was advancing along the same road to meet him, as fast as its innumerable incumbrances would permit. The Austrian column was thrown into the utmost confusion. The artillery drivers cut their traces and galloped in all directions into the forest; the infantry disbanded and fled; the cavalry in tumultuous masses rushed to the rear, trampling under foot whatever opposed their passage; the wagons were abandoned to fate, and amid the general wreck, 97 pieces of cannon, 300 caissons, and 7,000 prisoners, fell into the hands of the French. Meanwhile the Austrian right, under Latour, and Keinmayer, who had succeeded in debouching from the forest and uniting in the plain, violently assailed the French left, where Grenier, with inferior forces, defended the other road to Munich. An obstinate conflict ensued, and the French were gradually losing ground, when the intelligence of the defeat

of the center reached the enemy, and compelled them to retire precipitately into the forest. Grenier instantly ordered a general charge of all his forces. Animated by the success of their center and right, the French troops rushed impetuously to the charge. The Austrians, struggling in the defile, were overwhelmed and put to flight, leaving six pieces of cannon and 1,500 prisoners in the possession of the enemy. At the same time General Decaen, with a fresh brigade, disengaged the half of Richepanse's division, cut off during his absence, which was hard pressed between General Riesch's corps and the retiring columns of the Austrian center. Before dark, the French at all points had crossed the forest. Four of their divisions were assembled at Matenpot, and the head-quarters were advanced to Haag; while the Austrians took advantage of the night to withdraw their shattered forces across the Inn.

Thus ended this great battle, which Mr. Campbell has immortalized in his noble Ode to Hohenlinden.* The Austrians lost 10,000 men, in killed and wounded, and nearly the same number taken prisoners, together with 100 pieces of cannon, and 500 wagons loaded with ammunition and provisions. The French loss amounted to 5,000 in killed and wounded.

HORATII AND CURIATII, The Combat of the—B.C. 669.—Eighty-two years after the building of Rome, Tullus Hostilius was elected to the Roman throne. Tullus was even more warlike in his disposition than the great Romulus himself. Therefore no sooner had he arisen to the throne, than he sought on all sides for an opportunity of stirring up a war. It happened that some Roman and Alban peasants had committed mutual depredations on each other's lands. This incident Tullus seized upon as a favorable pretext, and shortly afterward war was declared between the two parties. It might almost be called a civil war, as it was to be waged, in a manner, between parents and children, for both parties derived their origin from Troy. Lavinium owed its existence to Troy; from Lavinium sprung Alba, and the Romans were descendants of the race of the Alban kings. The Albans, with a large army, invaded the Roman territories, and threw up intrenchments within five miles of the city. The Romans, impatient for action, marched past the Alban camp in the night time, into the enemies' territories. This procedure caused the Alban leader, Mettius, to abandon his intrenched camp, and to march toward the Roman army by the shortest route. When he had arrived within sight of the enemy, he sent a message to Tullus, requesting a personal interview before the battle; which request was granted. Both armies were now drawn up in order of battle, and the two generals, attended by their principal officers, advanced to the open space between the two lines. At this interview it was decided that, as their mutual enemies, the Etrurians, possessed formidable power, in the neighborhood of both Rome and Alba, and that they would enjoy the sight of the two armies engaged in a battle as they would a show, and would undoubtedly attack both the victors and the vanquished together when they should see them thinned and fatigued by the battle, some measure should be devised whereby the difference of the two nations might be decided without great loss or much bloodshed on either side. Now it happened that in each army there were three twin brothers, equally matched in point of age, strength, and valor. Their names were Horatius and Curiatius. The Horatii, according to most authors, were Romans, and the Curiatii, Albans. Upon this point, however, there remains a doubt. To these three brothers, on each side, the kings proposed that they should support by their arms, the honor of their respective nations, informing them that the sovereignty was to be enjoyed by that country whose champions should prove victorious. They eagerly accepted the proposal, and the time and place were appointed.

A league was then made between the Romans and Albans, on these conditions: that whichever of the two nations should, by its champions, obtain a victory in the combat, that nation should, without further dispute, possess sovereign dominion over the other. Upon the conclusion of the league, the three brothers on each side took arms. Their friends exhorted them to conduct themselves valorously in the coming contest, and naturally bold and courageous, and animated to the highest pitch by the words of their countrymen, they advanced into the midst between the two armies. Both armies sat down before their respective camps, deeply anxious as to the result of the combat. The signal for combat was given and the three youths, who had been drawn up on both sides as in battle array, rushed forward to the fight, their breasts animated with the bravery and magnanimity of whole armies. Utterly thoughtless of their own personal danger, they were intent only on mutual slaughter. They knew that on the issue of the contest depended the future fate and fortune of their respective countries. They met, and the spectators shuddered when

* The beautiful verses of Campbell:

"And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly,"

would lead one to suppose that the Iser was in sight, or at least near the field, whereas it is twenty miles distant. The city of Munich stands on the banks of the river Iser.

they saw their glittering swords and heard the clash of their arms. In the deepest anxiety the two armies awaited the result in breathless silence. Both were filled alike with hope and fear. The combatants fought with desperate courage. At length two of the Romans fell lifeless to the ground. The three Albans were severely wounded, while the remaining Roman was unhurt. On the fall of the two Roman brothers, the Alban army set up a shout of joy which sent a thrill of despair to the hearts of the Romans. The Roman champion was now surrounded by his three enemies. Although he was by no means able to cope with them collectively, yet he was confident of success, against each taken single. And now a groan escaped from the Roman legions; their champion was flying. The Alban brothers pursued him, and by so doing separated one from another, for their wounds caused them to run at different degrees of speed. The Roman quickly perceived this, and turning back, furiously attacked the foremost of his enemies, and, while the Alban army called out to the others to succor their brother, he slew him, and then rushed on against his second adversary. Before the third could come up to the relief of his brother the Roman dispatched him, and now, amid the triumphant shouts of his army, he fiercely fell upon his only remaining antagonist. "Two of you," cried he, "I have slain to appease the manes of my dead brothers; yourself I will offer to the cause for which we fight." The Alban, almost disabled by his wounds, and fatigued with running, as well as dispirited by the fall of his two brothers, could scarcely sustain the weight of his armor, and met the attack of his victorious enemy with but little resistance. The Roman champion plunged his sword downward into the throat of his foe, who fell dead to the earth. The victor now dispoiled his vanquished adversaries of their armor, and returned into the Roman camp, where he was received with triumphant congratulations. This victory of the Roman champion united Alba to Rome.

HUAMANTLA, A.D. 1847.—On the 9th of October, 1847, a battle was fought between a detachment of the American army, and the Mexicans, under Santa Anna, near Huamantla, in Mexico, in which the latter were defeated. The Americans lost thirteen killed and eleven wounded. Among the slain was Captain Walker.

HUBBARDTON, A.D. 1777.—Hubbardton, in Rutland county, Vermont, was, on the 7th of July, 1777, the scene of a sanguinary conflict between the British, under General Frazer, and the American army, under Warner, Francis, and Hall. The American army consisted of about 1,300 men; that of the British, at the commencement of the action, numbered about 800. The battle began at seven o'clock in the morning, and was continued for a long time without either party gaining an advantage. It was at length decided in favor of the British by the desertion of Colonel Hill, who, with his regiment abandoned Colonels Warner and Francis, and fled toward Castleton; and by the arrival of Riedesel with his Hessians, the Americans, panic-stricken at sight of the newly arrived troops, wavered, and the British by one vigorous charge broke their ranks and then threw them into complete disorder. The Americans supposing that the Germans were coming in full force upon them, fled, some toward Rutland and others toward Castleton. The Americans lost 324 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Among the dead was the gallant Colonel Francis, who was slain while fighting at the head of his men. The British lost 183 in killed and wounded. About 200 stand of arms fell into the hands of the victors.

HYDASPES, B.C. 326.—Hydaspes is the ancient appellation of the River Jhylum in Cashmere, a province of northern Hindoostan. It rises in the south extremity of Cashmere, and after a course of about 450 miles, at first north-west or west, and afterward south-west, joins the Chenab. During most part of its course it is not fordable, its average depth being about fourteen feet. Its breadth is more than 1,800 yards. Its banks are interesting as the scenes of several of the exploits of Alexander; but their precise localities are unknown.

Peace to the Macedonian soldiers was irksome, and therefore Alexander, to put an end to their murmurs, commenced his march for India. Having entered the country, he marched toward the interior without encountering any opposition until he had arrived on the banks of the river Hydaspes. Here, on the opposite side of the river, was incamped the army of Porus, the most powerful of all the kings of India, who had marched hither in order to dispute the passage of the Macedonian king. Porus had posted at the head of his army eighty-five enormous elephants. Behind them he had planted 300 chariots, which were supported by 30,000 foot, and about 7,000 horse. Porus himself was mounted on an elephant much larger than any of the rest.

The Indian king was a man of great stature, and clothed in armor, glistening with gold and silver, his mien was at the same time terrible and majestic. The Macedonians, however, were not terrified by the magnificent array of the Indian army. Their most potent enemy was the river, whose deep and rapid current presented an obstacle which they knew not how to overcome. For it would have

been certain annihilation to attempt to cross the river in the face of the enemy. The river was full of little islands, to which the Indians and Macedonians used to swim, with their arms over their heads, and slight skirmishes took place between them daily in the sight of the two kings. On one occasion two young Macedonian officers, Nicanor and Egesimachus, selected a troop of the bravest youth of the army, and with them swam to an island, on which several of the enemy had landed. The Macedonians were armed only with javelins, and although their enemies were more numerous, yet after a desperate struggle, they killed them almost to a man. Not content with this victory, they waved their weapons in defiance, to a still more numerous body of Indians who were swimming to the assistance of their companions. The Indians landed, and surrounding the little band of Macedonians, discharged their darts from a distance at them, until all were slain. Porus witnessed this action, and his courage rose to its highest pitch. Alexander, perceiving that he could not cross the river by force of arms, resorted, therefore, to stratagem. He caused his cavalry to proceed along the bank of the river to a point some distance from his camp, and to set up a shout as if they really intended to cross the stream. Porus hearing the shouts, immediately hastened thither with his elephants; but Alexander still maintained his position on the bank. This stratagem was repeated several times, until, Porus finding it merely a pretense, took no further notice of these motions, and only sent scouts to every part of the shore. Having thus quieted the apprehensions of the enemy, Alexander, having left a great part of his army in his camp, secretly marched in the night-time, until he had arrived opposite to an island in the river. This island was nearer to the shore occupied by Porus, than to the other. In order to deceive the enemy, Alexander had ordered Craterus, whom he left in the camp, to cause the soldiers to make a great noise at a certain time, in order to alarm the Indians and make them believe that they were about to cross the river at that point; but that the army should not cross the river until such time as Porus should have raised his camp, either to withdraw, or to march against such of his troops as should succeed in gaining the opposite shore. In that case he should cross the river with the whole army, with all possible haste. The stratagem was eminently successful. Porus supposing that the enemy was in reality about to cross, drew up his elephants directly opposite Alexander's camp to oppose the landing of the Macedonians. In the mean time, Alexander with his troops had succeeded in crossing the river in small boats to the island. A furious storm now arose, and served greatly to facilitate the enterprise. Notwithstanding the roughness of the water, Alexander immediately embarked his troops from the island, and landed on the main shore without opposition, Porus being wholly occupied in watching Craterus. The moment Alexander was landed, he drew up his little army, consisting of 6,000 foot and 5,000 horse, in order of battle. He took the command of the cavalry himself, and advanced toward the enemy's camp. Porus was soon informed by his scouts that some Macedonian troops had crossed the river, and immediately sent against him a detachment of 2,000 horse and 120 chariots, under the command of one of his sons. These troops soon encountered the Macedonians, who charged them so furiously, that they were entirely routed and put to flight. The king's son, and 400 of the cavalry were killed on the spot, and all the chariots were taken. Porus receiving intelligence of the death of his son, and the defeat of his detachment, immediately advanced toward Alexander with his whole army, except a few elephants, whom he left on the bank to oppose the landing of the rest of the Macedonians. Having arrived at a spot, where the soil was firm and sandy, and in which his horses and chariots could wheel about with ease, he halted and drew up his troops in battle array. His army consisted of 30,000 foot, 4,000 horse, 200 elephants, and 300 chariots. Each of these chariots carried six men, two were armed with bucklers; two were bowmen, sitting on each side, and two guided the chariot. The latter, however, also fought when the battle grew warm, being provided with a great number of darts, which they discharged at the enemy.

When the Indian king had drawn up his troops in battle array, what a magnificent spectacle his army must have presented. In the front, the 200 elephants, standing at regular distances from one another, formed a line which extended 2,000 feet, serving as a bulwark to the 30,000 infantry, who stood behind them, and whose arms glistened between the intervals of the elephants, like bright walls of steel. On the two wings of the elephants were also posted some infantry, who in turn were covered in flank by the cavalry, in front of which the chariots were planted. Alexander's army had marched in battle array, and shortly after he came within sight of the enemy, he gave the signal of battle. He did not deem it expedient to commence the battle by attacking the main body of the enemy, for he saw from the position which the elephants occupied, that such a beginning would be dangerous. He, therefore, opened the battle by attacking the left

wing with his cavalry. Seleucus, Antigonus, and Tauron, who commanded the foot, were ordered not to stir from their posts, until the cavalry had put the horse and foot of the enemy's left wing into disorder.

Obeying Alexander's commands, Crœnus and Demetrius, with their respective troops of cavalry, made a circuit around the left wing of the Indians, and fiercely fell upon them in the rear. At the same moment, 1,000 Macedonian mounted bowmen rapidly advanced, and discharged a shower of arrows upon them, in front, upon which Alexander, with his cavalry, furiously charged them in flank. The Indians, thus assaulted on all sides, and not able to make head against the enemy, were soon thrown into the utmost confusion, and at length retired behind the elephants as to an impregnable rampart. The elephant drivers now compelled these huge beasts to advance toward the Macedonian cavalry. But in an instant the Macedonian phalanx rushed forward, and surrounding the elephants, charged them with pikes. The elephants shrilly trumpeting with pain and rage, rushed upon the battalion with indescribable fury, trampling down whole ranks of men, and throwing the whole phalanx into complete disorder and confusion. The Indian cavalry of both wings, seeing the Macedonian foot stopped by the elephants, united and charged upon Alexander's cavalry, but they were received with so much warmth that they were again compelled to retire behind the elephants. The Macedonian horse now united in one body, and wherever they attacked they spread terror and confusion. The elephants, covered with wounds, and many of them without drivers, no longer maintained their usual order. Furious with pain, they rushed about the field, distinguishing neither friend nor foe, and overthrowing every thing that came in their way. Alexander, having surrounded the enemy with his horse, called up his foot in order to make the final effort. And now, at the same time, the whole Macedonian army, horse and foot, charged upon the enemy from all sides. The slaughter which followed was fearful; the Indian cavalry, after a desperate resistance, was fairly cut to pieces. The infantry met with no better fortune. Finding themselves charged at all points, the soldiers turned and fled, leaving the field strewn with their dead. Craterus, who had remained in the camp with the rest of the army, seeing Alexander engaged with Porus, crossed the river, and charging the routed Indians with his troops, who were fresh and vigorous, killed as many of the enemy in the retreat as had been slain in the battle. On this occasion, the Indians lost 20,000 foot and 3,000 horse. Their chariots were broken to pieces, and their elephants were all either killed or captured. The Macedonians lost only about 300 men. Porus, who, during the battle, had fought with extraordinary courage, surrendered himself a prisoner to the conqueror. Upon being conducted to Alexander, the latter asked him how he desired to be treated. "Like a king," he responded. "Do you ask nothing more?" inquired Alexander. "No," was the reply, "the word king comprehends all things." Alexander, struck with this greatness of soul, not only restored to Porus his kingdom, but annexed other provinces to it, and treated him with the highest testimonies of honor, friendship, and esteem. Porus was faithful to him till his death.

HYMERA, B.C. 480.—In the year 484, B.C., the Carthaginians made a treaty with Xerxes, King of Persia, whereby the former were to invade, with all their forces, those Greeks who were settled in Sicily and Italy, while Xerxes should march in person against Greece itself. After a preparation of three years, the Carthaginian land army amounted to 300,000 men. The fleet consisted of 2,000 ships of war, and nearly 3,000 small vessels of burden. This powerful army was intrusted to the care of Hamilcar, the most experienced captain of his age, who, in the year 480, B.C., set sail from Carthage for Palermo. After arriving at this city, he allowed his troops sufficient time to recover from their fatigue, and the effects of their confinement on ship-board, and then marched against Hymera, a city near Palermo, and laid siege to it. Theron, commander of the Greek forces within the city, immediately sent off Gelon, who had recently possessed himself of Syracuse, asking aid. The latter general instantly flew to his relief, with 50,000 foot, and 5,000 horse. His arrival infused the besieged with new ardor, and they, from that time, made a most vigorous defense. Gelon was a most able warrior; above all things, excelling in stratagems. The Carthaginian general had, in the mean time, sent to Selinuntum, a city in Sicily, for reinforcements; but the courier dispatched from Selinuntum with the letter informing Hamilcar of the day when he might expect the arrival of the troop of cavalry, was intercepted by some of the Greek troops, who immediately carried him to Gelon. Gelon made his preparations accordingly. He immediately selected from his army a number of men equal to the amount mentioned in the letter, and upon the day agreed on, he sent them from the city. They were immediately admitted into the enemy's camp, as the expected reinforcement; but no sooner had they gained entrance, than they rushed upon Hamilcar, and having killed

him, they set fire to his ships. Now, Gelon, with his whole army, attacked the Carthaginians. The latter fought with the ferocity of tigers; but when they heard that their gallant officer was slain, and saw the flames consuming their noble fleet, their hearts sank within them, and they fled. The Greeks pursued them, slaughtering the fugitives as they fled, until the ground was heaped with the dead. One hundred and fifty thousand Carthaginians were slain, and nearly the same number were made prisoners. This battle was fought on the very same day of the famous action of Thermopylæ, in which 300 Spartans, with the sacrifice of their lives, disputed Xerxes's entrance into Greece. Afterward, in the year 412, B.C., Hymera was taken by storm by the Carthaginians, under Hannibal, the grandson of Hamilcar. He razed the entire city to its very foundation. He forced 3,000 prisoners to undergo all kinds of ignominy and punishments, and at last murdered them all on the very spot where his grandfather had been killed by Gelon's cavalry, to appease and satisfy his manes by the blood of these unhappy victims.

And thus a city which had been in existence two hundred and forty years, was extinguished.

INGOUR, A.D. 1855.—The river Ingour rising in the snowy Caucasus, winds through the densely wooded country which extends from the base of the mountains to the Black Sea, and debouches into that body of water, at Anaklia. The battle of the Ingour was fought on the 6th of November, 1855, between the Russians and the Anglo-Turkish army under Omar Pacha. The strength of the Russians was estimated at about 10,000, of which one half were regular troops, the remainder Mingrelian militia. The battle commenced at one o'clock, and after a desperate struggle the Russians were defeated with great loss. The allies lost about 400 men killed and wounded. Captain Dymock, aid-de-camp to Colonel Simmonds, was killed while gallantly charging at the head of his battalion. Five guns and ammunition wagons, and fifty prisoners fell into the hands of the victors.

INKERMAN, A.D. 1854.—This place, a village of south Russia, in the Crimea, 35 miles south-west of Simferpol, will ever be memorable for the battle fought in its vicinity on the 5th of November, 1854, between the English and French forces on the one side and the Russians on the other. The allied forces consisted of about 15,000 men, that of the Russians amounted to over 40,000. The Russians commenced the attack early in the morning, and an obstinate and bloody battle ensued, and was maintained for several hours, when the Russians were finally driven back with great loss. The English lost 462 killed, and 2,143 wounded; the French lost 389 killed and 1,337 wounded; and the Russians lost 3,011 killed and 3,609 wounded. A further account of this battle will be found in the article on the Siege of Sebastopol in another part of this volume.

INSTED, A.D. 1850.—The battle of Insted took place in 1850 between the Danes and Slcheswick-Holsteiners, at Insted, a village of Denmark, five miles north of Slcheswick.

IPSUS, B.C. 431.—The army of Antigonus and Demetrius marched into Phrygia in Asia Minor. They arrived there about the same time as the troops of the confederate army, commanded by Seleucus and Lysimachus.

Antigonus and Demetrius immediately resolved on giving the enemy battle. Their forces consisted of 60,000 foot, 10,000 horse, and 75 elephants, while those of the confederate army consisted of 64,000 men, 10,500 horses, 400 elephants, and 120 chariots armed with scythes. The battle was fought near Ipsus, a city of Phrygia.

At a given signal, Demetrius swiftly advanced at the head of his cavalry against Antiochus who commanded the infantry of the confederate army. So impetuous was his charge, that it was irresistible, the enemy's ranks were broken, and the men, throwing away their weapons, fled from the field. Demetrius pursued them, and in his eagerness to capture as many of them as possible, committed the inexcusable fault of leaving his own infantry uncovered, and exposed to the attacks of the enemy.

Meantime Seleucus had moved forward his elephants in order to interpose between Demetrius and his infantry, and thereby render it impossible for him to give them any assistance. He did not immediately attack him in force, but made several feints, for the purpose of intimidating them; and also with the expectation, that by this maneuvering, the greater part would in a short time surrender at discretion. Nor was he mistaken in his calculations, for when they saw the hopelessness of their situation, they almost all delivered themselves up to the mercy of Seleucus. Those who still maintained their position were speedily put to the sword.

When Seleucus had thus accomplished the

destruction of the infantry, he detached a large portion of his army to move against Antigonus, whose men fought well, and defended themselves with the energy of despair; but the forces to which they were opposed, were overwhelming, and they were obliged to succumb. Antigonus fell, pierced with darts, after having defended himself with great courage and bravery during the onset.

When Demetrius discovered that his father had been slain, and the battle irretrievably lost, he rallied his forces, and retired to Ephesus, with 5,000 foot and 4,000 horse, the scattered remains of the noble array of 70,000 men, which he and his father had commanded in the morning.

ISMAIL, A.D. 1790.—The position of Ismaïl, situated upon the Danube, in Bessarabia, tempted the court of St. Petersburg, then at war with the Turks, to endeavor to make the conquest of it. This was one of the most important cities of the Turkish empire in the European provinces. It had a numerous population, and a garrison of 43,000 men, commanded by Auduslu Pacha, one of the best of the Ottoman generals. Provisions and munitions were abundant, and its artillery powerful. Its walls, having a circuit of a mile from one bank of the Danube to the other, were from three to four toises high; at their feet was a fossee from seven to eight toises deep; they were crowned by pieces of large caliber. Between the polygons of Bender and Brock, there was a *fausse-braie*, near a cavalier, capable of containing many thousand soldiers. The water side was strongly defended by batteries making a horizontal fire. At the beginning of November, 1790, General Sodowitsch, with several bodies of troops, made the approaches upon Ismaïl, while Admiral Ribas blockaded it with a flotilla of 100 row-boats. They obtained some advantages at sea, but the rigors of the winter obliged Sodowitsch to raise the siege. When informed of this, the court of St. Petersburg, accustomed to find no difficulty insurmountable, ordered Field-marshal Potemkin to return immediately before Ismaïl and take possession of it. The marshal felt all the difficulties of the undertaking, but he obeyed. Arrived upon the Pruth, he detached Lieutenant-General Potemkin with orders to bury himself under the ruins of Ismaïl; but his efforts were not more successful than those of Sodowitsch. Suwarrow then came up with a regiment of infantry, 1,000 Arnauts, and 200 Cossacks. The land army consisted of 28,000 men, of whom near one half were Cossacks. The first care was to exercise these irregular troops in the maneuvers of an assault. Many days were employed in reconnaissances, in order that the general officers might be well acquainted with the posts they were to attack. When all the observations necessary had been made, batteries were raised, to lead the Turks to believe that they were preparing to make a regular siege, and not to carry Ismaïl by assault. On the 9th of December, Suwarrow sent the seraskier a letter from Prince Potemkin, to persuade him to surrender. The seraskier replied that he advised the Russians to retire, if they were unwilling to experience absolute want in an advanced season, and perish with famine and misery before a place amply provided with every thing. Suwarrow the next day, sent another note to the seraskier, in which he announced to him, that if he did not hoist the white flag that very day, the place should be taken by assault and the whole garrison be put to the sword. Many Turks were inclined to surrender; but the seraskier was resolved to risk every thing, and made no reply.

Suwarrow immediately assembled a council of war, and spoke as follows to his troops: "Brave warriors, remember to-day all your victories, and continue to prove that nothing can resist the arms of Russians. The affair in hand is not one that can be deferred, but it concerns an important place, the possession of which will decide the glory of the campaign, and which the proud Ottomans consider impregnable. Twice already has the Russian army laid siege to Ismaïl, and twice has it retreated from it. There only remains for us, at the third attempt, to conquer or to die with glory." This speech inflamed the ardor of his soldiers, and an assault was decided upon. Suwarrow received a courier from Prince Potemkin, recommending him not to risk an assault if he was not sure of succeeding. Suwarrow replied in these few lines: "My plan is settled. The Russian army has already been twice at the gates of Ismaïl; it would be disgraceful for it to retire a third time." Some Cossacks deserted in the evening, and informed the Ottomans of the approaching attack. The principal part of the garrison remained all night upon the ramparts. To make the Turks believe they were short of powder, the Russians fired but little during the night which preceded the assault. All measures being taken, by four o'clock in the morning the columns were formed: there were six on the land side and three upon the Danube. The Cossacks destined to mount to the assault were all on foot, and their lances had almost all been reduced to five feet in length, to render them more useful in the *mêlée*. The first column by water, commanded by General Islenief, consisted of two battalions of grenadiers, one battalion of chasseurs, and 2,500 Cossacks. They had on board their shallops 130 pieces of cannon. The second column had the

same number of boats and cannon. In the third, and in the reserve, were 237 pieces of cannon, divided among a great number of barks, flat-bottomed boats, and floating-batteries. Among the troops embarked were the Prince de Ligni, the Colonel Duke de Richelieu, and the Count de Langeron.

The weather, which had been fine and serene during the night, grew cloudy toward daybreak, and a thick fog enveloped the horizon till nine o'clock. All the columns marched in silence. At the aspect of the walls, the whole army halted in consternation. Suwarrow exclaimed to those who were near him: "You see those walls; they are very high; but the empress commands us to take possession of them." He then suddenly fell upon his knees, arose, and marched to the assault, followed by all his army. The Turks did not fire a shot till the Russians were within three or four hundred paces of them, but then saluted them with a shower of *mitrailles*, which did them great injury. They, however, approached the fosse, in which there was in several places water up to the shoulders, threw in their fascines, planted their ladders against the ramparts, many parts of which were so high that they were obliged to tie two together, although every one was five toises long. As in some places the besiegers did not find this expedient quick enough, they assisted each other with as much vivacity as address, and climbed up the ramparts with the aid of their bayonets. The arquebusiers fired from the edge of the fosse upon the Turks who defended the ramparts, to prevent them from beating back the assailants. The second column, commanded by the Marshal de Lasci, arrived first, but was not assisted with sufficient energy by the first and third. The first had had to overcome a great difficulty: it had met with a chain of strong pallisades, which extended to the banks of the Danube. The grenadiers, who were at the extremity of the pallisades, rushed against them, one after the other, to turn them; and those most distant from that spot jumped over them. Another fosse was yet to be got over before they reached the ramparts. The Russian grenadiers took possession of the first bastion, and attacked without order the cavalier which was between that work and the second; but in doing so, they lost many men. Kutusow, who had taken the two left polygons on the side of the left bank of the Danube, would have arrived upon the rampart at the same time as the second column, if he had not been obliged to send assistance to the fourth and fifth columns, which had met with a vigorous resistance. The fosse was full of water at the place where these columns were obliged to cross; the men being up to their middles, soaked their long Cossack clothes, and had great trouble in disengaging themselves from them. They mounted the ladders, but when they came to the ramparts they could not maintain themselves there; the two columns were thrown back at the same time. They were separated by the gate of Bender; 8,000 or 10,000 Turks made a sortie from that gate, uttering frightful warcries. Among these were a great number of women armed with poniards. The besieged charged all at once, in all parts; the infantry of the reserve came to the rescue, and made way with their bayonets; the Cossacks, finding themselves supported, repulsed the Turks. Such as could not gain the bridge to re-enter Ismaïl, were cut in pieces or smothered in the fosse. The Russians then made a fresh effort, surmounted all resistance, and established themselves upon the rampart of the bastion, which was assigned to them. Kutusow, however, remarked that the two battalions of reserve, although masters of the rampart, could not yet hold out against the enemy; he in consequence sent them a battalion of chasseurs, who enabled them to keep their position. Every bastion having a powder-magazine under the rampart, the conquerors immediately established a strong guard there, in order that the enemy might not be able to set fire to it and blow up the troops. There consequently followed slight actions between the besiegers and the besieged, who still continued to endeavor to introduce themselves there, but they could not succeed; so that no accident happened. Day began to appear, and every one could ascertain his position, which, till that time, had only been indicated by the different warcries of the two nations. While the Turkish infantry was fighting in the fosses near the Bender gate, a numerous body of cavalry fell upon the camp of the besiegers, where the Cossacks received them with so much vigor, that scarcely any of them returned, and the Bender gate fell into the hands of the Russians.

While the land columns were marching against Ismaïl, other columns were formed upon the Danube. The first, composed of 100 boats, manned by troops, prepared to make a descent, advanced in two lines, keeping up a continual fire; the second line, consisting of brigantines, floating-batteries, shallops, and *lançons*, followed it. The fire became still more warm as these two lines approached each other. The Turks had on the water side a work of small height, but great strength, furnished with eighty-three cannon of large caliber, fifteen mortars, and a howitzer of 600 pounds of balls. The fire of the mortars of the second line covered the cannonade of the first; when they had arrived at some hundreds of paces from the shore, the

second line divided, and placed itself on the two wings of the first; in this fashion it formed a half-circle. Both sides kept up a warm fire of *mitrailles*, and the combat lasted an hour. But as it was still night, some Russian battalions only suffered, without any vessel being sunk. About seven in the morning the total descent was effected. The Turks had abandoned the few vessels they had left. The resistance was brave and persistent, particularly on this side, which was defended by more than 10,000 Turks. The greater part of these were put to the sword, the rest saved themselves in the *chanas*, or houses solidly built with stone.

At eight o'clock the Russians were masters of the rampart on the water side, as well as on that of the land. A terrible conflict then commenced in the interior of the city, in the streets and public places, to which the inhabitants came from all parts. There were skirmishes beyond number, both sides fighting with equal inveteracy. The Turks defended themselves with desperation, maintaining an incessant fire from the windows, particularly in the narrow streets. The Russians swept the larger ones with the fire of twenty field-pieces, to which the Turks, having no cannon but in their chanas, could not respond. There were 2,000 Turks in the first chana that was attacked: they made great havoc among the Russians with their artillery. Suwarrow ordered it to be taken, and it was escaladed, in spite of a determined resistance, and, for the first time, during the day, some hundreds of prisoners were made; the unfortunate Auduslu Pacha had taken refuge in a still more considerable chana. The combat there lasted more than two hours; cannon were required to batter in the gate. Two thousand of the best janizaries defended themselves in this place with all the rage of despair; but the Russian grenadiers rushed in the moment there was an opening, with advanced bayonets, and all were cut to pieces, with the exception of a very few hundred prisoners: the pacha was of this number. He came out into the open place; a chasseur perceiving a rich poniard in his girdle, thought it his duty to take it from him. As several Turks still had arms, a janizary, who was near the seraskier, endeavoring to repulse the chasseur with his saber, wounded a captain of chasseurs in the face. The Russians instantly charged their bayonets upon all that remained: they massacred the greater part, the brave seraskier being of the number: scarcely 100 men of his immediate train escaped. Petty conflicts still continued in every place capable of the slightest defense; every post was carried at a heavy expense of blood. The terrible resistance made by the Turks was more like frantic rage than the opposition of trained soldiers; the women even fearlessly encountered the Russians, armed with poniards and other weapons. All the Russian commanders faced danger with heroic courage, and their soldiers as bravely seconded them; the *mêlée* lasted ten entire hours, without the Russians in the least heeding the superiority of the Turks in number. The city was given up to pillage; 33,000 Ottomans there perished in one day! and 10,000 were made prisoners! A single man had saved himself in a fortified house; he was slightly wounded, but contrived to drop from a window into the Danube, where he was fortunate enough to meet with a plank, by means of which he gained the opposite shore. This man carried the vizier the news of the loss of Ismaïl; there were no less than six sultans among the dead. The Russians lost 15,000 men.

A year after, Ismaïl, which had cost so much blood, was restored to the Turks as a guaranty of the peace between the two powers—and 48,000 human beings had been slaughtered, and countless women and children had perished, or been rendered miserable, to secure the conquest of it!—*Robson.*

ISPAHAN, A.D. 1387.—The famous city of Ispahan, formerly the glory of Persia, was, in the year 1387, a scene of horror and bloodshed rarely paralleled in the history of warfare. In that year, Timour invaded Persia, and laid siege to the city of Ispahan; the city at length fell into the hands of his troops, and the remorseless conqueror caused an indiscriminate massacre of the inhabitants. 70,000 were slain, and their heads, piled on the walls of the city, long remained a revolting memorial of the merciless severity of the victors. The city, under the government of the Sefis, gradually revived, but it did not regain its former grandeur until it became the residence of Shah Abbas the Great, who made it the metropolis of Persia. In 1722 Persia was invaded by the Affghans, and Ispahan, after enduring a siege of eight months, during which the adjacent country was laid waste by the barbarous policy of the enemy, was reduced to its present condition. The walls were so demolished that no traces of them are now visible; the palaces and public buildings were destroyed, and the inhabitants massacred without mercy. In 1727 it was retaken by Nadir Shah; but he took no steps to restore it to its ancient glory.

ISSUS, B.C. 333.—Darius, King of Persia, at the head of an immense army, marched toward the Euphrates, full of confidence that he could crush the invader, Alexander, as he would an obnoxious insect. The magnificent army of the Persians resembled more a triumphal procession than the march of an army.

The following was the order observed by Darius during his march:

Priests, bearing silver altars, on which fires, called by the Persians eternal and sacred, were burning.

Magi, singing hymns of praise, accompanied by 365 youths clothed in purple robes.

A car consecrated to the Persian god, drawn by white horses.

The horse of the sun, a magnificent courser, elegantly caparisoned, on either side of which were equerries, dressed in white, and holding golden rods in their hands.

Ten chariots, adorned with sculptures in gold and silver.

A body of cavalry, composed of twelve nations whose manners and customs were various, and all armed in a different manner.

The *Immortals*, 10,000 Persians, clothed in robes of gold tissue, with sleeved surtouts adorned with precious stones, and wearing golden collars around their necks.

Dignitaries of the king, 1,500 in number, clothed in habits much resembling those of women, and more remarkable for the gorgeousness of their dress than the glitter of arms.

The Doryphory, a body of the king's guards, bearing the cloak of Darius.

Darius, seated in a chair profusely ornamented with gold and silver images of the gods. From the middle of the yoke, which was covered with jewels, rose two statues, a cubit in height, the one representing War, the other Peace, having between them a golden eagle with extended wings. The king was clothed in a vest of purple, striped with silver. Over this he wore a long robe, blazing with gold and precious stones, and embroidered with a representation of two falcons rushing from the clouds and pecking at one another. Around his waist he wore a golden girdle whence his cimeter hung, the scabbard flaming with gems. On his head was placed a tiara, or miter, round which was a fillet of blue mixed with white.

Two hundred of the king's nearest relatives, marching on either side of the king's chariot.

Ten thousand pikemen, whose pikes were adorned with silver and tipped with gold.

Thirty thousand infantry, which composed the rear guard.

The king's horses, 400 in number, led by their grooms.

An interval of 120 paces.

Chariot, containing Darius's mother. The chariot of the king's consort, with female attendants, on horseback, on both sides fifteen large chariots, containing the king's children and their teachers, with eunuchs marching on either side.

The king's concubines, 360 in number.

Six hundred mules, and 300 camels, bearing the king's treasures, guarded by archers on both sides.

Wives of the crown officers, sutlers, and servants of the army, in chariots.

Body of light armed troops.

With this immense army Darius continued his march across the plains of Assyria. In the mean time, Alexander advanced into the country as far as Taurus, and having detached Parmenio, with part of the army, to seize the pass of Cilicia, in order to secure a passage for his army into Syria, he proceeded to Anchiala. The cities of Taurus and Anchiala, it is said, were both built in one day by Sardanapulus. Alexander next advanced to Soti, whence he returned to Taurus. He now heard that Darius, with his whole army, was encamped at Sochos, in Assyria, two days' journey from Cilicia. He immediately held a council of war; and all his generals and officers intreated him to lead them against the enemy. Accordingly he set out the next day to meet the enemy. Parmenio had taken Issus, a little city of Cilicia, and after possessing himself of the pass, he left a body of forces in the city to secure it. Alexander, having arrived at Issus, left his sick in that city, and marching his whole army through the pass, encamped near Myriandros, a Syrian city. Darius, having sent his treasure, with his most precious effects, to Damascus, a city of Syria, under a small convoy, marched the main body of his army toward Cilicia, and entered it through the pass of Amanus, so called from that mountain, which lies some distance northward of the pass of Cilicia. After marching in a westerly direction a short distance into Cilicia, he turned toward Issus, where he arrived, not knowing that Alexander was behind him, for he had been assured that this prince had fled before him.

On learning that Alexander had passed into Syria, he barbarously put to death all the sick that were in the city, except a few soldiers, whom he dismissed, after making them view every part of his camp, in order that they might inform Alexander of the prodigious multitude of his forces. These soldiers made their way to Alexander's camp, and gave him the first information of the movements of the enemy. He was surprised at the news, and could scarcely believe the report of the magnitude of the king's army. He immediately made preparations to march to meet the Persians. At daybreak, the following morning, the army arrived at the place where Alexander had determined to engage the enemy. This was an extensive plain lying near the city of Issus. It was bounded on one side by mountains, and on the other by the Mediterranean sea. The mountains formed a hollow

like a gulf, the extremity of which, in a curve line, bounded part of the plain. The plain was divided nearly into two equal parts, by the river Pinarus, which ran from the mountains, through the plain into the sea. Alexander immediately drew up his army in battle array. On the right wing he posted first the Argyraspides, a body of infantry, highly distinguished for their bravery. They were commanded by Nicanor, and as they all carried silver shields, they were very conspicuous. Next to them he placed the phalanx of Crœnus and the troops of Perdiccas, which terminated in the center of the main army. On the extremity of the left wing he planted the phalanx of Amyntas, then that of Ptolemy, and lastly, that of Meleager. The cavalry were posted on the two wings; the Macedonians and Thessalians on the right, and the Peloponnesians and other allies on the left. The extremity of the right wing was some distance from the mountains, while the left extended nearly to the sea. The whole army consisted of about 30,000 foot, and 4,000 or 5,000 horse. Parmenio commanded the entire left wing, assisted by Crateus, who, acting under his direction, commanded the foot. Alexander reserved to himself the command of the right wing. He covered his horse in the right wing with the light horse troops of Protomachus and the Pæonians, and his foot with the bowmen of Antiochus. He reserved the Agrians, commanded by Attalus, and some forces that were newly arrived from Greece, to oppose the troops which Darius had posted on the mountains. Having heard that Alexander was marching toward him in battle array, Darius advanced with his army to meet him. He commanded 30,000 horse and 20,000 bowmen to cross the river Pinarus, that he might have an opportunity to draw up his army in a commodious manner on the hither side. In the center he posted the 30,000 Greeks in his service, who were, doubtless, the flower and chief strength of his army, and were not at all inferior to the Macedonian phalanx. On the right wing he posted 20,000 Cardacians, and as many more on the left. These were all heavily armed. The rest of the infantry, distinguished by their several nations, were ranged behind the first line. The depth of these lines must have been enormous, for the pass, when we consider the amazing multitude of the Persian forces, was comparatively narrow. On the mountains, at the right of the Macedonian army, Darius posted 20,000 men, who were so arrayed by the curvatures of the mountain, that some of them were behind Alexander's army, and others before it. Darius, having set his army in battle array, made his cavalry cross the river again, and dispatched the greater part of them toward the sea, against Parmenio, because they could fight on that spot with greater advantage. The rest of his cavalry he sent to the left toward the mountains. However, finding that these would be of no service on that side, as the spot was too narrow, he caused a large part of them to wheel about to the right. As for himself, he took his post in the center of his army, according to the custom of the Persian monarchs. Alexander, observing that most of the enemy's horse was to oppose his left wing, which consisted only of those of Peloponnesus, and of some other allies, detached immediately to it the Thessalian cavalry, which he caused to wheel round behind his battalions, to prevent their being seen by the enemy. He also posted on his left, before the infantry, the Cretan bowmen, and the Thracians of Sitalces (a king of Thrace), who were covered by the horse. The foreigners in his service were behind all the rest. Perceiving that his right wing did not extend so far as the left of the Persians, which might surround and attack it in flank, he drew from the center of his army two regiments of foot, which he detached thither, with orders for them to march behind, to prevent their being seen by the enemy. He also reinforced that wing with the forces which he had offered to the barbarians on the mountains; for, seeing they did not come down, he made the Agrians and some other bowmen attack them, and drive them toward the summit of it; so that he left only 300 horse to keep them in check, and sent the rest, as before observed, to reinforce his right wing, which, by this means, extended further than that of the Persians. The two armies being thus drawn up in order of battle on the opposite banks of the river, Alexander rode through his ranks, and entreated his troops to behave themselves valiantly during the approaching contest. At the conclusion of his exhortations, the whole army set up a shout, and eagerly demanded to be led against the enemy. Alexander first advanced very slowly, to prevent the ranks from breaking, and halted by intervals; but when he had arrived within bow-shot, he commanded all his right wing to plunge impetuously into the river purposely, that they might surprise the barbarians, come sooner to a close engagement, and be less exposed to the enemy's arrows, in all of which he was eminently successful. Both sides fought with the utmost bravery and resolution, and being now forced to fight close, they charged on both sides, sword in hand. A dreadful slaughter followed. They engaged man to man, each one aiming his sword at the face of his opponent. Alexander performed the

THE HORATII AND CURIATII.

Page 276.

duty both of a commander and a private soldier, wishing nothing so ardently as the glory of killing with his own hand, Darius, who, being seated on a high chariot, was conspicuous to the whole army, and was by that means a powerful object both to encourage his own soldiers to defend him, and the enemy to attack him.

And now the battle grew more furious and bloody than before. Many of the Persian nobility were killed. Each side fought with incredible bravery. Oxathres, brother to Darius, observing that Alexander was going to charge that monarch, rushed before his chariot with the horse under his command, and distinguished himself above all the rest. The horses that drew Darius's chariot, being quite covered with wounds, began to prance about, and shook the yoke so violently that they were on the point of overturning the king, who, afraid of falling alive into the hands of the enemy, leaped down, and mounted another chariot. The rest of the Persians observing this, fled as fast as possible, and throwing down their arms made the best of their way. Alexander had received a slight wound in the thigh; but happily it was not attended with ill consequences. While part of the Macedonian infantry (posted to the right) were pursuing the advantage they had gained against the Persians, the remainder of them, who engaged the Greeks, met with greater resistance. These, observing that the body of infantry in question was no longer covered by the right wing of Alexander's army, which was pursuing the enemy, came and attacked it in flank. The engagement was very bloody, and victory a long time doubtful. The Greeks endeavored to push the Macedonians into the river, and to recover the disorder into which the left wing had been thrown. The Macedonians also signalized themselves with the utmost bravery, in order to preserve the advantage which Alexander had just before gained, and support the honor of their phalanx, which had always been considered invincible. The Macedonians lost 121 of their best officers, among whom was Ptolemy, the son of Seleucus, who had all behaved with the utmost gallantry. In the mean time the right wing which was victorious, under Alexander, after defeating all who opposed it, wheeled to the left against those Greeks who were fighting against the rest of the Macedonian phalanx charged them vigorously, and, attacking them in flank, entirely routed them. At the very beginning of the engagement, the Persian cavalry, which was in the right wing (without waiting for their being attacked by the Macedonians) had crossed the river, and rushed upon the Thessalian horse, several of whose squadrons were broken by it. Upon this the remainder of the latter, in order to avoid the impetuosity of the first charge, and induce the Persians to break their ranks, made a feint of retiring as if terrified by the prodigious numbers of the enemy. The Persians seeing this were filled with boldness and confidence, and thereupon the greatest part of them advancing without order or precaution, as to a certain victory, had no thoughts but of pursuing the enemy. Upon this the Thessalians, seeing them in such confusion, suddenly faced about and renewed the fight with fresh ardor. The Persians made a brave defense till they saw Darius put to flight, and the Greeks cut to pieces by the Macedonian phalanx. The routing of the Persian cavalry completed the defeat of the army. The Persians lost in this battle 100,000 men, while the historian relates that Alexander lost only 150 horse and 300 foot. But the Macedonian loss must have been much greater. The Persian horses suffered very much in the retreat from the great weight of the riders' arms; not to mention that as they retired in disorder, and crowded in great numbers through the defiles, they bruised and unhorsed one another, and were more annoyed by their own soldiers than by the enemy. Beside this the Thessalian cavalry pursued them with so much fury that they were as much shattered as the infantry and lost as many men. With regard to Darius, as was before observed, the instant he saw his left wing break, he was one of the first who fled, in his chariot, but getting afterward into craggy, rugged places, he mounted on horseback, and throwing down his bow, shield, and royal mantle, made good his escape. About 8,000 Greeks that were in Darius's service, retired over the mountains, toward Tripoli, in Syria. As for the barbarians, having exerted themselves at first with enough bravery, they afterward gave way in a most shameful manner, and being intent upon nothing but saving themselves, they dispersed in every direction; some struck into the high road which led directly to Persia, others ran into the woods and lonely mountains, and a small number returned to their camp, which the victorious army had already taken and plundered. Sysigambis, Darius's mother, and that monarch's queen, who was also his sister, had remained in it, and fell into Alexander's hands, with two of the king's daughters, a son of his (a child), and some Persian ladies. The other women had been carried to Damascus, with the greater part of Darius's treasure. No more than 3,000 talents ($2,200,000) were found in his camp; but the rest of the treasure afterward fell into the hands of the Macedonians, under Parmenio, at his taking the city of Damascus.

JAFFA, A.D. 1799.—On the 13th of March, 1799, the army of Napoleon Bonaparte appeared before Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, in Palestine. The place was surrounded by a strong wall flanked by towers, and was occupied by a garrison of 4,000 men. Bonaparte immediately opened his batteries on the place, and a breach was soon made in the walls. He then summoned the Turkish commandant to surrender; but the latter answered only by cutting off the head of the messenger. The French general now ordered an assault, and the soldiers, incensed at the murder of their comrade, rushed furiously to the assault, and carried the place with the utmost gallantry. Jaffa was given up for 30 hours to pillage and massacre, and words can not depict the horrors of that fearful day. The French found here a considerable quantity of artillery and ammunition of all kinds, and nearly 2,000 Turks were made prisoners. "Unable to send these men into Egypt," says Thiers, "for he had no suitable means for escorting them, and he would not increase the numbers of his enemies by sending them back, Bonaparte resolved on a terrible expedient, the only act of cruelty he ever committed. He ordered the execution of all the prisoners. The army obeyed the cruel mandate, but with reluctance and horror." "The body of prisoners," says Scott, "were marched out of Jaffa, in the center of a large square battalion. The Turks foresaw their fate, but used neither entreaties nor complaints to avert it. They marched on silent and composed. They were escorted to the sandhills to the south-east of Jaffa, divided into three small bodies, and put to death by musketry. The execution lasted a considerable time, and the wounded were dispatched by the bayonet. The bodies were heaped together, and formed a pyramid, which is still visible, consisting now of human bones, as originally of bloody corpses." French historians endeavor to excuse this cruel act in the manner following: "As to the charge of shooting three or four thousand Turks, some days after the taking of Jaffa, Napoleon said there were not so many; they did not amount to more that 1,000 or 1,200. The reason was, that among the garrison of Jaffa, a number of Turkish troops were discovered, taken a short time before, who had been sent out on their parole not to serve again; but instead of keeping their word, had thrown themselves into Jaffa. However, before Bonaparte attacked Jaffa, he sent an officer, bearing a flag of truce, whose head immediately afterward they saw elevated on a pole over the wall. Now, if spared again, he inferred the same Turks would have gone to St. Jean d'Acre, and played the same part over again; therefore, in justice to the lives of his soldiers, he could not act otherwise than he did: he therefore, availed himself of the rights of war." Speaking of this massacre, Napoleon himself said: "I would do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would Wellington, or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances."

JAMESTOWN, A.D. 1781.—Jamestown, in James county, Va., is the name of a former village of which now nothing but ruins remain. The first English settlement in the United States was founded here in 1608. It occupied a point of land projecting into James river 32 miles from its mouth. Jamestown was set in flames, and consumed to ashes, in the year 1676, by the American patriot, Bacon and his companions.

In the spring of 1781, Cornwallis, with the British army, marched from Wilmington, N. C., and entered Virginia to join the invading forces of Phillips and Arnold, at Petersburg. But learning that the forces of Lafayette, Steuben, and Wayne, were rapidly augmenting, Cornwallis abandoned his attempts to capture stores in the heart of Virginia, and returned toward the sea-shore. He retreated to Richmond, and thence to Williamsburg. In his retreat he was closely pursued by Lafayette and Wayne, with an army of about 4,000 men, of whom 2,100 were regular troops; the balance being American militia. On the 4th of July, 1781, Cornwallis, having received orders from Sir Henry Clinton to return to New York, broke up his incampment and marched for Jamestown Island. He made his dispositions so as to cover the ford; and on the same evening the Queen's Rangers passed over to the island. The baggage of the army was conveyed to the island during the two succeeding days. Lafayette and Wayne kept a vigilant eye upon the movements of the British general, and upon learning that Cornwallis had left Williamsburg, the patriot army advanced and incamped within nine miles of Jamestown. Lafayette resolved to fall upon the rear of the enemy, as soon as the main body of the British army should have passed over to Jamestown Island.

Cornwallis, however, anticipating his design, incamped with the greater portion of his army on the main land, and strengthened his position by casting up fortifications on the right bank of the Powhattan creek, near the Williamsburg road. He kept his troops closely concealed in a wood, and displayed the Queen's Rangers on the island to the best advantage, and endeavored to convince Lafay-

ette that the main body of the army had in reality passed on to the island, while only the rear guard remained on the main land.

The French general was deceived by these maneuvers of Cornwallis, and he resolved to make an attack at once on the rear guard. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th of July, Lafayette advanced from Green Spring plantation, and marched toward the enemy. General Wayne, with about 800 men, was sent forward to make the attack. Lafayette, with 900 men, followed slowly behind, in readiness to support Wayne, if necessary, while Steuben, with the main body of the militia, remained at Green Spring plantation to act as a reserve. The vanguard of Wayne's troops advanced rapidly, driving the enemy's pickets in before them. The Americans, confident of victory, were about to plunge into the woods to engage the enemy hand-to-hand, when about 2,000 British troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel York on the right, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas on the left, suddenly sprang into view, and with loud shouts advanced toward the astonished Americans. The vanguard stood for ten minutes against this overwhelming array, fighting with a courage which seemed almost superhuman. But, borne back by the sweeping tide of the enemy, they retreated in confusion to Wayne's line. General Wayne at once divined the stratagem which Cornwallis had prepared for him, and in an instant he resolved upon a bold and perilous movement. The trumpeters were ordered to sound the charge, and when the shrill blast struck the ears of the Americans, a shout arose along their whole line, and, like madmen, they dashed through a tempest of bullets, and fell upon the British with a ferocity which drove them back in fear and astonishment. Then, as quick as lightning, a retreat was sounded, and the Americans, wheeling about, fell back to Lafayette's line. Bewildered by these sudden movements on the part of the enemy, the British commander, fearing an ambuscade, neglected to pursue, but during the evening called in his detachments, and crossed over to Jamestown Island three days afterward, and thence, by easy marches, proceeded to Portsmouth, opposite Norfolk. In this action, according to Lafayette, the Americans lost 118 men, in killed, wounded, and missing. The British lost eighty, killed and wounded. Two pieces of cannon, which the Americans were compelled to abandon on the field, the most of their horses having been slain, fell into the hands of the British. The Americans remained in the vicinity of Williamsburg for nearly two months, when, on the arrival of the combined armies, they proceeded to besiege Cornwallis at Yorktown.

JARNAC, A.D. 1569.—Jarnac is situated on the right bank of the Charente, in France. On the 14th of March, 1569, was fought the famous battle near Jarnac, between the army of the Huguenots under the celebrated Prince of Condé, and the army of the Duke of Anjou. Both parties were nearly of equal strength, each army consisting of about 20,000 men. The Huguenots were defeated with a loss of 400 men. The Prince of Condé, with his arm in a sling, from a wound which he had already received, at the head of 300 mounted gentlemen was advancing to the fight, when his leg was shattered by the kick of the horse of an officer of his retinue. "Nobles of France!" exclaimed the heroic Condé, exhibiting his wounded limb, and drawing his sword, "see in what state Louis of Bourbon will charge for Christ and his country." But his little band was soon overwhelmed, and the prince, being unhorsed, surrendered to the Lord of Argency, with whose person he was acquainted, and was led aside from the field and seated under a tree; but his capture had been perceived by the retinue of the Duke of Anjou, and Montesquieu, a Gascon captain of the royal Swiss guards, rode up, and leveling at the prince's back shot him dead on the spot. The Duke of Anjou testified the most indecent joy at the death of his enemy. He expressed a wish to see the corpse of the prince, which was conveyed to him rudely thrown across the back of an ass; and, having treated it with indignity, and jested upon it with ferocious levity, he notified his design of founding a chapel to mark the spot upon which the heretic breathed his last. The intention was abandoned upon a suggestion that such an act would strengthen belief in a rumor already widely spread, that the cold-blooded murder of the prince, even if not perpetrated by his express order, had at least received his approbation.

JEMAPPES, A.D. 1792.—Near the village of Jemappes, in the vicinity of the city of Mons, in Flanders, was fought, on the 6th of November, 1792, a battle between the French republican forces, under Dumourier, and the Austrian army, commanded by the Archduke Albert. The French army consisted of 40,000 men; while that of the Austrians did not exceed 20,000. The artillery of both armies was nearly equal, each being provided with about 100 pieces of cannon. After a bloody conflict, victory declared in favor of the French. The Austrians were driven from the field at all points; and retired within the city of Mons. Their resistance, however, had been so obstinate, that the loss on both sides was nearly balanced. The Austrians lost 6,000 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and 15 pieces of cannon. The French loss amounted to 5,000 men, killed and

wounded. In this battle, the Duke de Chartres, afterward Louis Philippe, king of the French, behaved in a most valorous manner.

JENA, A.D. 1806.—Jena, ever memorable as the scene of one of Napoleon's most brilliant victories, is a town of central Germany, duchy of Saxe Weimar, on the Saale, twelve miles east of Weimar. Early in the month of October, 1806, was commenced that terrible struggle between the north and south of Europe, which ended only in the disastrous expedition of Napoleon into Russia. On the 8th of October the French army was concentrated around Baumberg, and at three o'clock on the morning of the 9th, Napoleon put himself in motion, and his columns marched toward Saxony on three great roads. The Prussians, meanwhile, were advancing toward the left wing of the French, and the advanced posts of the two armies were in presence of each other. The Prussian army marched in *echelon;* the right in front was pushed on to Eisenach; next followed the center, commanded by Frederic William, King of Prussia, in person, which, united with the corps of Hohenlohe and Ruchel, was to advance on Saalfeld and Jena. Each wing was covered by a detached corps of observation, the right by Blucher, on the confines of Hesse, the left by Tauenzein, on the side of Bayreuth. The object of the Duke of Brunswick was to approach the French army upon the Maine, which was the base of Napoleon's operations, and while occupying the attention of their wings by detached corps, penetrate their center, and cut off their communication with France. But when intelligence of the advance of the French on the left and center of the Prussians reached the Duke of Brunswick's head-quarters, he renounced his intentions, and orders were instantly dispatched to countermand the advance, and direct the concentration of the army in the neighborhood of Weimar. But before the Prussian forces could be concentrated, the army of Napoleon was already upon them, and the detached bodies of the Prussians were exposed to the attacks of the French. Schleitz, on the 9th of October, was occupied by General Tauenzein, with 6,000 Prussians and 3,000 Saxons. Here they were attacked by the troops of Bernadotte, with such vigor that they were put to rout, with a loss of nearly 1,000 men. On the 10th, Murat advanced on Gera, and fell in with and captured a convoy of 500 carriages and a pontoon train, and the French left, under Lannes and Augereau, was no less successful. On the 10th, near Saalfeld, a division of the former general's corps, under General Suchet, fell in with the Prussian advanced guard, under Prince Hohenlohe, commanded by Prince Frederic Christian Louis of Prussia, charged with defending this post and the bridge over the Saal. A cannonade commenced, and was continued nearly two hours. The Prussian horse were charged by the French cavalry, and overthrown, and their infantry was assailed by the French with such impetuosity that it was put to rout, and the prince himself, while combating bravely with the rear guard, and striving to restore order among the fugitives, was slain by a saber-stroke from a French officer of hussars, who, not knowing the rank of his adversary, laid him dead at his feet. In this struggle the Prussians lost 1,200 prisoners, besides 800 killed and wounded, and thirty pieces of cannon; "but this," says Alison, "was the least part of their misfortunes. The heroic Prince Louis was no more; he had fallen, it is true, while bravely combating on the field of honor, but his body remained the trophy of the victors, and the continued advance of the enemy indicated that defeat had attended the first serious exploit of the Prussian arms." When Lannes was informed of the death of the prince, he showed the body all the honors due to such an illustrious character. It was interred with all the honors of war in the cemetry of the Princes of Coburg, at Saalfeld; and Berthier wrote on the 12th to the chief of the Prussian staff, announcing that Napoleon had ordered the body to be restored if it was desired that it should rest in the tomb of his ancestors. The disasters which immediately ensued rendered it impossible for the royal family at that time to accept the offer.

Meanwhile, both sides prepared for a decisive battle. The Prussians at length concentrated their forces in two great masses, under the king in the neighborhood of Weimar, and under Hohenlohe at Jena. The French made a sweep which brought them completely round the Prussian army. In the evening of the 12th, the army of Hohenlohe was incamped behind the heights of Jena, their masses extending beyond Weimar, as far as the eye could reach, and on the same night, the King of Prussia advanced with his forces, under the immediate command of the Duke of Brunswick, toward Auerstadt, where he incamped on the evening of the next day. The army of the King of Prussia, at Auerstadt, consisted of 65,000 men; that of Hohenlohe, at Jena, numbered nearly 50,000. The united artillery of the two armies numbered 300 pieces; and their cavalry was admirably mounted. Napoleon, not suspecting this division of the enemy's forces, was endeavoring with his wonted energy to overcome the all but insurmountable difficulties of the passage of Landgrafenberg, by which access was to be afforded to

his columns for the attack of the Prussian position. The valley of the Saal at Jena begins to widen. From the right bank, which is low, extends a series of marshy meadows; while the left, rising abruptly, presents lofty heights which overshadow the town of Jena. The Landgrafenberg is the loftiest of these heights, and has since been called, in honor of Napoleon's achievements, *Napoleonsberg*. The French light troops having dislodged the Prussian patrols from the heights of Landgrafenberg, Napoleon repaired to them in person, and, being able to see the formidable position of the Prussians on the opposite ridge, and believing that he had their whole army on his hands, he pressed, without intermission, the march of his columns, and soon arranged the forces of Lannes, who first arrived with his infantry, above by the steep and rugged ascent to its summit in such formidable masses around its declivities, that the Prussians, who were now sensible of their error in abandoning so important a point, and were making preparations to retake it, were obliged to desist from the attempt.

This valuable height, therefore, from which the whole of the Prussian position and all the movements of their troops were distinctly visible, remained in the hands of the French; and its elevation not only gave them the advantage, but entirely concealed from their view, the rapid concentration of the troops on the Jena side of the mountain, which would have at once revealed the intention of a decisive attack on the following day. The difficulty of the ascent however, was not yet entirely surmounted; for wagons and artillery it was totally impossible. Nothing, however, could long withstand the vigor of Napoleon and his followers. He stood on the spot till the most rugged parts of the ascent were widened by blasting the rock, or smoothed by pioneers, and when the men were exhausted, revived their spirits by himself working with their tools, and exhibited his old experience as a gunner in surmounting the difficulty of dragging the cannon up the pass. Before eight o'clock in the evening, the ascent was passable for cavalry and artillery, and at midnight the whole corps of Lannes, with all its guns and equipage, reposed in crowded array on the ridges and flanks of the mountain; the Imperial Guard under Lefebvre bivouacked on its summit; Augereau on its left; Soult and Ney received orders to march all night on the right in order to turn the enemy after the combat was engaged by his left; Murat was in reserve at Jena; while Davoust and Bernadotte were directed, the first to fall back to Naumburg, in order to threaten the enemy's rear, the second to advance to Dornberg and cut off his retreat to the Prussian territories. The two armies now reposed within cannon-shot; the light of the Prussian fires dispersed over a space of six leagues, threw a prodigious glow over the whole heavens to the north-west; those of the French, concentrated in a small space, illuminated the heights in the middle of their position.

Napoleon was on horseback at four in the morning of the 14th, and surrounded by his generals rode along the front of the line of Suchet and Gazan's divisions, which were first to be engaged, and were already under arms. The morning was dark and foggy, and Napoleon and his party, escorted by torch-bearers, presented a picturesque appearance as they moved along the line. The emperor delivered a spirited harangue to the soldiers, who received his words with loud acclamations which testified their eagerness to be led into battle. The Prussian outposts, ignorant of the intentions of the enemy, reposed in fancied security on the opposite heights. Suddenly they were aroused to a sense of their danger by the appearance of the French battalions moving through the mist toward them, in beautiful order. The alarm was given, and the Prussians springing to arms, made a gallant resistance, but they were driven back with great slaughter and the loss of 20 pieces of cannon. Meanwhile the whole Prussian army, alarmed by the sharp and incessant fire of musketry in their front, stood to their arms; and reinforcements were sent to the points in advance which were menaced; but in spite of their efforts the French gained ground; the villages of Closwitz and Kospoda, at the foot of the eminence on which the lines of Hohenlohe were posted, were successively carried, and all the low grounds in front of his position were filled with troops. Lannes, having made himself master of the village at the foot of the Prussian position, prepared to ascend the slope of the height on which they stood; Ney was on the immediate right of Lannes, with his troops drawn up in line or column on the open ground, and Augereau on the left was pressed forward to turn the Prussian flank. The Imperial Guard and Murat's cavalry, occupied the slope of the Langrafenberg as a reserve, and the whole French army, nearly 90,000 strong, was ready to fall upon the Prussians with overwhelming force. Hohenlohe saw the extent of his danger; but his position was strong, and he hoped to maintain it until succor should arrive. Instructions were dispatched to Ruchel, who with 20,000 men was posted a short distance on the right, to hasten to the scene of action, and the Prussians prepared to make a vigorous stand. The Prussians gradually retired toward their chosen ground as the French

columns advanced. But the French in rapid succession carried the strongholds of the enemy. Ney, with an intrepid step, ascended the hill, and after a sharp conflict carried the village of Vierzehn-Heiligen in the center of the Prussian position; and next assailed the right of the Prussian line toward Isserstadt, which Augereau with the French left had already carried. The Prussians opened a fire along their whole right wing, which for a time arrested the progress of the enemy; but the French advanced into the sheet of flame, and the allies of the Prussians in that quarter were compelled to give ground.

On the left of Vierzehn-Heiligen, however, the Prussians had gained some advantage; their numerous and magnificent cavalry had made several successful charges on the French infantry, when advancing on the open ground beyond its inclosures; several cannon had been taken, and Hohenlohe for a short time flattered himself with the hope of obtaining decisive success.

Ruchel at this moment arrived near the field of battle, and Hohenlohe requested him to direct the bulk of his forces to the village of Vierzehn-Heiligen, already the theater of such desperate strife; but the French were too quick for him. Soult, by a well-directed fire, had driven the Prussian cavalry on their left, from the field, while Lannes and Augereau, pressing them at once in front and flank on their right, had forced back their infantry over half a mile. The French forces advanced with loud shouts, driving the Prussians before them, and throwing into them such destructive volleys of musketry that the ground over which they retreated was strewn with their slain. Napoleon, from his station on the summit of Landgrafenberg, saw that the decisive moment had arrived, and sent orders to Murat to charge with his cavalry, and complete the victory. With lightning speed that terrible mass of 12,000 horsemen, in the finest array, and with shouts of triumph, dashed upon the flying Prussians. The line of their charge was marked with gore; the Prussians were thrown into the direst disorder; their infantry, artillery, and cavalry, were thrown together in the wildest confusion. The artillerists fleeing before the bloody sabers of Murat, abandoned their pieces to the enemy, and the whole Prussian army thought of nothing but to escape.

In the midst of this appalling scene the columns of Ruchel, still in battle array, emerged through the cloud of fugitives to stem the torrent; but they, too, were mingled with the fugitives by the tremendous charges of Murat's horse and the French infantry. The ground was strewn with fresh Prussian corpses; Ruchel himself was severely wounded, and his little army was almost totally annihilated. It was no longer a battle, but a massacre. In frightful disorder the whole army rushed from the field; but Soult with a rapid movement, cut off the left wing and made the Prussians in that quarter prisoners almost to a man. Nearly the whole of the artillery of the allies fell into the hands of the French, and the victors entered Weimar, pell-mell with the fugitives, at the distance of twelve miles from the field of battle. Behind Weimar, Hohenlohe at six o'clock, collected twenty squadrons, whose firm countenance, until nightfall, gave some respite to the wearied foot-soldiers, who were dispersed through the fields in every direction. But the Prussian army was annihilated. The battles of Jena and Auerstadt had opened the road to Berlin to Napoleon, and thither he hastened, making thousands of prisoners on his way, and entered the Prussian capital in triumph. See *Battle of Auerstadt.*

JERBA, A.D. 1558.—In the year 1558, a bloody conflict took place between the Turks and the Spanish troops, under the command of Medinaceli and Andre, at Jerba, an island of north Africa, in the gulf of Cabeo. A pyramid nearly thirty feet in height, was erected, composed entirely of the skulls of the Spanish soldiers, who were slain in this engagement.

JERICHO, B.C. 1451.—Shortly after the arrival of the Israelites in the promised land, Joshua encountered an extraordinary personage clothed in armor from head to foot, and armed with a sword. The Hebrew general questioned him whether he was friend or foe, and the answer assured him that he was conversing with a messenger from heaven. This angel gave Joshua very explicit orders respecting the manner of conducting the siege of Jericho, and these orders were implicitly obeyed. The whole army marched around the city once each day for six successive days, with seven priests having trumpets, formed of rams' horns, in their hands. The armed men marched before the priests, while the rest of the people followed the priestly procession. On the seventh day, the march was commenced at early dawn, and the circuit was accomplished seven times. At the completion of the last, Joshua commanded all the people to shout, proclaiming that God had given them the immediate possession of the city. He was obeyed, and the walls instantly fell flat to the ground, and the conquerors entered the city, sword in hand, slaying every thing that had life; sparing neither man nor woman, child nor beast. The city was then set on fire, and every thing was consumed, with the exception of the silver and gold, and vessels of iron and brass, which were reserved for the treasury of the house of the Lord.

JERUSALEM, B.C. 1048.—The modern city of Jerusalem, built about 300 years ago, stands on a hill between two small valleys, in one of which the brook Gibon runs with a south-easterly course, to join the brook Kedron, in the narrow valley of Jehoshaphat, east of Jerusalem.

No city in the world has enjoyed so much veneration as well as attention as Jerusalem, and yet no city has been subjected to more violence. Almost held in as much reverence by the Mohammedans as the Christians, the possession of the Holy City was equally a devotional object as a territorial one, with the followers of both creeds. Jerusalem has been besieged more than twelve times, and, as in such contests, religion only seems to embiter enmities and enhance cruelties, the state of this otherwise favored city can have been no object of envy.

FIRST SIEGE, B.C. 1048.—After the death of Joshua, the tribes of Judah and Simeon, having united their forces, marched upon this already important place, with a formidable army. They took the lower city, and, faithful to the orders of Moses, slaughtered all who presented themselves to their fury. The upper city, called Sion, checked their victorious progress. The efforts of the Hebrews, during nearly four centuries, failed while directed against this citadel. The glory of carrying it was reserved for David. This hero, proclaimed king by all the tribes, wished to signalize his accession to the throne by the capture of Jerusalem; but the Jebusites, who inhabited it, feeling convinced that their city was impregnable, only opposed his army with the blind, the lame, and the crippled. Enraged by this insult, David made them pay dearly for their rude pride. He ordered a general assault; and Joab, mounting the breach at the head of a chosen troop, overthrew the infidels, pursued them to the fortress, entered with them, and opened the gates to the king. David drove out the inhabitants, repaired the walls, strengthened the fortifications, and established his abode in the city, which, from that time, became the capital of the kingdom of the Jews.

SECOND SIEGE, B.C. 976.—In the reign of Rehoboam, the grandson of David, Shishak, King of Egypt, laid siege to Jerusalem, threatening to raze it with the ground if any opposition were offered to his arms. The indignant people were eager to attack the enemy of their religion and their country, but Rehoboam, as cowardly as a warrior as he was imperious as a monarch, opened the gates of his capital to the haughty Egyptian, and quietly witnessed the pillage of it.

THIRD SIEGE, B.C. 715.—In the first year of the reign of Ahaz, King of Judah, Rezin, King of Syria, and Pekah, King of Israel, presented themselves in warlike array before Jerusalem. Their design was to dethrone Ahaz and put an end to the dynasty of David. But their ambitious project was checked by the sight of the fortifications, and, after a few vain attempts, they retreated with disgrace.

Some time after, the Holy City was attacked by a much more redoubtable enemy. Sennacherib, King of Assyria, claimed of Hezekiah, the tribute which his weak father, Ahaz, had consented to pay; and after having overrun Ethiopia, besieged him in his capital. The fate of Jerusalem seemed pronounced, and the kingdom was about to fall into the power of a haughty and irritated conqueror; but the hand of Providence intervened; a miraculous slaughter of the Assyrians took place in one night, and the army of Sennacherib retreated precipitately.

FOURTH SIEGE, B.C. 587.—Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, took Jerusalem by force, and gave it up to pillage. He placed King Joachim in chains, and afterward released him upon his promising to pay tribute; but that prince soon violated his engagement. Nebuchadnezzar reappeared, Jerusalem was again taken, and Joachim expiated his perfidy and revolt by his death.

The impious Zedekiah, one of his successors, proud of an alliance contracted with the Egyptians, against the opinion of the prophet Jeremiah, ventured, as Joachim had done, to endeavor to avoid the yoke of the Chaldeans. Nebuchadnezzar, upon learning this, marched against him, ravaged Judea, made himself master of the strongest places, and besieged Jerusalem for the third time. The King of Egypt flew to the assistance of his ally; but Nebuchadnezzar met him in open fight, defeated him, and compelled him to seek shelter in the center of his states. Jerusalem, which had given itself up to a violent, transitory joy, became a prey to new terrors. The King of Babylon renewed the siege, and Zedekiah determined to behave like a man who has every thing to gain and nothing to lose. The city was blockaded, the enemy stopped all supplies, and laid waste the country round. An immense population was shut up in the capital, which the circumvallation soon reduced to a frightful state of famine. A single grain of wheat became of incredible value, and water, which an extraordinary drought had rendered scarce, was sold for its weight in gold. A pestilence likewise, no less formidable than the famine, made terrible ravages. The streets were blocked up by dead bodies left without sepulture, whose fetid odor became fatal to the living. Desolation and despair stifled all the feelings of nature; mothers were seen slaughtering their infants, to re-

lease them from such calamities, and afterward expiring upon their bleeding bodies.

The enemy in the mean time pushed on the siege most warmly: the rams never ceased to batter the walls; and vast wooden towers were erected, from the summits of which enormous stones were launched upon the heads of those whom famine and pestilence had spared. But even in this extremity the Jews persisted in their defense; Zedekiah concealing his alarm under a firm countenance, reassuring them by his words, and animating them by his example. The more impetuous the enemy, the more furious became the citizens. They opposed force by force, and art quickly destroyed whatever art devised. Eighteen months passed in this way, without any attention being paid to the voice of Jeremiah, who continued to press the inhabitants to throw open their gates, and by concession disarm the wrath of a power that must in the end overcome them. At length the enemy effected a great breach, and it became necessary to yield. Zedekiah marched out at a secret gate, at the head of the soldiery, but he was overtaken, loaded with chains, and led away into captivity, after witnessing the massacre of his children, and after being deprived of the light of day, which had too long shone upon his sacrileges. The conqueror made his triumphal entrance into Jerusalem; he bore away all the riches of the temple, immolated the greater part of the inhabitants, and led the rest into slavery, after reducing the temple and the principal quarters of the city to ashes. Such was the first destruction of Jerusalem, richly merited by the impiety and vices of its inhabitants, 1,468 years after its foundation by Melchisedeck, and nearly five hundred years after David wrested it from the power of the Jebusites.

Many years after, Zerubbabel rebuilt it by permission of Cyrus, King of Persia; Nehemiah reinstated the fortifications. It submitted to Alexander the Great; and after death had carried off that conqueror, withstood several sieges for a time; but these were of trifling importance, though they generally terminated in the plunder of the Temple. This was the state of the Holy City up to the time of the great Pompey.

Fifth Siege, b.c. 63.—The Jews having refused a passage to the Roman army which was marching against Aristobulus, Pompey, highly irritated, sat himself down before their capital. The sight of this place, which nature and art appeared to have rendered impregnable, made him, for the first time, doubtful of the good fortune which had so often crowned his exploits. He was in this state of incertitude when the Jews of the city, with that want of true policy which distinguished them in all ages, divided themselves into two factions. The one favorable to the Romans proving to be the stronger, opened the gates to Pompey, while the other, consisting of the partisans of Aristobulus, retired to the Temple, to which the Roman general quickly laid siege. He raised vast terraces, upon which he placed balistæ and other machines of war, the continual play of which drove away the defenders of the walls. But the Jews, whom nothing seemed to astonish, rendered the efforts of the Romans useless by their valor and perseverance. They defended themselves with so much art and intrepidity, that in the course of three months the Romans were only able to take one tower. But at length the vigorous obstinacy of the legions was crowned with its usual success; the Temple was taken by assault, Cornelius Faustus, son of the dictator Sylla, at the head of a brave troop, being the first to enter the breach. All who ventured to show themselves were massacred. Several sacrificers were immolated in the performance of their ministry. All who could escape the fury of the enemy either precipitated themselves from the nearest rocks, or, gathering together their wealth, after setting fire to it, cast themselves into the flames. Twelve thousand perished in this unfortunate instance. Pompey respected the treasures of the Temple, and crowned his victory by forbearance and generosity.

Sixth Siege, b.c. 37.—Herod the Great had been declared king of the Jews by the Romans; but Jerusalem refused to acknowledge him. This prince, aided by Sosius, whom Antony had sent to him with several legions, marched against that city, at the head of a numerous army. He laid siege to it, raised three platforms, which dominated over the towers, poured from their summits a continuous shower of darts, arrows, and stones upon the besieged, and unceasingly battered the ramparts with rams and other machines he had brought with him from Tyre. But the Jews, still intrepid, despised death, and only sought to inflict it upon their assailants. If a wall was destroyed, another arose as if by magic. If a ditch was dug, it was rendered useless by a countermine, and they constantly appeared in the midst of the besiegers when least expected. Thus, without being depressed, either by frequent assaults or by the famine which now made itself cruelly felt, they resisted during five months the united efforts of the Romans and the Jewish partisans of Aristobulus. At length, both the city and the Temple were carried by assault. Then death assumed one of his most awful characters. The Romans bathed themselves in the blood of an obstinate enemy; and the Jews of the king's party, reject-

ing every feeling of humanity, immolated to their fury every one of their own nation whom they met in the streets and houses, or even found in the temple. Herod, however, by means of prayers, promises, and menaces, at length obtained a cessation of this horrible butchery, and to prevent the pillaging of the city and the Temple, he generously offered to purchase them of the Romans with his own wealth. This capture of Jerusalem occurred thirty-seven years before Christ, on the very day on which Pompey had carried it by assault twenty-seven years before.

Seventh Siege, A.D. 66.—Toward the end of the reign of Nero, in the sixty-sixth year of the Christian era, under the pontificate of Mathias, the son of Theophilus, began the famous war of the Jews against the Romans. The tyranny, the vexations, the sacrileges of the governors were the causes of it. Tired of groaning so long under a foreign yoke, the Jewish nation believed they had no resource left but in despair. Fortune at first appeared favorable to them; the Romans were beaten several times; but Vespasian, whom the Roman emperor had charged with this war, was soon able, by the exercise of skill, prudence, and valor, to attract fortune to his standards, and to keep her there. After having subdued the whole of Palestine, he was preparing to commence the blockade of Jerusalem, when his army recompensed his virtues with the empire. The new emperor assigned to his son Titus the commission of subduing the rebels and laying siege to the capital.

Jerusalem, built upon two very steep mountains, was divided into three parts—the Upper City, the Lower City, and the Temple, each having its separate fortifications. The Temple was, so to say, the citadel of the two cities. Several thick and very lofty walls rendered access to it impracticable; by the side of it stood a fortress which defended it, called Antonia. A triple wall, which occupied the space of 300 stadia, surrounded the entire city: the first of these walls was flanked by ninety very lofty and strong towers; that of the middle had only fourteen, and the ancient one sixty. The noblest of these towers were called Hippicos, Phazael, and Mariamne, and could only possibly be taken by famine. At the northern extremity was, still further, the palace of Herod, which might pass for a strong citadel. It thus became necessary for Titus, to make himself master of Jerusalem, to form several successive sieges; and whatever part the assailants carried, they seemed to leave the strongest untouched. Such was the place which Titus came to attack with soldiers accustomed to war and victory; and, in spite of their valor, it is more than probable he would have failed, if cruel intestine divisions had not marred all the noble efforts of the unfortunate city.

A troop of brigands, headed by Eleazer, of the sacerdotal tribe, whom impunity had allowed to gather together, threw themselves into Jerusalem. These lawless men, who assumed the well-sounding name of the Zealots, profaned the Temple with the greatest crimes, and subjected the citizens to most of the misfortunes of a city taken by assault by a cruel enemy. This faction, as might be expected, however, soon became divided, and turned its arms against itself. A wretch named John of Giscala, supplanted Eleazer, and made himself sole chief of the Zealots. The latter, jealous of the authority of his rival, separated himself from him, and, having recovered an interest with a considerable number of partisans, took possession of the interior of the Temple, and thence made attacks upon the troops of John. On another side, Simon, the son of Gioras, whom the people in their despair had called in to their succor, seized upon the supreme authority, and held almost the whole city under his power. These three factions carried on a continual strife with each other, of which the people were always the victims: there was no security in their dwellings, and it was impossible to leave the city, of which the factions held all the means of egress. All who dared to complain or to speak of surrendering to the Romans, were immediately killed; fear stifled speech, and constraint kept even their groans within their own hearts. When Titus had reconnoitered the place, brought up his army, and commenced operations, these tyrants, seeing the danger which threatened them equally, suspended their divisions and united their forces with the hope of averting the storm. They made, in rapid succession, several furious sorties, which broke through the ranks of the Romans, and astonished those warlike veterans; but such trifling advantages were not likely to affect such a man as Titus: he made another tour of the city to ascertain upon what point it could be best assailed, and, after his foresight had taken all necessary precautions to insure success, he set his machines to work, ordered the rams to maintain an incessant battery, and commanded a simultaneous attack upon three different sides. With great exertions, and after a contest of fifteen days, he carried the first wall, in spite of the spirited resistance of the besieged.

Animated by this success, he ordered the second to be attacked; he directed his rams against a tower which supported it, obliged those who defended it to abandon it, and brought it down in ruins. This fall made him master of the second rampart five days after he had taken the first; but scarcely had

he time to congratulate himself upon this advantage, when the besieged fell upon him, penetrated his ranks, caused the veterans to waver, and retook the wall. It became necessary to recommence the attack upon it: it was contested during four days upon many points at once, and the Jews were at length compelled to yield. Titus by no means wished for the destruction of Jerusalem, and with a view of leading the inhabitants back to their duty by intimidation, he made a review of his troops. There has seldom been a spectacle more capable of inspiring terror—the mind can not contemplate these conquerors of the world passing in review before such a man as Titus, without something like awe. But the seditious Jews, for they seldom deserve a better name, would not listen to any proposals for peace. Being convinced of this, the Roman general divided his army, for the purpose of making two assaults upon the fortress Antonia; he nevertheless, before proceeding to this extremity, made one more effort to bring the rebels to reason. He sent to them the historian Josephus, as more likely than any other person to persuade them, he being a Jew, and having held a considerable rank in his nation. This worthy envoy made them a long and pathetic discourse to induce them to have pity on themselves, the sacred temple, the people and their country; he pointed out to them all the evils that would fall upon them if they did not listen to his prudent advice; he recalled to their minds the misfortunes which had overwhelmed their fathers when they had ceased to be faithful to their God, and the miracles which had been worked in their favor when they had observed his commands: he bore witness to the truthfulness of his own feeling by ending his harangue with a flood of tears. The factions, however, only laughed at him and his eloquence; and yet many of his hearers were convinced, and, endeavoring to save themselves, sold all they had for small pieces of gold, which they swallowed for fear the tyrants should rob them of them, and made their way to the Roman ranks. Titus received them with kindness, and permitted them to go whither they wished. As these continued to escape daily, some of the Roman soldiers learned the secret of the concealed gold, and a report prevailed in the camp that the bodies of these fugitives were filled with treasures. They seized some of them, ripped them open, and searched among their entrails for the means of satisfying their abominable cupidity. 2,000 of these miserable wretches perished in this manner. Titus conceived such a horror at this, that he would have punished the perpetrators with death, if their numbers had not exceeded those of their victims. He continued to press the siege closely: after having caused fresh terraces to be erected, to replace those the enemy had destroyed, he held a council with his principal officers: most of them proposed to give a general assault; but Titus, who was not less sparing of the blood of his soldiers than he was prodigal of his own, was of a contrary opinion. The besieged, he said, were destroying one another; what occasion could there be to expose so many brave warriors to the fury of these desperate ruffians? He formed the project of surrounding the place with a wall, which would not allow the Jews to make any more sorties. The work was distributed among all the legions, and was completed in three days. It was then that the miserable factions began for the first time to despair of their safety.

If the troubles without the walls were great, those which consumed the unhappy city were still more terrible. Who can paint, exclaims Josephus, the fearful effects of the famine which devoured these unfortunates? It increased every day; and the fury of the seditious, more redoubtable than this scourge itself, increased with it. They held no property sacred; every thing was torn from the unhappy citizens. A closed door denoted provisions within: they forced it open, and snatched the morsels from the mouths of those about to swallow them, with brutal violence. They struck down old men; they dragged women by the hair, without regard to either age, sex, or beauty; they spared not lisping innocence. Such as still had any portion of food, shut themselves up in the most secret places of their dwellings, swallowed the grain without crushing it, or glutted themselves with raw flesh, for fear the odor of cooking it should attract the inhuman inquisitors. Fleshless men, or rather phantoms, with dried-up visages and hollow eyes, dragged themselves along to corners, where famine speedily relieved them by death. So great was the number of the dead, that the living had neither strength or courage to bury them! There were no more tears—the general calamities had dried up the source of them! No more sighs were heard; hunger had stifled all the feelings of the soul! A famished multitude ran hither and thither, and seized eagerly upon that which would have been rejected by the most unclean animals. At length, a woman, noble and rich, after being despoiled of every thing by her own want and the greedy fury of the mob, weary of preparing food for these insatiable brigands, and left herself without a morsel of nourishment, consumed by a devouring hunger, proceeded, in her fury, to the most unheard-of crimes. Stifling in her heart the cry of nature, she tore from her bosom the infant she was supporting with her milk, and,

casting upon the innocent babe fierce and terrible glances, "Unhappy little wretch!" exclaimed she, "why wast thou born amidst war, famine, and seditious tumult? Why dost thou still live? What fate awaits thee —servitude? No; famine prevents it; and the implacable tyrants who oppress us are still more to be dreaded than either the one or the other. Die then! and be food for thy famished mother!" At these words, the maddened parent slaughtered her child, cooked it, ate part of it, and carefully concealed the rest. The mob, attracted by the odor of this abhorrent feast, rushed in from all parts, and threatened to kill the woman if she did not instantly show them the food she had prepared. "I have saved you a good portion of it," said she, pointing to the mangled remains of her child. At this spectacle, even they recoiled; human for the first time, they remained silent and motionless; they could not believe their eyes. "It is my boy!" cried she; "I killed him: surely you can eat after me. Are you more delicate than a woman, or more tender than a mother? If ferocity has not stifled every scruple within you—if you do hold such food in horror, I will devour the rest myself." Base and degraded as they were, terrified at such a crime, they slunk away from the house, cursing so detestable an action. The report soon spread throughout the city; and every one was as horror-struck as if he himself had perpetrated the frightful deed. All wished for death, and envied those whom famine had carried off without witnessing such a catastrophe. The news reached the Roman camp; and Titus determined to put an end to such crimes by a general assault.

An escalade of the Temple was undertaken, but the besieged repulsed the Romans. The latter set fire to the porticos, and the flames gained the galleries without the Jews making the least attempt to extinguish them. At length the besieged determined to make one last effort, and deliver themselves, if possible, from an enemy who pressed them so closely, or perish with swords in their hands, selling the little life they had left, dearly. They made an impetuous sortie from a gate of the Temple, fell upon the Romans, broke through their ranks, and would have driven them to their camp, if Titus, who beheld the combat from the summit of the fortress Antonia, had not flown promptly to the succor of the vanquished. Fresh troops changed the fortune of the day; the Jews were overwhelmed by numbers, and constrained to shut themselves up in the Temple: the prince commanded an assault for the next day. But, at that moment, a soldier, without having received orders for the attempt, and as if moved by a supernatural impulse, prevailed upon a companion in arms to lift him up, and threw a blazing brand into one of the windows of that vast and superb edifice. The fire immediately caught some combustible matter; the Jews perceived it, and uttering loud cries, made strong but useless efforts to stop the conflagration. Titus himself, with his army, hastened to assist in extinguishing it. The excited soldier only thought of completing his work, and, with another brand, defeated the wishes and endeavors of his general: the flames consumed every thing, and this famous temple was reduced to ashes in the second year of the reign of Vespasian. The Romans made a great carnage; but the revolters, by a fresh attack, retarded their destruction for a short time, and took up cantonments in the city, and in the three towers, Hippicos, Phazael, and Mariamne. The conquerors prepared to besiege them, but, at the sight of the machines, the revolters became intimidated, and sought for safety in precipitate flight, leaving the Romans masters of every thing: they plundered the city, killed tens of thousands of the inhabitants, and spread flame and destruction in all quarters. Titus was declared imperator, an august title which he richly merited by his valor and generalship: he entered Jerusalem in triumph, and admired the beauty and solidity of the fortifications, but, with the exception of the three towers, he caused them all to be destroyed. The accounts given by some historians of the numbers of the slain and the prisoners, appear to us incredible; one statement avers that there were 1,100,000 of the former, and 97,000 of the latter. John was found concealed in one of the city sewers, and was condemned to perpetual imprisonment by the Romans. Simon was forced to surrender, after a valiant defense; he formed part of the triumph of the victor, and was afterward publicly executed at Rome. Eleazer, who retired to an untenable fortress, destroyed himself. Jerusalem, which yielded in magnificence to no city of Asia—which Jeremiah styles *the admirable city*, and David esteems *the most glorious and most illustrious city of the East*, was thus, in the seventieth year of the Christian era, razed to the ground, and presented nothing but a heap of stones. The Emperor Adrian afterward destroyed even its ruins, and caused another city to be built, with the name of Ælia, from his own, so that there should be nothing left of the ancient Jerusalem. Christians and Jews were equally banished from it; paganism exalted its idols, and Jupiter and Venus had altars upon the tomb of Christ. Amid such reverses, the city of David was nearly forgotten, when Constantine restored its name, recalled the faithful, and made it a Christian colony. The length and importance of this

siege may be accounted for by the strength of the fortifications. Its founders, says Tacitus, having foreseen that the opposition of their manners to those of other nations would be a source of war, had given great attention to its defenses, and, in the early days of the Roman empire, it was one of the strongest places in Asia.

The admirable account given by Josephus of the Roman armies may serve as a lesson to all peoples until the arrival of that happy millennium, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and war shall be no more; that is, when man has completely changed his nature, and has ceased to be governed by his passions.

He says: "Now here we can not but admire the precaution of the Romans, in providing themselves with such household servants, as might not only serve at other times for the common offices of life, but might also be of advantage to them in their wars. And, indeed, if any one does but attend to their military discipline, he will be forced to confess that their obtaining so large a dominion hath been the acquisition of their valor, and not the bare gift of fortune, for they do not begin to use their weapons first in time of war, nor do they then put their hands first into motion, while they avoided so to do in time of peace; but, as if their weapons did always cling to them, they have never any truce from warlike exercises; nor do they stay till times of war admonish them to use them, for their military exercises differ not at all from the real use of their arms; but every soldier is every day exercised, and that with great diligence, as if it were in time of war, which is the reason why they bear the fatigue of battle so easily; for neither can any disorder remove them from their usual regularity, nor can fear affright them out of it, nor can labor tire them; which firmness of conduct makes them always to overcome those that have not the same firmness; nor would he be mistaken that should call those their exercises unbloody battles, and their battles bloody exercises. Nor can their enemies easily surprise them with the suddenness of their incursions; for, as soon as they have marched into an enemy's land, they do not begin to fight till they have walled their camp about; nor is the defense they can raise rashly made, or uneven; nor do they all abide in it, nor do those that are in it take their places at random; but if it happens that the ground is uneven, it is first leveled. Their camp is four-square by measure, and carpenters are ready in great numbers with their tools, to erect their buildings for them."

Such was the *system* of the great "nation of the sword," differing, perhaps, but little, except in the scale upon which it operated, from that of Sparta. The machines employed by the Romans were the artificial tower, with its drawbridges, catapultæ, balistæ, and rams: the weapons—javelins, darts, arrows, pikes, stones, swords, and daggers, with the shield or buckler.

Eighth Siege, A.D. 613.—In the reign of Heraclius, a countless host of Persians—fire-worshipers — under the leadership of Sabar, poured like a torrent upon Palestine, and carried their ravages to the gates of Jerusalem, of which they took possession. Nearly 100,000 Christians perished on this occasion: the great eastern inundations of hordes of barbarous conquerors, being always effected by numbers, necessaily produce an amount of carnage in the vanquished which is sometimes staggering to our belief. But the loss most felt by the Christians was that of the holy cross, which the conqueror carried away with him, in a case sealed with the seal of Zachariah, then Patriarch of Jerusalem. The Holy Sepulchre and the churches were given up to the flames.

Ninth Siege, A.D. 635.—The Roman emperor soon regained possession of the city; but scarcely was it beginning to recover the shock sustained from the fire-worshipers, when it became the prey of a much more powerful race of fanatics. In 635, the Saracens, under the command of Khaled, the most redoubtable general of Arabia, laid siege to it. The first attack lasted ten days, and the Christians defended themselves with heroic courage. During four months, every day brought its sanguinary conflict; but at length, the unfortunate citizens, being without hope of succor, yielded to the perseverance of the Mussulmans, and by the means of the patriarch Sophronius, capitulated with the Caliph Omar in person. The following are the conditions of this treaty, which afterward served as a model to the Mohammedans: "In the name of the All-Merciful God, Omar Ebn-Alkhetlab, to the inhabitants of Ælia (the name given to it by its restorer, Ælius Adrianus). They shall be protected; they shall preserve their lives and their property. Their churches shall not be destroyed, but they shall erect no new ones, either in the city or its territories; they alone shall enjoy the use of them. They shall not prevent Mussulmans from entering them, by day or night; the doors of them shall be open to passers-by and to travelers. If any Mussulman who may be traveling, should pass through their city, he shall be entertained gratis during three days. They shall not teach the Koran to their children; they shall not speak publicly of their own religion, and shall make no efforts to induce others to embrace it. They shall not prevent their kin-

dred from becoming Mussulmans, if they should be so disposed; they shall show respect to Mussulmans, and shall rise up when they wish to be seated. They shall not be clothed like Mussulmans; they shall not wear the same caps, shoes, or turbans. They shall not part their hair as the Mussulmans do; they shall not speak the same language, or be called by the same names. On horseback they shall use no saddles; they shall carry no sort of arms, and shall not employ the Arabian language in the inscriptions upon their seals. They shall not sell wine; they shall be distinguished by the same description of clothes, wherever they go, and shall always wear girdles. They shall erect no crosses upon their churches, and they shall not exhibit their crosses or their books publicly in the streets of the Mussulmans. They shall not ring their bells, but shall content themselves with tolling them. They shall never take a domestic who has served a Mussulman." They were obliged to ratify this act of servitude, and to open the gates to the Saracens, who took possession of their conquest.

Tenth Siege, A.D. 1099.—We now come to one of the most remarkable sieges of this extraordinary city. In the eleventh century, after a lapse of 400 years, during which it had passed from the hands of the Saracens to those of the Seldjouc Turks, Jerusalem, a Mohammedan city, was beleaguered by the great band of Christian adventurers who had left Europe for the express purpose of delivering it.

With the earliest dawn, on the 10th of June, 1099, the Crusaders ascended the heights of Emmaus. All at once, the Holy City lay before them. "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" was shouted from every lip, but was soon repeated with bated breath and bended knee, when all that belonged to that city recurred to the minds of the brave adventurers. The rear ranks rushed through those that preceded them, to behold the long-desired object, and their war-cry, "God wills it! God wills it!" re-echoed from the Hill of Sion to the Mount of Olives. The horsemen alighted humbly from their steeds, and walked barefoot. Some cast themselves upon their knees, while others kissed the earth rendered sacred by the presence of the Saviour. In their transports, they passed from joy to sorrow, from sorrow to joy. At one moment they congratulated each other at approaching the great end of their labors; in the next, they wept over their sins, over the death of Christ, and over his profaned tomb; but all united in repeating the oath they had so many times made, of delivering the city from the sacrilegious yoke of the Mussulmans.

At the time of the Crusades, Jerusalem formed, as it does now, a square, rather longer than broad, of a league in circumference. It extended over four hills; on the east, the Moriah, upon which the mosque of Omar had been built, in the place of the Temple of Solomon; on the south and west, the Acra, which occupied the whole width of the city; on the north, the Bezetha, or the new city; and on the north-west, the Golgotha, or Calvary, which the Greeks considered the center of the world, and upon which the Church of the Resurrection was built. In the state in which Jerusalem then was, it had lost much of its strength and extent. Mount Sion no longer rose within its precincts, and dominated over the walls between the south and the west. The three valleys which surrounded its ramparts had been in many places filled up by Adrian, and access to the place was much more difficult, particularly from the north. Jerusalem, however, had had to sustain several sieges while under the domination of the Saracens, and its fortifications had not been neglected.

While the Crusaders had been so slowly advancing toward the city, the caliph's lieutenant, Istekhar-Eddaulah, ravaged the neighboring plains, burned the villages, filled up or poisoned the cisterns, and made a desert of the spot upon which the Christians were doomed to be given up to all sorts of miseries. He brought in provisions for a long siege, and called upon all Mussulmans to repair to the defense of Jerusalem. Numberless workmen were employed, day and night, in constructing machines of war, raising the fallen walls, and repairing the towers. The garrison of the city amounted to 40,000 men, and 20,000 inhabitants took up arms.

On the approach of the Christians, some detachments left the city, to observe the march and plans of the enemy. They were repulsed by Baldwin du Bourg and Tancred, the latter hastening from Bethlehem, of which he had just taken possession. After pursuing the fugitives to the gates of the Holy City, he left his companions, and strayed alone to the Mount of Olives, whence he contemplated at leisure the city promised to the arms and devotion of the pilgrims. He was disturbed in his pious contemplations by five Mussulmans, who left the city for the purpose of attacking him. Tancred did not seek to avoid the combat; three Saracens fell beneath his powerful arm, and the other two fled back to Jerusalem. Without hastening or retarding his steps, Tancred rejoined the army, which, in its enthusiasm, was advancing without order, and descended the heights of Emmaus, singing the words of Isaiah—"*Jerusalem, lift up thine eyes, and behold the liberator who cometh to break thy chains!*"

On the day after their arrival, the Crusaders formed the siege of the place. The Duke of Normandy, the Count of Flanders, and Tancred, incamped upon the north, from the gate of Herod to the gate of Sedar, or St. Stephen. Next to these Flemings, Normans, and Italians, were placed the English, commanded by Edgar Atheling; and the Bretons, led by their duke, Alain Fergent, the Sire de Château Giron, and the Viscount de Dinar. Godfrey, Eustache, and Baldwin du Bourg, established their quarters between the west and the north, around the extent of Calvary,from the gate of Damascus to the gate of Jaffa. The Count of Toulouse planted his camp to the right of Godfrey, between the south and the west; he had next him Raimbard of Orange, William de Montpellier, and Gaston de Béarn: his troops extended at first along the declivity of Sion, but a few days after, he erected his tents upon the top of the mountain, at the very spot where Christ celebrated the Passover with his disciples. By these dispositions the Crusaders left free the sides of the city which were defended, on the south by the valley of Gihon, or Siloë, and toward the east of the valley of Jehoshaphat.

Every step around Jerusalem recalled to the pilgrims some remembrance dear to their religion. This territory, so revered by the Christians, had neither valley nor rock which had not a name in sacred history. Every thing they saw awakened or warmed their imagination. But that which most inflamed the zeal of the Crusaders for the deliverance of the city, was the arrival among them of a great number of Christians, who, deprived of their property and driven from their houses, came to seek succor and an asylum amid their brethren of the West. These Christians described the persecutions which the worshipers of Christ had undergone at the hands of the Mussulmans. The women, children, and old men were detained as hostages; all who were able to bear arms were condemned to laboy exceeding their strength. The head of the principal hospital for pilgrims, together with a great number of Christians, had been thrown into prison. The treasures of the churches had been plundered to support the Mussulman soldiery. The patriarch Simon had gone to Cyprus, to implore the charity of the faithful to save his flock from threatened destruction, if he did not pay the enormous tribute imposed by the oppressors of the Holy City. Every day the Christians of Jerusalem were loaded with fresh outrages; and several times the infidels had formed the project of giving them up to the flames, and completely destroying the Holy Sepulchre, with the Church of the Resurrection. The Christian fugitives, while making these doleful recitals to the warlike pilgrims, earnestly exhorted them to attack Jerusalem. In the early days of the siege, an anchorite, who had fixed his retreat upon the Mount of Olives, came to join his entreaties to those of the banished Christians, to persuade the Crusaders to proceed to an immediate assault; he urged his suit in the name of Christ, of whom he declared himself the interpreter. The Crusaders, who had neither ladders nor machines of war, gave themselves up to the councils of the pious hermit, and believed that their courage and their good swords would suffice to overthrow the ramparts of the Saracens. The leaders, who had seen such prodigies enacted by the valor and enthusiasm of the Christian soldiers, and who had not forgotten the prolonged miseries of the siege of Antioch, yielded without difficulty to the impatience of the army; in addition to which, the sight of Jerusalem had exalted the spirits of the Crusaders, and rendered the least credulous hopeful that God would second their bravery by miracles.

At the first signal, the Christian army advanced in good order toward the ramparts. Never, say historians, was so much ardor witnessed in the soldiers of the Cross; some, serried in close battalions, covered themselves with their bucklers, which formed an impenetrable vault over their heads, and gave their utmost efforts to shake the walls with pikes and hammers; whilst others, ranged in long files, remained at some distance, employing slings and cross-bows to drive away the enemies from the ramparts. Boiling oil and pitch, immense stones and enormous timbers, fell upon the first ranks of the Christians, without stopping their labors. The outward wall had already crumbled beneath their blows, but the interior wall presented an invincible object. Escalade was the only means left. This bold method was attempted, although they could only find one ladder long enough to reach the top of the walls. The bravest mounted it, and fought hand to hand with the Saracens, who were astonished at such audacity. The Crusaders would most probably have entered Jerusalem that very day, if they had had the necessary war instruments and machines; but the small number who were able to attain the top of the walls could not maintain themselves there. Bravery was useless; Heaven did not accord the miracles promised by the hermit, and the Saracens at length forced the assailants to retreat.

The Christians returned to their camp, deploring their imprudence and their credulity. This first reverse taught them that they could not reckon upon prodigies, and that they must, before they could expect to succeed, construct some machines of war. But it

was difficult to procure the necessary wood in a country which presented nothing but barren sand and arid rocks. Several detachments were sent to search for wood in the neighboring plains. Chance led them to the discovery of some immense beams in the depths of a cavern, and Tancred had them transported to the camp. They demolished all the houses and churches that had escaped the flames; and every stick of wood that the Saracens had not destroyed, was employed in the construction of the machines. Notwithstanding the discoveries, the work did not keep pace with the impatience of the Crusaders, or prevent the evils which threatened the Christian army. The great summer heats commenced at the very time the pilgrims arrived before Jerusalem. A blazing sun, and southern winds laden with the sands of the desert, heated the atmosphere to an intolerable degree. Plants and animals perished; the torrent of Cedron was dried up; all the cisterns around were either choked or poisoned. Beneath a sky of fire, in a burning and arid country, the Christian army soon found itself a prey to all the horrors of thirst.

The fountain of Siloë, which only flowed at intervals, could not suffice for the multitude of pilgrims. A skin of fetid water, fetched three leagues, was worth two silver deniers. Overcome by thirst and heat, the soldiers were seen digging the soil with their swords, thrusting their hands into the freshly-turned earth, and eagerly carrying the humid particles to their parched lips. During the day, they anxiously looked for night; and during the night panted for dawn, in the ever-disappointed hope that the return of the one or the other would bring some degree of freshness or some drops of rain. Every morning they were to be seen gluing their burning lips to the marbles which were covered with dew. During the heat of the day the most robust languished under their tents, without having even strength to implore Heaven for relief.

The knights and barons were in no respect exempt from the scourge under which the army suffered; and many of them daily exchanged for water the treasures obtained from the infidels. "The grief of this extreme thirst," says the old translator of William of Tyre, "was not so great for the foot soldiers as for the horsemen; the foot soldier could content himself with a little, but the horsemen could only satisfy their horses with copious draughts. As to the beasts of burden, there was no more account taken of them than of so many dead creatures; they were allowed to wander away at will, and died of thirst."

In this state of general misery, the women and children dragged themselves about the country in search of a spring, or cooling shades which had no existence. Many of these, wandering too far from the army, fell into the ambuscades of the Saracens, and lost either their lives or their liberty. When a pilgrim discovered a spring or a cistern in a secluded spot, he concealed it from his companions, or forbade their approaching it. Violent quarrels arose in consequence, and it was not uncommon to see the soldiers of the Cross contending, sword in hand, for a little muddy water. The want of water was so insupportable, that famine was scarcely perceived or thought of: the heats of thirst and of the climate made them careless of food.

If the besieged had then made a spirited sortie, they would have easily triumphed over the Crusaders; but the latter were defended by the remembrance of their exploits, and, however great their distress, their name alone still inspired terror among the Saracens. The Mussulmans might, likewise, well believe that their enemies could not long resist the double scourge of hunger and thirst.

The leaders were fully aware there was no other remedy for the ills they labored under but the capture of Jerusalem; but the labors of the siege went on slowly; they had not yet enough wood for the construction of machines; they wanted laborers and the necessary implements.

The wisest and the bravest, in such a critical situation, were beginning to despair of the success of the holy enterprise, when they were cheered by a succor as welcome as it was unexpected. They learned that a Genoese fleet had entered the port of Joppa, laden with provisions and munitions of all kinds. This news spread joy through the Christian army; a body of 300 men left the camp to go and meet the convoy, which Heaven appeared to have sent to the Crusaders in their misery. The detachment, after having beaten the Saracens they met with on their passage, entered the city of Joppa, which had been abandoned by its inhabitants, and was occupied by the Genoese. The Crusaders learned that the Genoese fleet had been surprised and burned by that of the Saracens, but that they had had time to secure the provisions, and a great number of implements and tools. All that was saved was safely conveyed to the camp; and it afforded the Crusaders additional joy to find that the welcome supply was attended by a great number of Genoese engineers and carpenters.

As wood was still short for the construction of the machines, a Syrian conducted the Duke of Normandy, and the Count of Flanders, to a mountain situated 30 miles from Jerusalem. It was here the Christians found

the forest, of which Tasso speaks in the "Jerusalem Delivered." The trees of this forest were not forbidden to the axe of the Crusaders, either by the enchantment of Ismen, or the arms of the Saracens: cars drawn by oxen transported it in triumph to the walls of Jerusalem.

All the leaders, except Raymond of Toulouse, were in want of money to pay for the labors they had commanded. The zeal and charity of the pilgrims came to their relief; many offered all they had left of the booty conquered from the enemy; knights and barons themselves, became laborious workmen; all at length were employed—every thing in the army was in movement: women, children, and even the sick, shared the labors of the soldiers. While the most robust were occupied in the construction of rams, catapultas, and covered galleries, others fetched in skins the water they drew from the fountain of Elperus, on the road to Damascus, or from the rivulet which flowed on the other side of Bethlehem, toward the desert of St. John; some prepared the skins which were to be stretched over the machines to make them proof against fire; while others traversed the neighboring plains and mountains, to collect branches of the olive and fig-trees to make hurdles and fascines.

Although the Christians had still much to suffer from thirst and the heat of the climate, the hope of soon seeing an end to their labors, gave them strength to support them. The preparations for the assault were pressed on with incredible activity; every day some new formidable machine threatened the ramparts of the Saracens. Their construction was directed by Gaston, of Béarn, of whose bravery and skill historians speak loudly. Among these machines were three enormous towers of a new form, each having three stages: the first destined for the workmen who directed the movements of it, and the second and third, for the warriors who were to make the assault. These rolling fortresses rose to a greater height than the walls of the besieged city; on the top was a species of drawbridge, which could be lowered on to the ramparts, and form a road into the place.

But these powerful means of attack were not the only ones which were to second the efforts of the Crusaders. The religious enthusiasm which had already performed such prodigies, again lent its influence to augment their ardor and confidence in victory. The clergy, spreading themselves through the quarters, exhorted the pilgrims to penitence and concord. The solitary from the Mount of Olives, added his exhortations to those of the clergy; and advised the Crusaders to make the tour of Jerusalem, invoking the mercy and protection of Heaven.

The pilgrims, persuaded that the gates of the city were not less likely to open to devotion than bravery, listened with docility to the exhortations of the hermit, whose counsel they conceived to be the language of God himself. After a rigorous fast of three days, the left their quarters, in arms, and marched barefooted, with heads uncovered, around the walls of the holy city. They were preceded by their priests clothed in white, bearing the images of saints, and singing psalms and spiritual songs; the ensigns were unfurled, and the drums and trumpets called the echoes from the hills and valleys.

The Crusaders set out from the valley of Rephraim, which is opposite Calvary; they advanced toward the north, and on entering the valley of Jehoshaphat, saluted the tombs of Mary, St. Stephen, and *the first elect of God.* While continuing their march toward the Mount of Olives, they contemplated with respect the grotto in which Christ shed the sweat of blood, and the spot where the Saviour of the world wept over Jerusalem. When they arrived at the summit of the mountain, the most imposing spectacle presented itself to their eyes: on the east they beheld the plains of Jericho, the shores of the Dead Sea, and the banks of the Jordan; on the west, the holy city lay at their feet, with its territory strewn with sacred ruins: assembled on the very spot whence Christ ascended into Heaven, and where they anxiously looked for the vestiges of his steps, they listened to the exhortations of their priests and bishops. Arnoul de Rohés, chaplain to the Duke of Normandy, addressed them in a pathetic discourse, conjuring them to redouble their zeal and perseverance. In terminating his address, he turned toward Jerusalem: "You behold," said he, "the heritage of Christ defiled by the impious: here is at length the worthy reward of all your labors: these are the places in which God will pardon you all your sins, and bless your victories." At the voice of the orator, who pointed to the Church of the Resurrection, and the rocks of Cavalry, ready to receive them, the defenders of the Cross humbled themselves before God, and fixed their looks intensely upon Jerusalem.

As Arnoul pressed them in the name of Christ to pardon injuries and love one another, Tancred and Raymond, who had long had differences, embraced in the presence of the whole army; the soldiers and other leaders followed their example. The rich promised to assist with their alms the poor and the orphans who bore the cross. All forgot their fatal discords, and swore to remain faithful to the precepts of evangelic charity.

Whilst the Crusaders were thus giving themselves up to transports of devotion and

piety, the Saracens assembled upon the ramparts raised high in the air crosses, which they loaded with outrages; they insulted the ceremonies of the Christians by their gestures and clamors. "You hear," exclaimed Peter the hermit, "you hear the menaces and blasphemies of the enemies of the true God; swear to defend Christ, a prisoner and crucified a second time by the infidels. You behold him expiring a second time on Calvary for the redemption of your sins." At these words, the conubite was interrupted by the cries and groans of indignation which arose on all parts around him. "Yes, I swear by your piety," continued the orator, "I swear by your arms, the reign of the impious draws near to its end. The army of the Lord has only to appear, and all that vain mass of Mussulmans will fade away like a shadow. To-day full of pride and insolence, to-morrow they will be frozen with terror, and will fall motionless before you, as did the guardians of the sepulchre, who felt their weapons escape from their hand, and sunk dead with fear when an earthquake announced the presence of a God upon Calvary, where you are about to mount to the breach. Yet a few moments, and those towers, the last bulwarks of the infidel, will be the asylum of Christians; those mosques, which rise upon Christian ruins, will serve as a temple to the true God, and Jerusalem will once again listen to nothing but the praises of the Lord."

At these last words of Peter, the most lively transports burst from the Crusaders, they embraced again and again, with tears pouring down their embrowned cheeks, exhorting each other to support the evils and fatigues of which they were about to receive the glorious reward. The Christians then came down from the Mount of Olives to return to their camp, and, taking their route toward the south, saluted on their right the tomb of David, and passed close to the Pool Siloë, where Christ restored sight to the blind; they perceived at a distance the ruins of the palace of Judah, and marched along the declivity of Mount Sion, where other remembrances added to their enthusiasm. Toward evening, the Christian army regained their quarters, repeating the words of the prophet: "*They of the West shall fear the Lord, and they of the East shall behold His glory.*" When they had re-entered the camp, most of the pilgrims passed the night in prayer; the leaders and the soldiers confessed their sins at the feet of their priests, and received their God, whose promises filled them with confidence and hope.

While matters were going on thus in the camp, the most profound silence reigned around the walls of Jerusalem, only broken by the voices issuing from hour to hour from the minarets of the mosques, to call the faithful to prayer. The infidels flocked in crowds to their temples to implore the protection of their prophet, and swore by the mysterious stone of Jacob to defend a city which they called *the house of God.* The besieged and the besiegers were stimulated by the same ardor to fight and shed their blood: the former to preserve Jerusalem, the latter to make the conquest of it. The hatred which animated them was so violent, that, during the whole of the siege, no deputed Mussulman came to the camp of the Christians, and the Christians never once deigned to summon the garrison to surrender. Between such enemies, the shock must be terrible and the victory implacable.

It was resolved, in a council of the leaders, to take advantage of the enthusiasm while it was at its height, and execute the assault. As the Saracens displayed a great number of machines on the side of the city which appeared to be most threatened by the Christians, it was determined to change the dispositions of the siege, and that the principal attack should be directed toward the points where the enemy had made no preparations for defense.

During the night Godfrey removed his quarters to the eastward, toward the gate of Cedar, not far from the valley in which Titus incamped when his soldiers penetrated into the galleries of the temple. The rolling tower, and the other machines of war which the Duke of Lorraine had caused to be built, were transported, with incredible efforts, in front of the walls he wished to attack. Tancred and the two Roberts drew up their machines between the gate of Damascus and the angular tower, which was afteward called *Tancred's Tower.*

At break of day the Saracens, on beholding these new dispositions, were seized with astonishment and terror. The Crusaders might have taken advantage of the confusion inspired in this change; but upon a steep ground it was difficult to bring their machines close to the walls. Raymond, in particular, who was charged with the attack on the south, found himself separated from the ramparts by a ravine, which it was necessary for him to fill up. He caused it to be proclaimed by a herald that he would pay a denier to every person who would cast three stones into it. A crowd of people instantly flocked to the aid of the soldiers—a shower of darts and arrows from the ramparts producing no effect upon the ardor and zeal of the laborers. At length, by the end of the third day, all was completed, and the leaders gave the signal for a general assault.

On Thursday, the 14th of July, 1099, as

soon as day appeared, the clarions resounded in the camp of the Christians; all the Crusaders flew to arms; all the machines were put in motion at once; pedereros and mangonnels vomited a shower of stones against the enemy; while, protected by the tortoises and covered galleries, the rams were brought up close to the walls. The archers and crossbowmen kept up a continuous discharge at the ramparts, while the bravest, covered with their bucklers, planted ladders in places where the walls appeared most assailable. On the south, the east, and the north of the city, the three rolling towers advanced toward the ramparts, amid tumultuous noise, and the shouts of the workmen and soldiers. Godfrey appeared upon the highest platform of his wooden fortress, accompanied by his brother Eustache, and Baldwin du Bourg. He animated his men by his example; every javelin he hurled, says the historians of the times, carried death to a Saracen. Raymond, Tancred, the Duke of Normandy, and the Count of Flanders, fought among their soldiers; the knights and men-at-arms were animated by the same ardor as the principal leaders, and eagerly sought every point where danger threatened most.

Nothing could equal the fury of the first charge of the Christians, but it everywhere met with an obstinate resistance. Arrows, javelins, boiling oil, the Greek fire, and fourteen machines, which the besieged had had time to oppose to those of their enemies, repelled on all sides the attacks and the efforts of the assailants. The infidels, issuing by a breach made in their rampart, attempted to burn the machines of the besiegers, and spread disorder throughout the Christian army. Toward the end of the day the towers of Godfrey and Tancred could not be made to move; Raymond's had sunk into ruins. The combat had lasted twelve hours without victory being at all inclined to favor the Crusaders;—night separated the combatants. The Christians returned to their camp, trembling with rage and grief; the leaders, particularly the two Roberts, could not console themselves, from the idea *that God had not yet thought them worthy to enter the Holy City, and worship the tomb of his Son.*

The night was passed on both sides in a state of anxious inquietude, each deploring their losses, and trembling at the prospect of fresh ones. The Saracens expected a surprise; the Christians feared that the Saracens would burn the machines they had left at the foot of the ramparts. The besieged were employed in repairing the breaches made in their walls; the besiegers in attempting to put their machines in a state for another attack. The following day brought the same combats and the same dangers as the preceding one. The leaders endeavored to revive the courage of the Crusaders by their speeches. The priests and bishops went among the tents of the soldiers, announcing the certain succor of Heaven. The Christian army, filled with new confidence in victory, appeared under arms, and advanced in silence toward the points of attack, while the clergy walked in procession round the city.

The first shock was impetuous and terrible. The Christians, indignant at the resistance they had met with the day before, fought with fury. The besieged, who had learned the arrival of an Egyptian army, were animated by the hopes of victory; formidable machines covered their ramparts. Javelins were heard hissing on all sides; stones and large timbers, launched by the Christians and infidels, met in the air with a fearful crash, and fell upon the assailants. From the height of their towers the Mussulmans incessantly hurled blazing torches and fire-pots. The wooden fortresses of the Christians approached the walls amid a conflagration which seemed spreading in all directions. The infidels directed most of their efforts against the tower of Godfrey, upon which glittered a cross of gold, the sight of which provoked their fury and their insults. The Duke of Lorraine had seen one of his esquires and several of his soldiers fall by his side, himself a mark for all the arrows and darts of the enemy, he fought on amid the dead and the wounded, never ceasing to shout encouragement to his companions in arms. The Count of Toulouse, who attacked the city on the south side, opposed all his machines to those of the Mussulmans; he had to contend with the Emir of Jerusalem, who animated his troops by his words, and showed himself upon the walls, surrounded by the *elite* of the Egyptian soldiery. Toward the north, Tancred and the two Roberts appeared at the head of their battalions. Motionless upon their rolling fortress, they looked impatient to be wielding lance and sword. Already their rams had, upon several points, shaken the wall, behind which the Saracens closed their ranks, and presented themselves as a last rampart to the attack of the Crusaders.

In the midst of the combat, say the historians, two female magicians appeared upon the ramparts of the city, appealing to the elements and the powers of hell. They were not able to avoid the death they invoked upon the Christians, and fell beneath a shower of arrows and stones. Two Egyptian emissaries, who had come from Ascalon to exhort the besieged to defend themselves, were surprised by the Crusaders as they were seeking to obtain entrance into the city. One of them fell, covered with

wounds; the other, after having revealed the secret of his mission, was launched, by means of a machine, on to the ramparts where the Saracens were fighting.

The combat had lasted half the day, without the Crusaders being able to entertain any hope of penetrating into the place. All their machines were on fire; they wanted water, but more particularly vinegar, which alone had the power to extinguish the kind of fire launched at them by the besieged. In vain the bravest exposed themselves to the greatest dangers, to prevent the destruction of all the wooden machines and the rams; they fell, buried under the ruins, and the raging flames devoured even their bucklers and their vestments. Many of the most intrepid warriors had found death at the foot of the ramparts; a great number of those mounted on the towers had been placed *hors de combat;* others, covered with sweat and dust, smothered with heat, and staggering under the weight of their armor, began to lose courage. The Saracens, who perceived this, uttered loud cries of joy. In their blasphemies, they reproached the Christians with adoring a God who was not able to help them. The assailants deplored their lot, and believing themselves abandoned by Christ, remained motionless on the field of battle.

But the combat was about to change its character. All at once the Crusaders beheld, on the Mount of Olives, a horseman, waving his buckler, and giving the Christian army the signal to enter the city. Godfrey and Raymond, who perceived him first, and at the same moment, cried out that St. George was come to the succor of the Christians. The tumult of the fight allowed of neither reflection nor examination, and the sight of the celestial horseman fired the besiegers with fresh ardor. They returned to the charge; even the women, the children, and the sick crowded into the *mêlée,* bringing water, food, and arms, and uniting their efforts with those of the soldiers to get the rolling towers, the dread of the enemy, nearer to the walls. That of Godfrey advanced, amid a terrible discharge of stones, arrows, and Greek fire, and let fall its drawbridge upon the wall. Fiery darts flew at one and the same time against the machines of the besiegers, and against the sacks of straw and hay, and the bales of wool which covered the inner walls of the city. The wind kindled the fires, and drove the flames full upon the Saracens, who, enveloped in fire and smoke, recoiled at the aspect of the lances and swords of the Christians. Godfrey, preceded by the two brothers, Lethalde and Engelbert of Tournay, and followed by Baldwin du Bourg, Eustache, Raimbaud, Créton, Guicher, Bernard de St. Vallier, and Amenjeu d' Albret, broke through the enemy, pursued them, and rushed with them into Jerusalem. The brave men who had fought upon the platform of the tower with their intrepid leader, followed them into the streets, and massacred all they met with on their passage.

At the same time, a report was spread in the Christian army, that the holy pontiff Adhémar, and several Crusaders who had died during the siege, had appeared at the head of the assailants, and unfurled the banners of the Cross upon the towers of Jerusalem.

Tancred and the two Roberts, animated by this account, made fresh efforts, and threw themselves into the place, accompanied by Hugh de St. Paul, Gerard de Roussillon, Louis de Mousson, Conon and Lambert de Montargis, and Gaston de Bearn. A crowd of heroes follow them closely; some enter by a half-open breach, others scale the walls with ladders, many spring from the wooden towers. The Mussulmans fly on all sides, and Jerusalem resounds with the victory-cry of the Crusaders, *God wills it! God wills it!* The companions of Godfrey and Tancred hew down the gate of St. Stephen with axes, and the city lies open to the crowd of Crusaders, who press upon each other, and dispute the honor of inflicting the last blow upon the infidels.

Raymond alone met with some resistance. Made aware of the victory of the Christians by the cries of the Mussulmans, the clash of arms, and the tumult from the interior of the city, he roused the courage of his soldiers. These brave men, impatient to join their companions, abandoned their tower and their machines, which they could no longer move. They planted their ladders, and sticking their swords into the walls as steps, they mounted to the ramparts; they were preceded by the Count de Toulouse, Raymond Pelet, the Bishop of Bira, the Count de Die, and William de Sabran. Nothing could now stop them; they dispersed the Saracens, who, with their emir, flew for refuge to the fortress of David; and soon all the Crusaders in Jerusalem met together, embraced, wept with joy, and gave all their attention to securing their victory.

In the mean time, despair had for a moment rallied the bravest of the Saracens; they fell with impetuosity upon the Christians, who were advancing in disorder, bent upon pillage. The latter were beginning to give way before the enemy they had conquered, when Evrard de Preysaie, whose bravery Ralph of Caën has celebrated, revived the courage of his companions, placed himself at their head, and once more carried terror among the infidels. From that mo-

ment the Crusaders had no longer an enemy to contend with.

History has remarked that the Christians entered Jerusalem on a Friday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, which was the day and the hour at which Christ expired for the salvation of mankind. This memorable epoch ought to have recalled to their hearts a feeling of mercy; but, irritated by the menaces and long insults of the Saracens, exasperated by the various ills they had undergone during the siege, and the resistance they had met with, even in the city, they filled the Jerusalem they came to deliver, and which they considered as their future country, with blood and mourning. The carnage was soon general, such as escaped the swords of the soldiers of Godfrey and Tancred, becoming the victims of the Provençals, equally thirsty for blood. The Saracens were indiscriminately massacred in the streets and in their houses; Jerusalem had no asylum for the vanquished; some tried to escape death by precipitating themselves from the ramparts, while others ran in crowds to seek refuge in the palaces, the towers, and particularly in the mosques, but nowhere could they escape the murderous pursuit of the Christians.

The Crusaders, masters of the Mosque of Omar, in which the Saracens had defended themselves for a short time, repeated the scenes of carnage which had followed and sullied the conquest of Titus. Foot and horse entered the sacred structure *pêle-mêle* with the vanquished. Amid the most horrible tumult the place re-echoed with cries and groans of death; the conquerors trampled upon heaps of slain in pursuit of such as endeavored to escape. Raymond d'Agiles, an eye-witness, says that beneath the portico and in the front court of the Temple the blood ascended to the knees and the bridles of the horses. To paint this terrible spectacle, which war presented twice in the same place, it will suffice to say, in the words of Josephus, that the number of the slain exceeded by far that of the soldiers who immolated them to their vengeance, and that the echoes of the mountains neighboring the Jordan repeated the groans and cries that issued from the Temple.

The imagination turns with disgust at these horrible pictures, and can scarcely, amid the carnage, contemplate the Christians of Jerusalem whose chains the Crusaders had broken. They crowded from all parts to meet the conquerors; they shared with them the provisions they had been able to keep from the Saracens; and all together were thankful to God who had crowned the arms of the Christians with such a triumph. The hermit Peter, who, five years before, had promised to arm the West for the deliverance of the Christians of Jerusalem, must have experienced inexpressible delight in witnessing their gratitude and joy. They appeared to consider no one among the Crusaders but him; they recalled his words and his promises; it was to him they addressed their songs of praise; it was him they proclaimed their liberator; they related to him all they had suffered during his absence; they could scarcely believe that he stood before them; and, in their enthusiasm, they expressed astonishment that God should have employed one man alone to rouse so many nations and effect such prodigies.

The sight of the brethren they had delivered, no doubt, reminded the pilgrims that they had come for the purpose of worshiping the tomb of Jesus Christ. The pious Godfrey, who had abstained from slaughter as soon as the victory was certain, quitted his companions, and, followed by two of his attendants, repaired, without arms, and barefoot, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The news of this purpose of devotion soon spread through the Christian army, and immediately all fury, all vengeance, were appeased; the Crusaders, stripping off their blood-stained vestments, made Jerusalem resound with their sobs and groans, and, led by the clergy, they marched in a body, barefoot and with uncovered heads, toward the Church of the Resurrection.

When the Christian army was thus assembled upon Calvary, night began to fall; silence reigned in the public places and upon the ramparts; nothing was to be heard in the Holy City but canticles of penitence, and the words of Isaiah, "*You who love Jerusalem, rejoice you with her!*" The Crusaders evinced so much devotion that, according to the remark of a modern historian, it might be thought that these men who had just taken a city by assault, and committed a horrible carnage, really came from a long retreat and a profound meditation upon religious mysteries. These inexplicable contrasts are often remarked in the history of the Crusaders. Some writers have fancied they found in them a pretext for an accusation against the Christian religion; others, not less blind or less prejudiced, attempt to excuse the deplorable excesses of fanaticism: the impartial historian is satisfied with relating them, and sighs in silence over the weakness of human nature.

Besides, this pious fervor was soon burnt out, and only suspended the scenes of carnage for awhile; policy and cupidity soon led to fresh horrors, and fanaticism most ably seconded them. All whom humanity or lassitude of carnage had spared, or even some who had been saved in the hopes of a rich ransom,

were slaughtered. The Saracens were forced to precipitate themselves from the tops of their houses, they perished by thousands in the flames; they were dragged into the public places, and immolated upon the heaps of slain which already encumbered them. Neither the tears of women, the cries of infants, nor the aspect of the Holy Places, where Christ had pardoned his executioners, had power to soften the irritated conquerors. The carnage was so great, that heaps of bodies were not only seen in the palaces, the temples, and the streets, but were found in the most secluded and solitary places. Such was the delirium of vengeance, cupidity, and fanaticism, that the scenes did not disgust beholders who might be supposed to be impartial: cotemporary historians describe them without offering a word of excuse, and throughout their recitals of revolting events, a single expression of horror or pity does not escape them. We, however, can not pursue the frightful details further. The carnage lasted for a full week, and the Oriental and Latin historians agree in stating that the numbers of Mussulmans slain in Jerusalem amounted to more than 70,000! The Jews experienced no more mercy than the Saracens: they took refuge in their synagogue; the Crusaders set fire to the building, and all perished in the flames.

Eleventh Siege, A.D. 1187.—The siege we have last described gave birth to one of the shortest-lived, and most troublous monarchies that is to be found in the pages of history. One or two good monarchs are met with in its short annals of 88 years, the rest were either wicked or imbecile, and only hastened the fall which naturally attended its peculiar construction and existence. The state of Jerusalem when the errors of its rulers brought upon it the vengeance of Saladin—perhaps the greatest man that ever figured in the East—was disgraceful beyond description.

To repeat the causes which had exasperated this powerful prince would trench too much upon the province of general history; suffice it to say, that the conduct of the Christians was a tissue of weakness, perfidy, and occasional insane rashness; they were under no strong-handed or prudent government, they showed themselves subject to no moral restraints.

Politic, brave, cool, but severe when provoked, Saladin was the last man the Christians should have made an enemy of. Irritated by their total want of good faith, and their perpetual invasion of his territory when they thought he was distant or engaged with other objects, he at length determined to subdue them, and that effectually, by taking their capital city.

After gaining the sanguinary battle of Tiberias, and taking every city in Palestine before which he thought it worth his while to sit down, the victorious sultan advanced toward Jerusalem. The moment appeared to be come at which this religiously important city must fall again into the power of the Mussulmans, and they implored Mohammed to grant this crowning triumph to the arms of Saladin. After having taken Gaza, and several fortresses in the neighborhood, the sultan collected his whole army and surrounded the holy city. A queen in tears, the children of the warriors killed at the battle of Tiberias, a few fugitive soldiers, and some pilgrims recently arrived from the West, were the only guardians of the Holy Sepulchre. A great number of Christian families who had left the devastated provinces of Palestine filled the city; but far from bringing it any assistance, they only served to augment the trouble and consternation.

When close to the walls, Saladin summoned before him the principal inhabitants, and said to them: "I know, as well as you do, that Jerusalem is the house of God, and I do not wish to profane its sanctity by the effusion of blood: abandon its walls, and I will give up to you a part of my treasures; I will give you as much land as you can cultivate." "We can not," they replied, "cede willingly a city in which our God died; still less can we yield it to you." Saladin, irritated by their refusal, swore upon the Koran to level the towers and ramparts of Jerusalem, and to avenge the death of the Mussulmans slaughtered by the companions and the soldiers of Godfrey de Bouillon.

At the moment Saladin was speaking to the deputies, an eclipse of the sun all at once left the heavens in darkness, and appeared to be a sinister presage for the Christians. Nevertheless, the inhabitants, encouraged by the clergy, prepared to defend the city. They had chosen as leader Baleau d'Ibelin, who had been present at the battle of Tiberias. This old warrior, whose experience and virtue inspired confidence and respect, immediately set about repairing the fortifications and disciplining the new defenders of Jerusalem. As he wanted officers, he created fifty knights from among the citizens; all the Christians in a condition to fight took up arms, and swore to shed their blood in the cause of Christ. There was no money to defray the expenses of the war, but all means of obtaining it appeared legitimate amidst the danger which threatened the city of God. The churches were spoiled, and the people, terrified at the approach of Saladin, beheld without scandal the precious metal which covered the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre converted into coin.

The standards of Saladin were speedily

seen floating over the heights of Emmäus; the Mussulman army pitched its camp on the same places as were occupied by the tents of Godfrey, Tancred, and the two Roberts, when they besieged the Holy City. The Christians at first opposed a warm resistance, and made frequent sorties, in which they held in one hand the lance or the sword, and in the other a shovel, with which they threw dust in the eyes of the Saracens. A great number of citizens received the palm of martyrdom, and ascended, say the historians, into the celestial Jerusalem. Many Mussulmans fell under the swords of their adversaries, and went to inhabit the *banks of the river which waters Paradise.*

Saladin, after being incamped some days on the west of the city, directed his attacks on the north, and mined the ramparts which extend from the gate of Josaphat to that of St. Stephen. The bravest of the citizens made a sortie, and endeavored to destroy the machines and works of the besiegers, encouraging each other by repeating the words of Scripture—"*A single one of us will put ten infidels to flight; and ten will scatter ten thousand.*" They performed prodigies of valor, but they could not retard the progress of the siege; repulsed by the Saracens, they slowly retired to the city, whither their return brought discouragement and terror. The towers and ramparts seemed ready to fall at the first assault. Despair then seized upon the inhabitants, who saw before them no defense but tears and prayers. Instead of flying to arms, the soldiers ran to the churches; the promise of a hundred pieces of gold could not detain them one night on the threatened ramparts. The clergy made processions through the streets, to invoke the assistance of Heaven; some beat their breasts with stones, others lacerated their bodies with scourges, crying, *Mercy! mercy!* Nothing was heard in Jerusalem but groans; "*but our Sir Jesus Christ,*" says an old chronicle, "*would not listen to them; for the luxurity and impurity which were in the city did not allow orisons or prayers to mount up before God.*" The despair of the inhabitants inspired them with a thousand contrary projects at once: sometimes they formed the resolution of leaving the city, and seeking a glorious death in the ranks of the infidels: at others, they placed all their hopes in the clemency of Saladin.

Among the general trouble and agitation, the Greek and Syrian Christians, and the Melchite Christians, endured with much pain the authority of the Latins, and laid to their charge all the misfortunes of the war. A plot was discovered, in which they had resolved to deliver Jerusalem to the Mussulmans: this discovery increased the general alarm, and determined the principal men of the city to ask a capitulation of Saladin. Accompanied by Baleau d'Ibelin, they went to propose to the sultan to give up the place upon the conditions he had offered before the siege. But Saladin remembered that he had sworn to take the city by assault, and to put all the inhabitants to the sword. He sent back the deputies without giving them any hope; Baleau d'Ibelin returned to him several times, renewed his supplications and prayers, but found Saladin still inflexible. One day, when the Christian deputies were conjuring him warmly to accept their capitulation, he turned toward the place, and, pointing to the standards which floated over the walls—"How can you ask me," said he, "to grant conditions to a captured city?" Notwithstanding this, the Saracens were repulsed; and Baleau, animated by the advantage obtained by the Christians, replied to the sultan—"You see Jerusalem does not want for defenses; if we can not obtain any mercy from you, we will adopt a terrible resolution, and the excess of our despair shall fill you with fright. Those temples and palaces you are so anxious to conquer shall be destroyed, and all our wealth, which excites the ambition and cupidity of the Saracens, shall be given up to the flames. We will lay level the mosque of Omar, and the mysterious stone of Jacob, the object of your worship, shall be broken and ground into dust. Jerusalem contains 5,000 Mussulman prisoners: they shall perish by the sword. We will, with our own hands, slaughter our women and our children, and thus spare them the disgrace of becoming your slaves. When the Holy City shall be nothing but a mass of ruins—one vast tomb, we will leave it, followed by the angry manes of our friends and neighbors; we will leave it, fire and sword in hand; not one of us will gain paradise, without having sent to hell ten Mussulmans. We shall thus obtain a glorious death, and shall yield our last breath in calling down upon you the maledictions of the God of Jerusalem."

This speech produced a great effect upon Saladin, and he invited the deputies to return next day. He consulted the doctors of the law, and they decided that he might accept the proposed capitulation without violating his oath. The conditions were signed on the morrow, in the tent of the sultan; thus Jerusalem again fell under the domination of the infidels, after having been eighty-four years in the hands of the Christians. The Latin historians had remarked that the Crusaders had entered Jerusalem on a Friday, at the same hour that Christ had suffered death to expiate the crimes of the human race. The Saracens retook the city on a Friday, the an-

niversary of the day on which, according to their belief, Mohammed ascended from Jerusalem to heaven. This circumstance, which might have induced Saladin to sign the capitulation proposed to him, did not fail to add new splendor to his triumph with the Mussulmans, and caused him to be looked upon as the favorite of the prophet.

All the warriors in Jerusalem obtained permission to retire to Tyre or to Tripoli. The conqueror granted their lives to the inhabitants, and permitted them to purchase their liberty. All Christians, with the exception of Greeks and Syrians, received an order to quit Jerusalem within four days. The ransom was fixed at ten pieces of gold for men, five for women, and two for children. Those who had not the means to purchase their freedom remained slaves.

These conditions had at first been received with joy by the Christians, but when the time arrived for their leaving Jerusalem, their grief at quitting the Holy Places became intense; they watered the tomb of Christ with their tears, and reproached themselves with not having died to defend it; they ran, unconsciously, from Calvary to the various churches they were never to see again, shedding torrents of tears; they embraced each other, weeping, in the streets, and deploring their fatal divisions. Such as could not pay their ransom, and could only leave Jerusalem as the slaves of the Saracens, gave themselves up to the wildest despair. But so great, in these deplorable moments, appeared their attachment to a religion whose precepts in happier times they had completely neglected, that the outrages offered to their worship afflicted them more then their own proper misery. A cross of gold having been torn from the dome of the church of the Templars, and dragged through the streets by the Saracens, all the Christians burst into cries of grief and indignation, and, although disarmed, Jerusalem was on the point of rising against its conquerors.

At last the fatal day arrived on which the Christians were to leave Jerusalem. All the gates of the city were closed, except that of David, through which the Christians were to go out. Saladin, seated upon a lofty throne, saw all the people pass before him. The patriarch, followed by the clergy, appeared the first, bearing the sacred vases, the ornaments of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and treasures of which, says an Arabian author, God alone knows the value. The Queen of Jerusalem, accompanied by the barons and knights, came next. Saladin respected her grief, and addressed some kind words to her. The queen was followed by a great number of women, bearing their children in their arms, and uttering the most pitiable cries. Several of them drew near to the throne of Saladin. "You see at your feet," said they, "the wives, the mothers, and the daughters of the warriors you detain prisoners; we are leaving for ever our country which they have defended with glory; they assisted us in supporting life; losing them we have lost our last hope; if you would deign to restore them to us, they would soften the miseries of our exile, and we should be no longer without a support upon earth." Saladin was touched by their prayers, and promised to mitigate the misfortunes of so many unhappy families. He restored the sons to mothers, and the husbands to wives, who were found among the captives. Many Christians had abandoned their valuable goods and property, in order to bear away upon their shoulders some of their parents weakened by age, and others their friends, the infirm, and the sick. Saladin was affected by this spectacle, and rewarded the virtue and piety of his enemies with gifts and alms; he took pity upon all the unfortunates, and permitted the Hospitalers to remain in the city to tend to the sick, as well as such as serious maladies prevented from moving.

When the Saracens commenced the siege, the Holy City contained more than 100,000 Christians. The greater part of them purchased their freedom: Balcau d'Ibelin, the depository of the treasures destined to defray the expenses of the siege, employed all that was left in the liberation of the citizens. Malec-Adel, the brother of the sultan, paid the ransom of 2,000 captives. Saladin followed his example, by setting free great numbers of poor and orphans. There only remained in slavery about 14,000 Christians, among whom were 4,000 or 5,000 children, too young to be aware of the extent of their misfortune, but whose fate the faithful deplored the more, especially as they knew that those innocent victims of war, would be brought up in the idolatry of Mohammed. From this period Jerusalem has remained in the hands of the Mohammedans.—*Robson.*

KAIBAR, A.D. 682.—Remarkable characters give consequence to insignificant places; Richard Cœur de Lion, who had filled two continents with his fame, was killed at the siege of a paltry castle, and the name of Chaluze is preserved in history. But Kaibar, a city of Arabia, is associated with, and saved from oblivion by, the name of even a greater man than Richard.

The Jews spread throughout Arabia attempted to cross the ambitious projects of Mohammed. They took up arms, and shut themselves up in the strongly fortified city of Kaibar. Although he had beaten them several times, Mohammed knew that he must not lose his *prestige*, and at once marched to attack them. Kaibar was carried, but the conquest proved fatal to the conqueror. He lodged at the house of one of the principal inhabitants, whose daughter, named Zainab, gave him for supper a poisoned shoulder of mutton. Mohammed vomited the meat; but such was the activity of the poison that from that moment he became a valetudinarian: he died from the effects of the poison three years after. When questioned as to what could lead her to the commission of such a crime, Zainab cooly replied, "*I wished to know if Mohammed were really a prophet.*" Notwithstanding such a death would discredit the holiness of his mission, the followers of Mohammed do not deny this poisoning.—*Robson.*

KALAFAT, A.D. 1854.—On the 11th of March, 1854, a battle was fought between the Turks and Russians, near Kalafat, in European Turkey on the Danube: the Russians were defeated. On the 15th of March the Russians, under Prince Gortchakoff, renewed their attack upon Kalafat, but were defeated with a loss of 2,000 men.

KALISK, A.D. 1706.—Near Kalisk, a city of Poland, the Swedish army was totally defeated by the Poles, in the year 1706. In the year 1835 a grand military muster took place at Kalisk which was attended by the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and other potentates.

KANTH, A.D. 1813.—A bloody battle took place in 1813 between the French and Prussians, near Kanth in Prussia.

KARS, A.D. 1855.—Kars is a city of Asiatic Turkey, 105 miles north-east of Erzroom.

The battle of Kars was fought on the 19th of August, 1855, between the Russians and Turks. The Turks lost 6,000 men, and sixteen pieces of cannon. The Russians lost 5,000 men slain, but remained in possession of the field of battle.

On the 29th of September, 1855, the Russians under General Mouravieff, the commander-in-chief of the Russian forces in Asia Minor, having invested Kars, made preparations to carry it by assault. Kars was occupied by about 16,000 English and Turks, under General Williams. The garrison made a strong resistance, and repeatedly drove back the besiegers; but were finally obliged by famine to capitulate. The conduct of the Russians on this occasion is worthy of all praise. The pale and emaciated appearance of their late foes moved their compassion to such a degree that they broke from their ranks and, rushing forward, offered them refreshments from their own knapsacks. Sixteen thousand prisoners, twelve standards, 130 cannon, and 30,000 muskets fell into the hands of the Russians on this occasion.

KATZBACH, A.D. 1813.—On the 26th of August, 1813, an obstinately contested battle was fought on the banks of the Katzbach, a river in Prussian Silesia, between the French army under Marshal Macdonald, and the Prussians, under Blucher, in which the French were defeated.

KERTCH, A.D. 1855.—On the 16th of December, 1855, a battle was fought between two sotnias of Cossacks, and a strong body of Anglo-Turkish cavalry, under General Vivian, near Kertch, in the Crimea. The allies were defeated, and General Vivian was made prisoner.

KET AND WARWICK, A.D. 1549.—Ket, the Tanner, was the leader of the insurgents in the risings of the people in England in 1549, during the reign of Edward VI. He planted his standard on the summit of Mousehold Hill, near Norwich, erected for himself a throne under a spreading oak, which he called the Oak of Reformation, and established courts of chancery, king's bench, and common pleas, in imitation of the courts in Westminster Hall. In his proclamations he complained that the commons were ground to the dust by the oppression of the rich; and that a new church service had been forced on the people in opposition to the conviction of their consciences; and declared that, if he and his associates had taken up arms, it was for the sole purpose of placing trusty and noble counselors round the king during his minority, and of removing those who confounded things sacred and profane, and regarded nothing but the enriching of themselves with the public treasure, that they might riot in it during the public calamity. Obeyed by 20,000 men, he treated the offer of a pardon with contempt; and when the Marquess of Northampton had entered Norwich with 1,000 English horse, and a body of Italians, under

Malatesta, he attacked the city, set one part of it on fire, and killed the Lord Sheffield and 100 men, and compelled the marquess and his followers to retire out of the county. The government was greatly embarrassed; troops were re-called from the army in Scotland; the gentlemen of the neighboring counties were ordered by proclamation to join the royal forces; and the command was given first to Hertford, the Protector, and afterward to the Earl of Warwick. That nobleman, with 8,000 men, of whom 2,000 were German horse, forced his way into Norwich. Yet so incessant were the insurgents in their attacks, so lavish were they of life, that they often drove the gunners from the batteries, burst open the gates, and fought with the royalists in the streets. The earl commanded his followers to swear on their swords that they would never abandon the place; and by his perseverance was at length able to attain his object, of removing the enemy from their advantageous position. Compelled by want of provisions, Ket descended from the hills: in Dussingdale he was overtaken, by the royal army, his followers were broken by the charge of a large body of regular cavalry, and about 2,000 men perished in the action and the pursuit. The remainder, however, surrounded themselves with a rampart of wagons and a trench, fortified with stakes, and to an offer of pardon, replied that they knew the fate which awaited them, and that it was better to perish by the sword than by the halter. The earl, still apprehensive of the result, spoke to them himself: at his solicitation they accepted a general pardon; and the severity of the law was confined to the execution of Ket, on Norwich Castle; of his brother, on the steeple of Windham, and of nine others on the nine branches of the Oak of Reformation.

KHURD-KABOOL, A.D. 1841.—The British troops on their retreating from Cabool to Jelalabad, in 1841, entered Khurd-Kabool (Little Cabool), a village of Afghanistan, 16 miles south-east from Cabool, and were there attacked, overpowered, and massacred without mercy, by the Afghans.

KILLIECRANKIE, A.D. 1689.—This famous pass in the Grampian Mountains, in Scotland, is in Perth county, 15 miles north-west of Dunkeld. Here the river Garry flows, for nearly two miles through a narrow, rocky, and densely wooded ravine, of great depth, along the side of which the road has been cut, overhanging a terrific precipice. The battle of Killiecrankie, was fought at the north-western extremity of the pass. The most important military post in Athol, was Blair Castle. The house which now bears that name is not distinguished by any striking peculiarity from other country seats of the aristocracy. The old building was a lofty tower of rude architecture, which commanded a narrow valley, watered by the river Garry.

The walls would have offered very little resistance to a battering train; but were quite sufficient to keep in awe the roving herdsmen of the Grampian hills.

About five miles south of this stronghold, the valley of the Garry contracts itself into the celebrated glen of Killiecrankie. At present a highway as smooth as any road near London, ascends gently from the low country to the summit of the defile. White villas peep from the birch forest; and on a fine summer day, at frequent turns of the pass, may be seen some angler, casting his fly on the foam of the river—some artist sketching the pinnacle of a rock, or some party of pleasure banqueting upon its green margins, in the fret-work of shade and sunshine. The country just above this pass, was now the theater of war, such as the Highlanders had seldom witnessed. Men wearing the same tartan, and attached to the same lord, were arrayed against each other. Dundee, of Claverhouse, commanded the Highland clans, while Mackay, an officer of tried courage and caution, commanded the English troops, which had been hastily gathered. Both commanders made a push to seize and occupy this important stronghold.

Early on the morning of the 27th of July, 1689, Dundee arrived at Blair Castle. There he learned that Mackay's troops were already in the ravine of Killiecrankie. It was necessary to come to a prompt decision. A council of war was held. The Saxon officers were generally opposed to hazarding a battle. The Celtic chiefs were of a different opinion. Glengarry and Lochiel, were now both of one mind. "Fight, my lord," said Lochiel, with his usual energy; "fight immediately: fight if you have only one to three. Our men are in heart. Their only fear is that the enemy will escape. Give them their way, and be assured they will either perish or gain a complete victory. But if you restrain them, if you force them to remain on the defensive, I answer for nothing. If we do not fight, we had better break up and retire to our mountains."

Here the countenance of Dundee brightened. "You hear, gentlemen," said he to his Lowland officers—"you hear the opinion of one who understands Highland war better than any of us." But no voice was raised on the other side. A fight was concurred upon, and the confederated clans, in high spirits, set forward to encounter the enemy.

In the mean time, Mackay's troops had made their way up the pass. The ascent had been long and tiresome; for even the

foot soldiers had to climb by twos and threes, and the baggage horses, 1200 in number, could mount only one at a time.

Previous to this battle, no wheeled carriage had ever tugged up this rugged and lofty path. The head of the column had emerged, and was on the table-land, while the rear guard was still in the plain below. At length the passage was effected, and the troops found themselves in a valley of no great extent. Their right was flanked by a rising ground, their left by the Garry. Wearied with the morning's work, they threw themselves on the ground to take some rest and refreshment.

Early in the afternoon, they were aroused by an alarm that the Highlanders were approaching. Regiment after regiment started up and got in order. In a little time, the summit of an ascent, about a musket-shot before them, was covered with bonnets and plaids. Dundee rode forward for the purpose of surveying the foes with whom he had to contend, and drew up his own men with as much skill as the peculiar character of their habits allowed. It was desirable to keep the clans distinct. Each tribe, large or small, formed a column, separated from the next column by a wide interval. One of these battalions might contain 700 men, while another consisted of only 120. Lochiel had represented that it was impossible to mix men of different tribes, without destroying all that constituted the peculiar strength of a Highland army.

Soon a fire of musketry was opened and kept up on both sides, but more skillfully and more steadily by the regular soldiers than by the mountaineers. The space between the two armies was one cloud of smoke. Numbers of the Highlanders dropped, and the clans became impatient. The sun, however, was low in the west, before Dundee gave the order *to prepare for action*. His men raised a great shout. The enemy, probably exhausted by the toils of the day, returned a feeble and wavering cheer. "We shall do it now, that is not the cry of men who are going to win," said Lochiel. He had walked through all his ranks, had addressed a few words to every Cameron, and had taken from every Cameron a promise to conquer or die.

It was now past seven o'clock. Dundee gave the word. The Highlanders dropped their plaids. The few who were so rich as to wear rude socks of untanned cowhide, threw them aside. It was long remembered in Lochabar that Lochiel did the same, and charged barefooted at the head of his men. The whole advanced firing. The enemy returned the fire, and did much execution. When only a small space was left between the two armies, the Highlanders suddenly flung away their firelocks, drew their swords, and rushed forward with a fearful yell. The Lowlanders prepared to receive the shock; but this was a long and awkward process, and the soldiers were still fumbling with the muzzles of their muskets and the handles of their bayonets, when the whole flood of the Macleans, Macdonalds and Camerons came down. In two minutes the battle was lost and won. The ranks of Balfour's regiment broke. He was cloven down while struggling in the press. Ramsay's men turned their backs and dropped their arms. Mackay's own foot troops were swept away by the furious onset of the Camerons. His brother and nephew exerted themselves in vain to rally the men. The former was laid dead on the ground by a stroke from a claymore, the latter, with eight wounds on his body, made his way through the tumult and carnage to his uncle's side. Even in that extremity, Mackay retained all his self-possession. He had still one hope. A charge by the horse might recover the day—for of the horse the bravest Highlanders were supposed to stand in awe. But he called to the horse in vain. Belhaven behaved indeed like a gallant gentleman; but his troopers, appalled by the rout of the infantry, galloped off in disorder. Annandale's men followed; all was over, and the mingled torrent of red coats and tartans went raving down the valley to the gorge of Killiecrankie.—*Macaulay.*

KINBURN, A.D. 1787.—A battle was fought in 1787 near Kinburn, a fortress of Russia, on a tongue of land at the mouth of the Dnieper, between the Turks and the Russians, under Suwarrow, in which the latter gained a signal victory.

BATTLE OF THE KINGS, B.C. 1918.—About the year 1918, B.C., a war broke out between the potentates of the countries adjacent to and in the neighborhood of Sodom and Gomorrah. Five kings contended against four, because the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah refused any longer to pay tribute to the King of Elam. The rebellious parties were vanquished by the King of Elam and his allies. Lot, who had received from his uncle Abraham the fertile and well-watered plains of Sodom and Gomorrah as a residence for himself, his children, and his servants, was taken prisoner by the conquering kings, and his property was despoiled. Abraham being informed of this disaster, applied to his friends and confederates, and his brothers Eshcol and Aner, and adding to their assistance 318 trained and tried servants of his own household, pursued the conquerors, and overtook them when they were on the left of Damascus. He at once attacked them, and the enemy, taken by surprise,

fled after a feeble resistance, and Lot and the other captives were rescued.

KING'S MOUNTAIN, A.D. 1780.—King's Mountain is situated in the vicinity of a village bearing the same name, in Gaston co., in the northern part of South Carolina. It is a rocky ridge, running north and south, and is elevated about one hundred feet above the ravines which encompass it. Its sides are very steep, its summit narrow, and it is about a mile in length.

The Americans at the South were experiencing nothing but reverses. On the 16th of August, 1780, their army under General Gates was defeated at Camden by the British under General Cornwallis, and two days afterward the patriots under Sumter were defeated by the enemy's troops under Tarleton at Rocky Mount. The whole South seemed to be entirely in the power of the royalists. But west of the Wateree were bands of active patriots, who spared no pains to harass the enemy in the upper country. Cornwallis, determined to crush the spirit of rebellion which was still rife, detached Major Ferguson with a strong body of men with orders to scour the upper part of South Carolina, and punish the rebellious patriots with the utmost rigor. As the British advanced through the country they committed the most horrible outrages upon the persons and property of the inhabitants, and thus aroused the patriots to the highest pitch of indignation, filling every breast with a desire for vengeance. In various parts of the country, actuated by one impulse, the inhabitants banded themselves together, and placing themselves under the command of experienced leaders, demanded to be led against Ferguson's marauders. It was decided that each of the officers should collect his men, and that the forces should rendezvous at Watanga, on the 25th of September. Accordingly on that day. Colonel William Campbell with four hundred men from Washington county of Virginia, Colonel Isaac Shelby with two hundred and forty men from Sullivan county of North Carolina, and Lieutenant-Colonel John Sevier, with two hundred and forty men of Washington county of North Carolina, assembled at Watanga, where they were joined by Colonel McDonald with one hundred and sixty men from the counties of Burke and Rutherford. They commenced their march on the twenty-sixth, and on the thirtieth were joined by Colonel Cleveland on the Catawba river, with three hundred and fifty men, from Wilkes and Surrey counties. No one officer having properly a right to the command in chief, an express was dispatched to Major-General Gates, informing him of the situation of the army, and requesting him to send a general officer to take the entire command. Meanwhile, Colonel Campbell was chosen to act as commandant till such general officer should arrive. The army marched to Cowpens, on Broad river in South Carolina, where they were joined by Colonel James Williams, with four hundred men, on the evening of the 6th of October, Colonel Williams informed the American commander that the enemy lay incamped somewhere near the Cherry Ford of the Broad river, about thirty miles from Cowpens. A council of war was held in which it was decided that nine hundred of the best cavalry should be sent in rapid pursuit at once, while the foot, and the weak horse should follow as fast as possible. At eight o'clock the same evening, the American cavalry commenced its march, and after marching all night came within sight of the enemy about three o'clock in the afternoon of the following day. The British army lay incamped on the top of King's Mountain, twelve miles north of the Cherry Ford, in the confidence that they could not be forced from so advantageous a post. Previous to the attack, the following disposition was made: Colonel Shelby's regiment formed a column in the center on the left; Colonel Campbell's regiment another on the right, with part of Colonel Cleveland's regiment led by Major Winston; and Colonel Sevier's troops formed a large column on the right wing. The balance of Cleveland's regiment led by Colonel Cleveland himself, and Colonel Williams's regiment, composed the left wing. In this order the army advanced to within a quarter of a mile of the enemy before they were discovered.*

The following glowing account of the action which followed is extracted from the oration of the Hon. S. T. Preston, delivered on the 4th of October, 1855, at the battle-ground:

"At twelve o'clock, the American army found themselves within three miles of Ferguson's camp on King's Mountain. They halted under an order passed rapidly along the line—an order, perhaps, the most laconic and appropriate ever given under the like circumstances. It was in these words:

"'*Tie up overcoats, prick touch-holes, fresh prime, and be ready to fight.*'

"The officers here determined to divide their force, and to surround the mountain. At this moment an express from Ferguson to Cornwallis was arrested, his dispatches opened, and read aloud to the head of the line. In them he said, "I hold a position on King's Mountain, that all the rebels out of hell can not drive me from." There was no shout or disorder when this was read; but a quiet grim smile passed along the line as they

* Cleveland, Shelby, and Campbell's Official Report.

struck into a double gallop. They drew up along the bank of that little brook; they dismounted and led their horses to these trees, leaving them in charge of a small guard.

"The order of attack was hurriedly made, but with a military skill and discretion that could not be excelled. There was not an error or mistake, or even a miscalculation of marching time from the onset to the end. Each column advanced rapidly along the indicated line, all the lines tending to a common center which was the British incampment at the summit of the ridge. There began a scattering fire, for eight or ten minutes on the center column of the Americans. The patriots moved steadily until Sevier's column, on the right, passed out of the valley in full sight of the enemy. The fire then began in earnest on both sides. The mountaineers proved their skill with the most deadly effect, forcing Ferguson, at the very beginning, to resort to a direct charge. This charge was headed by a company of British regulars, and was worthy the high name and fame of that service. It was boldly and gallantly done, and forced the patriots to give back down the hill; but at that moment Cleveland and Williams appeared on the left, and poured into the charging columns such an awful fire as to stop them before Sevier was routed. The British turned from charging on Sevier, and wheeling, made a terrible dash at Cleveland and Williams on the left, and with like effect, driving them back down the ridge. Sevier, however, rallied instantly, and at the same time Shelby and Campbell appeared with the center column, rising in front along the ridge. These two columns, the center and left, then poured their fire on both flanks of the British, and stopped the charge against Cleveland and Williams. Wheeling rapidly and receiving reinforcements from within the lines, the British then made a third charge directly against the center column, and that irresistible British bayonet again told its story, and Campbell and Shelby were forced back down nearly to the valley. But Cleveland and Williams having rallied their columns, and Sevier's continuing to pour its fire from the left, the British were forced to leave the pursuit of Campbell and Shelby, turned suddenly, and themselves retreated up the ridge. Shelby and Campbell, hearing this tremendous fire on both flanks, finding the British were retreating supposed they were defeated, rallied instantly, and turned in pursuit with loud hurrahs of victory.

"The British turned immediately and attempted a fourth charge. It, however, was then too late—the blood of the mountaineers was hot; they met and repulsed that charge, and drove back the British within their lines. This enabled the three columns of the patriots to meet and literally surround the army of Ferguson. Then came the fierce rage of the battle; a circle of fire hemmed the wolf in his stronghold. The English soldiers proved their breeding in this hour of danger and despair. The regulars with their bayonets, and the Tories with their butcher-knives fastened to the muzzles of the guns, charged on this closing flame with the energy of despair. In vain! The mountain-hunters, calmly, but rapidly loading, and deliberately aiming, each at his mark, sent a death-messenger in every bullet. At every discharge they advanced a few steps, until there was one narrowing circle of flashing flames crackling around their devoted victims. At this moment, the British cavalry were ordered to mount. The order was heard by the Americans. It was the very thing for their rifles, giving a clear mark above the bushes; and as each man threw his leg over his horse, he fell dead on the other side. Ferguson, with a gallantry that seemed to rise with his desperate condition, rode from rank to rank, and from post to post, encouraging, cheering, and driving his men. At length, he found his army pressed, and actually huddled together near the summit of the mountain, and falling as fast as the Americans could load and shoot. He determined on one more charge, and, taking his position at the head of his cavalry, and with a voice that was heard loud above the roar of battle, summoned his men to 'Crush the damned rebels into the earth.' There was a pause for a moment, and one round of the Americans was stopped. Instead of the roar of their rifles, there was heard only the click of the lock—it was the serpent's low warning of coming death. The pause was but for a moment, when Ferguson and Dupoistre, horse and foot, burst like an avalanche down the mountain's side. Before they came within sixty paces of the American line, every rifle was loaded, and under deadly aim. Ferguson was in front, and fell at the first discharge, with seven mortal wounds. The patriots rushed forward to meet the shock as Dupoistre's regulars, with set bayonets, and sabers in rest, came crushing down upon them. Not Agincourt nor Cressy, with all their chivalry, ever felt a shock more fearful than that; but, had the heaven rained British bayonets, it would not have stopped these patriots. The destinies of America, perhaps of mankind, depended on their muscle. Like martyrs, they went to the death; like lions, they rushed to the carnage. Officers and soldiers, with blood-shot eyes, and parched tongues, bounded upon the huddling enemy, until their fierce glare, and hot breath, could be seen and felt by the craven Tory and his bull-dog master; and at the moment they were crouching together for the last spring,

a wild terror-stricken shriek rose above the battle—a yell for quarter. A white flag was run up, arms thrown down, and God's champions shouted 'Victory! Liberty!'"

The engagement lasted an hour and five minutes. The British army consisted of 1,100 men; 240 of the British were slain, and 200 wounded. The remaining 560 were made prisoners. The Americans lost only twenty men, killed; but a great number of them were wounded. On the morning after the battle, a court-martial was held for the purpose of trying the Tory prisoners for murder, and other high crimes. Several were convicted and hanged. Thus ended the bloody tragedy on King's Mountain. The victory was of the utmost importance to the Americans, weakening, irrevocably, the power of the royalists in North and South Carolina.

KIOGE, A.D. 1807.—Near Kiöge, a town of Denmark, in 1807, a small body of Danish militia were defeated by the English troops, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward Duke of Wellington.

KOSSOVO, A.D. 1389.—On the 15th of June, 1389, was fought, near Kossovo, a town of European Turkey, a battle between the Serbs and the Turks, in which the former were defeated, and, with their defeat, the independence of Servia was annihilated.

KOWNO, A.D. 1812.—On the 13th of December, 1812, Marshal Ney, with Napoleon's Old Guard, fiercely fought the Russians who were endeavoring to intercept the retreat of the French army, after their disaster at Moscow, while the main body was crossing the bridge at Kowno in Russia, and by the most heroic exertions kept them back until the whole army had crossed the river Niemen.

KRASNOI.—See *Smolensko*.

KULM, A.D. 1813.—Kulm is a village of Bohemia, sixteen miles north north-west of Leitmimitz at the foot of the Erzzebirge mountains, which are here crossed by the pass of Nollendorf.

The Nollendorf Pass will be ever memorable in history for the decisive battle of Kulm, fought at its foot on the 30th of August, 1813, between the French, commanded by Vandamme, and the allied forces under Count Colloredo Mansfield. The former had been detached by Bonaparte, with nearly 40,000 men, previous to the battle before Dresden, with orders to cross the Elbe, to the rear of the grand allied army, and take up a position on the heights beyond Peterswalde, so as to intercept that communication with Bohemia, but with a strict interdiction against his descending to the plain. Vandamme, however, knowing the small force there was to oppose him in Töplitz, and conceiving that by a bold stroke he might gain that pivot of the allied operations, and intercept the line of their retreat, disregarded his master's orders, and, on the morning of the 29th of August, descended and vigorously attacked Count Osterman, who had been left with about 8,000 men, chiefly Russian guards, to preserve the communications, when the grand allied army advanced on Dresden. Osterman had barely time to post his handful of men across the plain, in the rear of the small village of Oriesten, his left covered by the wooded heights, while his right, composed wholly of cavalry, toward the village of Karwitz, was, as it were *en air*, having but an insignificant—easily turned—marshy tract in the distance, when Vandamme made his attack. Yet, though Osterman's position was an open plain, overlooked and commanded by a range of heights occupied by his enemy—though that truly brave warrior had his left arm broken by a cannon-shot early in the day—though both villages were soon reduced to ashes by a foe outnumbering his force more than four-fold—he did not for a moment quit his glorious post, nor did his furious enemy gain one inch of ground, during the whole day of incessant attack, by successive fresh forces. The only aid to this invincible handful, on this long, hard-fought, day, was given at the last effort of the French near nightfall, when the Archduke John's regiment of dragoons, forming the advance of the allied column which had retreated from Dresden with the King of Prussia, by the Zinnewalde and Eichewalde Pass, was dispatched to Osterman's support by the king, immediately on his arrival at Töplitz. The men or horses of this regiment had scarcely tasted a mouthful of food, or rested, for three days, yet they marched with alacrity, and were in time to share with their brave Russian allies in completely repulsing Vandamme's last attempt, and in obliging him to seek his bivouac in his rear, near Kulm. During the night, Count Colloredo arrived from Theresienstadt, with the Austrian force he had collected, and, conjointly with the Russian and other troops that also joined him on the morning of the 30th, early, attacked Vandamme, driving him successively from all his positions with immense loss. At this critical moment, the Prussian corps of Kleist, which was retiring from the repulse before Dresden, down the Nollendorf Pass, in total ignorance of the proximity of such a foe, most opportunely met Vandamme, flying in confused masses, midway, and, by barring the only retreat, completed the ruin of the French *corps-de-armée*. Vandamme, his officers and men, with all their cannon, baggage and *matériel*, fell into the hands of the allies—a few thousand men excepted, who, by throwing away their arms, escaped separately through the woods, across the

mountains, and regained Bonaparte's head-quarters at Dresden.

KURROCHEE, A.D. 1839.—The British in 1839 took Kurrochee, a town of Scinde on the Indian Ocean, and afterward held it as a military station.

LACEDÆMON, B.C. 272.—The restless, ambitious, insatiable Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, laid siege to Lacedæmon. He arrived in the evening with all his army, and only postponed the attack till the next day;—this delay saved Sparta. As soon as night came, the Lacedæmonians met to deliberate upon the propriety of sending their wives and daughters to the island of Crete; but the women strongly opposed such a determination. One of them, named Archidamia, entered the senate, sword in hand, and addressing the assembly in the name of all the rest, she proudly demanded why the senators had so bad an opinion of her and her companions, as to imagine they could love or endure life after the ruin of their country.

It was resolved that they should not leave the city. As the men were employed, with vigor and celerity, in digging a trench parallel with the camp of the enemy, to enable them to dispute the approach to the city, the women and girls came to join them, and after having exhorted those who would have to fight, to take repose during the night, they measured the length of the trench, and undertook, as their share, a third part of it, which they finished in the course of the day. This trench was nine feet wide, six deep, and 900 long. In all the attacks which took place till Pyrrhus was constrained to raise the siege, these courageous women conducted themselves in a manner worthy of the reputation of their mothers of former days.—*Robson.*

LA COLE MILL, A.D. 1814.—Near La Cole Mill, three miles below Rouse's Point on Lake Champlain, in New York, a battle occurred on the 30th of March, 1814, between the Americans, under General Wilkinson, and a body of Canadians. The Americans were repulsed with a loss of 150 men, killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy was not so great.

LANGSIDE, A.D. 1568.—The battle of Langside was fought on the 15th of May, 1568, between the forces of the regent of Scotland, the Earl of Murray, and the army of Mary, Queen of Scots. The latter was completely defeated, and immediately after this battle, the unfortunate queen fled for safety to England, where she was soon afterward imprisoned by her sister Elizabeth of England.

LAON, A.D. 1411.—Laon, in France, has sustained several sieges. In 1411 it was taken by the troops of the Duke of Burgundy, after a siege of three days; in 1419 it was besieged and taken by the English; in 1429 it was retaken by the French, and in 1594 it was captured by Henry IV. In the year 1814 Laon was the scene of some severe fighting between the French and the allies. The Prussians under Blucher having occupied the town, their position was unsuccessfully attacked on the 9th of March, by the French, under Napoleon; and the Prussians having cut to pieces and dispersed the corps of Marmont during the night, Napoleon was obliged to withdraw from before the town on the 11th.

LASWAREE, A.D. 1803.—In the year 1803, the native troops of Dowlet Row Sindea, were signally defeated by the British, under Lord Lake, near Laswaree, in India.

LAVAL, A.D. 1466.—Laval in France was taken by the English in 1466, and retaken by the French in 1467. It was also the scene of military operations in the Vendean war, at the close of the last century.

LEICESTER. See *Naseby.*

LEIPSIC, A.D. 1631.—Leipsic is situated in an extensive and fertile plain, on the river Elster, here joined by the Pleissee and Parde, in Saxony, and is one of the most important commercial towns of Germany.

The plains of Leipsic have thrice been deluged with the blood of hostile armies; and in two instances the battles fought are among the most important and memorable struggles of Europe. The first battle was fought on the 7th of September 1631, between the army of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and that of the Catholic German generals Tilly and Pappenheim. The army of the King of Sweden consisted of 30,000 men, of whom 13,000 were cavalry. The infantry consisted of 13,000 Swedes, and 11,000 Saxons, the cavalry of 9,000 Swedes and 4,000 Saxons. The imperial army consisted of 32,000 men, of whom 11,000 were cavalry. On the 5th of September, Gustavus Adolphus and the Elector, John George of Saxony, completed their alliance; and on the same day, the imperial army under Tilley laid siege to Leipsic. After a heavy cannonade, and a severe struggle the town surrendered, and Tilly with his troops entered in triumph. The field-marshal, it is said, took up his quarters in the house of a grave-digger, and as his eye fell upon the skull and cross-bones with which its owner had ornamented the door-way, he turned pale at the evil omen.

He was about to try his strength with the "Lion of the North;" and for the first time the unconquered general was to meet a foe worthy of his arms; but whether his conscience smote him for his cruelties at Magdeburg, or whether he really feared his formidable opponent is all conjecture; it is sufficient to know that Tilly on this occasion exhibited but little of that decision of character for which he had been so highly distinguished. On the 6th of September, Tilly moved out of the city and incamped in a fortified position, between the little towns of Mockern (the scene of Blucher's victory over Ney in 1813) and Entritzsh. There he resolved to await the arrival of Altringer who was already on the march from Erfurt. When Tilly learned that Gustavus Adolphus and John George had formed an alliance, he called a council of war, in which it was decided to give battle to the King of Sweden. Tilly, depressed in spirits, at first resolved to act on the defensive only; but Pappenheim urgently insisted on a battle, and the field-marshal at length reluctantly gave his consent. The imperial army broke up their camp, and took up a new position with Breitenfeld on the left, and Seehausen on the right. In their front lay the villages of Podelwitz, on the left the village of Grebschelwitz. John George of Saxony was anxious to expel the imperial troops from his territory; and was urgent in his entreaties that Gustavus should at once advance against Tilly. The King of Sweden acceded to his request, and on the 6th of September the army commenced its march from Duben, in two columns, the Swedes on the right and the Saxons on the left. On the morning of the 7th the allied armies arrived within an hour's march of the enemy, and Gustavus immediately made his dispositions for the approaching battle. The King of Sweden planted his army between the villages of Grebschelwitz and Podelwitz. The allied army was divided into two columns, the right consisting of Swedes, the left of Saxons. The right wing of the Swedish army was commanded by Gustavus Adolphus in person, the center by General Tueffel, and the left wing by General Horn. The cavalry was on the wings, and was interspersed with foot soldiers. The Saxon army was under the command of the Elector John George; and in advance of both armies, nearly in the center of the space between them, was planted the artillery consisting of nearly a hundred pieces of cannon. A number of light cannon were also distributed among the troops. Many of these pieces were four pounders, and some were made of iron, and others of leather hooped with iron bands. The leather cannons were very light, and were carried by the foot soldiers, interspersed among the infantry. Tilly's army was planted in a single line, with its left wing extending beyond the right wing of the Swedish army, ten men deep; the cavalry was on the wings, unsupported by infantry, and there were no reserves. The artillery, consisting of 16 and 24 pounders, was stationed in the center. Tilly commanded the right wing; the left was under the command of Pappenheim and Count Furstenberg.

The battle was opened at twelve o'clock, by a furious cannonade on both sides, which continued nearly two hours. While the King of Sweden was maneuvering with his right wing, to avoid the consequences of the enemy's fire in that quarter, Pappenheim, with his cavalry, charged furiously upon the Swedish left flank; but a withering fire from the musketeers which were stationed among the cavalry on that side, drove him back with loss. Bannier rushed from the Swedish right with a body of infantry, and fiercely assailed the imperial troops under the Duke of Holstein. The imperialists were broken before the fierce charge, and the duke was mortally wounded. Pappenheim now charged the Swedish right wing with his troops so furiously, that had not Bannier hastened to its aid, it would have been broken; but the gallant Swedes fought with such fury that the imperial cavalry was again hurled back to their own line. Meanwhile, Count Furstenberg, with his troopers, assailed the Saxons, who had just formed, and such was the fury of the onset that the Saxons were scattered in all directions, and fled frantically across the plains. The elector succeeded in rallying a few only, who took up a position in rear of the left wing of the Swedish army. Pappenheim, wishing to unite his corps with that of Furstenberg, moved across the Swedish front, from right to left, thus exposing his troops to the fire of the Swedish battery in the center, which opened upon them with fearful effect. The battle now raged furiously. Tilley's men advanced rapidly to the fight; but the Swedes gallantly maintained their ground, and, in spite of the efforts of the field-marshal, who galloped furiously to every part of the plain, calling upon his men to fight on, and encouraging them, by the example of his own valor, his army was gradually beaten back at all points; the imperial artillery fell into the hands of the Swedes, and was turned upon the retreating army, and the retreat soon became a rout. Tilly himself was wounded, and narrowly escaped being made prisoner. The victorious Swedes pursued the fugitives, with great slaughter, until nightfall, when the pursuers were recalled.

In this battle the imperialists lost 7,000 killed, 5,000 wounded, and 3,000 prisoners. The artillery, baggage, colors, and all the

paraphernalia of Tilly's camp, fell into the hands of the victors. Gustavus Adolphus lost 3,000 men, in killed and wounded, of whom 1,000 only were Swedes. This battle caused the name of Gustavus Adolphus to be feared by his enemies; the victory was decisive, and the Protestant religion, for which the King of Sweden fought, was triumphant in Germany.

The second battle of Leipsic was fought between the army of the Protestant general Torstenson, and the imperial army of Saxony, under the Archduke Leopold William, and Piccolomini, on the 2d of November, 1642. The imperial troops were defeated with great loss.

Of the three battles near Leipsic, that of the 18th of October, 1813, was most remarkable for its extent and duration, the magnitude of the contending armies, and the importance of its consequences. For the campaign of 1813, the allied powers had formed the plan of operating on the flanks of Napoleon, and uniting in his rear. With this view, the movements of the Silesian army under Blucher, and of the northern army under the crown prince, Charles John of Sweden (Bernadotte), were directed to the lower Elbe, and the movements of the main army, under Schwartzenberg, to the upper Elbe. Circumstances finally determined the country around Leipsic as the place where the junction should be formed, and Napoleon cut off from the Saal. In all probability, Napoleon was well aware of this project, but expected to frustrate it. A rapid march between the Mulda and the Elbe, a quick passage over the latter river at Dessau, ostensibly with the view of advancing upon Berlin, were to deceive and retard the northern army, and give Napoleon time to turn against Schwartzenberg, and drive him to the mountains of Saxony. If he was defeated, Blucher and John were to be defeated and destroyed.

In conformity with the plan of the allies, the great Bohemian army of 120,000 men marched on the 12th of October, in three columns, against Leipsic, over the Erzebirge. Napoleon, meanwhile, assembled his forces in and around Leipsic. On the 15th of October, the French emperor mustered his army, and gave his orders to the generals. His whole force consisted of about 90,000 men, the corps of Ney and Regnier being still on the road, or employed under Marmont, in covering the country to the northward. In the case of defeat the pass of Lindenau was to be secured by the troops of Bertrand. The army of the allies was under the command of Prince Schwartzenberg, although the monarchs of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, were present. Schwartzenberg intended to attack the French position in three columns. The allied troops were put in motion at about seven o'clock in the morning of the 16th of October; they carried the French outposts at the villages of Mackleburg, Wachau, and Lieberwolkwitz. At about nine o'clock the action became general, and the thunder of innumerable pieces of artillery shook the air. The soldiers of both parties were animated by the most brilliant courage. The fight for the possession of the villages was terrible. Six times did the brave Russians and Austrians return to the attack of these villages, and six times were they repulsed by the invincible courage of the French troops under Lauriston, supported by Macdonald's corps, and Sebastiani's dragoons. At eleven o'clock Macdonald brought up his whole corps in an oblique direction from Holzhausen, and taking Klenau's attacking corps in flank, he pressed upon it so fiercely that the Austrians were driven back, and a battery which they had established on the heights of Kolmberg was taken by Charpentier's division. Encouraged by this success on his left, and deeming the enemy in front of Lieberwolkwitz sufficiently exhausted by three hours' continued and severe fighting, Napoleon, who arrived at noon on the heights behind Wachau, followed by the Guards and cuirassiers, resolved to put in force his favorite measure of a grand attack on the enemy's center. With this view, two divisions of the Young Guard, under Oudinot, were brought up and stationed close behind Wachau; two others under Mortier, were sent to Lieberwolkwitz; Augereau was dispatched to support Poniatowsky, who with a considerable body of Milhaud's cavalry, had resisted every attempt of the enemy to cross the Elster, near the village of Mark-Kleberg; and behind Augereau the Old Guard moved forward to Doelitz to support either the right or center, as circumstances might require. Finally, Druout, with 60 guns of the Old Guard, was brought to the front of the center, and these pieces moving steadily forward, soon made the earth shake by their rapid and continued fire. The allied center was unable to resist this desperate attack. Victor and Oudinot, preceded by the terrible battery, rapidly gained ground; and Napoleon deeming the battle gained, caused the bells of Leipsic to be rung in honor of victory. Schwartzenberg seeing his center so nearly forced by the impetuous attack of the French Guard, ordered up the Austrian reserve, under Prince Hesse-Homberg, from Zobigker. They were hurried as fast as possible across the river; but meanwhile, Napoleon ordered up his reserve cavalry, under Latour Maubourg and Kellerman, while an attack by infantry, under Charpentier, was ordered on an old intrenchment on a hill, called the Swedish redoubt,

DEFEAT OF PORUS AT HYDASPES

where the bones of the warriors of the great Gustavus Adolphus reposed, which had been won from the French in the early part of the day. So vehement, however, was the fire from the batteries on the summit, that the assaulting regiments paused at the foot of the hill. Napoleon hastened to the spot. "What regiment is that?" said he to Charpentier. "The 22d light infantry," replied the general. "That is impossible," said Napoleon; "the 22d would never allow themselves to be cut down by grapeshot, without taking their muskets from their shoulders." These words being repeated to the regiment, they were so stung by the reproach, that, breaking into a charge, they ran up the hill, and carried the post; which gave the French a decisive advantage in that part of the field.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, Kellerman, at the head of 6,000 horse, debouched from Wachau, and supported by several squares of infantry, advanced rapidly against the retiring columns of Prince Eugene, of Wirtemberg, in the allied center. Three regiments of Russian cuirassiers, under Lewachow, were thrown in the way of the charge; but they were speedily overwhelmed, and driven back with great loss. Schwartzenberg now brought up the Austrian cuirassiers of the Guard to the point of danger. This superb corps, consisting of six regiments, cased in steel, the very flower of the Austrian army, under Count Nostitz, after crossing the Pleisse, at Groben, arrived at the menaced point, at the same moment with the Guards and reserve of Alexander, which had been sent forward to the point of danger, by the advice of Jomini. The united forces bore down with loud shouts and irresistible force on the flank of Kellerman's dragoons, who, overwhelmed by superior numbers, were routed and driven back in great disorder to the heights behind Wachau, where they re-formed under cover of the batteries in the French center. Meanwhile, Latour Maubourg, and Murat, at the head of 4,000 cuirassiers of the Guard, bore down on the flank of the allied right, while Victor and Lauriston assailed it in front.

This double charge was at first attended with great success. Though the brave Latour Maubourg had his leg carried off by a cannon-shot, the ponderous mass advanced in admirable order under Bordesoult, broke by a charge in flank Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg's infantry, routed ten light squadrons of the Russian Guard, which strove to arrest its progress, and captured twenty-six guns. So violent was the onset, so complete the opening made in the center of the allies, by this terrible charge, that the French horsemen pushed on to the position where the Emperor Alexander and King of Prussia had taken their station, and they were obliged to mount on horseback, and retire a little distance to the rear, to avoid being made prisoners. Alexander ordered the red Cossacks of the Guard to charge the enemy in flank, while the reserve cavalry of Barclay were also ordered up, and the last reserve batteries directed to open their fire. These dispositions and rapidly executed orders changed the fate of the day, and the French cavalry were driven back to their own lines. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the Austrian reserves came up to the front at all points, and shortly afterward the sound of cannon on the north announced the approach of Marmont and Ney, but they were too closely pressed by Blucher to render Napoleon any further assistance than to maintain themselves against the furious attack of the Prussians. Napoleon resolved to make one more effort for victory; with this view, between five and six o'clock, he re-formed his reserve cavalry behind Lieberwolkwitz. Victor and Lauriston's corps were thrown into a deep column of attack, and preceded by a numerous array of artillery, advanced against Gossa. The French drove madly to the charge, opening their artillery as they advanced, threw the corps of Gorzakow into confusion, and took Gossa; but Schwartzenberg, bringing up the Prussian division of Pirsch, assailed the French so vigorously that the village was re-taken, and the enemy's column driven back; while a powerful Russian battery of eighty pieces of the Guard, by the precision and rapidity of their fire, arrested the progress of the French in that quarter. Excessive fatigue prevented either party from making any further efforts in the center and left, and the battle there was reduced to a furious cannonade, which continued, without intermission, until nightfall.

Late in the evening, Meerfeldt, at the head of the leading battalion, advanced to attack the French right flank near Mark-Kleberg, when he was assailed by a division of the Old Guard, and Poniatowsky's Poles in flank, and driven, with great loss, into the Elster. Meerfeldt himself, with a whole battalion, was made prisoner.

On the other side of the Elster, Giulay was engaged the whole day, with various success, against Bertrand's corps; but the French, fighting for Lindenau, their only line of retreat in case of disaster, finally drove the Austrians back, and kept the communication with the grand army free from obstruction.

Battle of Mockern.—To the north of Leipsic, a conflict took place between the armies of Blucher and Ney. Ney drew up his troops in a strong position, the right in front of a wood of some extent in the neigh-

borhood of Brietenfeldt. The army of the French marshal consisted of about 25,000 foot, and 3,000 horse, while that of Blucher was composed of over 50,000 men. After a most desperate conflict, the French yielded to superior numbers, and retired behind the Partha, having lost an eagle, two standards, twenty guns, and 2,000 prisoners, besides 4,000 in killed and wounded.

On the 17th of October, the arms of the contending forces were permitted to repose by a tacit agreement; the allies waited for the arrival of their third main body, under Benningsen, from Dresden, by way of Grimma, and Napoleon was meditating an honorable retreat, for which purpose he attempted to open negotiations with the allies, by means of the captive Austrian count, Meerfeldt. From this endeavor the allies ascertained his weakness, and refused to listen to the proposals. Schwartzenberg, therefore, made his dispositions for a grand attack on the morning of the 18th.

Napoleon, during the night of the 17th, made considerable changes in the disposition of his troops. He had now brought up his whole reserves from Duben; and Regnier, with his Saxons, now reduced to 8,000 men, had joined the standards of Ney on the Partha. The whole army effected a change in front to the left, the left wing being thrown back, and Connewitz, on the extreme right, serving as a pivot. Poniatowsky was stationed there on the edge of the Elster. The whole army, now not numbering more than 160,000 men, was arranged in a semicircle, facing outward from the Elster, to the extreme left, which rested on the Partha to the north of Leipsic. The line, thus contracted, abandoned Wachau, Lieberwolkwitz, and the heights in their rear, the object of such fierce contention on the preceding day; it ran from Connewitz to Probstheyda, in which last village Victor was stationed. Napoleon, in person, with the Imperial Guard, occupied a central position, on the Thonberg, from which he could succor any point that might be peculiarly menaced. Bertrand remained in his old position at Lindenau.

Schwartzenberg, with his immense army of 280,000 men, made preparations to press upon the columns of the French from all sides of the narrow circle into which they had now retired.

The force of the allies was more numerous than had ever been assembled in one field during modern times; and with the assistance of their formidable array of artillery, consisting of nearly 1400 cannons, a victory over the comparative small force of the French emperor seemed certain. The grand army of Bohemia, and Benningsen's reserve from Poland was formed into three columns; the right under Benningsen was directed to advance against Holzhausen, where the French troops under Macdonald were stationed; the center under Barclay de Tolly was to advance straight upon Wachau, while the left under the Prince of Hesse-Homberg was to move forward by the edge of the Elster, from Connewitz, and Mark-Kleberg on Doelitz and Leipsic. To the north of Leipsic, the prince-royal and Blucher, now nearly 100,000 strong, had made their arrangements for a decisive engagement; the former with his own troops and the corps of Langeron, was to cross the Partha, turn Ney's right, and force him back upon Leipsic, while Blucher with his two remaining corps of Sacken and d'York, was to remain on the right bank of the Partha, and drive all before him who should remain on that side of the river.

"At length," says Alison, "the battle of the giants commenced. The 18th of October dawned, and the last hour of the French empire began to toll. At nine, Napoleon took his station on the Thomberg; the enemy's columns were already approaching with rapid strides on all sides, and their heads were soon seen surmounting the hills of Wachau, and driving like chaff before the wind, the French detachments which were stationed to retard their advance to the intermediate villages. Inexpressibly awful was the spectacle which their advance afforded to the agitated multitude who thronged the steeples of Leipsic. As far as the eye could reach, the ground was covered with an innumerable multitude of men and horses; long deep masses marked the march of the infantry, dazzling lines of light indicated the squadrons of cavalry; the glancing of the bayonets in the rays of the sun sparkled like crests of foam on a troubled sea, while a confused murmur arising from the neighing of horses, the march of the columns, the rolling of the guns, was heard like the rolling of distant thunder." The allied left under the Prince of Hesse-Homberg first came into action; the Austrians were resisted by the Poles on the banks of the Elster, under the brave Poniatowsky, whom Napoleon had created Marshal of France on the preceding day, with heroic valor; but they were unable to withstand the superior numbers and vehement attacks of the Austrians, and gave ground. Napoleon, with two divisions of the Young Guard, under Oudinot, repaired to the spot, while the Old Guard under Mortier, was stationed in the rear in the suburbs of Leipsic; the steady countenance of these veterans restored the combat; Prince Hesse-Homberg was wounded, and though the Poles were driven back after hard fighting to Con-

newitz, all the efforts of the Austrians under Bianchi could not dislodge Poniatowsky from that village, even with the aid of Giulay's corps, which Schwartzenberg dispatched to their support. "The village of Probstheyda formed the salient angle of the position occupied by the French around Leipsic and as such it became early in the day, the object of the most vehement contention between the opposite parties. In the first instance the progress of the allies in the center was rapid. Liebenwolkwitz and Wachau, the scene of such bloody struggles on the 16th, were abandoned after a slight combat of advanced posts; the allied artillery was hurried forward amid loud shouts to the summits of the hills of Wachau, and soon 200 pieces of cannon, arrayed along the heights, began to send an iron tempest into the French columns. But, meanwhile, Napoleon's batteries were not idle; sensible of the inferiority of their pieces in point of number to those of the enemy, the men endeavored to supply the deficiency by the rapidity of their fire, and their guns were worked with extraordinary vigor. Every cannon that could be brought to bear on either side was hurried to the front, and soon 800 pieces of artillery discharged their fire, or played on the hostile masses in a space of not more than half a league in breadth in the center of the army. In the midst of this tremendous fire, Prince Augustus of Prussia, and General Prisch received orders with Kleist's corps to carry Probstheyda. Swiftly they moved over the intervening open space, and entered the village with such vigor that they reached its center before the onset could be arrested; but there they were met by Victor and Lauriston, at the head of dense masses who combatted with such resolution that they were driven back. Prince Augustus re-formed his men and again moved into the village, followed by Wittgenstein's Russians and nearly the whole of Kleist's corps. Such was the vehemence of the onset that the French were entirely expelled; the fugitives and wounded overspread the plain which extended toward Leipsic. Napoleon instantly hastened to the spot with the two remaining divisions of the Young Guard; the steady columns made their way through the crowd of fugitives, and did not return to the Thomberg until they had entirely expelled the enemy from the village. Again the Russians under Wittgenstein and Benningsen's reserves were brought up to the attack, and dislodged the French, but a third time the invincible soldiers of Lauriston and Victor recovered their post and hurled the assailants back with frightful loss into the allied ranks."

On the right the Prussians marched against Holzhausen and Zuckelhausen, followed by a part of Benningsen's Russians in reserve. At the same time Platoff, with 6,000 Cossacks, by a circuitous sweep, turned the extreme left of the French on this side, and threatened the rear of Macdonald's corps. That general, in consequence, abandoned Holzhausen, and fell back to Stoeteritz, warmly pursued by the Prussians; but such was the vehemence of the French batteries of 100 guns, posted on either side of Probstheyda, that the Prussians were forced to recoil, glad to seek refuge in the nearest hollows from the fearful tempest. Still further to the allied right, Bubna's light horse, with a body of Platoff's Cossacks, pushed across the plain, beyond the reach of the combatants, and opened up a communication with Bernadotte's outposts, which soon made their appearance from the direction of Taucha; united they fell upon the rear of the Wirtemberg brigade of Normann, which immediately abandoned the colors of France, and ranged itself under the banners of the allies.

Schwartzenberg, finding that the resistance of the enemy, on the south of Leipsic, was so obstinate, and that the assault of the villages was attended with such a fearful loss of life, ordered his columns over the whole semicircle to the south, to seek refuge in the nearest hollows from the dreadful effect of the enemy's batteries, and for the remainder of the day confined his attack on that side to another and more powerful arm. The whole cannon of the grand army, amounting to above 800 pieces, were brought forward to the front, arranged in the form of a vast semicircle, two leagues in length, from Loesnitz by the ridges of Wachan toward Holzhausen, and during the remainder of the day kept up an incessant and most destructive fire on the enemy's columns. The French batteries in that direction, which numbered about 500 pieces, answered with unconquerable vigor, and Lauriston and Victor's men, with heroic resolution, repeatedly rushed out of Probstheyda and pushed forward toward the hostle batteries; but, as soon as they came within the range of grape-shot, the heads of the densest columns were swept away, and the broken remains recoiled behind the shelter of the houses. For four mortal hours this awful scene lasted, till nightfall; the allied batteries continuing, like a girdle of flame, their dreadful fire, while the French masses, devoted to death, still closed their ranks as they wasted away, but with unconquerable resolution maintained their ground. In Probstheyda, Vial, Rochambeau, and several generals of inferior note, were killed, and great numbers wounded during this fearful interval; but still their columns stood firm beneath the tempest, exhibiting a sublime example of human valor,

rising superior to all the storms of fate. While this terrible conflict was going on to the south of Leipsic, Ney and Marmont had to maintain their ground against still more overwhelming odds on the banks of the Partha. Ney, finding himself outnumbered, adopted the same change of front which Napoleon had followed to the south of Leipsic, and drawing back his men to Schoenfeld, Sellenhausen and Sluntz, extended across to Regnier's corps, which was established at Paunadorf. Thus the whole French army was now arrayed in a circle around the city, having its right under Poniatowsky, resting on the Pleisse at Connewitz, and the extreme left under Marmont, at the confluence of the Partha and Elster, below the gate of Rosenthal. But now an incident occurred on this side, which depressed the French as much as it elated the allies. A brigade of Saxon cavalry, as soon as the Russians approached the heights of Heiter Bleik, where it was stationed, instead of resisting, passed over to the allied ranks. This example was speedily followed by two Saxon brigades of foot, with their whole artillery, and the Wirtemberg horse of Normann, as already noticed, immediately after also went over to the enemy. The Saxon cannoneers, immediately after their going over, pointed their guns against the French lines, and tore in pieces the ranks of their former comrades by a point-blank discharge. Regnier's force thus weakened, was reduced to the single division of Durutte, and threatened on the right by Bubna from the Bohemian army, and on the left by Bulow from that of the Prince Royal, was compelled to fall back to Sellenhausen, almost close to Leipsic. Ney, informed of the catastrophe, hastened to reinforce Regnier by Delmas's division of his own corps; while Marmont, to keep abreast of the retrograde movement in other points, withdrew his troops in a similar degree, with the exception of his extreme left, which still stood firm at Schoenfeld. The allied troops now pressed forward at all points to incircle the enemy, and force them back at the point of the bayonet, into the suburbs of Leipsic; while the French, roused to the highest pitch of indignation by the shameful defection of their allies, made the most desperate and heroic resistance. Napoleon, informed of the defection of the Saxons, and that Schoenfeld, almost a suburb of Leipsic, was threatened, hastened with the cuirassiers of Nansouty, and a division of the Young Guard, to the menaced point. On the arrival of these veterans, Durutte and Delmas had been driven close to Leipsic; the Swedish troops had penetrated to Kuhlgaesten on the very edge of the city; while Langeron furiously assaulting Schoenfeld, had three times penetrated into that village, and as often been dislodged by the heroic courage of Marmont's men. Nansouty and the Guards were immediately pushed forward, and rapidly made their way almost unresisted, in at an opening filled only by a cordon of light-troops between the extreme right of the army of Bohemia, under Bubna, and the extreme left of the Prince Royal under Bulow; but before it had advanced far, they were assailed with such vigor on the right by Bubna, and on the left by Bulow, supported by the English rocket brigade, under the direction of Captain Bougue, that they were forced to retire, after Delmas had been slain, with great loss.* Schoenfeld at the same time was vehemently attacked by Count Langron, and as gallantly defended by Marmont; five times did the Russians penetrate in, and five times they were driven out by the devoted courage of the French; Marmont's aide-de-camp was struck down by his side; General Campans was wounded; General Frederic killed in this terrible struggle. At length, at six at night, it was carried a sixth time, amid terrific cheers, and remained finally in the hands of the Russians; while 4,000 of their bravest soldiers, and an equal number of its intrepid defenders, lay dead or weltering in their blood in its streets.

This was the last considerable operation of the day. Both parties were so much exhausted by the long continuance of this mortal struggle, that neither felt inclined to renew hostilities. Notwithstanding his ill fortune, Napoleon had been able to fill the chasms in his ranks, and repair his disadvantages; his line was nowhere broken, nor was he even assailed in the rear, and a fair retreat seemed possible for the French. The near approach of the enemy on all sides, convinced Napoleon that the position of Leipsic had become untenable, and his ammunition being nearly exhausted, his army fatigued and weakened by defection, he felt that he could not make a successful resistance against the overwhelming army which was brought against him, and reluctantly made his dispositions for a retreat. No words can describe the state of horror and confusion in which the inhabitants of Leipsic were kept during the whole night after the battle. The prodigious multitude of wounded who had been brought in during the day had filled to overflowing every house in the city; the maimed and the dying were lying, without either bandages for their wounds, or coverings for their bodies, in the streets; while the incessant rolling of artillery wagons and caissons, on every avenue leading to Lindenau, the cries of the drivers, the

* This was the first occasion that this new and most formidable implement of modern warfare was brought into action.—*Alison.*

neighing of the horses as the wheels of the carriages were locked together, and the continued march of the columns, kept every eye open, in that scene of unutterable woe, during the whole night. At eight, Napoleon left his quarters on the Thomberg, and took up his quarters in the hotel of Prussia. The King of Saxony, amid the wreck of his fortunes, was chiefly inconsolable from the defection of his troops during the battle, and repeatedly requested counsel from Napoleon how he should act in the crisis. The emperor had the generosity to leave him altogether unfettered in the course he was to pursue, and more than once expressed his admiration of the constancy of a prince who was the same friend in disaster as he had been when fortune smiled the brightest. Early on the morning of the 19th, the allied generals made preparations for a general attack on Leipsic. The French army was in full retreat; but there were still nearly 60,000 men in Leispic, besides an equal number who were defiling on the road to France; the barriers were all strongly pallisaded, the adjacent walls and houses loopholed; and such a force, defending house by house, the suburbs of the city so defended, could certainly, it was hoped, make good the post till the evacuation of the ammunition wagons and cannon was effected. The allies soon drew themselves around the city, like a huge serpent preparing to crush its victim with one contraction of its powerful muscles. Napoleon barely had time to escape before two of the gates were forced, and the allies entered, in spite of the determined resistance of the enemy, into the city. The French resisted with the most heroic valor; but, overwhelmed by the mighty host which came pouring upon them, they were forced back; the barriers were beaten down, and the allies rushed into the city at all points, bearing down all opposition, and driving before them an enormous mass of soldiers, carriages, artillery, and wagons, which, with the French rear guard everywhere yet fighting bravely, was rolled slowly onward toward the west, like a huge monster, bleeding at every pore, yet still unsubdued. At this dreadful moment the great bridge of Lindenau, the only remaining passage over the Elster, was blown into the air with a frightful explosion. The mine which had been run under it by order of Napoleon, had been fired prematurely. A shriek of horror, more terrible even than the loudest cries of battle, burst from the dense multitude which crowded at the edge of the chasm, when they found the arch destroyed; the ranks immediately broke; the boldest threw themselves into the river, where a few escaped across, but the greater part perished in the deep and muddy channel. Macdonald, by great exertions, succeeded in reaching the brink, and plunging in, swam his horse across and escaped. Poniatowsky also reached the side, and spurred his horse on; but his charger, exhausted with fatigue, reeled as he strove to mount the opposite bank, and fell backward into the river, where his master perished beneath the turbid water. Lauriston, Regnier, and twenty other generals, with 15,000 soldiers, besides 23,000 sick and wounded, and the King of Saxony, fell into the hands of the victors. The total loss of the French, in prisoners, killed, and wounded, during the three days of battle, was about 60,000 men. 300 cannon, and an immense quantity of baggage, etc., constituted the trophies of the allies. The loss of the allies was also great, amounting to nearly 50,000 men, in killed and wounded. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th the carnage ceased at all points; the rattle of musketry was no longer heard, and a distant roar in all directions alone indicated that the waves of this terrible tempest were gradually sinking to rest. The French army was allowed to retreat unpursued, and the next day arrived near Lutzen, and on the morning following resumed their march toward Freylung. The funeral of the hero Poniatowsky was celebrated on the 20th of October, with extraordinary pomp, by the allied sovereigns, who recognized in him, although an enemy, a warrior, whose military career had been unsullied, and who, in the last extremity, preferred death to disgrace. The next day the allies commenced a pursuit of the retreating army.

LEPANTO, A.D. 1475.—Lepanto is a seaport town of Greece, government of Ætolia, on the north coast of the gulf of Lepanto, twelve miles north-east of Patros. The town is fortified and defended with a castle, built on an eminence. Being ceded by the emperor to the Venetians, it was fortified by them, and in the year 1475 stood a siege of four months against the Turks, who lost 30,000 men. Near this town, Don John of Austria obtained a victory over the Turkish fleet, on the 7th of October, 1571. Cervantes, the celebrated author of Don Quixote, fought as a soldier in this battle, and had his left hand shot off by an arquebus.

LERIDA, A.D. 1707.—In 1707, Lerida, in Spain, was stormed by the French during the War of the Succession; and in 1810 it was again taken by the French, under Suchet.

LEUCTRA, B.C. 371.—Thebes, one of the most powerful cities of Greece, and with it the whole of Bœotia, was in the possession of the Lacedæmonians. But about the year 380, two illustrious citizens of Thebes, Pelopidas and Epaminondas, formed the design of restoring the liberty of their country, by removing the yoke of bondage which the Spar-

tans had placed upon it. Although during the whole Peloponnesian war, Sparta found faithful allies in the Thebans, yet the Spartans were ever suspicious of their strength and spirit, and not only seized their strongest castle, called Cadmea, and garrisoned it with troops to protect the nobles who governed the city, subject to the inspection of the Lacedæmonians, but they banished many of the most influential and wealthy citizens of Thebes from the city. Among these exiles was Pelopidas; but Epaminondas, being despised as a man of no power on account of his poverty, they suffered to remain. Such indignities aroused the Thebans to a high state of indignation. Epaminondas discoursed with the young men, and inspired them with a passionate desire to throw off the Spartan yoke. Pelopidas went from one exile to another, and abjured them not to leave their native city, enslaved and garrisoned by tyrants, but to return and assist in expelling the enemy. Excited to enthusiasm by his words, the exiles agreed to follow his advice. A plot was now laid for the destruction of the magistrates and generals who were charged with the government of Thebes. Every arrangement being perfected both by the conspirators and their friends in the city, a day for the execution of the project was fixed upon. On that day Pelopidas and his friends entered the city disguised as peasants, separately, and at different gates. The governors and magistrates had been invited to a supper, by one of the conspirators' friends who had managed to be appointed secretary to the magistrates, and were heated with wine when it was whispered about that the exiles had returned into the city. But the conspirators were already at the head of their men, and by a stratagem effected an entrance into the banquet-hall, and put all the guests to the sword. Leontides, one of the magistrates, who was not at the festival, was surprised in his bed. But upon the entrance of some of the conspirators he seized his sword, and made such a desperate resistance that several of his enemies were slain before he was killed himself. The doors of the prisons were now broken open, and 500 prisoners liberated. The Thebans were called upon to resume their liberty, and arms were distributed among them. All the exiles who had sought refuge in Athens arrived the next morning completely armed, and were soon followed by 5,000 foot soldiers and 500 horsemen, whom the Athenians had sent to the assistance of the Thebans, under the command of Demophoön. These troops together with others which shortly afterward joined them from all the cities of Bœotia, formed an army of 12,000 foot soldiers, and 2,000 horsemen. Without loss of time this army besieged the castle Cadmea, which was defended by 1,500 Lacedæmonians, besides 3,000 Thebans who, alarmed at the state of affairs, had taken refuge there. The besieged made a vigorous resistance; but at length the scarcity of provisions compelled them to capitulate, and the castle was surrendered into the hands of the Thebans. The Lacedæmonians now made vigorous preparations for war. To Agesilaus was given the command of the troops against Thebes. He entered Bœotia, and did considerable damage to the Thebans; but not without great loss on his own side. The Theban and Lacedæmonian armies came every day to blows, and were perpetually engaged, but not in formal battles. Yet the constant skirmishes seemed to instruct the Thebans in the art of war, and to inspire them with boldness, valor and experience. Several campaigns passed in this manner without any thing very decisive on either side. At length the armies came to an engagement at Tegyræ, which was a kind of prelude to the battle of Leuctra. Pelopidas the Theban commander, kept a strict eye upon the city of Orchomenus, one of the largest and most considerable towns of Bœotia, and still garrisoned by the Lacedæmonians, and watched for an opportunity to make himself master of it. On learning that the Lacedæmonian troops had vacated Orchomenus, he hastened thither with his *sacred band* which consisted only of 300 men, and with a troop of horse; but finding, when he was near the town, that other troops were coming from Sparta to supply the place of those that had marched out, he immediately turned his troops toward Thebes. On his return he found the enemy posted near Tegyræ, to intercept him. As soon as the Thebans saw the enemy, one of them ran to Pelopidas, crying, "We have fallen into the hands of the enemy." "Why so?" replied he; "Why have they not fallen into ours?" He now ordered his cavalry to advance from the rear to the front that they might be ready for the attack. Then drawing up his sacred band into a close body, he waited for the enemy's charge, feeling assured that his noble 300 would break through the enemy's ranks, however superior in number. The sacred band, which was also called the band of lovers, was the very flower of the Theban army. It was composed of 300 brave and resolute young men, who had vowed perpetual friendship to each other, and had bound themselves by the strongest ties to stand by one another to the last drop of their blood, and were famed equally for their fidelity to their country and their affection for each other.

The Spartans had two battalions, each consisting of 900 men. Led on by their generals, Gorgoleon and Theopompus, they

pushed boldly on against the Thebans. At the first shock, the generals of the two armies were personally brought into the encounter. The struggle was most obstinate on both sides. The Spartan commanders who attacked Pelopidas were among the first that were slain. The Thebans fought with almost superhuman valor. All the Lacedæmonians who surrounded their generals were slain, and the whole army was so terrified by the incredible bravery and strength of the enemy, that they divided and formed a line through which the Thebans might, if they so desired, have passed in safety. But Pelopidas disdained thus to make his escape. With his gallant sacred band he charged upon the Lacedæmonians, who yet stood their ground, and made such havoc upon them that they fled in disorder and confusion. But fearing the Lacedæmonian forces which had just arrived at Orchomenus from Sparta, the Thebans did not pursue them. They were content with beating the enemy in a fair combat, and making a retreat through a dispersed and defeated army. In the year 371, B.C., the Lacedæmonians made peace with all the nations of Greece except Thebes. Cleombrotus, King of Lacedæmonia, entered their country with his army, and after taking a large compass, arrived at Leuctra, a small town of Bœotia, between Platæa and Thespiæ. The Thebans were greatly alarmed on the first arrival of the enemy. They saw themselves alone, without allies or support, while all Greece looked upon them as utterly lost. But in one man the Thebans had a whole army. That man was Epaminondas. He was appointed general, and had several colleagues joined in commission with him. He immediately raised all the troops he could, and began his march. His army consisted at most of 6,000 men, whereas that of the enemy was at least thrice that number. Pelopidas was not then in office; but he commanded the sacred band, to whom, since the battle of Tegyræ, he was so much attached that he would never part from them. Both armies having arrived at Leuctra, the generals on either side consulted whether they should give battle, and both parties, after a long consultation, decided on so doing. The two armies were very unequal. The Lacedæmonian army consisted of 24,000 footmen, and 1,600 horsemen. The Thebans had only 6,000 foot and 400 horse; but they were all choice troops, and, animated by their former successes, they had resolved to conquer or die. Epaminondas, who resolved to charge with his left wing, strengthened it with the choice of his heavy-armed troops, whom he drew up, fifty men deep. The sacred band was on his left, and closed the wing. The rest of his infantry was posted upon his right in an oblique line, which, the further it extended, was the more distant from the enemy. By this unusual disposition, his design was to cover his right flank, to refuse his right wing, and keep it as a kind of reserve, that he might not hazard the event of the battle upon the weakest part of his army, and also to begin the action with his left wing, which consisted of his best troops, to turn the weight of the battle upon the right wing of the enemy, which consisted entirely of Lacedæmonians, under the command of Cleombrotus himself. He was assured that if he could penetrate the Lacedæmonian phalanx, the rest of the army would soon be put to flight. The rest of his cavalry he disposed in front of his left wing. Cleombrotus, who commanded the right wing of the Lacedæmonian army, drew up his men in files twelve deep, in front of which he posted his cavalry. The left wing, which was composed of his allies, was commanded by Archidamus, son of Agesilaus, the famous Lacedæmonian general. As soon as Cleombrotus perceived the intention of the enemy, he began to change his order of battle, and to extend his right wing, and wheel about, with a design to surround Epaminondas. But at this moment Pelopidas came briskly up with his band of three hundred, and before Cleombrotus could execute his design, fell upon the Spartans in flank with such vigor that they were put into disorder. Epaminondas, determined to contend only with the enemy's right wing, regardless of the other troops, warmly seconded Pelopidas, with his cavalry, and the battle which followed was furious and bloody. The Thebans fought with such determination and valor, that the Spartans, in spite of their knowledge of war, were obliged, by the great slaughter committed on their ranks, gradually to give ground. But so long as Cleombrotus was uninjured the victory continued in suspense. At length, covered with wounds, the Lacedæmonian general fell dead to the ground. His troops now turned and fled. But in an instant, stung with shame at abandoning the body of their king, they returned to the field of battle, and redoubled their exertions. And now a terrible slaughter ensued on both sides. The Spartans fought furiously to recover the body, and the Thebans contested with them for victory with equal ferocity. At length the Thebans were forced back, and the Spartans gained possession of the body of their king, and carried it off. Then, elated by so glorious an action, they were about to return to the charge, which might have been successful if their allies had seconded them. But the left wing of the Lacedæmonian army, upon seeing the right wing

broken, believed all lost, especially when they heard of the death of the king, took to their heels. The Spartans now despaired, and quickly joined in the flight. Epaminondas followed them vigorously, and killed a great number in the pursuit. The Lacedæmonians had never received such a blow. Their most bloody defeats till then had scarce cost them more than 400 or 500 of their citizens, and the Thebans were the first who had ever defeated them with an inferior number of men. In this battle the Lacedæmonians lost 4,000 men, of whom 1,400 were Lacedæmonians. Of the Lacedæmonians killed, 400 were citizens of Sparta, out of 700 who were in the battle. The Thebans had only 300 men killed, among whom there were but few of their own citizens. See *Battle of Mantinea.*

LEWES, A.D. 1264.—The town of Lewes is situated on the river Ouse, in Sussex co., England, forty-three miles south of London.

The battle of Lewes between Henry III., King of England, and Montfort, Earl of Leicester and the rebellious barons, was fought on the 14th of May, 1264. On the 4th of April, Henry, having summoned the tenants of the crown to meet him at Oxford, unfurled his standard, and placed himself at the head of the army. His first attempts were successful. Northampton, Leicester, two of the strongest fortresses in the possession of the barons, were successively reduced, and among the captives at Northampton were counted Simon, the eldest of Leicester's sons, fourteen other baronets, forty knights, and a numerous body of esquires. From Nottingham, where he had been joined by Comyn, Bruce and Baliol, the lords on the borders of Scotland, he was recalled into Kent by the danger of his nephew Henry, who was besieged in the castle of Rochester. At his approach the enemy, who had taken and pillaged the city, retired with precipitation; and the king fixed his head-quarters in the town of Lewes. On the 12th of May Leicester, having added a body of 15,000 citizens to his army, marched from London, with a resolution to bring the controversey to an issue. From Fletching he dispatched a letter to Henry, protesting that neither he nor his associates had taken up arms against the king, but against the evil counselors, who enjoyed and abused the confidence of their sovereign. Henry returned a public defiance, pronouncing Montfort and his adherents perjured, and daring the Earls of Leicester and Derby to appear in the king's court and prove their assertion by single combat. After the observation of those forms, which the feudal connexion between the lord and the vassal was supposed to make necessary, Montfort sent a new message, renouncing in the name of himself and of the associated barons, all fealty and allegiance to Henry. He then marched toward Lewes with his army divided into four bodies; the first commanded by his two sons, Henry and Guy de Montfort, together with Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford; the second led by the Earl of Gloucester, with William de Montchesney and John Fitz-John; the third composed of Londoners, under the command of Nicholas de Legrave; the fourth commanded by himself in person. Each man wore upon his breast a white cross, and all were inspired with the belief that they were fighting the cause of Heaven. On the 14th of May, the army arrived within about two miles from Lewes, and leaving his standard on the summit of the hill, Leicester with his army descended into the plain before the town. Henry's foragers had discovered and announced the approach of the enemy, and the royalists in three divisions silently awaited the attack. Leicester, having called before the ranks the Earl of Gloucester, and several other young noblemen, bade them kneel down, and conferred on them the order of knighthood; and the Londoners, who impatiently awaited the conclusion of the ceremony, rushed with loud shouts on the enemy. They were received by Prince Edward with such warmth, that in a few moments they were broken, and driven back as far as the standard. Edward with his followers pressed forward in eager pursuit; and in the heat of the chase, carried with him the flower of the army four miles from the field of battle. More than 3,000 Londoners were slain; but the advantage was dearly purchased by the loss of the victory. Leicester, who viewed with pleasure the thoughtless impetuosity of the prince, fell with the remainder of his forces on the division of Henry and his brother. A body of Scots, who fought on foot, was cut to pieces. Their leaders, Baliol, Comyn and Bruce, were made prisoners; the same fate befell the King of the Romans who commanded the other division of the royal army; and the combat was feebly maintained by the exertions and example of Philip Basset who fought near the person of King Henry. But at length, that nobleman sunk beneath a hundred wounds, and his retainers fled. The king, whose horse had been killed under him, surrendered; and Leicester conducted the royal captive into the priory. The fugitives, as soon as they learned the fate of their sovereign, came back to share his captivity, and voluntarily yielded themselves to their enemies.

Prince Edward, returning to the field of battle, from his precipitate pursuit of the Londoners, was astonished to find it covered with the dead bodies of his friends, and still more to hear that his father was defeated and

a captive in the hands of a victorious enemy. As he approached Lewes, the barons came out and attacked him. At the first shock, Earl Warrenne, Hugh Bigod, and William de Valence, with seven hundred horse, fled to Pevencey, whence they sailed to the continent. Edward, with a strong body of veterans from the Welsh marches, rode along the wall to the castle, and hearing that his father was a captive in the priory, obtained from Leicester permission to visit him. The Prince opened a negotiation with the chief of the enemy, and the next morning a treaty was concluded upon, by which it was agreed that all prisoners taken during the war should be set at liberty; that the Princes Edward and Henry should be kept as hostages for the peaceable conduct of their fathers, the King of England, and the King of the Romans; and that all matters which should not be amicably adjusted in the next parliament should be referred to the decision of certain arbitrators. In the battle of Lewes about 5,000 men are said to have fallen on each side. From this time Montfort used the power he gained by this victory, so despotically, that in the end it was the cause of his own destruction. See *Battle of Evesham.*

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD, A.D. 1775. —Lexington, ever memorable as the spot where the first American blood was spilt in our glorious struggle for Independence, is in Middlesex county, Mass., eleven miles north-west of Boston.

Concord, in the same county, is situated six miles north-west of Lexington, and here the first British blood was shed in the Revolutionary war.

About eleven o'clock on the night of April 18th, 1775, nearly 1,000 of the best British troops were secretly conveyed up the river to Cambridge, from Boston, on their way to Lexington, for the purpose of destroying the military stores there deposited by the patriots. They had also received orders from General Gage, then stationed at Boston, to march on Concord, to seize upon the persons of John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were foremost among those who had dared to oppose the British aggression and oppression. The Bostonians, however, having entertained suspicions of General Gage's object, sent messengers to Hancock and Adams, warning them of danger in time for them to make their escape. The British forces landed at a point called Phipp's Farm, and marched thence toward Lexington. Meanwhile, the news of their approach was spread far and near; the bells of the town were rung, cannons were fired, and the people from the adjoining country flocked toward the scene of danger in crowds. The British troops were commanded by Colonel Smith, and Major Pitcairn. The vanguard was led by the latter officer. The provincial forces which had assembled at the news of the approach of the enemy, separated during the night, and at five o'clock on the morning of the 19th, when the vanguard of the British entered the town, only about seventy-five were under arms, too small a number certainly to think of engaging the superior force of the royalists. On the entrance of the British the provincials were performing the exercises of a drill, and Pitcairn, advancing toward them, shouted, "Disperse, rebels! lay down your arms and disperse!" His command was not obeyed. The British officer, enraged at their non-compliance, discharged his pistol at them, and brandishing his sword, ordered his men to fire. His men instantly poured a volley of musketry on the provincials, killing eight men on the spot, and throwing them into confusion. But quickly re-forming, they steadily retreated, facing the enemy, and returning their fire. The British following up the enemy, marched along the road to Concord. The news of the engagement spread like wild-fire. The whole country was in arms; and armed men came to the scene of action from all quarters. As the soldiers approached Concord, the inhabitants, who seemed determined to act on the defensive, fell back to the bridge at the north of the town. Here they were assailed by the enemy with such fury that they were obliged to relinquish the possession of the bridge. The British troops spiked two twenty-four pounders, and destroyed a number of artillery wheels, together with a quantity of ammunition and flour. But the provincials were not defeated. The light infantry of the enemy, who were ravaging the country above Concord, were attacked by the Americans with such vigor that they were compelled to retire to the town. Here a hot skirmish ensued, which resulted in the defeat of the British, who retreated precipitately. Meanwhile, General Gage, hearing of the dangerous position of his soldiers, dispatched hastily another thousand men, with a large train of artillery; and they arrived at Lexington in time to support the shattered remnant of the first detachment, which had suffered great annoyance from the enemy, who, stationed behind trees, walls, and fences, kept up a constant fire on the retreating army. The two detachments joined at Lexington, and having halted a considerable time, renewed their retreat toward Boston, followed closely by the provincials, whose numbers increased every moment, and who continued to harass their flanks and rear, until they reached Charlestown, when the Americans deemed it prudent to discontinue the pursuit. In this first feat of arms, the Americans were decidedly the victors.

With a force far inferior in numbers, they had driven a well-armed and highly disciplined army, provided with heavy artillery, before them like sheep. The British lost 65 killed, 180 wounded, and 28 made prisoners. The Americans lost 50 killed, 34 wounded, and 5 prisoners.

LEYDEN, A.D. 1574.—This city was besieged in 1574. During a protracted resistance, 6,000 of the inhabitants perished of famine. The following narrative is extracted from the work of an Italian historian:

Leyden is one of the chief towns of Holland; it is seated low, among a labyrinth of channels, part of which are running, part standing waters, and which cut through the territories thereof on all sides. The Rhine runs through it with one of its branches, which now is the weakest, but hath formerly been the most frequented; though this retain its ancient name, whereas the rest, as they draw near the sea, change it into that of other rivers. So many other channels are derived from this branch within the town itself in several parts, as the space, which is there broken off by the islands, is in a sort larger than what is united to the continent. But if it be divided by so many channels, it is rejoined by many more bridges, of which there are about 150, where they may serve either for use or ornament; and the most of them are of stone. The town is well peopled; her streets are large buildings, well polished; it is well flanked round about; her ditch is everywhere deep; and in fine she is in all circumstances of such condition, as the king's men had good reason to use all endeavors to gain her, and also the rebels to keep possession of her.

The royalists betook themselves with diligence to be masters of all avenues, whereby succor might be kept from the town. The parts thereabouts (as hath been said) are full of channels and rivers: wherefore it was thought necessary to block up all passages with sundry forts, by which the city might be come to, either by land or water; so as, ere long, there were little less than sixty forts built round about it, whereby almost all possibility of relieving it was taken away. The Leydenists meanwhile were not wanting on their parts in preparing for defense. And judging that the royalists intended rather to take the town by famine than by the sword, they thought it not convenient to receive many foreign soldiers into the city; the longer to preserve their victuals, and also because they hoped they had men enough of their own to maintain and defend it.

John Douza, a famous Latin poet in those days, very nobly born, and of other high deserts, had the chief government of the affairs of the city. He failed not in acting his part well; he still encouraged the Leydenists, and fed them with hopes that other cities would speedily join with them, and relieve them. In confirmation of this, sometimes letters, sometimes messages came from without, and some news was cunningly raised within the town itself: though it were very true, that Orange and the rest of the rebels in that province labored nothing more than how to keep a place of such consequence still at their devotion. It was now the month of August; and the Leydenists began already to suffer want of victuals. Therefore the states of the country met to treat of so weighty a business, and to find out some way whereby the city might be relieved; and this affair began to be mightily earnest. The deputies differed in their opinions; some thought the town might be most easily got into by making a gallant assault by land, others held it might better be relieved by some river or channel; but the greater part concluded that there was small hopes of doing it either one way or other, the king's men having so strongly fortified themselves everywhere. Lewis Boisot, admiral of Holland, chanced to be at this meeting; a man very expert in maritime affairs, of a manlike spirit and good at execution; and one who was very well esteemed over all the province. He, while they were hottest in their variety of opinions, stepped forth to propound his, and began to speak thus:

"I wish that our own misfortunes did not too deplorably teach us how perverse the fury of the sea proves sometimes to our countries. Who sees not how we are daily inforced to oppose our industry to the threats thereof? Nor have our mountainous banks been sufficient so to curb the tempest of her waves, but that sometime she hath swallowed up whole islands on some sides, and caused miserable and unheard-of ruins in other parts. We are now to seek for remedy, in this our present necessity, from these evils which do so often afflict us. Let nature work the same effect to-day, for our good, which she useth upon so many other occasions to do for our hurt. And by those weapons wherewith she makes war against us, let us by her example make war upon our enemies. Every one knows that at the two equinoxials of the year the ocean swells extraordinary high upon our coasts; and, by the season of the year, we are shortly to expect the effects thereof. My counsel shall therefore be, that we may immediately, at the high tides, begin to let the waters loose into the neighboring ground of Leyden: greater tides will hereafter follow. And thus, turning the siege upon the besiegers, we may hope to destroy our enemies within their own works, and at the same time to free the city from all danger. It may be thought impossible to relieve it by

land, or by the ordinary way of channels or rivers; whereas, by the way I have prescribed, we may believe that our enterprise will be smiled on by success. It will be in our power to let in the inundation where we please. We shall see the enemy strangely astonished and confused between the shame of abandoning the siege and the horror of continuing it. But being forced at last to fly, we shall see our own weapons and those of nature conspire together in slaughtering them on all sides; and shall see that punishment justly transferred on them which they with open violence prepared for the innocent. The country which shall be drowned will doubtlessly be somewhat damaged thereby; but who would not bear with such an inconvenience, whereby their country shall receive so great a benefit? On the contrary, whose hair will not stand on end to think, that, after the loss of Haarlem and of Leyden, the whole province will shortly remain at the cruel will of the Spaniards? We must sometimes be wicked to be good. How often do we cut off some one member for the welfare and safeguard of the rest of the body? Yet this evil will not prove finally so great, but that it will be paid with great usury. Some worldly actions prove so memorable, as they strike envy dumb and add new tongues to fame. This of ours will certainly be such, and will be everywhere highly celebrated. I, who so boldly give the advice, do as confidently pronounce the augury; and hope that the event will crown both of them with fortunate success."

At the hearing of so strange a proposition, the deputies were much confused, whether they should accept or reject it. But it is oft-times seen that need, passing into necessity, necessity passeth luckily into desperation. And thus it proved in what we shall now relate. For all of them, joining at last in opinion that Leyden was not to be freed by any other way than by what Boisot had propounded, it was resolved that at all adventures they would follow his advice. The chief banks or ditches of the Meuse and Isell between Rotterdam and Tergowe were presently cut in divers places; and at high tide the waters began to break in everywhere, and overflow all the grounds which lie between Tergowe, Rotterdam, Delf, and Leyden. At this unlooked-for inundation the Spaniards were at first much astonished; but they were soon aware of the enemies' design.

The king's forts were very many, as we have said, and divers of them were seated in the lowest places. These the inundation did quickly reach, and therefore they were quickly forsaken, and those who kept them went to join with those that kept the chiefest forts, which were so placed as they might be the more easily maintained. Meanwhile, when once the enemy had pitched upon the aforesaid resolution, they applied themselves apace to get together great store of vessels which should be fitting to relieve Leyden. They were very careful to build them with shallow bottoms, to the end that they might pass over such grounds where the water was shallowest. The greatest part of them were built in Rotterdam, by reason of the nearness and opportunity of its situation. All Holland was in great expectation what the success would prove, and therefore people flocked from all parts to help to build boats; many of which were to be in the form of galleys with oars, to the end that they might the easier get by the passes, and assault the forts, which were yet in the royalists' possession. These boats were therefore furnished with many pieces of artillery, and such people as were judged fit to fight. While they were making this preparation, the admiral of Holland endeavored, with some ships prepared for that purpose, to force certain passes, and to bring some succor into Leyden; for the besieged suffered very much for want of victuals, and did very earnestly solicit succor. But his design did not at that time take effect; for the waters were not yet so far increased as that his vessels could come near Leyden. All Holland joined therefore in their prayers, that the sea might suddenly swell higher; and that the province, by raising the siege of Leyden, might receive so desired a misfortune.

On the other side, the king's men were not wanting in securing their forts, and repairing them with earth, hay, and whatsoever else they could come by of most commodious; and hoping that the waters would swell no higher, they persuaded themselves that they should, within a few days, finish their business. They very well knew the townsmen's necessities, and that all their victuals being already spent, the affairs within were drawing to great extremity. While both sides were in these hopes and fears, the time came wherein nature, by way of her hidden causes, was likewise to work her effects. About the end of September the sea began to swell exceedingly, according as she useth to do in that season of the year; and pouring in at the high tides, no longer waves, but even mountains of waters, into the most inward channels and rivers, made so great an inundation, as all the country about Leyden seemed to be turned into a sea. It can not be said how much the rebels were hereby encouraged, and the king's men discouraged. The former came presently forth with their fleet, which consisted of about 150 bottoms, a great part whereof were made like galleys; and to these were added many other boats which

served only to carry victuals. The whole fleet was thus assembled together about the beginning of October, and put to water in good order, to execute their designed relief: the galleys went on the outsides; the other greater vessels, which, if need should be, were to play upon the forts, in the midst; and those which bore the victuals in the rear. But there was no occasion of any great contention; for the king's men, having valiantly defended themselves in sundry places, considering that they were not now to fight with men, but with the elements, thought rather how to withdraw themselves into places of safety, than rashly to oppose the enemy. Yet they could not forego their fortifications, neither so soon nor in so good order, but that many of them remained a prey either to the sword or to the water. And truly it was a miserable spectacle to behold, from all parts, one slain, another drowned, and many endeavoring to save themselves in the highest places, where, when they were freed from the waters, they were inexorably slain by the enemy. It is said that above 1,500 of the king's men perished thus, and most of them Spaniards, as those who were chiefly employed in ordering the siege, and who, desirous to bear away the greatest glory, fell into the greatest misfortune. Thus was Leyden at last relieved, after five months' siege, to the exceeding great joy of the rebels and all that favored them. But, howsoever, the memory of this siege remained a long time very sorrowful in the city, for about ten thousand died within the town of hunger and other sufferings, and all the most unclean and vilest nourishment was already so consumed when the relief was brought in, and the besieged resolving rather to die than to yield, nothing was expected but that the city should give up her last breath, and, remaining a miserable carcass, should be buried within her own walls and houses.

With extreme impatience they now expected the approach of those tides which are commonly the object of their dread and terror. The situation of the besieged was become the most desperate and deplorable. During seven weeks there had not been a morsel of bread within the city; and the only food had been the roots of herbs and weeds, and the flesh of dogs and horses. Even all these were at length consumed, and the people reduced to live on soup made of the hides of animals which had been killed. A pestilence succeeded to the famine, and carried off in a few weeks some thousands of the inhabitants. Those who survived, overwhelmed with anguish at the dismal scenes which they daily beheld, were scarcely able to perform the mournful office of burying the dead. In this dreadful situation they saw from their walls the flags and sails of the vessels destined for their relief, but had the mortification to perceive that it was utterly impossible for them to approach. It is not surprising that some of the people, finding their misery greater than they were able to endure, should have entertained the thoughts of surrendering the town to the enemy. Some conspiracies were again formed for this purpose, but they were discovered and defeated by the vigilance of Douza, supported by a great majority of the people, to whom neither the pestilence, nor famine, nor death in its most hideous forms, appeared so dreadful as the tyranny of the Spaniards.

A great number of people having come one day in a tumultuous manner to a magistrate whose name was Adrian, exclaiming, that he ought either to give them food, or deliver the town into the hands of the enemy: "I have solemnly sworn," he replied, "that I will never surrender myself or my fellow-citizens to the cruel and perfidious Spaniard; and I will sooner die than violate my oath. I have no food, else I would give it you. But if my death can be of use to you, take, tear me in pieces, and devour me: I shall die with satisfaction, if I know that by my death I shall for one moment relieve you from your direful necessity!" By this extraordinary answer the people, struck with astonishment, were silenced, and their fury was for some time appeased. * * * At length, however, their heroic sacrifices were rewarded by the wished-for deliverance.—*Bentivoglio's Wars in Flanders.*

LIEGE, A.D. 1468.—Louis XI. had raised the Liégeois against their suzerain, the Duke of Burgundy. In an over-cunning attempt at policy, Louis had placed himself in the hands of the bold Burgundian, who, irritated by the outbreak at Liége, compelled the imprudent monarch to hoist the cross of St. Andrew, the ensign of the house of Burgundy, and lead his army against the Liégeois, whose revolt he had excited. Made aware of the storm about to break over their ramparts, the inhabitants prepared for a vigorous defense. Although reduced to a feeble garrison of 600 men, the burgesses determined to withstand with courage the efforts of an enemy who had sworn to ruin them. The Duke of Burgundy opened the trenches, and took up his lodging in one of the faubourgs. The besieged, in a vigorous sortie, killed 800 Burgundians, and put the rest of their infantry to flight. Wild, provost of Liége, who had led on this attack, died of his wounds: the loss was irreparable—no one could replace him. The duke of Burgundy and the king came up. They lodged in houses in the faubourgs, and ordered many useless attacks and assaults. Several days passed without

any event of consequence. During this short repose, the Liégeois meditated carrying off the king and the duke by surprise. In the darkness and silence of night, the Liégeois marched, led by the owners of the houses in which the princes were lodged. A hollow way cut through a rock covered their march. They killed some sentinels, arrived at the lodgings without being discovered, and stopped at the pavilion in which dwelt the Count du Perche, son of the Duke d'Alençon. They missed the decisive moment. The two princes were awakened and put upon their guard. Three hundred men-at-arms were round them instantly. The tumult was horrible. The clash of arms, the uncertainty of the cause of peril, the darkness, and the cries of the combatants, augmented the confusion of this *mêlée*. The Liégeois, conscious of the smallness of their numbers, and feeling they must succumb, fought like lions at bay: they perished, but sold their lives dearly. The king and the Duke of Burgundy met in the street, at the head of their guards; their presence removed mutual suspicions. They separated, after felicitating each other upon their good fortune and intrepidity upon so perilous an occasion. This fruitless attempt only increased the rage of the irritable duke: he ordered an assault for the 30th of October. At the given signal, toward daybreak, 40,000 men advanced to the foot of the battlements, to the sound of warlike instruments. Nobody appeared upon the walls to defend them; the inhabitants had fled; women, children, and old men awaited in consternation and silence the evils it would please their implacable conqueror to pour upon them. The Burgundians entered without resistance. The poor remains of the population took refuge in the churches from the fury of the soldiery. The duke triumphed: but what triumph could satisfy his brutal nature? Priests were immolated at the foot of the altar; sacred virgins, dragged from their asylums, were violated and then massacred; soldiers went from house to house with the lighted torch and naked sword in their hands; they vented their fury upon defenseless women and children; plunder was the least of their crimes. The unfortunate fugitives perished in the woods of hunger and destitution, or were pitilessly massacred; prisoners, too poor to pay their ransom, were precipitated into the waters of the Meuse. The city, when changed into a desert, presenting no animated creature upon which the barbarous conqueror could exercise his cruel vengeance, he directed his resentment against inanimate objects. Four thousand men of the country of Limbourg were commanded to set fire to the public edifices, and to demolish all that the flames had not devoured. Liége soon became one heap of melancholy ruins.—*Robson.*

LIGNY, A.D. 1815.—Ligny is a village of Belgium, and situated 14 miles west of Namur, and is celebrated for a combat between the French and Prussians, on the 16th of June, 1815, two days before the battle of Waterloo. See *Waterloo.*

LIMERICK, A.D. 1691.—Limerick in Ireland, capitulated in 1691 to the troops of William III., under Ginkell.

LIMOGES, A.D. 1189.—Nothilda, queen of Richard the Lion-heart, laid siege to Limoges in France, and finally took it by storm. She then gave it up to pillage. In 1370 it was besieged and taken by Edward, Prince of Wales, known in history as the Black Prince.

LINCOLN, A.D. 1141.—This city is situated on the river Witham, in Lincoln co., England, one hundred and twenty-one miles north of London.

On the 30th of September, 1139, Matilda, widow of Henry IV., landed in England, to assert her rights to the crown of England against Stephen who then occupied the throne. She was accompanied by her brother Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and a retinue of 140 knights. With this small force she undertook to conquer the throne of her father; but the temerity of the attempt was justified by the promises of her partizans, and the dispute between the king and the clergy. Her brother Robert, the soul of the enterprise, with twelve companions left her to join his friends in the west, and by unfrequented roads eluded the pursuit and vigilance of his enemies; Matilda, herself, at the invitation of the queen dowager Alice, retired within the strong castle of Arundel, and she excited by messages her partizans to take arms in every part of England. The queen-dowager, who was now the wife of the Earl of Sussex, had expected that her daughter-in-law would have invaded the kingdom with a much greater force, and became apprehensive of danger; and Matilda, to ease her of her fears removed first to Bristol and thence to Gloucester, where she remained under the protection of Milo, a gallant nobleman of those parts, who had embraced her cause.

Soon after, Geoffrey Talbot, William Mohun, Ralph Lovell, and many other barons declared for her; and her party, which was generally favored in the country, seemed every day to gain ground upon that of her antagonist. England was now exposed to all the horrors of a civil war. The garrisons of the royal fortresses supported the cause of Stephen. The standard of Matilda was unfurled at Gloucester and Bristol, Canterbury and Dover, places which Robert held from the gift of his father, the late monarch. Each competitor had numer-

ous partisans; but the majority of the barons, shut up in their castles, either affected to observe a strict neutrality, or under the mask of a pretended submission, maintained a real independence. The execution of justice was suspended; the defenseless were alternately plundered by the adverse parties. Many were the conflicts and sieges; but these incidents, so little memorable in themselves, and so confused both in time and place, could neither afford entertainment nor instruction to the reader. At length, in the year 1141, in an evil hour Stephen was persuaded to besiege the castle of Lincoln, which had been surprised by Ranulf, Earl of Chester, a nobleman who had offered his services to both the king and the empress, and who had been equally mistrusted by both.* Confiding his wife and family to the faith of the garrison, Ranulf escaped through the besieging army, and hastened to Robert for assistance. With 10,000 men the earl hastened to surprise, and crossing the Trent, on the 2d of February, found the royal army drawn up to receive him. Stephen, with the most trusty of his adherents, had dismounted, and placed himself at the foot of his standard; and each flank was protected by a small squadron of horse, under the command of a nobleman of suspected fidelity. At the first shock the cavalry fled; the mass of infantry, animated by the presence of the king, firmly withstood the efforts of the multitude by which it was surrounded. Stephen fought with the energy of despair; his battle-axe was broken; his sword was shivered; a stone brought him to the ground, and William de Kains, seizing him by the helmet, claimed him as his prisoner. Still he struggled with his opponents, and refused to surrender to any man but his cousin of Gloucester. The earl took possession of the captive, and presented him to Matilda. The conduct of that princess does little honor to her humanity. Though at first treated kindly, he was soon after, on some suspicion, thrown into prison, and loaded with chains. Earl Robert afterward fell into the hands of the royalists, and after some negotiation it was agreed that he should be exchanged for the king. By this revolution, the two parties were placed in the same relative position which they had occupied before the battle of Lincoln.

On the 14th of May, 1217, in the second year of the reign of Henry III. of England, the Count de Perche, with the army of Louis of France, numbering 600 knights and 20,000 men, composed of the disaffected English barons and knights, with their esquires and retainers, and a numerous body of French infantry entered Lincoln, and were received by the inhabitants, who were on hostile terms with the youthful king of England, with loud acclamations of joy. The count immediately laid siege to the castle of Lincoln, which was garrisoned by the royalists, and which was gallantly defended by a celebrated heroine, Nichola de Camville. Pembroke, who was then marshal of England, immediately summoned the royalists to meet him at Newark, and was able to number among his followers 400 knights with their esquires, 250 cross-bowmen, and a numerous body of infantry. He employed three days in marshaling his army, and in performing religious duties, and having exhorted his soldiers to fight for their God, their king, and their country, he marched from Newark on the 18th of May. The army marched in seven divisions, and each soldier had a white cross sewed upon his breast; the bowmen kept a mile in advance, and the baggage a mile in the rear. This disposition deceived the enemy, who, mistaking the baggage train for a second army, unwisely shut themselves up within the walls, and at the same time, by way of bravado, made a brisk assault on the castle. But the bowmen, who had been admitted by a postern into the fortress, thinned with their arrows the ranks of the assailants, and, by killing the horses of the knights, laid them in their armor on the ground. The rest of the royalists, wheeling around, burst open, after a sharp conflict, the northern gate, and at the same moment a sortie was made from the castle. Dismay and confusion now spread through the ranks of the barons. The most spirited, unable to withstand the torrent that rushed into the city, were carried before it; the crowd ran to the opposite portal; but the narrow winding passage was soon choked, and the fugitives were compelled to recoil on the pur-

* As sieges form the principal features in the military transactions of this period, a description of one of the ancient castles may not be uninteresting to the reader. The *keep*, the lord's residence, was surrounded at a convenient distance, by a wall about twelve feet high, surmounted by a parapet, and flanked with towers. Without the wall was excavated a deep moat, over which a drawbridge was thrown, protected by a tower, called the barrieau, on the external margin of the moat. This formed the outward defense of the place. The keep was a strong square building, with walls about ten feet thick, and five stories in height. Of these the lowermost consisted of dungeons for the confinement of captives; the second contained the lord's stores; the next served for the accommodation of the garrison; in the fourth were the state-rooms of the baron, and the uppermost was divided into sleeping apartments for his family. The only portal or entrance was fixed in the second or third story, and generally led through a small tower into the body of the *keep*. The ascent was by a flight of steps fixed in the walls, and carefully fortified to prevent the entrance of an enemy. About the middle stood a strong gate, which it was necessary to force open; on the landing-place was a drawbridge, and then came the door itself, protected by a *huse* or portcullis, which ran in a groove, and was studded with spikes of iron. It is not surprising that fortresses of this description should have often withstood the efforts of the most powerful monarchs before the invention of cannon.

suers. The meaner combatants met with no mercy; but little noble blood was shed by the victors, who, prompted by relationship, or the hope of ransom, sought not to slay but to capture their enemies. The Count de Perche alone lost his life. He fought in a church-yard till his horse was killed; and when a voice called out to him to accept of quarter, he replied with an oath that he would never surrender to an English traitor. Irritated by the reproach, a soldier thrust his pike through the eye of the count's visor into his brain. The number of captives amounted to three earls, eleven barons, and 400 knights. Two hundred others escaped by different routes to London; the foot soldiers, seeking to follow them, were massacred by the inhabitants of the villages through which they were obliged to pass. This victory, which secured the crown on the head of the young king, was called in the quaint language of the time, "the fair of Lincoln." There were few of the conquerors who were not enriched by it. As soon as resistance ceased, the city which had long been distinguished by its attachment to the barons, was given up to pillage. The fate of the women and children was most deplorable. When the gate was forced, they crowded for security into the boats on the river. Some of the slight vessels sank under the weight; others were lost through mismanagement; and of the fugitives the greater part were drowned.

LISBON, A.D. 1147.—Alphonso, a prince of the house of Burgundy, having assumed the title of King of Portugal, felt that he could not truly be considered monarch of that country while his capital remained in the hands of the Saracens. Too weak to undertake the conquest himself, he made a religious Crusade of it, and English and Flemings, who had embarked for the Holy Land were induced by the prospect of greater wealth without going so far to attain it, to take up his cause. The great historian of the Crusades attributes this dereliction to a religious feeling, which operated as well in Portugal as in Palestine. We have no hesitation in agreeing that the Crusaders were acted upon in both countries by similar motives; in this case, it was too transparent to be possibly mistaken. The new auxiliaries covered the sea with their vessels, and blockaded the city, while Alphonso besieged it by land with an army much more brave than numerous. During five months, several assaults were given and sanguinary battles were fought. Willing to make one last and great attempt, Alphonso drew up his soldiers in order of battle before the place, and, making his dispositions for a general attack, said to them: "Warriors, I am about to lead you to glory; dare to conquer, and you will triumph. Advance boldly through stones, arrows, and fire; brave death, and nothing can resist your courage. Hasten, my friends, hasten to enrich yourselves with the spoils of the Arabs. You, warriors of the Cross, whom heaven has sent, God will bless your arms; noble pay and rich possessions will be the reward of your valor." He had scarcely finished speaking, when all the soldiers rushed to the walls; scrambling over one another up and over the ruins. Alphonso nobly supported the title of their leader; the besieged vainly opposed force to force, the Christians drove them in, in all quarters, and broke down the gate called Alfama. In a moment they were spread through the city; they massacred all found with arms in their hands, pillaged the wealth of the infidels, and planted the prince's standard upon all the towers. The capture of Lisbon soon rendered Alphonso king of all Portugal.—*Robson.*

LISLE, A.D. 1793.—Lisle, or Lille, is a strongly fortified town of France, situated on the Deule, a canal connecting the rivers Scarpe and Lys, 26 miles north-east of Anas.

On the 14th of September, 1793, the Austrian army under the command of the Archduke Albert, attacked and completely routed the French forces which were retreating from their camp at Maulda, to the camp of Bruille, a stronger position in the rear of Maulda. Encouraged by this success, the archduke determined to besiege Lisle, one of the best fortified towns of Europe. The garrison of Lisle consisted of 10,000 men; and the commander, was a man of energy and bravery. Devoted republicans, both the commander and his men were ready to defend the city against the assaults of the imperialists with their hearts' blood. The Austrian army consisted of 25,000 men. Yet, notwithstanding his great superiority in numbers, the Austrian general could not hope to reduce the town by a regular siege. He was aware of the indomitable courage of the garrison; and endeavored to intimidate them by the terrors of a bombardment, rather than to approach the town with regular siege works. For seven consecutive days and nights he bombarded the town incessantly. The soldiers, however, were secure within bomb-proof casements, and beheld the terrible tempest fall upon the defenseless inhabitants of the town with indifference. The people, although their town was nearly consumed by fire, bore the horrors of the bombardment with the firmness of heroes; and the garrison, during the siege, having received a reinforcement of 10,000 men, so that the besiegers and the besieged were nearly equal in numbers, the Archduke Albert on the 7th of October, raised the siege and withdrew his troops from French territory.

LISIEUX, A.D. 1130.—Lisieux, in France, has been frequently besieged. It was burned by the Saxons in 1130; was taken by Philip Augustus, in 1203; by the English in 1415; by the French, under Charles VII., in 1448; by the Leaguers, in 1571; and finally the French, under Henry IV., in 1589.

LIVRON, A.D. 1574.—When Henry III. left Poland as a fugitive, to occupy the throne made vacant by the death of Charles IX., he created Roger de St. Lary-Bellegarde, one of his minions, a marshal of France. A short time after his promotion, the new general was repulsed in three assaults which he made upon Livron, a small Huguenot fortified place in Dauphiny, although he attacked it with a good army, and it was defended but by a few inhabitants. The women of the city thought him so contemptible, that, to insult him, they plied their distaffs on the breach. Henry, who passed near the city, stopped for a few hours, to display his valor. The besieged, on learning his arrival, made a general discharge of their artillery, which they followed by continual hissings and hootings, accompanied by cutting railleries against the monarch and the queen, his mother. "Ha! ha! you massacrers! you shall not poniard us in our beds, as you did the admiral! Bring us a few of your laced, ruffled, and perfumed minions; let them come and look at our women; they will see if they look like a prey to be easily taken!" Henry ordered a fresh assault to be made, but it was repulsed by the women only, and the siege was raised shortly after this disgraceful defeat.

LOANO, A.D. 1795.—Loano is situated on the gulf of Genoa, in Italy. The battle of Loano, between the Austrian army and the French republicans, was fought November 23d and 24th, 1795. The army of the Austrians, numbering some 40,000 men, occupied a strong and fortified position, its left resting on the small seaport town of Loano, and its right extending to the northern summit of the mountains, and holding communication, by a chain of fortified posts, with the strong places of Ceva, Mondovi, and Coni, occupied by the Piedmontese troops. Their position was very strong, but in case of disaster, there was no means of retreat for their left wing. The French were posted directly in front of their enemy, their right resting on the little village of Borghetto, on the sea-coast, and their right also extending to the mountains. Their army had been increased to nearly 60,000 men, and was commanded by Scherer and Massena. During former campaigns, Massena had possessed himself of all the localities of that mountainous region, and being already quite a successful general, was therefore intrusted with the command of the attack. The Austrian commander was entirely unconscious of the movements of the French army, and knew nothing of their great additions, and the increased activity which they had shown for some time, and was so unaware of any danger that he remained at La Pietra, detained by an abscess in his mouth, while his officers were nearly all at Feriole, where they were roused from a ball, by the cannon of the French, at six o'clock on the morning of the 23d of November. The right wing of the republicans was commanded by Scherer, who was general-in-chief; the center by Augereau, and the left by Serrurier. It was the intention of Massena to force the Austrian center with an overwhelming force, and having gained this advantage, to take the remainder of the line in flank and rear. After a speech to his troops, he led them to the attack. The Austrian center, commanded by Argenteau, made an obstinate resistance at the posts of Bardenetto and Melogno; but the fresh columns, brought to the assault by the French, fought with such vigor that they were compelled to retire to a second line, on the right bank of the Boninda. That position was soon forced by Massena, and by this means, he got into the interior of the Austrian lines, and was able to take all their positions in the rear. Thus, on the first day of the battle, the center of the allies was forced, and their left wing left in such a position as to be overwhelmed by the French center and right wing at any moment. As soon as the Austrian general was aware of this state of affairs, he took decisive measures to draw back his right wing. But this he was not permitted to do without great opposition. Augereau was climbing the heights of the Appenines by the break of day, while his successful battalions were driving all before them. The imperialists, in retreating, did not show much vigor or decision, which, under the circumstances, could alone save them. The consequence was, they were beset on all sides, in a ravine, which formed their only line of retreat. The head of the column, seized with a panic, was driven back upon the center, and thrown into utter confusion; and in the midst of an unparalleled scene of carnage and horror, forty-eight pieces of cannon, and 100 caissons were abandoned. By taking to paths almost inaccessible, the other column of the right wing escaped, after abandoning all their artillery also. 5,000 prisoners, eighty pieces of cannon, and an immense quantity of ammunition and magazines, fell into the hands of the victors; the total loss on the side of the Austrians was not less than 7,000, while that of the French hardly amounted to 1,000 men.

This battle was the most decisive which had been gained by the republicans since the commencement of the war, and was entirely

owing to the skill and strategy of Massena. It was the first instance of the successful application by the French troops of those principles which were afterward carried to such perfection by Napoleon.

LODI, A.D. 1796.—Lodi is situated on the Adda, in Lombardy, nineteen miles south-east of Milan. The river at this place is crossed by a wooden bridge, 609 feet long.

On the 10th of May, 1796, Napoleon marched from Parma toward Milan, at the head of the French republican army. Before arriving at that city he was obliged to cross the Adda. The bridge of Lodi, over that river, was held by 12,000 Austrian infantry, and 4,000 horse, forming the rear guard of the Austrian army, which had returned to Cassano, in the neighborhood of Milan. Napoleon hoped by a rapid advance to cut off the bulk of the enemy's troops from the hereditary states of Austria, and make them prisoners; and as there was not a moment to be lost in achieving the movements requisite to attain this object, he resolved to force the bridge, and thus get into their rear. Napoleon in person arrived at Lodi at the head of the grenadiers of D'Allemagne, upon which the Austrians withdrew from the town and crossed the river, drawing up their infantry, with twenty pieces of cannon, at the further extremity of the bridge, to defend the passage. Napoleon immediately directed Beaumont, with all the cavalry of the army, to pass at a ford half a league further up, while he himself directed all the artillery which had come up, against the Austrian battery, and formed 6,000 grenadiers in close column, under cover of the houses at his own end of the bridge. The French cannon were at once opened upon the Austrian artillery, and a furious cannonade ensued on both sides. The Austrian fire soon began to slacken from the effect of the French artillery, and Napoleon, perceiving that the passage of Beaumont on the flank of the enemy had commenced, addressed a few animating words to his soldiers, and gave the signal to advance. The grenadiers responded to his words with loud shouts, and rushed forward, through a cloud of smoke, over the long and narrow defile of the bridge, with Napoleon at their head. The Austrians poured forth a concentrated fire of grape-shot upon the advancing columns. But, inspired by the bravery of their dauntless leader, the gallant grenadiers rushed through the iron tempest, which swept the whole length of the bridge, and, supported by the tiralleurs, who waded the stream below the arches, they carried the Austrian guns, and drove back their infantry. The victory of the French was complete. The Austrians fled in confusion, leaving the ground strewn with dead and dying. Their artillery fell into the hands of the conquerors.

LONDONDERRY, A.D. 1689. — Amid the difficulties which King William had to find officers in Ireland whom he could trust, he had appointed Colonel Lundie to be governor of Londonderry; a man whose fidelity was so little known, that the officer sent to him from England with the stores of war, was ordered not to deliver his charge until Lundie had taken the oaths, in his presence, to the new government. The precaution was necessary, but weak, for Lundie, having been one of Tyrconnel's officers, had quitted the interests of King James only with a view to serve them the more effectually. Lundie, as James's army advanced toward Londonderry, abandoned pass after pass, sometimes with feeble, and sometimes with no defense; and at last, upon the 13th of April, 1689, took refuge in the town.

Two days before King James could overtake Lundie, two regiments, under the commands of Colonel Richards and Colonel Cunningham, arrived from England in the lake which commands a communication betwixt the sea and the town. Their orders having been discretionary, to land the troops or not, according as the service should require, they offered to join Lundie. They urged him to march out of the town, and defend one of the passes which was still left. Lundie wrote them an ambiguous and contradictory letter; in the end of it, he told them the place was untenable, and referred them for particulars to the officer who carried the letter. The officer delivered them orders not to land the men, but to come to town themselves with some of their officers, in order to attend a council of war. To this council Lundie called only two of his own officers, thirteen of those belonging to the two regiments, and the town-clerk, whose assistance was necessary to frame the minutes of council. To these persons he painted, in the strongest terms, the weakness of the town in military stores, in defenses, in provisions; he even averred that, to his own knowledge, there was not subsistence in it for ten days. The council came to a resolution, opposed only by Richards, not to land the regiments, and that all the officers should privately withdraw from the town. The two colonels, with some of their officers, retired from the council to their ships. Lundie next called a meeting of the town-council, where it was resolved to send messengers to King James, with an offer to surrender the town next day.

It was intended to keep the result of these councils a secret. But next morning, the town-clerk, convening a number of the people, informed them of every thing that had passed. The inhabitants, and many of the

soldiers of the garrison, crying out, "They were betrayed by those who were bound to defend them," rose in a fury against the governor, the town-council, and such of the officers as they suspected. They shot one of the officers, they wounded another. Hence the highest uproar of divisions; for, while some were framing the terms of surrender, others were planting guns on the walls; in one place, the multitude was pressed to yield to necessity; in another, voices were heard calling to fire upon those who proposed it.

During this state of public distraction James was seen slowly advancing with his army, to take possession of a town which had sent messengers to receive him; a sight which increased the fears of the one party, and the rage of the other. At this instant, advice was brought, that on the opposite side of the town, Captain Murray, a brave officer, conspicuous in person, and known to all, was advancing with impetuosity at the head of a body of horse, to prevent the surrender. Lundie sent him orders to retire from the view of the inhabitants. But great numbers, stretching their arms and bodies from the walls, and calling upon him by name, and upon all his followers whom they knew, to advance to their relief, he entered the place. In broken speeches he called to the multitude, who surrounded him as soon as he passed the gate, to remember glory, safety, religion, their country, themselves, their posterity, with other topics, which natural passion dictated, or the present exigency required. He pointed to different persons to secure the gates, to run to arms, to mount the walls, to point the guns. He directed all those whose voices were for defending the town to distinguish themselves by tying a white cloth round their left arm. From thence he hastened to Lundie, then sitting in a council, whom he tried in vain to soothe with flattery, or rouse by reproaches. In the mean time, the multitude, kindled by the orders they had received, fired upon King James, killed an officer by his side, and obliged him to retire.

When these violent actions were over, and the inhabitants reflected that there were no regular troops among them, fear and consciousness of what they had done, and what they were to expect, seized them. They pressed for the landing of the regiments; they offered to submit to authority, and kept even Lundie a sort of prisoner in his own house, to prevent his departure. Embracing those officers whom chance threw in their way, they conjured them not to abandon them to the rage of an affronted enemy; they flattered, encouraged, reproached, menaced; but in vain. The remaining officers of the two regiments, with many officers of the garrison, withdrew, and sailed to England. The less valiant part of the multitude, following their example, fled from the town. Lundie stole off with a load on his back; a disgraceful disguise, and suited to the man who bore it. About 7,500 militia in arms remained to defend the place against an enemy, once their sovereign, and at the head of 20,000 regular forces.

Men abandoned to themselves often exert a vigor which, while they trusted to others, they knew not that they possessed. The town was weak in its fortifications, having only a wall, eight or nine feet thick, along the face of the rampart; a ditch, eight bastions, and some outworks lately thrown up, and of little consequence. It was weaker in its artillery, there being no more than twenty serviceable guns on the works. Near 20,000 unarmed hands increased the numbers, and diminished the strength of the place. But its best defense lay in the minds of the defenders; men refined from all the dross of their party; and possessed of the valor and enthusiasm of those Scottish ancestors from whom most of the inhabitants of Ulster are descended. They offered the command of the place to Captain Murray; with the ingenuous frankness which is the common attendant of true courage, he answered, "He was better fitted for offensive than defensive war;" and offered to take the command of the horse. Major Baker was chosen governor; with that modesty which likewise attends true courage, he begged to have an assistant. The garrison, under the impressions of religion which danger excites, chose Mr. Walker, a clergyman, to assist him; a man who had a great and warlike spirit, under the most peaceful of professions. These men formed the garrison and inhabitants into a number of regiments, proportioned to that of the bastions; and, in order to create the greater emulation, they assigned different parts of the works to different regiments, which they alone were to defend. The besieged repaired their fortifications and artillery, as well as the shortness of the time would permit. They alarmed King James by continual sallies, in the day, in the night, in time of meals, in rain, in mist; they destroyed his works, or, where success failed them, they returned, contented that they had harassed his troops.

These sallies they made more formidable by a practice which pedants in the profession of arms would have disapproved. When a sally was to be made, the command was offered to whatever officer would undertake it, and the officer offered the service to whatever soldiers would attend him; hence competition among the officers; hence confidence among the soldiers, who reasoned upon the

merits of those who commanded them, and followed those only in sudden services, under whom they were sure to conquer. Murray flew from man to man, and from body to body. Walker assembled them at sermons. Murray cried out, "That it was not a few military evolutions, nor the movements of arms by rule, the mere parade and foppery of war, which made soldiers; but strong bodies, stronger minds, the contempt of dangers and death; or if, in regular fields of battle, disciplined troops had the advantage over a militia, useless was that advantage here, where the defenders fought behind walls; a situation in which those who could bear most fatigue, and durst stand longest to their posts, must in the end prevail in the contest." Walker pointed to their churches—to the sky: "These were the holy fanes from which their enemies were to drive them, if they survived, with disgrace; this was the asylum prepared for them by their God, if they died with glory in his cause." The young animated the old, the old gave counsel, gave praises to the young. All were fired by hatred of the Catholic religion, enthusiasm for their own, and the dread of a vengeance proportioned to both. Perhaps, too, the spirit of competition, and the glory of defending a place which regular troops had abandoned, was equal to any of their other incitements. James continued his attacks unsuccessfully during eleven days; and then went to Dublin to meet his parliament. He left the army under Hamilton to continue the siege.

In the mean time, intelligence is received that the French had made another embarkation of stores, and some troops, for the service of their allies in Ireland. The English fleet is sent in quest of the French fleet, which was to conduct the embakation. They met, and engaged. The battle lasted most of the day, with equal success. The English fleet retired toward Scilly, and the French toward Ireland, where they landed their troops and stores.

But the accession of strength to James's party by the disembarkation from France, did not shake the resolution of the faithful defenders of Londonderry. General Kirk had been sent to them from England with provisions and a reinforcement of 5,000 men. From different accidents, he did not arrive in the lake of Derry until the 13th of June. Upon the sight of his fleet, which consisted of thirty sail, the besieged gave the usual salutations of joy; but, perceiving them received with silence, and no jovial returns made by the seamen, they looked upon each other with uncertain and foreboding eyes. Soon after, they were informed that Kirk, upon receiving information that the passage of the river to the town was secured by works, had resolved to retire to the Inch, an island six miles from Londonderry. These works were batteries along the banks, vessels sunk in the channel, and a boom which had been thrown across the river, and which was defended by forts; and all these were reported to be much stronger than they were.

Upon these sad news, the besieged made signals of distress from their steeples to Kirk, but in vain. After a short stay he set sail; the inhabitants of the town following his ships with their eyes as long as they could perceive them. Kirk chose the Inch for a station, because it facilitated the junction of the volunteers, who lay at Inniskillen with his detachment, and for that reason too he fortified it. From thence he sent a letter to the townsmen, assuring them, in terms full of affectation, that every thing in Scotland, England, and Ireland, was prosperous, and that succors beyond their wishes were speedily to join them, but he concluded with giving them in charge to husband well their provisions: a letter more alarming than all the menaces of the enemy.

But the besieged, though in a desperate condition, did not give themselves up to despair. Not contented with making sallies, and defending the old outworks of the place, they even advanced new ones, and became expert in fortification and mining, by imitating the arts which were employed against them. The women attended every service, animating the men by their cries, and often assisting them with their hands. All the spare time of the garrison, and of the inhabitants, was spent in private prayer, or public devotion; yet it was strange, amid the union created by common danger, to see religious divisions break forth. The conformists and non-conformists insisted each to have possession of the cathedral; nor could mutual slaughter have been prevented, had it not been agreed that the one class should attend service in the forenoon, the other in the afternoon. About the middle of June, when the weather grew sultry, disease at last seized upon them, cooped up in a narrow place. They buried fifteen officers in one day. Baker, their governor, died. Yet even death, in this form, more dismal than in that of war, dismayed them not. Their provisions being spent, they preserved life by eating horse-flesh, tallow, starch, salted hides, impure animals, and roots of vegetables. When their cannon-balls were near spent they made use of brick covered with lead. In this situation, General Hamilton pressed them to surrender upon reasonable conditions. Their answer consisted in asking, "If he thought they could trust one who had be-

trayed the trust which their master had put in him?"

James, tired with the tediousness of the siege, and alarmed at Kirk's arrival, sent Marischal Rosen, his commander-in-chief, in the end of June, to urge matters with more vigor. He, more skilled in attack than the Irish generals, changed the arrangements, invested the place more closely, and made many furious, but ineffectual, assaults. At length, provoked by the fidelity of the garrison, instead of humoring it, he took an unparalleled step; ordered that all the inhabitants, ten miles around Londonderry, should be driven under the walls of the town. He ordered the country to be burned, and proclaimed that, unless the town surrendered within ten days, all would be put to the sword: 5,000, some say 7,000, miserable wretches, who were collected from the country around, men, women, the old, the young, even the sick, and nurses with infants hanging at their breasts, all were driven, with drawn swords, under the walls of the town.

This device weakened the spirit of James's army by its horror, and strengthened those of the besieged, by turning a sedate into a furious valor. Many of the prisoners called to their friends on the walls above them, "To attend to their own interest, not theirs; for that a surrender to men, void of all Christian humanity, could not save those who were without, and would only involve those within in one common slaughter." The Irish officers executed their orders against their countrymen, weeping and obeying; and many of them owned that the cries they then heard rang forever after in their ears. The besieged, on the other hand, erecting a gibbet on the bastion nearest the enemy, gave orders to hang up whatever prisoners fell into their hands, and wrote to the enemy to send priests to confess them. During two days and two nights the unhappy victims of Rosen's resentment continued at the foot of the walls, without meat, drink, fire, or shelter, where many hundreds of them died. At the end of that time, such of them as were able to go away were permitted to do so. But those who died were the most fortunate: for the rest, filled with the seeds of diseases, and with dejection, as they wandered homeward, beheld, on all sides, their habitations in ashes, here and there at distances the smoke of some not extinguished; their cattle, provisions, furniture, carried off. A vast silence reigned over the land. They envied their companions who were at rest with their miseries. It would be inhuman to the memory of the unhappy to impute the disgrace of this action to James: he revoked the order as soon as he heard of it; his own sufferings had probably taught him to feel for those of others.

Kirk, in the mean time, heard the cries, and saw the fires, though enraged, and perhaps not displeased, to see his own character for cruelty exceeded. At last, receiving intelligence that the garrison, sunk with fatigues, had sent proposals of capitulation, and had only two days' provisions, he resolved upon an attempt to throw a convoy of provisions into the place, by means of three victual frigates, and a man-of-war to cover them in an attempt, upon the success of which, it was obvious to all, the loss or ruin of the town would not fail to depend.

As soon as these vessels approached the town, upon the 30th of July, the Irish army hastened to that side; some to oppose them, and the rest to gratify their curiosity. That part of the garrison which was not upon duty ranged themselves along the walls nearest the river, with eyes intent, and hands lifted to heaven for the success of the convoy. Kirk had been deceived in the strength of the enemy's works. The ship of war, too, by galling the enemy's batteries, drew their fire upon itself, and thus saved the victuallers from danger. The foremost of the victuallers, at the first shock, broke the boom, and ran aground by the turn which this gave to her course. A shout burst from the besiegers as from the mouth of one man, which echoed to the ships, the camp, and the town. Multitudes of them, quitting their ranks, flew to the shore, and plunged into the water; some pushed with their hands the boats they found there; others leaped into them; all advanced, or called to advance, against the vessel in distress. The smoke of the enemy's fire, and of her own, covered her from the sight of the besieged. During this darkness and confusion the besiegers called from the opposite side of the river, that the vessel was taken; a shrill cry of misery, like the wailings of women, were heard from the walls. The common paleness of fear appeared not upon men who had lost all sense of it: one, who was an eye-witness, relates that, in the depth of despair, they looked black in the eyes of each other. But, in a little time, the victualler was seen emerging from the smoke, having got off by the rebound of her guns; and she, and her followers, amid the tumultuous cries of both parties, sailed up to the town.

On the fortune of this convoy turned the fate of Londonderry, and perhaps of Ireland. For, next day, the enemy raised the siege, having continued it three months and a half, conscious they could have hoped for success from famine alone, not from their swords. The garrison was found to be reduced from 7,500 men to about 4,000, of which 1,000

were rendered unfit for service; and the remaining part of the garrison scarcely deserved to be called men, as, by watching and famine, they had rather the appearance of shadows. Their eyes being hollow, sunk beneath their brows, there appeared, in the expression of their looks, rather signs of resentment that their enemies had escaped, than of joy that themselves were free. Even to their friends who rescued them those dark looks seemed to mark the remembrance that relief had so often been called for in vain. Of the unarmed multitude, about 7,000 had perished by famine, disease, or the shot of the enemy. The supply of provisions was received with silent gratitude, as if it had been a gift from Heaven, not with the noisy rejoicings usual on such occasions; the garrison, in a long and devout order, repaired in procession to the church, checking the effusion of their joy, until they had returned thanks to that God who was the author of their relief.—*Dalrymple's Memoirs.*

LONATO, A.D. 1796.—Lonato is a town of Lombardy, and is situated about three miles south-west of Lake Garda.

On the 3d of August, 1796, Napoleon, at the head of 25,000 men, advanced upon Lonato. A feint attack of the republicans was unsuccessful, their light troops were thrown into confusion; General Pegion, with three pieces of artillery, was captured by the enemy, and Lonato taken. Napoleon, had a short time previous, driven the imperialists from the place and made 500 of them prisoners. After the capture of General Pegion, Napoleon took the command, and formed the center into one formidable body, while the Austrians were extending their troops toward Salo, in which direction Quasdonovich was stationed, so that in case of disaster they would be near him. The French general at once perceived the error of his adversary, in thus extending his forces, and made a desperate charge, with both foot and horse upon the Austrian center which being weakened so much, from the extension of the wings speedily gave way. Lonato was re-taken by assault, and the Austrians divided. One part of it effected its retreat under Bayalitch to Mincio, the other endeavored to join Quasdonovich at Salo; but Guyeaux, with a division of French already occupied that place, and the flying imperialists, pressed between the dragoons of Junot, who assailed their rear, and the infantry at Salo, who prevented them from advancing, disbanded, losing 3,000 prisoners and 30 pieces of cannon.

LONG ISLAND. See *Brooklyn.*

LOUDOUN HILL, A.D. 1307.—The battle of Loudoun was fought between the followers of Robert Bruce, the hero-king of Scotland, and the English army under the Earl of Pembroke. After a desperate battle the Scots were defeated, and Bruce was obliged to seek safety in flight.

LOUISBURG, A.D. 1758. — This little-place was once an important seaport town of Cape Breton at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. It is situated on the south-east shore of the island, about twenty miles east of Sydney. The French had erected at this place a fortress, at the expense of 30,000,000 livres. In 1758, Louisburg was the strongest fortification in America, and was the rallying-point of French power on the western continent. On the 28th day of May, 1758, Lord Amherst arrived at Halifax from England, whence he had been ordered with General Wolfe, to join the fleet of Admiral Boscawen for the purpose of laying siege to Louisburg. The whole fleet consisted of twenty-two ships of the line and fifteen frigates; the land force amounted to twelve thousand men. On the 20th of June the fleet anchored in Gabarus Bay; and on the 8th of July the troops, under a random fire from the frigates, commenced landing. The French had established several batteries upon the island without the town, and some French troops were posted behind a breastwork of felled trees. As the British were landing the enemy poured forth rapid and well directed volleys upon them; but Wolfe, who led the first division, would not allow a gun to be fired. He encouraged the oarsmen, and cheered on his men. The boats stranded on a shoal, and in spite of the surf which displayed its white teeth, as if to intimidate the soldiers, the English landed and carried the breastwork at a bound. They took the batteries, and drove the French into the town. On the same day the English invested Louisburg. Among the British officers who distinguished themselves on this day was Richard Montgomery. He was only twenty-one years of age; but he evinced that gallantry and firmness which afterward rendered him so conspicuous when fighting against tyranny under the walls of Quebec. He was attached to Wolfe's brigade, and the lovers of coincidences might find something to marvel at in the fact that both Wolfe and Montgomery met their ends beneath the walls of the same city, the one while fighting for his king, the other for the cause of liberty.* On the morning of the 12th, before daybreak, Wolfe, at the head of some light infantry and a corps of Highlanders, surprised and captured the light-house battery, on the north-east side of the entrance to the harbor. This movement completely cut off the means of escape to the French, who, alarmed at the overwhelming numbers of the British, meditated a retreat. The captured battery was turned on the

* See *Quebec.*

town, and well-directed shots soon silenced the other batteries. On the 23d, the English battery commenced playing on that of the French, on the island near the center of the mouth of the harbor. Hot shot were also poured into the small fleet of French vessels lying in the harbor of Louisburg, and on the 21st three vessels were burned. On the night of the 25th the British set fire to a French seventy-four, the *Prudent*, and succeeded in cutting out and carrying off the *Bienfuissant*. Meanwhile the English artillery from ship and shore poured incessant volleys of shot and shell into the town, shattering the houses, and spreading desolation and ruin on all sides. The French cannon were nearly all silenced, and scarcely a spot in the place was tenable, and at the very time that Boscawen was preparing to send six English ships into the harbor, Chevalier de Drucor, the French governor, was meditating a capitulation. On the 26th of July, the French garrison surrendered, and on the following day the British took possession of Louisburg. The garrison were made prisoners of war, and with the sailors and marines, in all nearly six thousand men, were sent to England. Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island also fell into the hands of the English, and with their fall ended the power of France on the eastern shores of America. Louisburg was deserted, and now a few fishermen's huts only mark the spot, to fortify which France once expended so much treasure.

LUNCARTY, A.D. 900.—At Luncarty, in Scotland, a battle was fought between the Danes, who had invaded Scotland, and the Scots. The battle was one of extraordinary obstinacy on both sides; but the Danes found an enemy in the commander of their antagonists worthy of their steel. By the energy and bravery of Hay, the founder of the Errol family, the Danes were signally defeated.

LUTZEN, A.D. 1632.—This little village is famous in history, as the witness of two of the most memorable battles of modern times. It is a town of Prussian Saxony, and is situated twelve miles south-west of Leipsic.

The battle of Lutzen, the last victory of the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, the Lion of the North, and the chief support of the Protestant religion, was fought on the 6th of November, 1632, between the imperial army of Germany, and the Swedes. The town of Lutzen stands on a plain. Across the center of the road which leads from Lutzen to Leipsic, a trench is cut, which connects the Elster with the Saale. The hostile armies were posted between this trench and the village of Lutzen. The right wing of the imperial army rested on the trench, the left on the town; and the left wing of the Swedes rested on the trench, and the right on Lutzen. The two armies were divided by the street, which had deep ditches on either side. The whole imperial army occupied the north side of the road; the Swedes stood upon the south. The imperial army was commanded by Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, and consisted of 25,000 men. Wallenstein, however, was in daily expectation of reinforcements. The Swedish army was under the immediate command of Gustavus Adolphus; and consisted of 18,000 men. The army was formed in two divisions, with a reserve; and with clouds of cavalry on each wing. Between the two main divisions in the center, were stationed eight ranks of infantry, four men deep; and among the cavalry on the wings small bodies of musketeers. In the front a battery of twenty cannon, were planted; and a number of portable cannons,* the invention of the king himself, were distributed among the several divisions of the army. The right wing was under the command of Gustavus Adolphus, the left was under Bernard Von Weimar. The center was under Brahe, and the reserve corps was commanded by Kniphausen.

The imperialists were drawn up in Wallenstein's usual order of battle. The center was composed of infantry, drawn up in four great hollow squares, the rear ranks consisting of pikemen, the front ranks of musketeers. These squares were flanked on the right and left by cavalry, and on the extreme right an eminence called Windmill Hill, was occupied by a body of cuirassiers, troopers, and footmen, posted there for the purpose of protecting the town from the assaults of the enemy. On the left was posted a body of Croats; and the ditches along the road were filled with musketeers. Between the ditch and the front of the center of the army, was planted a battery of seven cannons, and on Windmill Hill was another battery consisting of fourteen pieces of smaller caliber, planted in front of the infantry in the left wing.

Gustavus Adolphus had made his dispositions during the night of the 5th, with the determination to fall by surprise on the enemy; but the ever memorable 6th of November opened with a thick fog, and it was not until noon that the fog disappeared before the rays of the sun, and disclosed to the eyes of all, both armies drawn up in battle array. The Swedish monarch gave the signal for battle, and with a loud shout, "God be with us!" the Swedes rushed frantically to the fight. On, on they went, sweeping across the plain, driving the enemy's musketeers in the ditches before them, like chips on the teeth of a billow. They rushed into the blinding tempest which burst forth from the im-

* These cannons, it is said, were made of leather, strongly banded with iron hoops.

perial battery in the center, and capturing the guns, advanced rapidly toward the enemy's front. They dashed madly against the first solid square, who received them with a warm fire of musketry, and loud shouts; but nothing could resist the impetuous charge of Swedes. The imperial square was broken and scattered like chaff before the wind, and the Swedes swiftly advanced toward the second. The imperialists defended themselves obstinately with the sword; but like a tempest the Swedes swept through them, and the second square shared the fate of the first. Wallenstein, who was sufferering from a severe attack of the gout, and was obliged to be conveyed in a litter, saw the disaster in the center, and hastily sent three regiments of horse, to support the third square, which the Swedes were assailing vigorously. They fell fiercely on the Swedish ranks, and the conflict raged with the utmost fury. The broken squares re-formed, and the Swedes in turn were compelled to fly across the road, leaving the captured guns behind.

While this terrible conflict was raging in the center, Bernard Von Weimar, with the left wing of the Swedish army, had been endeavoring to storm Windmill Hill. His troops had charged and charged again, without effect, when suddenly their leader was called upon to assume the supreme command.

Gustavus Adolphus, with the troopers of his right wing, had attacked and driven back the Croats on the enemy's left, when he saw his center falling back. Placing himself at the head of his favorite Finnlanders, he led them forward to cover the retreat of his center. He was accompanied by Duke Francis Albert of Saxony, a page, and a stable master. While urging his horse on at a full gallop, he received a ball in his arm, and soon afterward a second ball entered his back penetrating through his body, and he fell heavily to the earth.* The duke and the stable master fled; but the faithful page, Linbelfing, remained with his master, and endeavored to assist him to mount. A fog again covered the field of strife. The imperial horsemen made a furious charge over the prostrate monarch, and perceiving him, returned, and not recognizing him as the king, pierced him through and through with their lances, and shot him in several places. The brave page defended his master to the utmost of his abilities; but at length sank to the ground wounded so severely that he died five days after the battle. The troopers stripped the body of the king, and mangled it in such a manner, that when it was found the Swedes could scarcely recognize the features of their beloved monarch.

No sooner had Bernard heard of the fall of the king, than he desisted from his attacks on Windmill Hill, and hastened to the center. He informed Kniphausen of the disaster, and the latter advised him to return; but Bernard resolved to avenge the death of his master or die in the attempt.

He assumed the command of the entire army, and having got his troops into order again, addressed them energetically. "Swedes, Finnlanders, and Germans," said he, "the protector of your liberties has been slain. To me life is nothing, if I can not avenge his fall. Be brave, and charge the enemy vigorously; all who desire to show their love for their king, may show it now. Follow me, and conquer or die, like brave men and true soldiers!" The Swedes received his words with a shout for vengeance, which sent a thrill of terror to the hearts of their enemies, and like a mighty wave they rushed to the attack, clearing the ditches of the Austrian musketeers, and carrying for a second time the enemy's battery in the center. A shot struck Bernard's cap from his head, but unheeding the incident, he led his men fiercely against the enemy on Windmill Hill. The gallant Swedes burning for revenge, advanced steadily up the slopes in face of the enemy's fire; they attacked the gunners and drove them back, and with the battery took possession of the enemy's ammunition wagons. The Austrians seeing their cannons in the hands of the enemy commenced retreating at all points, and victory seemed to have declared for the Swedes; but at this critical moment, Wallenstein was reinforced by the arrival of Pappenheim with seven thousand cavalry, and restored the battle. The cavalry on the left wing of the Austrian army rallied, and fiercely attacked the Swedes in that quarter of the field, urged on to desperate deeds by the presence of Wallenstein, who sitting up in his litter, gave his orders with the greatest coolness. The Swedes were again driven back; the batteries in the center were again recaptured. The right wing animated by the events which were transpiring on the left, rushed forward upon the Swedes on Windmill Hill, and the latter fighting obstinately were driven back across the plain, and the imperialists recovered all their lost guns. At this moment Kniphausen, with the reserve of four regiments of horse, and two of foot, came up, and the Swedes encouraged by this reinforcement returned to the fight with renewed ardor. The fight now raged with terrible fury. Pappenheim at length fell, and his cavalry, panic-stricken, fled

* Puffendorf in his memoirs, says that the bullet which struck the king, was from a musket in the hands of Falkenberg, a colonel in the imperial service. There were various accounts of the death of Gustavus Adolphus; but by a letter it was satisfactorily proved that he was shot by an Austrian officer in Wallenstein's army. The conduct of Duke Albert on this occasion, was certainly cowardly in the extreme.

pressing back the troops behind them into a mass of the direst confusion. Bernard von Weimar seized this favorable moment, and by a skillful movement united the two divisions of his army, and made one final tremendous charge upon the imperial center. For a third time the battery was carried; for a third time the Swedes battled their way across the plain into the very heart of the enemy. Night put an end to the conflict. The Swedes remained masters of the field; the Austrians retreated. The united loss of both armies was 9,000 men killed and wounded. The exact loss of each is unknown; but from the stubborn valor displayed on both sides it is supposed to have been about equal. The guns of the Austrians fell into the hands of the victors.

A. D. 1813.—In the latter part of April 1813, Napoleon, with an army of 70,000 men, was advancing toward Leipsic from Erfurth. On the 30th of April the Russian and Prussian forces, which had occupied Halle, Naumberg, Leipsic, and all the adjacent roads, were moved forward with all possible dispatch, to prevent the advance of the French army to Leipsic, give them battle in the plains of Lutzen, and drive them back in case of success into the marshes formed by the Pliesse and the Elster. On the first of May the Prussian army was posted at Roethe; Wittgenstein with the Russians was at Zwenkau; while Winzingerode and Malaradowitch, more in advance, observed the movements of the enemy on the roads of Naumberg and Chemnitz. The entire force of the allies consisted of over 80,000 men. It was in crossing the defile of Grünebach, that the head of the French column first encountered the allies, who were strongly posted with six guns on the heights of Poserna, on the opposite bank, to defend the great road which, after descending into the valley of that name, and passing the village of Reppach, ascends the opposite steep to enter the great plains of Lutzen and Leipsic.

The inferiority of Napoleon's forces in cavalry rendered it necessary to approach this advanced guard with caution, and the French infantry moved on in squares, as at the battle of the Pyramids, in Egypt. Marshal Bessières, Duke of Istria, colonel of the Imperial Guard, was among the foremost of the horsemen who advanced to reconnoiter the enemy's position, when a cannon-shot killed the brigadier and his escort. "Inter that brave man," said the marshal; and hardly had the words passed his lips when a second cannon-ball struck himself on the breast, and laid him dead on the spot.* The French were not disheartened by the loss of their leader; they brought up the artillery of the Guard, and under cover of their fire the leading square got through, and the allied vanguard retired, leaving open to the French the entrance of the plain of Lutzen. The French army occupied Lutzen and the adjacent villages, where they slept; the Young Guard bivouacked around the Tomb of Gustavus Adolphus; sentinels were placed to preserve from destruction, during the night, the trees which shaded the grave of the Hero of the North. Next morning, the French troops, being aware that they were in presence of the enemy, advanced in close order toward Leipsic, ready at a moment's warning to form square to resist the formidable cavalry to which they were opposed. General Lauriston, with his corps, the advanced guard of the army of Eugene, moved on the road from Museberg; he met with no resistance till he arrived at Lindenau, the western suburb of Leipsic; but there the streets were barricaded, and the houses loopholed; and as a serious resistance was expected, the troops halted, and the fire of the artillery commenced. Macdonald's corps followed on the same line, and neither of these were engaged in the subsequent action. The main body of the French army, under Napoleon in person, advanced in a dense array of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and chariots, on the road from Weissenfelds to Lindenau. The vanguard of the army was composed of Marmont's corps; next to him Bertrand brought up his Italians from Nossen; behind them, between Naumberg and Weissenfelds, came Oudinot's men; while the Imperial Guard and reserve cavalry were still further in the rear, and Ney's columns covered the flank of the huge array as far as Lutzen.

The allied army, on the other hand, were resolved to give battle to the enemy in the plain of Lutzen. They crossed the Elbe, therefore near Pegau, early on the morning of the 2d of May, and advanced with all their forces, directing their march toward Jena, and threatening the enemy's right, so as to keep up the communication with Bohemia and the forces of the Austrian monarchy. The plan of attack was to refuse their own right, and make no considerable effort in the center, but endeavor to force back the enemy's right, turn it, and cut him off from the Saale, and then inundate his rear with a numerous cavalry, to which he had no corresponding force to oppose. Blucher's Prussians were in front, next came Wittgenstein's

* Napoleon wrote the following touching letter to the widow of Marshal Bessières, who was inconsolable for his loss:—"My Cousin: Your husband has died on the field of honor. The loss which you and your children have sustained is doubtless great; but mine is still greater. The Duke of Istria has died the noblest death, and, without suffering, he has left a reputation without a spot, the best inheritance he could bequeath his children. My protection is secured to them; they will inherit all the affection I bore to their father."

Russians; Winzingerode's Russians, with the Russian and Prussian guards, and the cavalry of both armies, formed the reserve. In this order, the troops, after having enjoyed an hour and a half's rest, advanced to the attack at one o'clock in the afternoon.

The hostile armies thus approached each other in a very peculiar manner; for both were in open column, and actually under march, and they came into collision like two men-of-war attempting to pass each other on opposite tacks. Napoleon, aware that the enemy was not far distant, but ignorant of their intentions, and not expecting them to stand firm that day, had been on horseback since nine in the morning; and he had passed the monument of Gustavus Adolphus, when he was first roused to a sense of his situation by the sound of artillery on his extreme left, at Lindenau. Soon a tremendous cannonade arose in rear of his right, in the direction of Great and Little Görschen, and Napoleon immediately perceived that the attack was to be expected on this side. The French infantry in this quarter occupied the villages of Great Görschen, Little Görschen, Rhano, and Kaia, which lie near each other, somewhat in the form of an irregular square, in the plain between Lutzen and Pegau. The plain is there traversed by a deep channel of a rivulet called the Flossgraben, which was crossed by the whole combined army in small compact columns, and formed a support to the right, after these columns had deployed. Emerging from behind the heights, where they had taken their rest, entirely concealed from the enemy's view, the allied army, 80,000 strong, moved on in four deep black columns, with a powerful artillery in front, which immediately commenced a heavy concentric fire upon Great Görschen, which the French infantry in the village sustained with admirable intrepidity. Soon, however, it was assailed by two Prussian brigades, under General Ziethen, with great vigor. The gallant Frenchmen made a strong resistance, but, overwhelmed by superior numbers, they were forced to fly. The Prussians next attacked Little Görschen and Rhano with the utmost impetuosity, and both villages were carried with loud shouts. The two villages were set on fire, and the whole right of the field was enveloped in the black clouds of the conflagration. Aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp was sent to Napoleon after reinforcements. The French emperor's resolution was immediately taken. "We have no cavalry," said he—"no matter: it will be a battle as in Egypt—the French infantry is equal to any thing, and I commit myself, without alarm, to the inherent valor of our young conscripts."

Orders were immediately dispatched to Macdonald, who was on the left, to retrace his steps, and direct his march to the point of attack on the right. Eugene, gifted with the true eye of a general, had already stopped his advance on hearing the cannon on the right, and enjoined him to incline in that direction; orders were simultaneously sent to Marmont to hasten across the fields in the same direction. Bertrand was instructed to advance as quickly as possible on the other side; while the whole troops on the road between Lutzen and Leipsic were at once halted, and wheeled into line by a movement on the right. Napoleon himself set off with his suite in the same direction, directing his rapid course to the point where the smoke was thickest, and the cannon loudest. The Prussian general resolved to support his first attack to the utmost of his power, and direct his principal forces in that quarter, while, at the same time, he distracted the enemy's attention by a furious onset upon his center. He brought up, therefore, his second line, and a part of his reserves. This was now necessary, for Ney, having moved forward three French divisions, had, by a brilliant charge, regained the lost villages, and driven back the allies to the ground they had occupied at the commencement of the action. Again the Prussians, in superior numbers, advanced to the attack. Nothing could withstand their impetuosity. The French columns, driven out of the houses, were charged in the intervening open ground by the allied horse, and thrown into confusion. Several regiments of conscripts disbanded and fled. Seeing his attack thus far successful, Wittgenstein brought up his reserves of the Russians and Prussians. These troops advanced in good order through a driving tempest of cannon-shot from the French batteries, and pressing incessantly forward, carried the villages of Little Görschen and Hahaïoli by assault, and drove the enemy by Kaia, the key of the French right. Kaia was soon in flames, and remained burning furiously, unoccupied by either party. No sooner did Napoleon receive intelligence of these movements, than he set out at a gallop to the scene of danger. As the emperor approached, he received the most touching proofs of the devotion of his troops; the broken crowds of conscripts re-formed in haste at the sight of the imperial staff; the wounded, which were carried past in numbers, never failed to salute the emperor with the wonted acclamations—cries of "*Vive l' Empereur!*" broke forth from lips soon about to be silent in death, and a faint expression of joy illumined the countenances of the dying youths when the well-known form of Napoleon flitted before their eyes. Never had the French army displayed more de-

voted valor—never did the generals and officers evince a more heroic spirit—and never, except perhaps at Wagram, had the emperor exposed his person more than at this crisis.

Both parties, perceiving that the decisive point of the battle was to be found in the ruins of Kaia, strove, by accumulating forces upon it, to secure to themselves so important an acquisition, like two skillful players of chess, who successively bring up all their forces to support the attack or defense, toward the close of the struggle of often an insignificant piece on the board. Napoleon, placing himself a short distance behind the village, arranged the broken remains of Ney's divisions, which had been already engaged, preceded by the division of Ricard, with his aide-de-camp Count Lobau at their head, for a fresh attack. These gallant troops advanced with cool intrepidity, and now being nearly equal in numbers with their opponents, drove them back behind Kaia, and into the neighborhood of Little Görschen. Blucher's Prussians of the reserve, however, issued with the utmost vigor from that village; a furious combat ensued in the plain between the two; Gerard and Brenier both fell severely wounded at the head of their troops. While the combat was raging between Kaia and Little Görschen, the other corps of the French army came up; the Imperial Guard was now assembled close behind Kaia in reserve, with Napoleon at its head. Bertrand's forces were on the one side, Marmont's infantry issued from the willow thickets, which adjoined the Flossgraben on the other. As a last effort, Wittgenstein ordered the artillery of General Winzengerode to march forward and take the enemy, combating between the villages, on their left flank, while his infantry advanced to the support of the Prussians. This able maneuver had at first surprising success; one of his divisions debouched from Eisdorf, beyond the Flossgraben streamlet, and drove back Marchant's division of Marmont's troops; while another reinforced the Prussians, between the villages, and, with the aid of the guns on the enemy's flank, with loud shouts drove them out of Little Gorschen and Kaia, back to the Imperial Guard of Napoleon. An interesting yet melancholy incident took place in the contest for the burning villages. The young conscripts of Paris and the volunteers of Berlin met amid the ruins; both made their first essay at arms, but both fought with the courage of veteran soldiers, hand to hand, body to body, heart to heart; these gallant youths struggled with invincible obstinacy amid the flames, and nearly a half of each found there an untimely grave. Napoleon now saw that the decisive moment had arrived: all his reserves within reach except the Imperial Guard, had been engaged. He forthwith drew out that formidable host which had so often decided the fate of European fields.

Sixteen battalions of the Young Guard were drawn up in a close column, preceded by sixty pieces of its incomparable artillery, commanded by Drouot, and followed by the whole reserve cavalry. This weighty column soon made its way through the crowd of fugitives which lay in its line of advance. Nothing could withstand the swift and deadly fire of Drouot's guns, which seemed absolutely to be discharged as they moved along. Kaia was regained, and the allies forced back, still facing about and firing, to Little Görschen. The Prussian battalions fell back behind that village to re-form. There, however, the fight was renewed. Mortier had a horse shot under him; Dumoustier fell by his side; while on the Prussian side Scharnhorst was mortally wounded, the Prince Leopold of Hesse-Homberg and Prince Mecklenberg-Strelitz, killed. The Guard, still enveloped by clouds of dust and smoke, steadily advanced, and the receding sound of their artillery and the light of their guns, showed that the enemy was in retreat on the right. At the same time Eugene, who at this critical moment came up from Lindenau, fell on the extreme right of the Prince of Wirtemberg, and drew off his batteries from the flank of the column engaged among the villages; and the prince was able barely to maintain his position without prosecuting the attack, which, in the first instance, had promised so much success. The fire of the artillery was kept up on both sides until nightfall; but the allied generals, although still in possession of the ground they occupied in the beginning of the battle, felt that they could not withstand further attacks, and accordingly gave orders for a retreat on the following morning. Napoleon dispatched couriers to Paris, Cracow, Rome, Vienna, and Constantinople, to announce that he had gained the victory. At nine o'clock at night as Napoleon was riding across a part of the field of battle, toward Lutzen, where head-quarters were to be established, he was suddenly assailed by a fire of musketry from behind a hedge, followed by the irruption of a huge mass of the enemy's horse, which advanced in close order and a steady pace, almost to the imperial escort. Some esquires having now come up, and poured in a close fire on both sides, the allied horse got entangled in the darkness, in a ravine, and at length, with considerable loss, returned to their own camp. The combat at all points ceased, and the two armies reposed upon the field of battle. The allies the next day retreated toward Dresden, closely pursued by

the French. The battle of Bautzen soon followed.

The loss of the French in the battle of Lutzen, was six thousand killed and twelve thousand wounded. The allies lost fifteen thousand in killed and wounded.

LYONS, A.D. 197.—Lyons is the second city of France. The greater part of the town is built upon a tongue of land formed by the junction of two large rivers, the Rhone, flowing from the east, and the Saône, from the north. The city, however, is not confined to these limits alone; but extends to the banks of both rivers, which are crossed at various points by commodious and elegant bridges.

Albinus, a Roman general, revolted against the Emperor Severus, and encamped his rebel troops near Lyons. The emperor marched against him, and the battle commenced the instant the armies came in sight of each other. The conflict was terrible, but Albinus was conquered, and forced to take refuge in Lyons. The conquerors followed him thither, and plundered and ravaged the city. Albinus, finding all was lost, plunged his sword into his own body; but as he was not dead when the adverse party took Lyons, they enjoyed the savage satisfaction of cutting off the head of a man who could not have lived an hour.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1793.—A great number of the Lyonnais had witnessed the revolution of the 10th of August with regret. Devoted to commerce and the arts, Lyons must necessarily have preferred a stable and tranquil government to the storms of a revolution. Political agitations, the emigration of the nobles, the proscriptions of the rich, were at every instant drying up the springs of its commerce, paralyzing its industry, and deteriorating the product of its manufactures. When private interests were thus injured, it could not be expected that the Lyonnais should feel much revolutionary ardor; they were certain to follow the ideas of the most moderate party. The Convention was recognized, the Republic proclaimed; but the rich trembled at the opening of the clubs; they were terrified at seeing municipal powers pass into the hands of proletaires; their minds revolted at hearing propositions for murder and carnage. Their horror for the men who oppressed them was soon displaced by a desire for vengeance. Two parties declared themselves in Lyons; that of the Municipals, supported by the *Montagne;* and that of the Sections, composed of pure republicans and disguised royalists. Both sides assembled, and both spoke of preparations for defense and of measures for attack. Each party designated its enemies, watched its partisans, exaggerated its injuries and causes of alarm; minds were heated, and hearts divided. People became accustomed to consider as irreconcilable enemies all who did not embrace the opinions of the party they had espoused. The storm, which had been growling for a length of time, burst forth on the 29th of May, 1793. Two commissioners from the Convention, were sitting with Châlier at the municipality; they had made a place of arms of it. On their side, the Sectionaries had gathered together all their columns. There were three attempts at accommodation, but they all failed through the perfidy of Châlier. A battalion of the Lyonnais approached the municipality, sent for under the pretense of conciliation. The signal for carnage was given; Châlier ordered a discharge of artillery and musketry. The unfortunate Lyonnais were compelled to abandon the bodies of their friends; the whole city was in arms. Two columns left the Place de Bellecourt, and besieged the Hôtel de Ville, defended by eighteen hundred men and two pieces of cannon; the besiegers did not amount to two thousand. The combat lasted two hours; the Hôtel de Ville was carried. The Lyonnais had in their power the men who appeared to have meditated their ruin. There was still more carnage after the victory; the soldiers were obliged to defend their prisoners against the fury of the people. Among them were the two commissioners from the Convention; but liberty was soon restored to them, on condition of their giving an honest account of the provocations which had brought on the combat. These representatives, four days after, notwithstanding a favorable account had been given, described the Lyonnais to the Convention as rebels, and demanded vengeance for the national representation having been unacknowledged, degraded, and insulted in their persons. In the mean time the Lyonnais had chosen fresh magistrates, and these had created a commission to try the prisoners made in the contest on the 29th of May. Châlier was condemned to death; the rest were spared, and kept as hostages.

No sooner had the intelligence of the revolt of Lyons reached Kellerman's ears than he assembled 8,000 men, and a small train of artillery, to observe the place. But this force was totally unable to maintain its ground before the armed population of the city, which soon amounted to 30,000 men. The citizens of Lyons were determined to resist to the last the progress of the French republicans. They formed a military chest, and issued a paper currency which was guaranteed by the principal merchants. Great numbers of cannon were cast at the foundries within the walls; while on the heights around the city fortifications were erected

under the supervision of a skillful engineer. On the other hand the troops of the republicans were daily increasing; yet they were not in sufficient force to make head against an enemy so strong and vigorous. During the whole month of August, and the beginning of September, the siege made little progress, the batteries of the besiegers being scarcely armed. During this time the besieged made proposals for an accommodation, but the commissaries of the Convention answered them in an indignant manner, saying they must first show themselves worthy of pardon, by acknowledging that they were in the wrong; they must also lay down their arms, and deliver up the keys of the city, before they could be entitled to any clemency on the part of the Convention. The Lyonnaise had no faith in the clemency of the Convention, and replied, "We expect nothing from your clemency; we shall firmly await your arrival, and you shall never capture our city but by marching over our dead bodies."

As soon as the Convention learned that the English had entered Toulon, they redoubled their efforts to subjugate Lyons, and took the most energetic measures for the prosecution of the siege. A hundred pieces of cannon, from the arsenals of Besançon and Grenoble, were mounted on the batteries, veteran troops selected from the army on the frontier of Piedmont, and four corps formed, to press the outworks on different sides of the city. In several contests in the outer intrenchments, the Lyonnaise fought with great valor, but although the success was nearly equal, the besiegers had the advantage, and the horrors of war at length fell on this devoted city. A terrible cannonade with red-hot shot, and bombardment commenced on the 24th of September, and was kept up incessantly for seven days. Day and night the flaming tempest fell on the quarter of St. Clair; the magnificent hotels of that district were burned; the splendid public buildings, and the beautiful quays of the river, were all involved in the awful conflagration. The arsenal blew up with a terrific explosion. The great hospital, a noble monument of charity, was at length reached by the hungry flames. It was filled with the wounded and dying from every quarter of the town. In hopes to avert the fury of the besiegers from this last asylum of humanity, a black flag was raised from the top of the building, but it only served as a mark for the red-hot shot, and after the fire had been extinguished for more than forty times, it was burned to the ground. These ravages increased the sufferings of the inhabitants, but in no wise diminished their means of defense. Soon after, the repeated attacks of the republicans made them masters of the heights of St. Croix, which commanded the city from a nearer position, while another detachment cut off all communication between the inhabitants and the part of the country from which they obtained their provisions. Before the end of September, 50,000 men were assembled before the walls, and notwithstanding the utmost economy in distributing food, the pangs of hunger began to be felt. The force of the besiegers received new reinforcements of artillery from Valenciennes, and also 25,000 mountaineers from Auvergne, under the command of Couthon.

The hopes of the inhabitants had rested on a diversion from the side of Savoy, where the Piedmontese troops were slowly assembling for offensive operations. But they were cruelly disappointed. The Sardinian army was driven back, after having failed to avail themselves of an opportunity which would never again occur of establishing the royalist party in the south of France. This, together with the pressure of famine, depressed the spirits of the besieged. The inhabitants, however, nobly and heroically defended themselves against a force of over 60,000 men. In vain the bombardment was continued with unexampled severity, and 27,000 bombs, 5,000 shells, and 11,000 red-hot shot thrown into the city; entirely regardless of the iron storm, one-half of the citizens manned the works, while the other half watched the flight of the burning projectiles, and carried water to the quarters where the conflagration broke forth. Notwithstanding all these efforts, the city seemed doomed. The Convention becoming exasperated at the slowness of the siege, deprived Kellerman of the command, and ordered him to the bar of the Convention to give an account of his conduct. The command of the besieging army was given to General Doppet, who received orders to reduce Lyons immediately by fire and sword. In order to hasten operations, Couthon, as commissioner of the Convention, was invested with a despotic authority over the general, and he instantly resolved to storm Lyons, by employing the whole 60,000 men. On the 29th of September, a general attack was made by General Doppet on the intrenchments of the besieged, the object of which was to force the fortified post near the confluence of the Saône and the Rhone. After a desperate resistance the batteries which commanded that post were carried by the republicans, and the bridge which connected it with the opposite side was forced. These obstacles being removed between the assailants and the city, the destruction of Lyons seemed inevitable. But Precy hurrying to the scene of danger, at the head of a chosen band of citizens, the besiegers were driven back from the plain with

the loss of about 2,000 men; still, with all his efforts, the heights and the bridge were occupied by the enemy's army. A more fatal enemy was dealing destruction within the walls. Famine, with all its horrors, was staring the besieged in the face. The women renounced the use of bread, in order that the soldiers might have sufficient; but even then they were soon reduced to half a pound a day of this simple food. Many subsisted on a scanty supply of oats which were daily served out, with the most rigid economy from the public magazines. By the 1st of October their resources became exhausted, and provisions of every kind had failed; thirty sections of Lyons, driven by necessity, were compelled to nominate deputies to proceed to the camp of the besiegers. The brave Precy, disdaining even in this extremity to submit, resolved to force his way with a chosen band through the enemy's line, and seek an asylum in foreign lands.

On the night of October 9th, at the head of 2,000 men, the flower of Lyons, together with their wives and children and what little property they had saved, he commenced the perilous journey. They were arranged in two columns, and the light from their burning dwellings served to guide them on the way. Scarcely had they left their homes amid the tears and blessings of those they had left behind, when a bomb from the enemy's camp fell into one of their ammunition-wagons, and many were instantly killed. Not disheartened by this disaster, they broke the opposing division and forced their way through the lines of the besiegers, but they were soon assailed by an overpowering force in the center and rear. They found themselves surrounded on every side; all the heights were lined with cannon, and every house filled with soldiers; a dreadful slaughter took place; men, women, and infants alike perished, and of all those who left Lyons, hardly fifty forced their way with Precy into the Swiss territories.

The next day the republicans took possession of Lyons. The troops observed strict discipline; they were lodged in barracks, or encamped in the Place Bellecœur or the Terreaux: the inhabitants indulged a fleeting hope that they might be treated with compassion, but they were not aware of the bitterness of republican hatred. Lyons was not spared; it was reserved for cold-blooded vengeance. As soon as the subjugation of the town was complete, Couthon entered at the head of the authorities of the Convention, reinstated the Jacobin municipality, and commissioned them to seek out and punish the guilty. The name of the city was suppressed, the inhabitants were appointed to be disarmed, and the whole city to be destroyed, with the exception of the poor's house, the manufactories, the great workshops, the hospitals, and public monuments. A committee of five members was appointed to inflict vengeance on the citizens. At the head was the villain Couthon and Collot d'Herbois. Couthon was to preside over the destruction of buildings, and attended by a retinue of servants he visited the finest parts of the city with a silver hammer in his hand, and striking at the doors of the houses he wished destroyed, exclaimed, "I strike you in the name of the law;" upon this his agents, numbering some 20,000, immediately surrounded the dwelling and leveled it to the ground. This destruction continued for six months, and the expense was enormous, amounting to 700,000 pounds. The buildings thus destroyed were among the finest private residences in all France. But this was but a commencement of horrors. Collot d'Herbois, the proconsul, cherished a feeling of private resentment against the inhabitants, and resolved to gratify a revenge of ten years' duration. His first act was to celebrate a fête in honor of Chalier, the republican governor of Lyons, a man of the most infamous character, and who had been put to death at the commencement of the insurrection. He closed the churches, abolished the priests, and endeavored to extinguish every vestige of religion. The bust of Chalier was carried through the streets, followed by the vilest portion of their army. After them was an ass bearing the Gospel, the cross, and all the most sacred emblems of Christian worship. An altar was erected in one of the public squares, a fire was lighted, the cross and Gospel burned, the consecrated bread trampled upon by the mob, and the ass compelled to drink the wine out of the communion cup. Collot d'Herbois was devoid of even a spark of mercy. The punishment of the inhabitants was much too slow to satisfy his terrible revenge. Deeming the execution of even twenty persons in a day insufficient, he prepared a new mode of punishment. Sixty captives of both sexes were led out together, tightly bound in file, to the Place de Brotteaux, then arranged in two files, with a deep ditch on each side, which was to be all the place of burial allowed them. At the extremity of the file were placed two cannon loaded with grape. The unhappy victims beheld with composure the awful preparations, and sang the patriotic hymns of the Lyonnaise until the signal was given and the guns discharged. Few only were killed at the first fire, but being horribly mutilated, the shrieks and cries were heart-rending. A second and third discharge did not complete the work of death, and the gend'armes unable to witness their struggles, dispatched numbers of them with their swords. Day after day this bloody scene was renewed, and Collot d'Herbois,

with his associate Fouché, were witnesses of the butchery from a distance by means of telescopes. The bodies of the slain floated in such numbers down the Rhone as to poison the waters, and at last Collot, for fear of disease, was obliged to bury them. In five months, more than 6,000 persons suffered death in this manner, and double that number driven into exile. After this dreadful massacre, and subjugation of Lyons, the troops were commanded to proceed immediately to Toulon to quiet the disturbance that was just beginning in that city.

MADRAS, A.D. 1702.—In 1702 Madras in India was besieged by the forces of Dahood Khan; but the British garrison made such a spirited and gallant resistance, that the besiegers were compelled to withdraw with great loss. In the year 1744, the French besieged Madras, and took it. In 1749 it was restored to the English. In 1758, it was again besieged by the French under the famous Lally; but after a siege of two months the French were obliged to retreat.

MAESTRICHT, A.D. 1576.—Maestricht is a city of the Netherlands, about four miles in circumference, seated on the Meuse, opposite Wyck, with which it communicates by a stone bridge.

The inhabitants of Maestricht, in concert with their German garrison, drove out the Spaniards in 1576. Their intention was to unite themselves with the Dutch, who had shaken off the yoke of Spain. Vargos, the general of Philip II., hastened to endeavor to regain possession of the place; of which he had the greater hopes from being still master of Wyck. The conquered, humiliated by a disgrace of which they were the more sensible from its having arisen out of their own negligence, were eager to repair their fault by instantly taking back what they had lost. As they saw no other obstacle to their doing so but some pieces of cannon placed upon the bridge which unites the two cities, they formed, to avoid this danger, a most extraordinary resolution. They placed before them all the women of Wyck. Provided with this rampart, they advanced over the bridge, and, covered with these singular bucklers, they fired boldly, and safely upon the citizens, who, not being able to defend themselves without shooting their relations, or at least the women of their party, quitted their post, took refuge in the houses, and abandoned the field of battle to the Spaniards, who thus remastered the city without receiving a single wound.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1579.—Three years after this Maestricht was invested by the celebrated Prince of Parma, Governor of Flanders. This general having secured his quarters and encamped in face of Maestricht, directed a numerous park of artillery against it. Mondragone was charged with the blockade on the side of Wyck. In a short time the circumvallation was secured; and, simultaneously, the Meuse was closed, both below and above the city, by two bridges of boats, sufficiently solid to deprive the enemy of all chance of entrance to the place by water. These bridges served at the same time as means of communication to the army spread over both banks of the river. The trenches were opened. The garrison, being small, could not risk many sorties, but they made some with success. Two attacks were formed: one at the Brussels gate, and the other opposite the curtain which was between the gate of Hoxter and that of the Cross. When the trenches were sufficiently advanced, Hierges set his batteries playing. The Spaniards had already arrived at the counterscarp, and were endeavoring to debouch in the fosse, to fill it promptly and second the operations of the artillery. The Brussels gate was defended by a good ravelin and a large cavalier, which impeded the progress of the besiegers greatly. It was battered by some pieces of large cannon; but the audacity of the besieged seemed to increase with their peril. The Spaniards on their part redoubled their efforts; their ardor was indefatigable; they emulated each other in braving dangers. Within the walls, the citizens and the countrymen who had there sought refuge, vied with the most practiced soldiers in intrepidity. The women themselves became redoubtable warriors: three companies of them were formed, one of which was employed at the counter-mines, and the others did garrison duty. They appeared on the ramparts by the side of the bravest soldiers; they cheerfully shared the painful labors of the pioneers, and entered warmly into the repairs of old fortifications, or the erection of new ones. The besiegers, however, remained masters of the fosse, and the breach appeared sufficiently practicable for an assault to be attempted. A signal was given for one; but the Spaniards, after making the most courageous efforts, were constrained to retire with loss. The fire of the batteries increased; the works were perfected; all sorts of means were employed to prevent the enemy from

repairing the breaches made in the ramparts of the city, A second assault was prepared. To weaken the resistance of the Flemings by dividing it, it was resolved to give the assault at the two attacks. The trumpets sounded; they rushed to the breaches; the parties met; the contest began; one side impetuously attacking, the other as firmly defending: victory remained doubtful; Herle, in the Spanish ranks, and Tappin, the celebrated defender of Maestricht, performing prodigies of valor. It was a hand to-hand fight—pike to pike, and sword to sword. Some barrels of powder caught fire, and blew up; in an instant the ground was covered with mutilated bodies. The combat ceased, and the besiegers were obliged to retreat, without having been able to gain possession of the breach. This fruitless attempt cost the Spainards very dear. But the greater part of the garrison had perished upon the walls, and the remainder were in want of every thing. Disease, fatigue, watching, and famine, made awful ravages. No more confidence could be placed in the succors promised by the Prince of Orange; and the inhabitants, determined to die rather than surrender, had no resource but their bravery. The ravelin which covered the Brussels gate annoying the besiegers greatly, the Prince of Parma determined to make himself master of it. He ordered some fresh mines, and on the 24th of June succeeded in winning it. The prince, profiting by this advantage, caused the large cavalier constructed at this point to be raised much higher, and turned the fire against the place. The besieged, being without repose, and finding safety nowhere, began to despair of holding out, without however, being at all willing to subscribe to the honorable capitulation offered them by the prince. That general fell sick; the siege appeared to suffer by the circumstance, and the attacks became weaker. In consequence of this, the exhausted citizens relaxed in their vigilance. The prince, who from his bed was still watchful, learned how matters stood, and immediately ordered an assault. On the morning of the day designed for this last effort, a soldier having crept through an ill-repaired breach, found no one on the walls but some sentinels buried in sleep. He informed the general of this. The troops were commanded to follow him: the breach was mounted, and the city taken. The carnage was so frightful that scarcely four hundred persons were spared. The life of the brave Tappin, the governor of Maestricht, was however saved, out of respect for his character. The besiegers lost two thousand five hundred men; but a booty of a million of crowns of gold, and the conquest of an important city, compensated for their fatigues and perils.

Third Siege, A.D. 1632.—In 1632 Maestricht was reduced by the Prince of Orange, and was confirmed to the Dutch in 1648.

Fourth Siege, A.D. 1673.—On the 10th of June, Louis XIV. appeared before Maestricht with an army of 40,000 men. The place was defended by a garrison of 5,000 men, and by an intrepid governor, named Farjaux, a Frenchman, in the service of Holland. On the 17th the trenches were opened, and five batteries were directed against the city. Vauban, who in this siege first distinguished himself, employed the parallels invented by some Italian engineers in the service of the Turks, before Candia. He added places of arms in the trenches, to draw up troops in battle order, and the better to rally them in the event of sorties. Louis proved himself, in this famous expedition, more particular and laborious than he had ever been. As long as the siege lasted, he was up the whole night, from ten o'clock in the evening till five in the morning. The most furious assault was that of the 24th of June, and was made at the counterscarp of the Songres gate; in it the French and the Dutch were by turns conquerors and conquered, while disputing an advanced half-moon. The first company of musketeers was commanded to fall upon this half-moon, while the second precipitated itself upon the pallisades between that post and the horn-work. "The signal was given," says M. de Sainte Foix, "they marched, and in spite of the vigorous resistance of the enemy, in spite of the fire of the *fourneaux* which were sprung, and the terrible reports of the grenades which were incessantly cast among them, these works were carried almost at the same moment." Four bloody conflicts were necessary; and they only triumphed in the last, after losing many men. Night separated the combatants. The action of the morrow was still more warm and murderous; it was believed that the lodgments were secured and the musketeers had returned to the camp. The enemy sprang a *fourneau*, which the French had not discovered in the half-moon; there was reason to think it was not the only one. Farjaux, who had placed himself at the head of the best troops of his garrison, profiting by this moment of alarm, entered the work and drove out the French soldiers. The musketeers were ordered to take it again, and they did retake it. In an obstinate and sanguinary conflict, fifty-three musketeers were wounded and thirty-seven killed, with the famous Count d'Artagnan, commander of the first company. "The musketeers who returned from this fight," says Pelisson, "had all their swords blooded up to the guards, and bent and notched with the blows they

had given." So many repeated and terrible attacks destroyed the defenders of Maestricht without weakening the courage of the survivors. Farjaux in particular was determined to hold out to the last minute; he preferred a glorious death to life at the hands of a conqueror, and he formed the resolution of making one more attempt. A mine was dug, and set fire to with too much precipitation; the soldiers of Farjaux were blown up by it instead of the French. This accident so completely disconcerted the besieged, that even their bold governor was forced to think of composition. They were satisfied, on the 29th of June, with a favorable capitulation. The remains of the garrison retired with the honors of war, and the inhabitants retained their privileges. This conquest cost France nearly 8,000 men; the besieged lost more than 3,000.

Fifth Siege, a.d. 1676.—Louis XIV., aware of the importance of his victory, placed in the city a garrison of 6,000 foot and 1,200 horse. Three years after, the Prince of Orange laid siege to Maestricht with an army of 25,000 men, while the Duke of Villa-Hermosa on one side, and the Count de Waldeck on the other, intrenched in advantageous posts, watched the operations of the French, and held themselves in readiness to prevent their succoring the besieged. The Count de Calvo commanded in Maestricht, in the absence of Marshal d'Estrades, the governor. This officer was a Catalan, in the service of France; the king had not a braver soldier; but as he had all his life served in the cavalry, he was thought to be more in his place at the head of a squadron of horse than of a garrison. As soon as the place was invested, he assembled the principal officers: "Gentlemen," said he, "I have served all my life as a cavalry officer, and have very little acquaintance with the defense of cities. All that I know is that I will never surrender. Concert among you the means of an obstinate and insurmountable resistance, and I will undertake to have them executed with as much vigor as celerity." The frankness of the commander won all hearts, and the confidence he placed in his subalterns elevated and expanded their minds. There was established, without pride, mistrust, or jealousy, a communication of ideas which saved the city, and which places the name of Calvo among the few that will descend to posterity.

Calvo made a vigorous and considerable sortie, the commencement of which was fortunate. The Prince of Orange, informed of what was going on in the trenches, flew to the succor of his people with the greatest courage, drove back the French with the sword to the gates, and being wounded in the arm, exclaimed to those who had fought without spirit, "This is the way you should act, gentlemen! It is you who have caused the wound for which you appear to entertain so much regret." Calvo first introduced the use of back-handled scythes; his soldiers, armed with these in the sorties, killed three men at a stroke. The trenches were opened on the 19th of July, and the batteries were erected on the 22d: during eight days the firing never ceased. At length, a large breach was made in the Dauphin bastion, and an assault was ordered for the 30th. It was terrible, but proved useless. The Dutch retired with loss. The next day the Prince of Orange ordered a second attack, still more sanguinary and quite as unsuccessful. A suspension of arms was then entered into to bury the dead. Not at all discouraged the prince gave a third assault, and succeeded in gaining the bastion. Scarcely had he gained a lodgment, when the French sprang two mines, the bursting of which they followed up by a furious sortie: they were, however, repulsed, and the work remained in the hands of the Dutch. Some days after they took another bastion, and drew near to the counterscarp. While the Hollanders were preparing to pour their thunders upon this part of the fortifications, the powder and grenades of the besiegers were suddenly set fire to. Taking advantage of the consequent disorder, the enemy gained possession of the counterscarp; they then prepared to attack the horn-work. Twice they gave the assault, and twice they were driven back with loss. The dragoons and the cavalry having dismounted to sustain the infantry, discouraged by so many repulses, a third effort was made. It was so terrible that the covered way was choked with dead bodies, and the blood of the slaughtered discolored the waters of the fosse. But the assailants were forced to regain their former posts, after having lost a host of soldiers.

But now news was brought that Marshal Schomberg was hastening to the succor of the place, and the Prince of Orange, having already lost 12,000 men, did not think it prudent to wait for him. He decamped in the night of the 26th of August, after forty days of open trenches, and, to make the more haste, embarked thirty pieces of cannon, 500 wounded, and a great quantity of munitions on the Meuse. At daybreak, the garrison perceiving the retreat of the Dutch, pursued them and took some prisoners.

Sixth Siege, a.d. 1748.—"Peace is in Maestricht," said the Marshal de Saxe. It was with preparations for this siege that the campaign of 1748 commenced. It was necessary to secure all the passages, to force an army to retreat, to render it powerless for action, to deceive the enemy, and leave his

APPIUS CLAUDIUS DEFEATING THE CARTHAGINIANS. Page 366.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM. Page 295.

own troops in ignorance of his secret. Marshal Saxe succeeded in all this; he only communicated his views to M. de Cremille; he made his allies believe that his object was Buda, and he went, at the head of 28,000 men, to conduct a convoy to Bergen-op-Zoom, feigning to turn his back toward Maestricht. Three divisions advanced upon Tirlemont, Tongres, and Luxembourg; and at length all four took their route toward Maestricht. The enemy quitted their posts precipitately, abandoned immense magazines, and knew nothing of the designs of the Count de Saxe until it was too late to oppose them. The city was invested, without a possibility of any succor being introduced. The siege was pushed on with vigor. The Baron d'Aylva, the governor, and the Count de Marshal commanding the Austrian garrison, displayed in vain all their skill to dispute the ground, and drive back the besiegers. They were on the point of submitting to the conqueror, when a courier, dispatched by the Duke of Cumberland, came to announce the cessation of hostilities, and to confirm the saying of Marshal Saxe with which we commenced this article.

Maestricht was besieged in vain by the French, under Meranda, in 1793, but yielded to the troops of that country, commanded by Kleber, in 1794, after eleven days of open trenches.—*Robson.*

MAGDEBURG, A.D. 1637.—Along the picturesque heights that embank the beautiful rivers of the German confederacy, ancient cities and castles abound, rich in historical recollections; some like the magnificent castle and decayed town of Heidelburg, are monuments chiefly of the past, while others like the capital of Saxony, the city of Magdeburg, still retain much of their ancient splendor.

This city was besieged in 1637. We select the narrative of an eye-witness, the simplicity of which proves its fidelity. It is the narrative of a minister of a church in Magdeburg. The town was assaulted at daybreak, when the garrison was most likely to be off their guard, and when it was generally thought that Tilly was about to break up the siege.

"At M. Malsio's we found many people who had fled to him in great perplexity. We comforted and exhorted each other, as far as the terror of our minds would give us leave. I was summoned thence to discharge the duties of a colonel, who lay dangerously wounded. I resolved to go, and sent my maid to fetch my gown: but, before my departure from my wife and neighbors, I told them that the affair to me appeared to be concluded, and that we should meet no more in this world. My wife reproached me in a flood of tears, crying, 'Can you prevail on yourself to leave me to perish all alone? You must answer for it before God?' I represented to her the obligations of my function, and the importance of the moment I was called upon to give my assistance in.

"As I crossed the great street, a multitude of matrons and young women flocked about me, and besought me, in all the agonies of distress, to advise them what to do. I told them my best advice was to recommend themselves to God's protecting grace, and prepare for death. At length I entered the colonel's lodgings, and found him stretched on the floor and very weak. I gave him such consolation as the disorder of my mind would permit me: he heard me with great attention, and ordered a small present of gold to be given me, which I left on the table. In this interval, the enemy poured in by crowds at the Hamburg gate, and fired on the multitude as upon beasts of prey. Suddenly my wife and maid-servant entered the room, and persuaded me to remove immediately, alleging we should meet with no quarter, if the enemy found us in an apartment filled with arms. We ran down into the court-yard of the house, and placed ourselves in the gateway. Our enemies soon burst the gate open, with an eagerness that can not be described. The first address they made to me was, 'Priest, deliver thy money!' I gave them about 24 shillings in a little box, which they accepted with good will; but when they opened the box, and found only silver, they raised their tone, and demanded gold. I represented to them that I was at some distance from my house, and could not at present give them more. They were reasonable enough to be contented with my answer, and left us, after having plundered the house, without offering us any insult. There was a well-looking youth among the crowd, to whom my wife addressed herself, and besought him, in God's name, to protect us: 'My dear child,' said he, 'it is a thing impossible: we must pursue our enemies;' and so they retired.

"In that moment another party of soldiers rushed in, who demanded also our money. We contented them with seven shillings, and two silver spoons, which the maid had fortunately concealed in her pocket. They were scarce gone, before a soldier entered alone with the most furious countenance I ever saw: each cheek was puffed out with a musket ball, and he carried two muskets on his shoulder. The moment he perceived me, he cried out with a voice of thunder, 'Priest, give me thy money, or thou art dead.' As I had nothing to give him, I made my apology in the most affecting manner: he leveled a piece to shoot me, but my wife luckily turned it with her hand, and the ball passed over my head. At length, finding we had no

money, he asked for plate; my wife gave him some silver trinkets, and he went his way.

"A little after, came four or five soldiers, who only said, 'Wicked priest, what dost thou here?' Having said thus much, they departed.

"We were now inclined to shelter ourselves in the uppermost lodgings of the house, hoping there to be less exposed and better concealed. We entered a chamber that had several beds in it, and passed some time there in the most insupportable agonies. Nothing was heard in the streets but the cries of the expiring people; nor were the houses much more quiet: every thing was burst open or cut to pieces. We were soon discovered in our retirement: a number of soldiers poured in, and one who carried a hatchet made an attempt to cleave my skull, but a companion hindered him, and said, 'Comrade, what are you doing? Don't you perceive that he is a clergyman?'

"When these were gone, a single soldier came in, to whom my wife gave a crape handkerchief off her neck, upon which he retired without offering us any injury. His successor was not so reasonable; for, entering the chamber with his sword drawn, he immediately discharged a blow upon my head, saying, 'Priest, give me thy money.' The stroke stunned me; the blood gushed out in abundance, and frightened my wife and servant to that degree, that they both continued motionless. The barbarian turned round to my wife, aimed a blow at her, but it glanced fortunately on her gown, which happened to be lined with furs, and wounded her not. Amazed to see us so submissive and patient, he looked at us fiercely for some moments. I laid hold of this interval to represent to him that I was not in my own house, being come to the place where I was to discharge my duty to a dying person, but if he would grant us quarter, and protect us to our home, I would then bestow upon him all I had. 'Agreed, priest,' said he; 'give me thy wealth, and I will give thee the watch-word: it is Jesu Maria; pronounce that, and no one will hurt thee.' We went down stairs directly, highly contented to have found such a protector. The street was covered with the dead and the dying; their cries were enough to have pierced the hearts of the greatest barbarians. We walked over the bodies, and when we arrived at the church of St. Catharine, we met an officer of distinction on horseback. This generous person soon discovered us, and, seeing me covered with blood, said to the person who conducted us, 'Fellow-soldier, fellow-soldier, take care what you do to these persons.' At the same time he said to my wife, 'Madam, is yonder house yours?' My wife having answered that it was; 'Well,' added he, 'take hold of my stirrup, conduct me thither, and you shall have quarter.' Then, turning to me, and making a sign to the soldier with his hand, he said to me, 'Gentlemen of Magdeburg, you yourselves are the occasion of this destruction: you might have acted otherwise.' The soldier who had used me ill, took this opportunity to steal away. Upon entering my house, we found it filled with a multitude of plunderers, whom the officer, who was a colonel, ordered away. He then said he would take up his lodgings with us, and, having posted two solders for a guard to us, left us with a promise to return forthwith. We gave, with great cheerfulness, a good breakfast to our sentinels, who complimented us on the lucky fortune of falling into their colonel's hands; at the same time representing to us that their fellow-soldiers made a considerable booty while they continued inactive merely as a safeguard to us, and therefore beseeching us to render them an equivalent to a certain degree. Upon this, I gave them four rose nobles, with which they were well contented, and showed so much humanity as to make us an offer to go and search for any acquaintance whom we desired to place in safety with us. I told them I had one particular friend who had escaped to the cathedral, as I conjectured, and promised them a good gratuity on his part, if they saved his life. One of them, accompanied by my maid-servant, went to the church, and called my friend often by name; but it was all in vain: no one answered, and we never heard mention of him from that period.

"Some moments after, our colonel returned, and asked if any person had offered us the least incivility. After we had exculpated the soldiers in this respect, he hastened abroad to see if there was any possibility to extinguish the fire, which had already seized great part of the city: he had hardly got into the street when he returned with uncommon haste, and said, 'Show me the way out of the town, for I see plainly we shall perish in the flames if we stay here a few minutes longer.' Upon this, we threw the best of our goods and movables into a vaulted cellar, covered the trap-door with earth, and made our escape. My wife took nothing with her but my robe, my maid seized a neighbor's infant child by the hand, whom we found crying at his father's door, and led him away. We found it impossible to pass through the gates of the town, which were all in a flame, and the streets burned with great fury on either side: in a word, the heat was so intense, that it was with difficulty we were able to breathe. Having made several un-

successful attempts, we determined at last to make our escape on the side of the town next the Elbe. The streets were clogged with dead bodies, and the groans of the dying were insupportable. The Walloons and Croatians attacked us every moment, but our generous colonel protected us from their fury. When we gained the bastion, which stands on the banks of the Elbe, we descended it by the scaling-ladders which the imperialists had made use of in the assault, and arrived at length in the enemy's camp, near Rottensee, thoroughly fatigued and extremely alarmed.

"The colonel made us enter his tent, and presented us some refreshments. That ceremony being over, 'Well,' said he, 'having saved your lives, what return do you make me?' We told him that for the present we had nothing to bestow, but that we would transfer to him all the money and plate that we had buried in the cellar, which was the whole of our worldly possessions. At this instant many imperial officers came in, and one chanced to say to me, 'Ego tibi condolo, ego sum addictus Fidei Augustanæ.' The distressed state I found myself in made me unable to give a proper reply to the condolences of a man who carried arms against those whose religion he professed, and whose hard fortune he pretended to deplore.

"Next day the colonel sent one of his domestics with my maid-servant to search for the treasure we had buried in the cellar, but they returned without success, because, as the fire still continued, they could not approach the trap-door. In the mean while the colonel made us his guests at his own table, and during our whole stay treated us not as prisoners, but as intimate friends.

"One day at dinner an officer of the company happened to say, that our sins were the cause of all the evil we suffered, and that God had made use of the Catholic army to chastise us; to whom my wife replied, that the observation perhaps was but too true; however, take care, continued she, lest God, in the end, should throw that very scourge into the flames. This sort of prophecy was fulfilled soon afterward in the self-same imperial army, which was almost totally destroyed at the battle of Leipsic.

"At length I ventured one day to ask our colonel to give us leave to depart; he complied immediately, on condition that we paid our ransom. Next morning I sent my maid into the town to try if there was any possibility of penetrating into the cellar; she was more fortunate that day and returned with all our wealth. Having returned our thanks to our deliverer, he immediately ordered a passport to be prepared for us, with permission to retire to whatever place we should think proper, and made us a present of a crown to defray the expenses of our journey. This brave Spaniard was colonel of the regiment of Saveli, and named Don Joseph de Ainsa."

MALO-YAROSLAVETZ, A.D. 1812.—Napoleon left Moscow with 105,000 combatants, 600 pieces of cannon, and 2,000 military chariots, and took up his line of march for Kalonga. Kutusoff, the Russian general, broke up his camp, meanwhile, at Taroutino, at the head of 80,000 regular troops, and nearly 30,000 Cossacks. The Cossacks were divided into irregular bands of horsemen, and were of more service in the pursuit of a retreating army than the *élite* of the Imperial Guard. The army was immediately marched towards Malo-Yaroslavetz, the strongest position on the new road from Moscow to Kaluga, in the hope of anticipating the French emperor in the occupation of that important position, while General Winzingerode, who lay in the neighborhood of Klin, on the road to Twer, with 10,000 men, advanced toward Moscow with 10,000 men. He marched without opposition through the ruined streets of the capital, and approached the Kremlin, and summoned the French garrison there to surrender; but he fell a victim to his imprudence, being made prisoner by Marshal Mortier, who commanded the French rear guard that still occupied its walls. The French, however, after blowing up a part of the Kremlin, retired.

On the 19th of October, Napoleon gained the new road which led straight to the Russian position of Tarowtino, through Yaroslavetz. The division of General Delzons took possession of Mala-Yaroslavetz on the night of the 23d, where they were attacked the next morning by the Russian chasseurs under Doctoroff. The French, after a spirited resistance, were driven out of the village by the superior force of the enemy; but Prince Eugene coming up shortly after with his corps, after a desperate contest, succeeded in expelling the Russians at every point from the village. Both parties displayed the most desperate valor, and the French, although victors, sustained a heavy loss. General Delzons and his brother were killed. The French brought into the conflict only about 18,000 men, while the Russians were nearly twice as strong. The loss of both armies was nearly equal, being about 5,000 men on either side. The Russian general, Dorokhoff, fell in the early part of the engagement.

MALPLAQUET, A.D. 1709.—On the 11th of September, 1709, a battle was fought near Malplaquet, a village of France, between the allies under the Duke of Marlborough, and Prince Eugene, and the French army under Marshal Villars. The armies consisted on each side of nearly 120,000 choice soldiers,

and the battle was obstinate and bloody. At length victory declared for the allies; but it was dearly purchased by the loss of 18,000 men.

MALTA, A.D. 1565.—After the conquest of Rhodes by Soliman II., its knights retired to the island of Malta, which asylum was granted to them by the emperor Charles V. In the hands of this military order, Malta soon became the strong bulwark of Christendom. The Mohammedans were deeply interested in taking this island, but more particularly in subduing its defenders. Dragut laid siege to it in 1565, with an army of more than 30,000 men. Several assaults were given, which the knights sustained with their usual bravery, and the Ottoman general met with his death. Mustapha Pacha, who succeeded him, attacked Fort St. Elmo, the smallest of the city, with great impetuosity. One of the knights, Abel de Bridiers de la Gardampe, received a shot which struck him to the earth. He said to some of his comrades, who offered to carry him to a place of safety to have his wound dressed, "Do not consider me among the living; your cares will be much better bestowed in defending our brethren." He then dragged himself as far as the chapel, and having recommended himself to God, expired at the foot of the altar. The knights who were quartered there made a gallant resistance, but their cannon being dismounted, their defenses breached, and their numbers thinned, they sent a deputation to De la Valette, the Grand Master, to represent the deplorable condition of the place, that it was no longer tenable, and that sending over reinforcements to them was worse than useless, because it insensibly consumed the troops necessary for the defense of the island. Most of the Grand Crosses, who composed the council of the Order, coincided with these views, but the Grand Master was of a contrary opinion. He agreed, indeed, that the first was not tenable, and owned that he could not but lament the fate of the knights who, in so dangerous a post, were exposed to daily death; but he insisted that there are some circumstances in which it is necessary to hazard some of the limbs to save the body. The Viceroy of Sicily, to whom they looked for relief, had declared that if the fort were lost, he would not attempt to save the island. The whole safety of Malta, therefore, depended on the length of the siege, and it was absolutely necessary to protract it as long as possible. The council came over to his opinion, and with their concurrence he impressed on the garrison that the preservation or loss of the island, and perhaps of the Order itself, depended on the time that they should hold out the place, and bade them call to mind the vows they had made at their profession, and that they were obliged to sacrifice their lives for the defense of the Order. Finally, he would not fail to send such reinforcements as the smallness of the fort would admit of, and, if necessary, would throw himself into the place, and there die with them.

After various bloody assaults, from the 24th of May to the 21st of June, the garrison was much reduced. A swimmer was sent across the port to the Grand Master to request help, and five large boats were soon filled with knights. But the shore was now lined with Turkish artillery, and they could not effect a landing. The besieged in the fort being now out of all hopes of succor, thought of nothing but ending their lives like good Christians and true soldiers. For which purpose they were all night long preparing themselves for it, by receiving the sacraments of the church: when this was over, and that nothing remained but the giving up their souls to God, they embraced one another with tenderness, and retired to their several posts in order to die with their weapons in their hands, and expire in the bed of honor. Such as were not able to walk by reason of their wounds had themselves carried in chairs to the side of the breach, where, armed with swords, which they held with both their hands, they waited with a heroic resolution till such time as their enemies, toward whom they were not able to advance, should come and attack them in their posts.

The next day, the 23d of June, the Turks, at daybreak, came on to the assault with great shouts, as if they were going to a victory which it would be impossible to dispute with them. But the Christian soldiers defended themselves with invincible bravery; one would have thought that the certainty of an approaching death which they were to share in common with the knights, had put them on the same level with respect to courage. They advanced to meet the enemy with as much intrepidity as if they had beaten them, and such as could not walk fired on the enemy with their pieces; and when, by reason of their continual discharges, they had spent all their powder, they supplied themselves from the pouches of their comrades who had dropped by their side: in fine, the knights having sustained an assault for four hours together, had but sixty persons left to defend the breach; but these were something more than men, who, by a noble contempt of death, still made their enemies tremble. The commander, seeing the place on the point of being forced by the Turks, recalled some Christian soldiers, who till then had maintained themselves upon the cavalier which lay before the fort. The pacha seeing the breach fortified with this

small reinforcement, discontinued the assault in an instant, as if he had again been disheartened by so obstinate a resistance, and pretended to retire, but it was only to make his janizaries seize, not only on the cavalier, which was abandoned, but likewise on all such points as were higher than the breach, and overlooked the inside of the fort. The besieged employed this little suspension from fighting in dressing their wounds, not so much for the sake of preserving the poor remains of life, as to enable themselves to fight for some moments longer with greater vigor. At eleven in the morning the Turks returned to the assault with new strength, and the janizaries, who from the top of the cavalier and other posts commanded the place with their muskets, pointed out all such persons as they had a mind to kill. The greater part of them perished by the enemy's fire; the baliff of Negropont, with most of the remaining knights and soldiers, being overwhelmed with numbers, died upon the breach, and this terrible assault was discontinued, only for lack of combatants, not ending but with the death of the last knight. It is probable that to the bravery of these gallant knights, on this occasion, the preservation of Malta was due. This fort held out so long that the pacha could not refrain from saying, as he entered it, "What will the father do, if the son, who is so small, has cost us so many brave soldiers.?" From that time he saw that the conquest of Malta was impossible, and turned his thoughts to retreating with credit. To intimidate the knights he hung the bodies of all of the Order whom he found among the dead, and more particularly those who had a faint breath of life left. He ordered them to be opened, their hearts to be taken out, their bodies to be cut into quarters, to be clothed in their *soubrevestes*, and, after being fastened to planks, to be cast into the sea. These mutilated bodies were carried into the city by the waves. The Grand Master, Jean de la Valette, could not restrain his tears. Animated by a just but useless indignation, he employed reprisals, and cut the throats of all his Turkish prisoners, commanding their bloody heads to be thrown into the camp of their compatriots. The preservation of Malta covered the knights with glory.

MANNHEIM, A.D. 1793. — This city is situated on the right bank of the Rhine, in Baden, sixty-six miles south-west of Frankfort. It was once strongly fortified, and, lying near the French frontier, was repeatedly the object of attack, and suffered severely during the wars between France and Germany. On the 30th of May, 1793, a battle was fought near Mannheim between the allies and the French. On the 20th of September, 1795, the city was taken by the French, under General Pichegru; and on the 25th of the same month the French army was defeated near the city, by the Austrians, under General Wurmser.

MANS, A.D. 1793. — Mans, a town of France, was taken by William the Conqueror in the 11th century; but it is chiefly memorable in history as the scene of one of the worst defeats sustained by the Vendeans during the French revolutionary war. On the 12th of December, 1793, the royalists assembled within Mans, were attacked by an army of 40,000 republicans. The Vendeans were commanded by the heroic Larochejaquelin, and although far inferior in numbers to the enemy, they made a most gallant defense. Larochejaquelin posted his bravest troops in a fir wood, whence they kept up a fire so heavy that the republicans on the left were held in check; but they were finally borne back at all points, like a torrent, into the town. There, however, they made a most obstinate resistance. The Vendean commander planted his cannon down all the streets leading to the great square, and filled houses in the streets with musketeers; night had come on, and a terrible fire arose on all sides, increasing the horrors of a nocturnal combat. But the republicans, urged on by their leaders, Marceau, Westerman, and Kleber, gained ground in every quarter. The night was spent in one continual slaughter. Larochejaquelin had two horses shot under him, and in spite of all his efforts the mighty crowd was forced out of the town, and disbanded when they reached the plain on the other side. "The scene of horror and confusion," says Alison, "which there ensued defies all description. Larochejaquelin in vain assembled 1,500 men to check the advance of the victorious columns; he was wounded and overpowered in the tumult; his bands dispersed and the republicans commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the shrieking fugitives." Ten thousand soldiers, men, women, and children perished under their relentless swords. Youth, grace, rank, and beauty were alike disregarded.

MANTUA, A.D. 1797.—Mantua, in Austrian Italy, is situated on an island in the Mincio, twenty-two miles south-west of Verona. It is surrounded by swamps, crossed by artificial dams, which connect it with several fortified suburbs and outworks. On the 7th of January, 1797, Mantua surrendered to the French under Napoleon, after a siege of eight months. On the 30th of July, 1799, it was attacked by the Austrian and Russian army, under General Kray, to which it surrendered after a short siege. Napoleon obtained possession of Mantua after the bat-

tle of Marengo, and it remained in the possession of the French until 1800, when they delivered it up to the Austrians.

MARATHON, B.C. 490.—In the year 493, B.C., Darius, King of Persia, sent heralds into Greece in order to sound the people, and to require them to submit to him. Many of the Grecian cities, dreading the power of the king, complied with the requests of the heralds immediately on their arrival. Among these cities was Ægina, a city on a small isle opposite and not far from Athens. This proceeding of the people of Ægina was considered public treason, and ten of the principal inhabitants were conveyed to Athens, and there imprisoned. The Persian heralds who went to Sparta and Athens were not so favorably treated as those that had been sent to the other cities. One of them was thrown into a well, and the other into a deep ditch. Darius immediately placed an army of 500,000 men under the command of Datis and Aristaphernes, instructing those generals to give up Eretria and Athens to be plundered. In the year 490, B.C., this army set sail with a fleet of 500 or 600 ships. Darius had directed his generals to make all the inhabitants of both places prisoners, for which purpose they went provided with a great number of chains and fetters. The Persians made themselves masters of the isle in the Ægean sea, and then turned their course toward Eretria, a city of Eubœa, which they took after a siege of seven days. They reduced Eretria to ashes, and putting all the inhabitants in chains, they sent them to Persia. The Persians now advanced toward Attica. They landed at Marathon, a city distant from Athens about forty miles, and began to ravage the surrounding countries. The Athenians had sent to Lacedæmonia asking assistance against the common enemy, which the Spartans immediately granted; but they did not set out till some days after on account of an ancient superstition among them, which did not allow them to commence their march before the full of the moon. So great was the terror produced throughout all Greece, that only one other of the Athenian allies prepared to succor them. This was the city of Platæa, which furnished them with 1,000 soldiers. The Athenians in this extremity were obliged to arm their slaves, which had never been done there before this occasion. The Persian army, commanded by Datis, consisted of 100,000 foot and 10,000 horse. The Athenian army in all amounted only to 10,000 men. Miltiades, by the universal consent of the Athenian generals, received the entire command of this army. He drew up his army at the foot of a mountain, that the enemy could not surround him or charge him in the rear. He caused large trees to be cut down for the purpose, to be thrown on the two sides of his army, to cover his flanks, and render the Persian cavalry useless. Datis, not wishing to wait until the Spartans should arrive to the assistance of the Athenians, determined immediately to give battle to the enemy, although he was sensible that the place was not advantageous for him. The Athenians did not wait for the enemy's charge. As soon as the signal of battle was given, they rushed upon the enemy with furious valor. The battle was very fierce and obstinate. Miltiades, although he had made the wings of his army exceedingly strong, yet he had weakened the main body. Having but 10,000 men to oppose such a multitude of the enemy, it was impossible for him either to make an extensive front or to give an equal depth to his battalions. He had therefore determined to break and disperse the enemy with the efforts of his two wings, not doubting but when his wings were once victorious they would be able to attack the enemy's main body in flank, and complete the victory without much difficulty. The Persians charged upon the main body of the Grecian army, making their greatest efforts particularly upon their front. This was led by Aristides and Themistocles, who, animating their men by voice and example, dashed into the midst of the enemy. The Grecians fought long and obstinately; but at length, overpowered by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, they slowly retreated. At this moment, their two wings, which had successfully charged upon and broken through the two wings of the Persian army, turned, the one to the left, and the other to the right, and attacked the enemy in the rear. The Greek front now again pushed against the Persians, who, attacked both in front and rear, were soon put to flight. They did not run toward their camp, but to their ships, by which they hoped to make their escape. The Greeks pursued them thither, and, ascending the sides of the vessels, mounted to the decks, and either slaughtered the fugitives or drove them into the sea. Cynægirus, the brother of the poet Æschylus, while in the act of climbing up the side of a galley, was attacked by a Persian, who cut off his right hand, and he fell into the sea and was drowned. The victorious Greeks set fire to many of the Persian ships, which were consumed, with their crews, and those who had fled to them for safety. Seven large uninjured galleys also fell into the hands of the Athenians. In this battle the Greek army sustained a loss of only 200 men, while of the Persians 6,000 were slain, not including those who were driven into the sea and drowned, and those who were consumed

with the ships set on fire. Hippias, the ungrateful and perfidious Athenian, who, in order to recover the unjust dominion usurped by his father Pisistratus, over the Athenians, had implored the aid of the Persians against his native country, and had served as a guide to an army invading the land to which he owed his birth, met with a just reward. He died on the field of battle while fighting against his own countrymen, and his name has been branded with everlasting infamy.

Immediately after the battle, an Athenian soldier, still reeking with the blood of the enemy, quitted the army and ran to Athens with the news of the victory. Arriving at the magistrates' house, he exclaimed, "*Rejoice, the victory is ours!*" and fell down dead at their feet. That portion of the Persian fleet which succeeded in making its escape, sailed toward Athens with a view to surprise the city before the Greek army could return: but Miltiades immediately marched home with nine tribes, and used such expedition that they reached the city in one day, and the design of the Persians was frustrated. Aristides was left at Marathon with his own tribe to guard the prisoners and the spoils. He proved faithful to his trust, for, although there were gold and silver, and rich garments and other booty scattered in profusion over the field of battle, he touched none of the spoils himself, nor permitted others to do so. But notwithstanding his care some enriched themselves unknown to him. Among them was Callias, a torch-bearer. A Persian happened to meet him in a private place, and probably taking him for a prince, on account of his long train, and the fillet he wore, prostrated himself before him, and taking him by the hand, led him to a well where was concealed a large quantity of gold. Callias, no less cruel than unjust, appropriated the gold to himself, and then killed the man lest he might mention the thing to others.

The plain on which this battle was fought, derives its name from the village of Marathon, which is situate at the N. W. extremity of a valley that opens toward the S. E. into the great plain, which is quite flat, and extends along the Ægean sea from N. E. to S. W.

MARCINAGO, A.D. 1132.—Near Marcinago in Italy, in 1132, a battle was fought between the Ghibellines of Pavia, and the Guelfs of Milan, in which the former were defeated with great loss.

MARCIANS, A.D. 1555.—Near this place in Tuscany, in a battle with the French, the Tuscans gained a signal victory.

MARENGO, A.D. 1800.—Marengo, a little village of Piedmont, is memorable for the battle fought in its vicinity, on the 14th of June, 1800, between the French under Napoleon, and the Austrians under General Melas. The village stands near the Bormida in an extensive plain three and a half miles east of Alexandria.

After the battle of Montebello, Napoleon with his army proceeded to Stradella, a strong position, formed by the advance of a lower ridge of the Apennines, toward the river Po. The Austrians under Melas were concentrated in the plain of Marengo, on the Bormida, and their position was highly critical. In their front at Stradella, lay Napoleon, and his rear, under Suchet, was driving the Austrians before him like chaff before the wind, while on his left rose the awful barrier of the Alps, and on his right the ridges of the Apennines bounded by the Mediterranean sea, rendered it impossible for him to gain the hereditary states of Austria by a circuitous route. Napoleon finding that the Austrians were resolved not to attack him at Stradella, but remained grouped under the cannon of Alexandria, determined to give him battle in the plain of Marengo, notwithstanding the ground was so admirably adapted to the movements of cavalry, in which arm the Austrians were greatly superior to the French. As Napoleon advanced, the Austrians under Ott, retired across the Bormida, and the two bridges over that stream were fortified and armed with cannon. Napoleon hastened forward with the utmost speed, and fearing that the Austrians meditated a retreat into the fastnesses of the Apennines, he sent Victor in advance to Marengo, with orders to take possession of the bridges over the Bormida. The French troops under Victor carried the village of Marengo on the 13th of June, and were arrested only on the bank of the river by the heavy cannonade from the fortified bridges. The readiness with which the Austrians abandoned Marengo confirmed Napoleon in his opinion that they were about to retreat; he quickened the speed of his army and established his headquarters at Tore de Garofàla, between Tortona and Alexandria. Believing that the Austrians had withdrawn from the vicinity of Marengo, Napoleon on the same day dispatched Dessaix with 9,000 men to Rivolta. By this means his army was reduced to 20,000 men, while the Austrians had nearly 40,000 in the field. The Austrian cavalry was more than double the number of the French; the nature of the soil was favorable to the movements of large bodies of horse; thus the Austrians in the choice of ground, and in numbers had decidedly the advantage. Napoleon had deceived himself. Far from retreating, the Austrian general was meditating an attack. Early in the morning of the 14th of June, the whole Austrian army was in motion; they rapidly defiled over the bridges of the Bormida, and preceded by 300 pieces of can-

non, rapidly advanced across the plain toward Marengo. At eight, the Austrian infantry under Haddick and Kaim, preceded by a numerous and splendid array of infantry commenced the attack on the French under Gardanne, who was stationed in front of Marengo.

Gardanne after an obstinate resistance, was obliged to fall back on Victor's corps, which was drawn up with its center in the village, and its wings along the hollow of Fontanone, which separated his corps from that of Lannes, which was in the rear. Against the enormous force which was hurled upon them, Victor's troops maintained their ground for two hours. The French soldiers fought with the utmost gallantry; thrice were they expelled from the village, and thrice they returned to the fight pushing back their antagonists at the point of the bayonet, and recapturing every inch of soil they had lost. At length the corps of Lannes came up, and although now opposed to nearly twice their number, the battle was more equal. The opposing columns stood within pistol-shot of each other, and at this short distance the hostile thunderbolts of the cannon darted through the ranks on either side, hewing bloody passages in their flight and strewing the earth with mangled corpses. But on both sides the most heroic courage was displayed; the gaps were filled up as fast as they were made, and fresh victims were constantly added to the bloody heaps. At length the overwhelming numbers of the Austrians prevailed over the devoted bravery of the French. Marengo was carried, and the French were driven back to a second line which they had formed behind the stream of the Fontanone. Here they made a gallant stand. The Austrians under Haddick, flushed with victory, rushed pell-mell upon the enemy; but Watrin with the right of Lannes's division, repulsed them with frightful slaughter and drove them back in disorder across the stream; but the French could not follow up their advantage; Victor's corps were exhausted with fatigue, thinned in numbers, and were in no condition to support any offensive movement. The Austrians perceived the weakness of the French, and redoubled their efforts, and Victor's corps was at length broken. The imperialists pressed forward eagerly; the French retired in good order across the open plain. The Austrians rapidly followed, preceded by 50 pieces of artillery which sent death and destruction into the retreating columns. Melas, with the center of the imperial army, established himself at Marengo; and Lannes being now entirely uncovered on his left flank, was obliged to retire, which he did at first in good order by echelon in squares. Gradually, however, the retreat became more disorderly. The imperial cavalry sweeping round the retreating columns charged them repeatedly; until they were finally repulsed by the French horse under Kellerman and Champeaux; but they could not check the Hungarian infantry, which advanced steadily in pursuit; halting at every fifty yards, and pouring in destructive volleys, while the intervals between the Austrian regiments were filled up by a powerful artillery, which incessantly sent a storm of grape-shot through the retreating masses. Matters were in this desperate state when Napoleon at eleven o'clock arrived on the field of battle with his guard. The sight of his staff, surrounded by 200 mounted grenadiers, acted like magic on the spirits of the fugitives. They rallied at St. Juliano, in the rear of those squares of Lannes which still kept their ranks. Napoleon detached 800 grenadiers of his guard, to the right of the army, to oppose the progress of Ott, who there threatened to turn its flank, and at the same time, he himself advanced with a demi-brigade to the support of Lannes, in the center, and detached five battalions, under Monier, the vanguard of Dessaix's division to the extreme right, to hold in check the light infantry of the enemy, which was there making serious progress. The grenadiers, in a solid square, first advanced, crushing their way through the enemy, while from the sides of the living square, burst sheets of flame, which seemed to devour the Austrians as it advanced. In vain did the imperial horse and foot, with repeated charges, endeavor to break this intrepid band; they were hurled back by the fierce fire of the grenadiers with great slaughter. At length, however, the square was attacked in front by the Hungarian infantry; in flank by the Austrian hussars, and being exposed to the heavy fire of the Austrian artillery, the grenadiers wavered, and fell back before their numerous enemies, upon the troops of Monier, who advancing rapidly made himself master of the village of Castel Ceriolo. The Austrians here attacked him with such vehemence that he was compelled to evacuate the village; but the French returning to the struggle with renewed ardor finally expelled the Austrians, and succeeded in holding that important post during the remainder of the day.

Although the French had repaired their disasters on the right, their left was still in a state of confusion, and the Austrians were making fearful progress in that quarter. Melas deeming the victory gained, retired at two o'clock to Alexandria, leaving Zack, the chief of his staff, to follow up his success; but the French army although broken was not defeated. At four o'clock Dessaix with his troops made his appearance. This arri-

val reanimated the hopes of the French. Victor and Lannes's troops were re-formed under cover of the cavalry which was massed in front of St. Juliano, a masked battery was planted under the direction of Marmont, and Dessaix advanced, at the head of his corps, to arrest the progress of the enemy. Napoleon rode to the front, and advanced along the line, exclaiming, "Soldiers! we have retired far enough; you know it is always my custom to sleep on the field of battle." This energetic and suggestive speech was received by the soldiers, with loud acclamations, and they advanced to the charge with the utmost impetuosity. Zack was advancing at the head of his column, little anticipating such an onset, when Marmont suddenly unmasked his batteries and opened a destructive fire upon him, and at the same time Dessaix debouched from St. Juliano at the head of his division. The Austrians fell back in disorder before the French; but Zack, by the most strenuous exertions, succeeded in restoring order in front, and for a moment the advance of the French was checked. The struggle now became fierce; a tempest of balls was hurled upon the French from the Austrian line, and Dessaix was struck by a bullet in the breast and soon expired. The command fell on Boudet, and the French troops aroused to fury at the fall of their beloved leader, rushed frantically on the enemy, hurling a destructive and incessant storm of lead into their bosoms, and the conflict raged with increased vigor. The Austrians replied to the French fire with vigor; neither party wavered; and the devouring tempest was maintained on both sides with unceasing energy. At this moment, when victory trembled as it were in a balance, Kellerman was ordered to charge with his cavalry. On like a whirlwind swept the noble band; passing Dessaix's division and Marmont's battery with lightning speed, they plunged headlong into the midst of the Austrians, overthrowing and trampling under foot all that opposed their progress, and cutting Zack's column through the very center. Zack, himself, with 2,000 men, was made prisoner, and the remainder fled in the utmost confusion to the rear, bearing back in the flight the other divisions which were advancing to their support. The troops of Lannes and Victor, on this, regained their former spirit and turned fiercely on their pursuers. The infantry of Kaim overwhelmed by the tide of fugitives, gave way; the cavalry were seized with a sudden panic and galloped wildly to the rear, trampling down in their mad career, the unfortunate fugitives who were flying before them. "To the bridges! to the bridges!" was the general cry; and the whole Austrian army disbanding, flew terror-stricken toward the Bormida. Marengo fell into the hands of the French, and the fugitives choking up the bridges with their number compelled the gunners to plunge into the river with their horses and pieces, where twenty cannons stuck fast and fell into the hands of the French. The slaughter of the Austrians was frightful. The French maintained the pursuit until darkness prevented them from distinguishing friend from foe. Several battalions of the Austrians laid down their arms and surrendered at discretion. The French remained masters of the field, and encamped for the night on the bloody plain. Thus ended the bloody battle of Marengo. The Austrians lost 7,000 men killed and wounded, and 3,000 prisoners. Among the latter was General Zack. The French lost 7,000 men killed and wounded and 1,000 made prisoners in the early part of the day. Eight standards and twenty pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the victors. Melas, disheartened by his defeat, proposed a suspension of hostilities, and terms of a treaty were shortly afterwards agreed upon between the two generals. By this treaty, it was agreed that there should be an armistice between the two armies until Melas should obtain an answer from the court of Vienna. That in the mean time the Austrian army should occupy the country between the Mincio and the Po, that is, Peschiera, Mantua, Borgoforte, and from it to the left bank of the Po, and on its right bank, Ferra, Ancona, and Tuscany; that the French should occupy the district between the Chiésa, the Oglio, and the Po, and the space between the Chiésa and Mincio should not be occupied by either army. That the fortresses of Tortona, Milan, Turin, Pizzighitone, Arona, Placentia, Ceva, Savona, Urbia, Coni, Alexandria, and Genoa,,should be surrendered to the French with all their artillery and stores, the Austrians taking with them only their own cannon. The evacuation of all these places, and the final retreat of the Austrian army, were to be completed by the 24th of June. Napoleon after the battle of Marengo, returned to Milan, where he was received with extraordinary demonstrations of joy. He shortly afterward returned to Paris, and nothing could exceed the transports of the people when his arrival was known. He had conquered a peace, and won the imperial crown.

MARIGNAN, A.D. 1515.—The battle of Marignan was fought on the 13th of September, 1515, near Milan in Italy, between the Swiss army, and the French under Francis I. The gallant Swiss maintained the fight with heroic valor against overwhelming odds. After losing all their bravest soldiers, they were finally compelled to fly. Upward of 20,000 men fell in this obstinate and sanguinary conflict.

MARSEILLES, B.C. 49.—This famous city of France is situated at the head of a bay on the north-east side of the Gulf of Lyons, about 200 miles south-east of Lyons. It was founded by the Phœnicians about 600 B.C., and its progress in arts and letters was so rapid that Cicero called it the "Athens of Gaul."

The inhabitants of Marseilles being under great obligations to Pompey, were not willing to open their gates to Cæsar. Irritated by this affront, Cæsar laid siege to their city. It was long, because that great general did not at first conduct it in person; but as soon as he presented himself before the place, it surrendered. The conqueror was satisfied with disarming the citizens, and ordering them to bring to him all the money in the public treasury.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 310.—Notwithstanding his repeated abdications, Maximian Hercules was again anxious for power, and, for the third time, to remount the throne of the Cæsars. In order to engage the Gauls to declare in his favor, he caused a report of the death of Constantine to be circulated. This report had not time to be accredited, for Constantine, at the head of a numerous army, presented himself before Marseilles, into which place Maximian had retired. He at once led on an assault, and would have taken the city if his ladders had not proved too short. Several soldiers, however, succeeded in gaining the top of the walls, but the emperor, to spare the blood of the troops and of the inhabitants, sounded a retreat. Maximian appeared upon the walls; Constantine drew near to them, and represented to the ex-emperor the injustice and futility of his proceedings. While the old man was pouring forth invectives, some of the inhabitants, unknown to him, opened one of the gates, and admitted the soldiers of Constantine. They seized Maximian, led him before the emperor, and terminated this short and foolish war.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1544.—The constable De Bourbon, wishing by his services to merit the favor of Charles V., to whom that perfidious prince had sold himself, undertook the siege of Marseilles. "Three cannon-shot," said he, "will so astonish the good citizens, that they will come with halters around their necks to present me the keys." But, far from surrendering, the Marseilleise swore to defend themselves to the last extremity. The women took part in the most painful labors of the defense; their ardor was so great, that the countermines which they dug on the side of the attack were called, to perpetuate the memory of the fact, "The Ladies' Trench." A cannon-ball, fired from the city, killed two gentlemen, and a priest, who were celebrating mass. The constable De Bourbon, attracted by the noise created by this accident, hastened to the spot, and asked what was the cause of the tumult. The Marquis De Pescaira, his rival, coolly replied, "It is only the consuls of Marseilles, Monsieur, who have brought us the keys." Bourbon well deserved this raillery, for they had already been forty days before a place which he had boasted would surrender as soon as he appeared. Rendered furious by the cannon-ball and the joke, he gave orders for the fire of the artillery to be doubled, and soon a breach was made sufficient for an assault. The engineers who were sent to reconnoiter reported that there was behind it a deep ditch, filled with combustibles, and defended by a great number of soldiers. Pescaira gave a description of it to the council of war, and added, maliciously, "You see, gentlemen, that the Marseillese keep a well-spread table, in order to entertain properly all who have any desire to visit them; if you have any inclination to sup in Paradise, go there, in heaven's name; but for my part, I don't feel disposed to go thither yet. We should do much better, I think, to return to Italy, where the French may be before us." The hatred in which the constable De Bourbon was held caused this advice to be approved of. Francis I. came to the relief of the city with an army of 40,000 men. Instructed in the school of misfortune, he obstinately refused to give the imperialists battle, and contented himself with depriving them of all means of subsistence. His army destroyed all the mills: that of D'Aubagne was the only one left. Francis I. was convinced that the retreat of his enemy was inevitable if this mill was destroyed, and he ordered Barbesieux, who commanded in Marseilles, to undertake it. This general thought the thing impossible, because the post was so well guarded and so near to the imperialists. Montluc, young, enterprising, and full of resources, thought that, with courage, secrecy, and diligence, it was possible to succeed. Barbesieux laughed at what he called a fanfarronade; but as it was only at the risk of 120 men, he gave his consent. Every thing succeeded; the mill was forced and destroyed; and the detachment came off unhurt. This little expedition had a singular influence over the fate of Marseilles. Deprived of provisions, the imperialists quickly retired, and the constable had the double disgrace of failing against a place while fighting against his prince and his country.—*Robson's Famous Sieges.*

MARSTON MOOR, A.D. 1644.—The memorable and desperate battle of Marston Moor, which terminated so fatally for the cause of the unfortunate Charles I. of England, was fought on the 3d of July, 1644, between the par-

liamentarian army and the Scots, under Sir Thomas Fairfax and the Earl of Leven, and the forces of the royalists, under Prince Rupert. The field of battle was about eight miles from the city of York, near the villages of Monckton and Milton, in the vicinity of the river Ouse. Prince Rupert had marched with an army of 25,000 men, for the relief of York, then besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax and the Earl of Leven, with an army of 25,000 men. The besiegers, observing the approach of the enemy, retreated to Marston Moor, a large open plain about eight miles distant from the city. Thither they were followed by the prince. Whitlocke has recorded with much impartiality the following particulars of this eventful day: "The right wing of the parliament was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse, and three regiments of the Scots' horse; the left wing was commanded by the Earl of Manchester and Colonel Oliver Cromwell. One body of their foot was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of his foot, and two brigades of the Scots' foot for reserve; and the main body was commanded by General Leven. The right wing of the royalists was commanded by the Earl of Newcastle; the left wing by the prince himself, and the main body by General Gormy, Sir Charles Lucas, and Major General Porter. Both armies were thus drawn up in order of battle. On the morning of the 3d of July, 1644, at about seven o'clock, the fight began. The prince, with his left wing, fell on the parliaments' right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way; the like did Generals Gormy, Lucas, and Porter, upon the parliaments' main body. The three generals, giving up all for lost, hastened out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and threw down their arms. The king's forces too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again snatched out of their hands. For, Colonel Cromwell, with the brave regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax, having rallied some of his horse, fell upon the prince's right wing, where the Earl of Newcastle was, and routed them; and the rest of their companions rallying, they fell altogether upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Gormy, and totally dispersed them, and obtained a complete victory after a three hours' fight. From this battle and the pursuit, some reckon were buried 7,000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3,000 of the prince's men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chase, and 3,000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, twenty-five pieces of ordnance, forty-seven colors, 10,000 arms, two wagons of carabines and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all their bag and baggage!" This disastrous battle extinguished the power of the royalists in the northern counties of England.

MANTINEA, B.C. 363.—A war had sprung up between the Arcadians and Eleans, two nations of Greece, and this war occasioned another between the Arcadians themselves. The inhabitants of Tegæa and Mantinea, two Arcadian cities, declared war against each other, and all Greece was put into motion. The people of Tegæa called on the Thebans for aid, while those of Mantinea sought the assistance of the Spartans and Athenians. Aid was granted in both cases. There were besides several other allies on each side. The command of the Theban army was given to Epaminondas, who immediately entered Arcadia, and encamped near Tegæa. He designed to attack the Mantineans; but being informed that Agesilaus, the Spartan general, had begun his march toward Mantinea, he determined upon an enterprise which he believed would immortalize his name, and reduce the power of the enemy forever. Unknown to the Mantineans he left Tegæa in the night, and, with his army, marched directly to Sparta, carefully avoiding the road which Agesilaus had taken. He would undoubtedly have taken the city by surprise, for it had neither walls, troops, nor other means of defense, had not a Cretan informed Agesilaus of the design.

Agesilaus immediately sent a horseman to alarm the city, and hastened after him with his whole army. A short time afterward, the Thebans crossed the river Eurotas, and commenced an attack on the town. The Spartans defended their beloved city with the desperation of despair. Agesilaus, in person, fought with a vigor above his years. Archidamus his son, distinguished himself greatly, both by his valor and agility, flying through the by-lanes to meet the enemy wherever they pressed the hardest; his little band closely followed the example of their youthful commander, repulsing the enemy on all sides. But Isodus, the son of Phœbidas, presented the most extraordinary spectacle, not only to his countrymen, but to the enemy. He was tall and elegant in form and feature and just growing from boyhood into manhood. He had stripped himself of armor and clothing, and naked and newly anointed with oil, he rushed out of his house armed only with a spear in one hand and a sword in the other. He eagerly made his way through the combatants, and dealt his blows among the enemy's ranks, slaying every man with whom he engaged. In spite of his defenseless condition he received not a single wound. After the battle he was rewarded for his bravery by a crown, but he was also fined 1,000 drachmas* for daring to appear without his armor. Epaminondas having failed in his aim, hastily

* About $125.

returned with his army to Tegæa. The Spartans and Athenians with their allies closely followed him, and encamped before Mantinea. Epaminondas decided to give battle immediately. Never before had the Greeks fought among themselves with more numerous armies. The Lacedæmonians numbered more than 20,000 foot, and 2,000 horse. The Theban army consisted of 30,000 foot, and nearly 3,000 horse. The right wing of the Lacedæmonian army consisted of Mantineans, Arcadians, and Lacedæmonians posted in one line; the center was composed of Eleans and Achæans, who were the weakest of their troops, and the left wing consisted entirely of Athenians. In the other army the Thebans and Arcadians were on the left; the Argives on the right, and the other allies in the center. The cavalry in each was disposed on the wings. Epaminondas marched toward Mantinea, in the same order of battle in which he intended to fight. He did not march directly, and with his front to the enemy, but in a column along the hills, with his left wing foremost, to make them believe that he did not intend to fight that day. When he had arrived within sight of the enemy, he ordered his troops to halt, and lay down their arms as if he designed to encamp there. The troops of the enemy in fact, were deceived, and reckoning no longer upon a battle, they quitted their arms, and dispersed about the camp. Epaminondas, however, suddenly wheeled his troops to the right, and thus changed his column into a line. Then drawing out the choice troops whom he had expressly posted in front during his march, he made them double their files upon the front of his left wing to add to its strength, and to put it into a condition to attack in a point, the Lacedæmonian phalanx, which by the movement he made, forced it directly. He ordered the center and right wing of his army to move very slowly, and to halt before they came up with the enemy, that he might not hazard the event of the battle upon troops on whom he could not rely. He took command in person of the body of picked men, which he formed in a point like a galley, and with them expected to penetrate the Lacedæmonian phalanx, which once broken, he would not find it difficult to rout the rest of the army, by charging upon the left and right with his victorious troops. But fearing that the Athenians who were posted on the left wing of the enemy's army, might come to the support of the Lacedæmonians on the left, he caused a detachment of his horse and foot to advance out of the line, and to post themselves on the rising ground in readiness to attack the Athenians in flank and rear in case they should advance to sustain their right wing. Having thus disposed his whole army, he moved on to charge the enemy with the entire weight of his column. The troops of the enemy were strangely surprised when they saw Epaminondas advancing toward them in this order, and resumed their arms, bridled their horses, and hastened to form into ranks. The Theban general now commanded the bowmen, slingers, and lancers, whom he had planted in the intervals of his cavalry, which covered his flank on the left, to discharge their weapons upon the enemy's horse. Instantly a cloud of arrows, stones, and lances clouded the air, and falling among the Lacedæmonian troopers, threw them into disorder. Then like a thunderbolt, the Theban cavalry dashed upon the disordered horsemen, who after a desperate but ineffective resistance fell back behind their infantry, with great loss. In the mean time Epaminondas had not been idle; with his body of foot he charged upon the Lacedæmonian phalanx, and the troops on both sides were soon engaged in a desperate and bloody struggle. Neither Thebans nor Lacedæmonians would yield: both resolved rather to perish than to relinquish the glory of arms to their rivals. The fight was commenced with spears; but in the fury of the combat their weapons were soon broken, and drawing their swords they charged each other with such fury and animosity that the ground was piled with heaps of slain. Neither party would yield an inch of ground, and the furious slaughter on both sides continued for hours. At length, Epaminondas, determined by an extraordinary personal effort, to force victory to declare for him. He formed a troop of the bravest and most resolute soldiers around him, and placing himself at their head, made a vigorous charge upon the enemy where the battle was most fierce and bloody. With the first javelin he threw he wounded the Lacedæmonian general. His men excited to enthusiastic valor by his example, hewed their way through the solid phalanx of the enemy, killing all that stood before them. The Lacedæmonians, dismayed by the presence of Epaminondas, and the heroism of his noble band, gave way before them. The main body of the Theban troops animated by the success of their general, fiercely attacked the enemy upon his right and left, and drove them back with fearful carnage. But some Spartan troops perceiving that Epaminondas, abandoning himself wholly to his ardor, was too reckless of his own personal safety, suddenly rallied, and charged him with a shower of javelins. While he was engaged in warding off, and shunning these darts, Callicrates, one of the Spartans, rushed upon him, and thrust a javelin into his breast through his cuirass. The head of the lance broke off in the wound, and Epaminondas fell to the ground in ex-

cruciating agony. And now the battle raged around the fallen general with redoubled fury. The Lacedæmonians used their utmost endeavors to take him alive, while the Thebans were equally determined to save him. The dead were piled in heaps around him, and the ground was soaked with gore. At length the Thebans by an almost superhuman effort drove the enemy from the spot, and remained masters of the field and of the slain. In the mean while the Athenian cavalry attacked the horsemen on the left wing of the Theban army; but being received with a shower of darts and arrows from the bowmen and lancers posted in the intervals of the Theban cavalry, they were galled so extremely, that they could not resist the rude charge of the horsemen, but were obliged to fly.

After thus repulsing and dispersing the enemy's cavalry, the Thebans, instead of pursuing them, attacked the Athenian foot, which they took in flank, put into disorder, and pushed with great vigor. At the very moment when the Athenians were about to take to flight, the general of the Elean cavalry, who commanded a body of reserve, hastened to their support. They charged the Theban horse, who were awaiting them, and who received them so warmly that they were forced to retreat. The Athenian cavalry, which had been routed at first, finding they were not pursued, rallied, but instead of going to the assistance of their foot, which was roughly handled, they attacked the Thebans upon the heights without the line, and, routing them, put every man to the sword. After these various movements, the troops on both sides stood still, and rested upon their weapons. Shortly afterward, as if by mutual consent, the trumpets of the two armies sounded the retreat, at the same time. Both parties pretended to the victory, and each erected a trophy on the field of battle: the Thebans because they had defeated the right wing, and remained masters of the field of battle; and the Lacedæmonians because they had cut the detachment in pieces. And from this point of honor, both sides refused at first to ask leave to bury their dead, which, with the ancients, was confessing their defeat. The Lacedæmonians, however, first sent a herald to demand permission, after which the rest had no thoughts but of paying the last duties to the slain on their respective sides. After the surgeons had examined the wound of Epaminondas, they declared that he would expire the moment the head of the dart was drawn from it. These words sent sorrow and affliction to the hearts of all present. Epaminondas alone was unmoved. His only anxiety was as to the result of the battle. His shield was shown him, and he was assured that the Thebans had won the victory. His countenance bespoke his joy, and after addressing a few words of consolation to those around him, he drew the head of the javelin out of the wound, and instantly expired.

MAYENNE, A.D. 1429.—The siege of Mayenne, in France, by the English, under the Earl of Salisbury, took place in 1429, and, after enduring three months, was ended by the capture of the place by the besiegers.

MAXEN, A.D. 1759.—The battle of Maxen was fought A.D. 1759, between the Austrians and the Prussians. The Prussians were defeated.

MEERUT, A.D. 1018.—Meerut, a town of British India, was taken by Mahmoud of Ghizuee, in 1018, and in 1399 by Timour.

MEGASPELION. — The Turks, under Ibrahaim Pasha, besieged the convent of Megaspelion, in Greece, but were repulsed by the Greeks, with a loss of several thousand men, in 1825.

MENDAVIA, A.D. 1507.—An insignificant action took place in Mendavia, in Spain, in 1507, in which Cæsar Borgia was killed.

MERGUI, A.D. 1824.—Mergui, in British India, was taken by storm by the British in 1824.

MERIDA, A.D. 715.—Merida, in Spain, was taken by the Moors in 715; in 1229 it was recaptured by the troops of Alonzo el Sabio, and afterward remained permanently attached to the kingdom of Castile.

MESSINA, B.C. 264.—The power of the Romans had struggled during nearly 500 years against the people of Italy; and it was not till after many and severe toils that they succeeded in laying the foundations of an empire which was destined to embrace nearly the known universe. Rome, mistress of those vast countries which extend from the Rubicon to the southern extremity of Italy, became anxious to carry her conquests abroad. She ventured to attack the forces of Carthage, at that time the most flourishing republic in existence. The union of the Carthaginians with Hiero, King of Syracuse, for the destruction of the Messinians and the siege of Messina, were the pretexts for the first war between these two ambitious republics, while the conquest of Sicily was the real object. Messina having placed itself under the protection of Rome, Appius Claudius was ordered to march to the succor of that oppressed city; but a strait of the sea had to be crossed, and the Romans, without maritime experience, had nothing but boats, rudely constructed, very much resembling Indian canoes. Was it possible for such a fleet to resist that of the Carthaginians, well equipped and numerous, besides being accustomed to the domination of the seas? Appius at once perceived his weakness; and yet it was necessary that he should arrive at Messina

quickly, as the enemy was pressing it very closely. In this embarrassment, the consul had recourse to an ingenious strategem: he pretended to endeavor to cross the strait, but seeming to be terrified at the sight of the Carthaginians, he took to flight suddenly, and feigned to abandon the enterprise. The Carthaginians fully persuaded that he would not return, but was gone back to Rome, retired, as if there was nothing more to be feared. Appius, taking advantage of this belief, crossed the strait in the night time, and arrived safely in Sicily. The place at which he landed was close to the camp of the Syracusans; and the consul exhorted his troops to fall at once upon the enemy, promising them an easy victory;—in fact, it proved so. The army of Hiero could not sustain the impetuous shock of the Romans: it fled and abandoned the entrances of Messina to the conquerors. The consul was received like a liberator from heaven; and the joy of the citizens was the greater, from their having been in utter despair. Appius, taking advantage of his victory, attacked the camp of the Carthaginians; but he was repulsed with some loss, and forced to retreat. He was pursued, which was what he desired and expected; he faced about, and fortune seemed to change with the situation of the place. The Carthaginians could not stand against the courage of the Romans, but took to flight in their turn, after losing many men. And thus Rome commenced the first Punic war.

Second Siege, A.D. 1282.—Stung almost to madness by the celebrated Sicilian Vespers, Charles of Anjou collected all the troops in his power, set forward on his march, accompanied by an apostolic legate, and invested Messina, which he pressed closely. The unfortunate inhabitants, upon the point of having their city carried by assault, offered to capitulate. They promised to return to their duty, if the monarch would forget the past, and engage not to give to the French either places or magistracy in their city. Charles replied that he intended to govern as to him should seem best; and that, if they did not promptly submit, they might prepare to be treated in the same manner as they had treated the French. The Messinese, irritated by this disheartening reply, swore that they would rather devour their own children than become slaves forever. It was in vain that endeavors were made to bring them back to a more prudent line of conduct; the most terrible menaces were equally vain; they would listen to nothing; they declared that it would be better to die like brave men, than to be given up to the executioner like base malefactors. Old men, women, and children, all took up arms in the common cause. The king continued to press the siege very warmly, but the Messinese, animated by a generous despair, defended themselves with such heroic valor, that they gave Don Pedro of Arragon time to come to their succor. This prince, at the head of a fleet of fifty galleys, which had for admiral Roger Doria, the greatest seaman of his age, advanced into the strait of Messina, for the purpose of carrying off the French fleet, which lay there without defense. Charles, being informed of this project, thought it evident he should be ruined if he continued the siege; so he retreated without obtaining his revenge; but he could not save his vessels, of which the enemy took 29, and burned 30.

This war lasted many years, and was almost always unfortunate for the house of Anjou, which was at length obliged to share Sicily with that of Arragon, and to content itself with Calabria, Apulia, the Terra di Lavoro, and the Abruzzi, under the title of the kingdom of Naples.—*Robson.*

MESSOLONGHI, A.D. 1823.—Marco Bozarris, celebrated by Halleck, the American poet, at the head of a small but gallant body of Greeks, met, fought, and signally defeated an overwhelming force of Turkish troops, near Messolonghi, in Greece, during the Greek revolution in 1823. But the victory was dearly won; Marco Bozarris, the hero, was slain in the action.

MEXICO, A.D. 1520.—The ancient city of Mexico, or as it was called, Tenochtiltan, was built on a group of islands in the lake Tezcuco. The city was connected with the mainland by three principal causeways of stone and earth, about thirty feet in breadth, and extending from two to six miles over the surrounding marshes. The causeway of Iztapalapan approached the city from the south, that of Tepejucal from the north, and that of Tlacopan from the west. The causeways were pierced by several canals, which were provided with draw-bridges.

Cortez, upon his first entrance into the Mexican capital, was entirely satisfied with his reception by Montezuma, and feeling that he had secured the friendship of the Mexican emperor and nobles, set out for Cempoalla, for the purpose of securing his alliance with the Cempoallans. He left behind him in the city 150 Spanish soldiers, and 10,000 Tlascalan warriors, under the command of Alvarado; and by the rashness of this officer the hostility of the citizens was provoked to an extent that soon threw the whole city into a state of insurrection.

It was the custom of the Aztec nobles to hold an annual festival, in the month of May, in honor of their god of war; and they requested Alvarado to allow them to hold it in the court in the vicinity of the Spanish quarters. The Spanish general granted their re-

quest on certain conditions, one of which was that they should come unarmed. Accordingly, on the appointed day, the nobles and the principal men of the city, to the number of 600, met together in the place named, dressed in their richest attire. Meanwhile Alvarado had concocted a scheme, so infernal in its character, that his name has been handed down in history, branded with infamy and disgrace. His soldiers were to be present at the festival, fully armed, some being directed to mingle with the crowd, while others, as if by accident, were to gather around the gates of the courtyard, and at a signal from him they were to fall upon and slay all before them.

The festivities were at their height; the nobles engaged in dancing and music heeded not the presence of the Spaniards: the signal was given; instantly every Spanish sword leaped from its scabbard, and like demons the soldiers rushed upon the unarmed nobles, hewing them down to right and left, until the pavement was piled with dead, and streaming with blood. Amid their gayety and innocent diversion, this joyous company was furiously assailed by the treacherous Spaniards. In vain they strove to escape. Foes encompassed them on all sides. Some met their doom in stern inactivity; others sprang toward the gates, and were impaled on the lances of the soldiers; and others endeavored to scale the wall, and were shot down or cut to pieces by their enemies. The court-yard, lately resounding with mirth and joyful music, was now filled with groans and cries of despair. At length all was silent. The cruel work was finished; all were slain; and now, glutted with slaughter, the Spaniards with blood-begrimed countenances, fell upon the mutilated corses, like vultures, and rifled them of their jewels and precious ornaments.

The tidings of the butchery spread rapidly throughout the city. Exasperated to madness, the citizens flew to arms, and on the following morning at daybreak, they assailed the Spanish quarters with vengeful energy. With desperate zeal they repeatedly attempted to scale the walls, but were as often repulsed by the Spaniards. They succeeded, however, in setting fire to the works, and probably would have stormed the place had not Montezuma himself interfered. Mounting the battlements, the Mexican king besought his subjects if they valued his own safety, to desist. Moved by the entreaties of their monarch, the mob ceased further active hostilities, but throwing up works around the palace, they changed the siege into a blockade. The Spaniards being cut off from supplies of either provisions or water, were reduced to the utmost extremities.

Intelligence of this state of affairs at Mexico being conveyed to Cortez, who was still at Cempoalla, that general immediately set forth on his return to the capital.

The Siege of the Palace of Axyacath.—The arrival of Cortez in Mexico did not materially alter the disastrous state of affairs into which the Spanish soldiers had plunged themselves. The populace were still in a ferment; they refused to furnish the Spaniards with supplies, and murmurs of indignation and threats were heard on all sides. Cortez, vexed with himself, his general, and with every body around him, vented his displeasure upon the Mexican emperor, accusing him as the cause of the insurrection, and treating him in the most contemptuous manner even before the very faces of the Mexican nobles.

In order to conciliate the populace he released the emperor's brother Cuitlahaua, who had been imprisoned on a charge of assisting in a former revolt; but being the heir-apparent of the throne, Cuitlahaua, was appointed by the people to act as their sovereign, during the captivity of Montezuma. He eagerly accepted the position, and full of anger toward the invaders of his country he made active preparations for future operations against them. And soon the result of his preparations was to be seen. Cortez confident in his power to check the progress of the insurrection, little dreamed of the storm which was about to burst with the fury of a hurricane upon him.

But soon he learned his weakness. The citizens, under the direction of their experienced commander, had formed themselves into an immense army, and the Spanish general was awakened from his delusion by the intelligence that the city was in arms, and that an immediate assault upon his quarters was meditated. Soon, like huge serpents, the masses of the infuriated populace were to be seen advancing through the various streets toward the palace, and, as if by magic, the house-tops in the vicinity were covered with armed men, who, wildly brandishing their weapons, howled forth their defiance to the Spaniards.

The palace of Axaycath, which was occupied by the Spaniards, stood in the center of a large court-yard which was inclosed by a stone wall of a moderate height. This wall was strengthened by towers erected at equal distances from each other. The palace itself was one story high; but from the center arose a number of turret-shaped apartments. Cortez had set aside the palace for the accommodation of his Spanish soldiers, while his Tlascalan allies were lodged in sheds roughly constructed, erected in the court-yard. The artillery was mounted in embrasure on the parapet, which was also pierced with loop-

holes for the use of the musketeers. However confident the Spanish general might have been of his ability to overawe the Mexicans, he nevertheless did not relax for an instant the strict discipline which he had ever maintained in his army. The intelligence of the approach of the enemy was no sooner received than the trumpet sounded to arms, and in an instant every man was at his station.

In dense masses the Mexicans continued to concentrate their forces in the square in front of the palace. They were armed with spears, slings, and bows and arrows; and their gaudy banners, and gay head-dresses presented a strange spectacle as they rushed forward in tumultuous eagerness toward the enemy Onward like a tempest they rushed amid the sounds of their rude instruments of warlike music. As they neared the Spanish works they stopped, and delivered cloud after cloud of arrows, stones, and lances, which fell thick and fast upon the besieged, who were also annoyed by a constant rain of like missiles from the neighboring house-tops. The Spaniards reserved their fire until the front ranks of the besiegers had arrived in close proximity to the inclosure. Then volley after volley of artillery and musketry was opened upon the Mexicans. Shattered and torn by the terrible discharges, the besiegers wavered, but soon recovering from the confusion into which they had been thrown by the furious fire of the enemy, they rushed forward with wild cries over the heaps of carcases which strewed the pavement before them. Again and again were they received by withering discharges of artillery and musketry, and again were they obliged to fall back. But, aided by their comrades on the roofs, who continued to pour terrific and deadly clouds of missiles upon the Spaniards, they again advanced under the very muzzles of the guns, and endeavored to scale the parapet; but no sooner did they elevate their heads above the breastwork than they were shot down by the musketeers from within, or pierced through and through by the thrust of a Tlascalan lance.

Yet, with obstinate valor they pressed onward, mounting over the bodies of their slain and wounded companions, and grappling the walls with hands and feet, strove vainly to scale it. Defeated at all points, they changed their method of attack, and endeavored to effect a breach in the walls by the aid of battering-rams. But the wall was strong and resisted every attack of the assailants. Throwing aside their huge beams, the besiegers endeavored to set fire to the Spanish quarter by casting burning missiles upon them. The palace, however, was built of stone, yet the besiegers succeeded in firing the wooden sheds used by the Tlascalans, in the court-yard. In vain did the besieged endeavor to quench the flames, the sheds were consumed, and some of the outworks connected with the parapet took fire, and could only be checked by throwing down a portion of the rampart itself. This was done, and a formidable breach was laid open. By Cortez's order this breach was protected by a battery of heavy guns and a company of musketeers, who maintained a constant fire from the breach upon the besiegers. The Mexicans rushed toward the opening with shouts of exultation. But as they entered the withering storm of lead and iron, they sank before it in heaps of dead and dying. Yet they maintained the conflict; fresh warriors supplied the place of the slain only to meet a like fate, and night alone closed the terrible strife. Within a stone's throw of each other the besieged and besiegers spent the night; but not in sleep. The Spaniards busied themselves in repairing their works, while the Mexicans, in a mass, swayed back and forth like the waves of an ocean recovering from the effects of a recent storm, and occasionally giving forth a shout of defiance, and casting a stone or lance over the parapet.

At length the laggard night opened and admitted the expected day. The early dawn had just announced the approach of light when the Mexicans resumed the offensive. During the night they had received reinforcements from all quarters of the city, and they presented to the eyes of the besieged a force of far greater magnitude and power than that of the day before. Lances, stones, arrows, and darts were hurled from all sides upon the Spaniards. Cortez now determined to make a decisive sortie. A general discharge of artillery and musketry opened a bloody gap in the midst of the enemy, and before they could reorganize the gates were opened, and the Spanish cavalry, supported by a large body of Tlascalan warriors, rushed out, and charged down upon the Mexicans at full gallop. Little expecting such an attack, the Mexicans were thrown into the utmost confusion and made but little resistance. On through the masses of the enemy the Spanish cavalry plowed its way, strewing the plain with corses. The enemy fled in all directions. The Tlascalan infantry followed up the attack of the cavalry with the utmost vigor, and the Mexicans were for the time being entirely routed. But soon they arrived at a breastwork of timber, which they had thrown across the principal street. Behind this they rallied, and replied to the frequent charges of the enemy by clouds of arrows and stones, which checked their further progress and threw them into

THE AMERICAN ARMY UNDER GEN. SCOTT ENTERING THE GRAND PLAZA AT MEXICO. Page 383.

disorder. But now Cortez ordered up his heavy artillery, and having placed it in position, opened a fire upon the enemy's work which in a short time swept it away, and cleared a passage for his army. But the Mexicans kept their ground with surprising obstinacy. In vain did the Spanish horse charge down upon them; they were driven back, and being also attacked in flank by fresh battalions of the enemy which came in from adjoining lanes and streets, victory seemed hung in a balance. Attacked in front, rear, and flank by swarms of an enemy whom hatred had inspired with a desire for vengeance, which nothing but the accomplishment could quench, the Spaniards fought with the sullen ferocity of despair. Shoulder to shoulder they battled against the human tide. Cortez exhorted them not to separate; but in spite of their efforts several were divided from their companions, dragged from their horses, and either slaughtered on the spot or hurried away to furnish a victim for the sacrificial altar. Cortez saw the danger of his position, and acted with promptness and decision.

In order to clear the streets of the enemy, he directed his men to set fire to the houses. Although constructed of stone, still the interior of the buildings contained great quantities of combustible matter. Hence, they were readily fired, but as each house stood separate from its neighbor, the progress of the Spaniards in their work of destruction was slow. Seven hundred houses with their inmates were consumed, and the enemy was driven from that quarter of the city. Yet, although defeated at all points, the Mexicans kept the field. Dispersed in broken squadrons in the various adjacent streets, they nevertheless continued to battle against the furious charges of the Spanish horse. When broken, they would soon rally behind some temporary works, which had been thrown across the streets, and resume the fight with undiminished ardor, until the barrier was swept away by the enemy's artillery, and a passage cleared for the cavalry. And thus, retreating and rallying, the Mexicans kept up the fight, until the Spaniards, sated with carnage, and weary with their exertions, sounded a retreat, and returned to the palace. The Mexicans followed, close at the heels of the retreating enemy, pouring showers of arrows and stones in upon their rear, and harassing them by every means in their power. The Spaniards at length reached their quarters, and seeing them again established within the palace, the Aztecs resumed their original position before the wall, and encamped for the night.

Late in the day Cortez was wounded severely in the hand; many of his officers were also wounded, and some were slain. Of his men, too, numbers of them were slain, and many of them were grievously wounded. The Spaniards also lost some of their best horses. The Mexican loss must have been enormous, yet they could afford to sacrifice hundreds where the Spaniards lost one.

At early dawn the Mexicans renewed the assault with redoubled vigor; with almost superhuman courage they faced the terrific fire of the Spaniards, and working their way over the carcasses of their slain enemies, in fact using the bodies as stepping-stones, they succeeded in scaling the wall, and effecting an entrance into the interior of the court-yard. But as fast as they entered they were encountered by the desperate defenders, and slain; yet they pressed on, and for a few moments it seemed as if the place would be carried, and the Spaniards overpowered by the mere weight of the assailants. At this critical moment, Cortez sent a messenger to Montezuma, with a request that he would interpose with his people in favor of the Spaniards. The captive monarch at first refused; but upon being assured by Cortez that he would gladly depart if his enemies would permit him, the emperor consented to entreat his people to cease further hostilities. Accordingly, Montezuma, clothed in his imperial robes, presented himself upon the central turret of the palace, in the sight of his people. At the instant he was recognized, the fierce clamor of war, among the Mexicans, ceased, and a deep silence pervaded throughout the whole of the vast assemblage. Montezuma, in a voice which, although calm and full of dignity, was heard by the whole of the Mexican army, expostulated with them, saying, that he was a friend of the Spaniards; that they were his guests; and that it was his wish that they should at once disperse and return to their homes. But his words did not produce the intended effect. Enraged at the cowardice and weakness of their monarch, the Mexicans turned their wrath upon him. He had scarcely ceased speaking, when the air was darkened by clouds of arrows, all directed toward the unfortunate monarch, who fell beneath them dangerously wounded. And now, the Mexicans, shocked at their own sacrilegious deed, set up a melancholy and universal howl, and scattered, fear-stricken, to their various dwellings.

Storming of the Temple of Huitzilopotchli.—Near the palace stood the great temple of Huitzilopotchli, which from its extreme height commanded the Spanish quarters. This temple was occupied by a body of about 600 Mexican nobles, who discharged such immense numbers of arrows and javelins into the court-yard, that the Spaniards

could not leave their cover without running the greatest danger. On the other hand, the Mexicans in their lofty tower were completely protected from the fire of the enemy. Cortez, therefore, determined to storm the temple. He selected for this purpose 100 of his most experienced soldiers, whom he placed under the command of Escoba; but that officer, after repeated trials, in which he was invariably repulsed with great losses, was obliged to return unsuccessful. Cortez then selected 300 Spanish soldiers, and several thousand Tlascalan warriors, and buckling a shield over his left arm, which was wounded, he sallied forth at their head. His entrance into the court-yard of the temple was hotly disputed by a large body of Mexicans, who were waiting his arrival. The Spaniards charged them vigorously, but the pavement was so smooth that the cavalry was crippled in its movements, and they were obliged to retire before the natives, who witnessed their discomfiture with shouts of derision. The horses were sent back to the court-yard of the palace, and Cortez again led his men against the enemy. Overpowered by the superior numbers of their foes, the Mexicans were compelled to flee, and a free passage was opened for the Spaniards to the great temple. This structure was in the form of a pyramid. It was about 300 feet around the base, and was at least 150 feet in height. The summit was gained by five terraces which passed around the building, and were connected by flights of stone steps. The summit of the temple was flat, forming an open area about 200 feet square. On this area, at the side of the temple directly opposite the entrance, stood two stone towers, forty feet in height; and in the center arose the huge sacrificial stone. No other impediments marred the surface of the area.

No sooner was the court-yard cleared than Cortez, at the head of a body of his soldiers, rushed up the lower staircase, while a file of musketeers, and a strong corps of Tlascalans remained in the court-yard, to prevent any movement on the part of the enemy, against the temple. The first gallery, as well as those above, was crowded with Mexican warriors, who met the advance of the besiegers with showers of stones, arrows, and darts, which the Spaniards, protected by their thick cotton armor, heeded but little; but as they advanced up the staircase the Mexicans cast huge beams, and rocks, and burning timber upon them, which, crashing through their midst, carried death and destruction in their path. For an instant the Spaniards wavered; but urged forward by their brave commander, they sprang forward, and a gallant few eluding the enormous weapons of the enemy, gained the first landing, where, with almost superhuman courage, they drove back the Indians to the second staircase, thus affording their comrades below an opportunity to join them. The Spaniards having gained the first gallery, prepared to assail the second staircase, and aided by the fire of the musketeers in the court-yard, to which the Mexicans were now exposed, they gradually drove them upward, until at length the besieged were glad to retreat to the open area which formed the summit of the pyramid. The Spaniards eagerly pursued, and both parties stood face to face upon the flat surface of the area. And now a battle ensued which is without parallel in the history of man. Imagine a huge monument, 150 feet in height, 300 feet square at the base, and about 200 feet square at the summit, which formed an arena capable of containing 1,000 men, and then imagine this arena filled with armed men engaged in fierce conflict. Look upon the strange spectacle. The Spaniards stream from the entrance of the topmost staircase, and rush toward the Indians who, crowded together at the extreme verge of the monument, await the approach of the enemy with the sullen aspect of despair. Among them you perceive the black-robed priests, running from man to man, urging them to fight for their country and their gods. But why urge them? They see death staring them in the face. Nothing but courage can save them. All sides of the lofty platform are unprotected by parapet or wall. Beneath the combatants lies the city with its magnificent domes and towers, glistening in the rays of the sun, while a black cloud hovering over a certain portion, marks the spot where the flames of the Spaniards are doing their destructive work. Observe the masses of Mexican soldiers which crowd the square and all the principal streets. How silent they are! All eyes are turned toward the aërial battle-field. The contending parties close in mortal strife. Their battle-shouts fall faint upon the ears of the thousands of anxious spectators beneath. The sharp rattle of the Spanish fire-arms sounds dull, yet the lurid flashes of the pieces, and the clouds of smoke which hang like a pall over the summit of the temple, proclaim that the mighty weapon of the European is dealing its work of death. We gaze upon the field of strife. With compressed lips and fixed eyes the stern warriors battle fiercely, neither asking nor giving quarter. Man to man they fight like demons. They close; they hold each other in mortal embrace, one endeavoring to throw the other over the verge of the monument. The stronger hurls the weaker from the giddy height, and frequently two warriors firmly fixed in each other's embrace, roll together down the sides of the pyramid.

Cortez himself is grappled by two strong men; they hold him fast, they drag him toward the edge, and in an instant more the great general would have been dashed to pieces with his stalwart foes, and Mexico, for the time being, would have conquered; but, with almost superhuman strength, he releases his arm, and with a blow strikes one of them dead at his feet, and with one mighty effort hurls the other far into the air over the side of the temple. For three hours the battle rages. The number of the Mexicans is rapidly diminishing, and now the Spaniards are equal in strength with their enemies. They continue the fight with renewed ardor. One by one the Mexicans fall beneath the unerring blows of the Spaniards. At length the tumult of battle ceases. The arena is strewn with the bodies of the slain; all of its gallant defenders have fallen, save two or three priests who are led away in triumph by the victors. The Spaniards rush into the temples. What a horrible spectacle meets their vision. Upon the altars stand the figure of the Mexican god, and before him lays a fearful array of smoking hearts, freshly torn from the breasts of living victims. With shouts of rage the Spaniards seize upon the grim image, and hurl it to the ground, and then apply the torch to the bloody building, which is soon enveloped in flames. Having done this good work, the soldiers pass unharmed through the crowds of the amazed and terror-stricken Mexicans, and reach their quarters in safety.

In this conflict the Spaniards sustained serious losses. Forty-five were killed, and scarcely one escaped unharmed. The 600 Mexicans who defended the temple, were slain to a man. During the night, Cortez followed up the blow by a sortie on the town, burning three hundred houses whose inmates perished miserably in the flames.

The Battle of the Bridges.—Deeming that the Mexicans were now sufficiently cowed to listen to terms, Cortez, attended by his interpreter, and his principal officers, mounted into the turret of the palace, and by signs informed the Mexicans that he wished to communicate with them. The multitude listened to the gentle voice of Marina, who, interpreting Cortez's words, assured them of the folly of longer opposing the Spaniards. She pointed out the fearful punishment they had already received for their rebellions, and threatened to reduce their city to ashes if they continued in their opposition, at the same time promising that if they would lay down their arms, and return peaceably to their homes, the past would be forgiven. But the Mexicans would promise nothing. They desired war. They answered Cortez, by stating that he was the one who would submit; that he would eventually fall into their hands, for they had cut off all his supplies of water and provisions, and had effectually guarded against his escape by breaking down all the bridges. At the conclusion of their reply, they discharged a cloud of arrows into the group in the turret. None were injured however, and before the enemy could send a second volley, Cortez and his attendants had descended and sheltered themselves behind the defenses. The Spanish general now saw the necessity of evacuating the city at once. His soldiers, dispirited by the dangers which surrounded them, murmured, and seemed upon the point of open insubordination. Cortez, however, with his usual self-possession, immediately commenced making preparations to lead his soldiers out of the city. He selected for his road out of the city, that of Tlacopan, which seemed better suited for his purpose, for the reason that the causeway by which it crossed the lake was but two miles in length, much shorter than the causeways by which the other great avenues of the city, crossed the lake. In order to reconnoiter the ground, before his final departure, Cortez determined upon a sally toward the causeway of Tlacopan. He caused to be constructed under his immediate superintendance, three wooden towers, which consisted of two inclosed apartments, one over the other. The sides of these chambers were pierced with loop-holes for the use of musketeers. The towers were mounted on wheels, and furnished with strong ropes by which they were to be dragged along the streets. The towers being completed they were filled with musketeers; the ropes were manned by Tlascalan warriors, and at the command of the general, the enormous machines were dragged into the square. Preceded by the Spanish horse, the machines went thundering through the streets, striking terror to the heart of the Mexicans, as they vomited forth fire and smoke on all sides. As they advanced the Mexicans everywhere receded; those on the house-tops alone endeavoring to harass the movements of the Spaniards by continued discharges of arrows, stones and lances; but by bringing the towers close under the walls of the buildings the Spaniards were enabled to drive the enemy from the houses, either by the fire of musketry, or by assaults over a light draw-bridge with which each machine was provided, upon the roof where they closed with the enemy in fierce hand-to-hand combats. The loftier buildings, however, were too high to permit of the use of the towers; and from the roofs of these houses the Mexicans hurled large beams and stones upon the machines, shaking them to the very center. At length, however, the towers, although not materially injured, were rendered completely useless by

the intervention of a canal, the first of seven which crossed the street of Tlacopan. The Mexicans had demolished the bridge; and Cortez at once ordered the towers to be abandoned, and the canal to be filled with timber, stone, and other material procured from the ruins of demolished houses. The Spaniards obeyed their commander's directions with alacrity; but their work was much retarded by the incessant flight of arrows, and stones, discharged by the Mexicans on the opposite side of the canal.

At length the ditch was filled, and the Spanish horse, riding across, charged the enemy with such impetuosity, that the Mexicans precipitately retreated to the second canal, where they again came to a stand. Here the Spaniards also found the bridge destroyed; again they filled the ditch with rubbish, amid the galling discharges of bows and slings; again they drove the enemy back to the third bridge; and again the Mexicans made a stand. At each canal the same operations were performed on both sides; the Spaniards filling the ditches, and the Mexicans striving gallantly to retard the work, until driven back by the furious charge of the Spanish horse. In each engagement the Spaniards suffered considerable loss. The Mexican loss was enormous, when compared to that of the enemy; but they had reason to rejoice if a single Spaniard should fall, even though his death should cost them a thousand lives. The Spaniards were engaged in this work two days before the last canal was bridged. A strong body of infantry was planted at each bridge, and now Cortez saw himself master of the road, from the palace to the causeway. The Mexicans now sent a messenger to Cortez asking a parley. Cortez, eager with joy at the intelligence, selected sixty of his men from among those who guarded the bridges; and, accompanied by Sandoval and Alvarado, hastened to the palace. There he held an interview with the Mexican chieftains who proposed that the two priests whom he had captured in the great temple should be returned to them to act as agents in conducting the negotiation. Cortez immediately complied with their terms, and anxiously awaited the result. But the wily Mexicans having secured the safety of their priests, returned with renewed energy to the conflict. They furiously attacked the bridges, and before Cortez could receive intelligence of their operations drove back the Spaniards from three of them, and commenced to destroy them. Cortez was soon informed of the state of affairs, and boiling with rage, he mounted his horse and rode at full gallop to the scene of strife, followed by his gallant comrades. With the fury of a tornado that little band of horsemen rushed into the compact mass of the enemy. The Mexicans recoiling before the terrible charge, scattered, and fled in disorder. On rushed the Spanish cavalry, sweeping the street free of the enemy, and regaining the three bridges. But while the cavalry was driving the enemy before them in the direction of the causeway, fresh bodies of Mexicans, streaming from the by-streets and lanes, fell upon the infantry at the bridges. Nearly exhausted by their arduous exertions the Spanish soldiers at one of the bridges were unable to maintain their ground against their numerous enemies. Surrounded by the Mexicans on all sides, this noble band fought with the valor of despair. Perceiving their danger Cortez hastened to their relief. Fresh swarms of the natives poured in upon them, and now both the Spanish cavalry and infantry were upon the verge of destruction. Yelling like demons the Mexicans sprang upon their enemies, embracing the foot soldiers in their sinewy arms, and grappling the horses of the cavalry by their legs and mane, heedless of sword or musket. The air was filled with stones, lances, and arrows, which falling among the Spaniards brought many a warrior to the ground. Cavalry and infantry were mingled in wild confusion, and the shouts of the combatants and the rattle of the musketry added to the terrors of the scene. The Spaniards thought only of securing a retreat to the palace. Backward they fought their way, facing first to the right then to the left as new enemies presented themselves to oppose their progress. For a season their destruction seemed inevitable; but at this critical moment Cortez himself alone, preserved his army. Striking his spurs deeply into the heaving flanks of his weary charger, he vaulted boldly into the very midst of the swaying mass before him. With a shout which sounded loud above the din of battle, he cheered on his men, and striking to right and left with his sword, he hewed a bloody circle around him, and spread terror through the ranks of the Mexicans. And it was not until the last soldier had crossed over the canal that he ceased his exertions; then with a single bound his horse cleared the ditch, bearing his noble rider in safety through a shower of stones and arrows. Night approached and the Mexicans according to their custom dispersed, and the fiercely disputed bridge remained in the hands of the Spaniards, who, bleeding from numerous wounds, and faint with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, with shattered weapons, and bruised armor, slowly and sadly returned to their quarters. On their arrival their despair was increased by the intelligence of the death of Montezuma. The last link which bound them to the respect, if not to the affections of the Mexicans, was snapped asunder.

THE BATTLE OF THE CAUSEWAY. — From the extremity of the street of Tlacopan stretched a causeway across the lake, connecting the city with the mainland.

This causeway was pierced by three canals, whose bridges had been destroyed by the Mexicans. By this route Cortez, with the advice of his officers, determined to evacuate the city. It was decided that the night would be preferable to the day-time for the hour of departure. Having provided for the safe transportation of the greater bulk of the royal treasure, Cortez bade his soldiers to select as much of the balance as they saw fit for their own use, at the same time warning them not to overload themselves. His own followers followed his advice; but the soldiers of Narvaez displayed less judgment, and loaded themselves with the glittering dust until they could scarcely walk beneath their burdens. The general next causing a portable bridge to be constructed, to be laid across the breaches, proceeded to arrange his order of march. In the front he placed two hundred Spanish infantry, commanded by Sandoval, and supported by about twenty-five cavaliers. At the rear were stationed the greater portion of the infantry and artillery, under the command of Alvarado and Leon. Cortez stationed himself in the center of the line of march, having under his immediate command a hundred men, selected from his own followers. A few of the heavy guns, the prisoners, and the treasure were also in the center. The Tlascalans were distributed along the line in bodies of nearly equal strength, between the three Spanish divisions. The bridge was intrusted to the care of forty men, selected from among the most experienced soldiers of the army. They were under the direction of an officer named Mazarino, and they all swore to defend the bridge to their last gasp. The army was called to arms at midnight. It was the first of July, 1520; the night was dark, and a fine rain filled the air with a drizzly mist. The city was silent. After hearing mass, the army slowly wound through the gates of the palace court-yard, into the deserted square. Onward through the street of Tlacopan marched that line of nearly seven thousand men. Their measured tread and the rumble of the artillery resounded along the road like muffled thunder; yet the inhabitants of the city slept on in silence. At length the van of the line emerged from the city, and advanced upon the open causeway. The band of forty prepared to lay the portable bridge. As they gazed forward in the darkness they saw the white garments of several Indian warriors flit athwart the causeway, and disappear like phantoms in the night. With loud shouts the Mexican sentinels fled toward the city, arousing their comrades as they ran. The large drum in the temple of the war-god sounded in sonorous notes the alarm, and a murmur of preparation was wafted from the city, on the breeze, to the ears of the retreating army. The bridge was laid across the canal, and while the long line passed over, its gallant guardians remained around it, ready to defend the passage with their hearts' blood. The van and the center, with Cortez and a portion of the artillery, had crossed the bridge, when the Mexicans came suddenly upon them, springing as it were from earth, air, and water. The lake was alive with boats, and the causeway was lined with men, whose cries arising from all quarters seemed to curse the very air with one universal howl of hatred and revenge. As rapidly as they arrived the Mexicans commenced discharging their bows and slings upon the enemy, until the slight shower of missiles with which the attack began increased to a perfect tornado, filling the air with arrows, stones, and lances. And through the scathing tempest the apparently doomed army marched with steady tread. The van reached the second breach before the rear had crossed the first, and there, amid the peltings of that cruel storm, the soldiers stood awaiting the arrival of the bridge by which they were to cross the gap before them. Emboldened by the apparent confusion in the ranks of the enemy, the Mexicans approached the verge of the causeway, and poured into the unresisting mass before them cloud upon cloud of deadly missiles. Many, dashing their canoes against the dike, leaped into the midst of the enemy, and grappled them in a hand-to-hand conflict, anxious to die in the death-embrace of their antagonist. As the rear of the retreating army pressed forward to cross the bridge, they crowded against the center, until the soldiers were wedged together in one disordered and inactive mass, and against this portion the Mexicans directed their assaults with terrible success. At length the rear-guard crossed the first breach, and the band of forty prepared to remove it to the front; but to their dismay they found that the weight of the moving army, and especially that of the heavy guns had embedded the timbers into the mud to such a degree that it was impossible for them to extricate them.

With yells of triumph, at the sight of the useless endeavors of the Spaniards, the Mexicans crowded around the bridge, advanced and attacked the despairing workmen with the utmost fury. From water and land came a storm of stones and arrows, falling upon the Spaniards with terrible effect. The brave forty melted beneath the withering storm, until they were on the very verge of annihi-

lation; yet they toiled on, for without the bridge the army was lost. But their efforts were fruitless; the timbers remained firmly imbedded in the miry banks. Human exertion could do no more, and, with a cry of despair, which conveyed the dismal tidings to their comrades, they abandoned the work, and fled from the blows of their determined enemies. As the fearful intelligence spread from man to man, a wail of despair ran through the line, until the whole army united in one universal cry of horror. The infantry in front plunged madly into the breach, and struggled despairingly in the briny waters for life, while their companions, rushing eagerly upon them, formed with their writhing bodies a temporary bridge for those behind. And amid this struggling mass of human beings, the horses of the cavaliers plunged madly, striking many of the soldiers dead with their hoofs, and crushing others beneath the weight of their bodies. Sandoval and Ordaz, and other of the cavaliers, succeeded in gaining the opposite bank; but many of their comrades had met their death either beneath the water or by the clubs or lances of the Indians, who, from their canoes, dealt deadly blows on all sides upon the drowning Spaniards. Along the whole line the carnage was fearful. Ranged at a safe distance in their canoes, the Mexicans, lining each side of the causeway, discharged incessant volleys of stones and arrows into the black line of the enemy, while immense numbers of their comrades on the causeway were fighting furiously with club and spear. Howls of rage from the furious natives, screams of pain from the wounded; the cries of women, and the hoarse voices of command, were mingled together along the whole extent of the causeway in discordant confusion; and the thunders of the Spanish cannon in the rear, added to the terrors of that fearful night. Meanwhile, a dismal bridge had been formed across the break in the causeway. The bodies of men and horses, bales of rich stuff, ammunition-wagons, boxes of gold, and heavy guns, had been forced into the opening, until they formed a structure over which the army gradually passed. Thinking only of escape, the Spaniards, throwing away their arms, and abandoning their baggage and artillery, pressed forward, each caring only for his own safety. The stronger, hurling aside the weaker, passed on, regardless of the fate of his companions; the wounded were left behind, where they were either pierced by the lances of the Aztecs, or dragged on board their canoes as a victim for a future sacrifice. Cortez himself found a fordable place, but his voice, lost in the din of strife, could not be heard, and he was compelled to press forward, accompanied only by a few cavaliers. Yet he was surrounded by enemies, and before he reached the van, his favorite attendant, a boy named Salazar, was slain at his very side. Arriving at the front, he found Sandoval and his comrades standing on the brink of the third breach, urging their men to cross the stream. At this point, the Mexicans were not so numerous as at the other passages; but the water in the canal was deep and wide. The horse first plunged into the breach. They were followed by the infantry, in one indiscriminate mass, some striking out singly for the shore, and others grasping the tails and manes of the horses of the cavalry, while others, clinging to each other in an embrace of terror, sank beneath the water. A sad remnant gained the opposite shore, and, led on by Cortez and his officers, advanced along the causeway. They were rapidly nearing the main land, when a report reached the ears of the general that the rear guard would be totally destroyed unless immediately succored. With one impulse, the noble cavaliers halted, and, without a moment for deliberation, they turned their horses' heads, and hastened toward the scene of action. Pressing through the throng of fugitives, they swam the canal, and charged into the thickest of the fight.

Cortez found Alvarado on foot, surrounded by a slender body of followers, battling for life against an overwhelming number of the enemy. His horse had been shot under him, and the gallant officer himself was wounded in many places, yet with voice and example he had cheered on his handful of soldiers, who fought with an energy which strewed the causeway with heaps of the enemy. Yet the Mexicans confident in their strength, had pressed forward, pushing the Spaniards down the sides of the bank to the waters' edge. Assailed in rear by the Mexicans in the canoes, and exposed in front to the murderous weapons of a greatly superior force, the little band would have been cut off to a man, but for the timely appearance of Cortez and his comrades. Like a bolt from a bow, the cavaliers in one compact mass dashed into the midst of the enemy, while the artillery thundered upon their dense array with terrible effect. The Mexicans wavered; Alvarado's men with desperate energy charged upon them, and they fell back in disorder. But recovering from their confusion, like a huge billow, the Mexicans returned the charge with so much impetuosity, that the Spanish horse, infantry, and artillery were engulfed in the flood. No time was to be lost. Abandoning their guns the artillerymen leaped into the water; but a few only escaped, their companions either perished miserably in the lake, or beneath the blows of the Mexican clubs. Cortez and his comrades plunged into

the lake, and attempted to swim their horses to the shore; but assailed on all sides by the natives in the canoes many of them were slain. Alvarado, deserted by his followers, remained alone in the midst of the enemy. For a moment he hesitated. The natives rushed at him from all sides. Glancing quickly around he saw by the dim light of the breaking day, that the surface of the lake was covered on both sides of the causeway as far as the eye could reach with canoes filled with armed Indians. That glance satisfied him, that to plunge into the water was certain destruction. With the rapidity of thought he set his long lance firmly on the bottom of the water in the canal, and with an almost superhuman effort, he sprang forward, and at a single leap cleared the breach. Regardless of the clouds of missiles which fell around him, the gallant Spaniard hastened to the van of the army, where he found Cortez and his officers directing the movements of the troops who were marching in disorder off the causeway. At length the sad remnants of the army reached the mainland, and defiled unmolested through a neighboring village. Dismounting from his horse, Cortez seated himself on the steps of a temple, and sadly surveyed his shattered army as it passed before him. Bruised and bleeding from a hundred wounds, the soldiers marched by, a disordered mass of unhorsed cavalry and disarmed infantry. Cannon, baggage, ammunition, muskets, all were gone. Nothing of their equipage remained, except their hacked swords, a few damaged cross-bows, and twenty-three jaded and crippled horses.

On this fearful night, the Spaniards lost out of an army of about 800 men, 450 killed, of whom 46 were cavalry. Their Tlascalan allies were reduced to one fifth of their original force, 4,000 warriors having fallen during the struggle. Of the Mexican loss, we have no account; but it could not have equalled that of the enemy who fought only on the defensive.

A. D. 1521.—A year has rolled by since the disastrous defeat of Cortez on the causeway, and his glorious victory in the plains of Otumba. We now find him on the borders of the lake of Tezcuco, at the head of an army of 900 European soldiers, of whom eighty-seven were admirable cavalry. His men were well-armed, and in excellent spirits. His artillery consisted of three large iron cannon, and fifteen smaller pieces of brass. His supplies of powder, shot, and balls, were abundant, and he had caused 50,000 copper-headed arrows to be made after a pattern furnished him by the natives. During the past year Cortez had won the confidence of the nations tributary to the emperor, to such a degree, that, anxious to throw off the yoke of bondage, they had flocked to the standard of the invader by thousands. Aside, therefore, from his Spanish army, he could depend upon the active co-operation of an immense body of Indian warriors. He was also master of a fleet of twelve brigantines of various sizes, on the lake of Tezcuco, which had been transported over land in pieces on the shoulders of a great number of Indians, from Tlascala, where they had been constructed by Lopez the carpenter. The fleet was manned by 300 men, and each vessel carried a piece of heavy artillery. Cortez established his head-quarters at the city of Tezcuco, which was located at about two miles from the lake, with which it was connected by a canal constructed by Cortez to facilitate the landing of the brigantines. Before commencing operations against the city of Mexico itself, Cortez made several reconnoitering excursions around the lake, in which he reduced the towns and cities upon its borders. In his attacks upon these places he met with considerable resistance from the inhabitants; at Xochimilco, one of the most powerful and rich cities of the valley, especially, his entrance was hotly disputed. By observations made during these tours, Cortez formed his plan of operations against the capital. He determined to begin the siege by distributing his army into three divisions, each of which was to occupy the extremity of the principal causeways. The city of Tacuba, which commanded the causeway of Tlacopan, was assigned to Alvarado, with a force consisting of 160 Spanish foot, thirty horse, and twenty-five Tlascalan warriors. A second force of like strength, under the command of Olid, was to occupy Cojohuacan, at the extremity of a small dike which connected with the causeway of Iztapalapan. The third division, under Sandoval, was to take its station at Chalco, whence it was to march on Iztapalapan, and complete the destruction of that city, before taking up its position on the causeway of Tepejucac. Cortez himself was to take command of the fleet. The Indian allies were sent forward in advance, with directions to await the arrival of the Spaniards on the borders of the Tezcucan territory, on the 10th of May; the three divisions of Olid and Alvarado commenced their march around the lake, taking a northerly direction, while Sandoval was to march toward the south. After gaining possession of Tacuba, Olid and Alvarado, were to march on Chapultepec, and destroy the aqueduct in that place, which supplied the capital with water. Without molestation on the part of the enemy, the Spaniards continued on their march, and took possession of Tacuba, which was entirely deserted by its inhabitants. Having

established themselves in their quarters, they next proceeded to Chapultepec, to demolish the aqueduct. The Mexicans had assembled in a large body to protect this important work, and a sharp battle ensued in which the Spanish were the victors. The aqueduct was partially demolished, and the water turned from its channel. The next day the two divisions advanced to the causeway of Tlacopan, for the purpose of securing the first bridge. The dike was swarming with warriors, and the lake was covered with canoes. Marching to the head of the causeway, the Spaniards were met by such a storm of missiles, that they wavered. But urged on by their commander, they recovered and advanced through the terrific hail. Soon their progress was checked by a barricade, which, after an obstinate struggle, they scaled; but barricade after barricade rose in rapid succession, retarding the movements of the cavalry; and the Spaniards surrounded on every side by enemies, assailed from water and from land, by clouds of deadly missiles, were compelled to turn and fight their way back to the main land, which they reached diminished in numbers, and covered with wounds. The next day Olid withdrew his forces, and took up his post at Cojohuacan.

Sandoval now received orders to advance against Iztapalapan. His route lay through a friendly country, and on his arrival at Chalco, he was joined by the Indian allies who were there waiting his coming. Without delay he marched directly on Izatapalapan.

A large body of the enemy was posted before the city to oppose him. An obstinate conflict ensued; but the Indians, after a brave resistance, were defeated, and the Spaniards entered the place in triumph. Immediately on the departure of Sandoval from Tezcuco, Cortez set sail with his fleet, and passing through the canal entered the lake. A body of Indians occupying a large solitary rock, near the southern shore of the lake, greeted the fleet as it sailed by with showers of arrows and stones. Cortez immediately landed, and with 150 men, clambered up the steep side of the rock, and fiercely attacked the natives, who fought until all were slain. A beacon-fire was burning on the summit of the rock, and as Cortez glanced over the lake, he saw it had called forth a mighty concourse of canoes, which were advancing swiftly toward the fleet. Cortez hastily returned to his vessels, and prepared for action. But a dead calm chained his vessels to the spot, and he had the mortification of seeing his enemies almost within his reach while he was powerless. But soon a light breeze sprang up from the shore, and extending his line of battle, with every sail set, he bore down on the enemy's flotilla.

The Mexicans rested on their oars, and gazed in astonishment at the swift-rushing vessels. On like winged monsters, the vessels dashed into the very midst of the pigmy canoes, crushing them beneath their bows, and sending their crews to the bottom. Here and there through the dense mass, the Spaniards steered their ships, discharging their guns to right and left, overturning and crushing the frail vessels of the enemy until the lake was covered with the wrecks of canoes and boiling with the struggles of drowning men. With yells of despair the survivors without returning a single shot, paddled for shore with all their strength. But borne on the wings of the wind, the Spanish fleet pursued, and dashing to and fro in the midst of the enemy, dealt death and destruction at its ease. The few canoes that escaped entered the various canals of the city, and found shelter in the harbor, where the shallow water prevented further pursuit. At evening Cortez came to anchor at a fort called Xoloc, located at the point where the dike from Cojohuacan meets the causeway of Iztapalapan. This place consisted of two stone towers, surrounded by walls, and at this time was occupied by the Mexicans. The garrison was not strong, and Cortez by one assault carried the place. He here fixed his head-quarters. He then sent orders to Olid to join him with half his force, and directed Sandoval to quit Iztapalapan and proceed to Cojohuacan. Upon the arrival of Sandoval at Cojohuacan he was to detach fifty of his best soldiers to Cortez's camp. Cortez now removed the heavy guns from the vessels and planted them on the causeway; and then busied himself in strengthening his defences at Xoloc. We find the besieging army was now posted around the capital as follows:—Cortez with 450 Spanish soldiers, and 10,000 Tlascalan warriors occupied the causeway of Iztapalapan, at the fort of Xoloc, which was about a mile and a half from the city, in a southerly direction, the causeway in front of the fort being curtained by a battery of twelve pieces of artillery. Sandoval with his men, and the balance of Olid's force, was stationed at Cojohuacan, which was united with Xoloc by a short dike, while Alvarado occupied Tacuba at the western extremity of the causeway of Tlacopan. The third great causeway, that of Tepejacac, on the north, was still unoccupied by the besiegers, and afforded the Mexicans a means of communication with the main land. This causeway might be termed a continuation of that occupied by Cortez; for it issued directly from the principal street which, running north and south through the heart of the capital, terminated at its souther-

ly extremity at the causeway of Iztapalapan. Cortez, by the advice of Alvarado, sent Sandoval with a large force to occupy this causeway; and that officer without molestation took possession of the extremity of the dike, thus completing the blockade of the city. Meanwhile the Mexicans had annoyed the besiegers with repeated attacks. They sallied forth both by day and night, assailing the Spaniards from water and land; but they were invariably defeated and driven back with great loss. Having completed the blockade, Cortez determined to support it by repeated assaults, and thus distress the besieged and hasten the day of its surrender. He accordingly fixed a day for a general assault. At early dawn on the appointed day, the Spanish army on the three causeways was in motion. Cortez, on foot, led his column in person. The infantry marched in the rear; and the brigantines sailing on each side of the causeway, kept opposite the column as it advanced. They had marched but a short distance when they were brought to a dead halt, by a canal which crossed the dike. The bridge had been destroyed, and on the opposite bank was a strong breastwork of stone. Behind this rampart a numerous body of Mexicans was stationed. As the besiegers halted on the verge of the canal they were saluted by cloud after cloud of arrows. They opened a brisk fire of musketry and discharges of cross-bows in return; but secure behind their works the Mexicans shouted in derision at the futile efforts of the enemy to dislodge them. Cortez now ordered two of the vessels to take stations which would enable them to enfilade the enemy's position. This being accomplished the brigantines opened their artillery upon the breastwork, and thus exposed to two fires, the Mexicans were obliged to fall back. The vessels were brought near the dike, and the soldiers leaping to the shore, clambered up the sides of the dike, where they were joined by Cortez and his troops who had crossed the breach unmolested. The Spaniards eagerly pursued the rapidly retreating Indians, who fled until they arrived at a second canal, which they swam, and took up a position behind a second rampart of stone. Here they maintained their ground until the brigantines again compelled them to recede. Again the Spaniards pursued, and again the Mexicans came to a stand behind a third breastwork which faced another canal. In like manner the Spaniards dislodged them from this position; and thus pursued the enemy from breach to breach until they were masters of the entire length of the causeway. The Spanish general now caused the breastworks to be demolished, and the breaches to be filled. Having halted until the rear guard had come up with him, Cortez entered the great avenue which, running through the city from north to south, connected the two causeways. The tops of the buildings on each side of the street were black with Mexican warriors, and in the distance great crowds of combatants were seen advancing to dispute the entrance of the besiegers.

Amid a terrific storm of stones, and arrows, and heavy missiles, the Spaniards, slowly but steadily, advanced along the avenue. As they proceeded, the houses along their line of march were demolished by their Indian allies; and the sounds of the crashing timbers, and the yells of the infuriated Mexicans, mingling with the roll of musketry, created a turmoil of noises which deafened the ear and stunned the senses. And on, through clouds of dust and smoke, and a perfect tempest of deadly missiles, marched the Spaniards, driving before their destructive volleys crowds upon crowds of the enemy, until they arrived at the bank of a wide and deep canal which intersected the street. The few planks which still remained of the bridge were quickly broken by the Mexicans, after they had crossed, and a solid rampart of stone, on the opposite shore, defended by thousands of the enemy, effectually checked the further advance of the besiegers. In vain did the Spanish musketeers pour volley after volley on the enemy; their bullets glanced harmlessly from the rampart of stone. The heavy guns were now brought forward, and a brisk cannonade opened on the breast-work, which soon crumbled, beneath the storm of cannon-shot, into a wide gap, through which the Spaniards poured destructive volleys on the dense masses of the enemy behind. The Mexicans, unable to withstand the terrific storm of lead and iron, which, crashing through their midst, swept them down by scores, heaping the pavement with slain, and deluging the street with blood, which rushed like a crimson rivulet through the water-courses of the street, turned and fled in the utmost disorder. The Spaniards, leaping into the shallow water of the canal, crossed the breach, and advanced rapidly along the avenue, driving the enemy before them. Nor did they halt until they arrived at the great square of the palace of Axaycalt. Without delay, the Spaniards entered the court-yard of the palace; and a small party hastened to the summit of the temple, whence they hurled the priests, and despoiled the effigy of the Mexican god of war of its jewels. The Mexicans, aroused to madness at the sight, rushed on the Spaniards with the fury of a hurricane. Unable to stand against the overwhelming flood, the Spaniards, abandoning their cannon to the enemy, retreated in the utmost disorder to the principal avenue. There, mingling with their allies, who crowd-

ed the streets, they spread an alarm, which added tenfold to the confusion. Like a flock of frightened sheep, without a leader, the Spaniards and Tlascalans rushed pell-mell along the avenue, while storms of missiles met them on all sides. At this moment, the Spanish cavalry, coming from an adjoining street, plunged into the mass of the enemy. With courage almost superhuman, these brave cavaliers rode fiercely through the crowd, striking down all that came in their path; and the Mexicans, to whom the horse was an object of superstitious terror, were thrown into confusion and ceased their pursuit. Cortez saw his advantage, and, with a shout which recalled the valor of his followers, turned upon the enemy. His men, recovering from their confusion, followed him, and with one tremendous charge, drove the enemy back into the court-yard. Then, securing the cannon, which had been left in the square, he ordered a retreat to be sounded, and the Spaniards, in good order, slowly retired toward the causeway, protecting the rear of the allies, who were now marching in the van. The Mexicans followed, with howls of futile rage, until the rear guard of the column had gained the causeway. Then, without further molestation, the army returned to its quarters at the fort of Xoloc.

Alvarado and Sandoval, in their assault, experienced like difficulties. The causeways were pierced by canals, strongly defended by barricades, and occupied by numerous bodies of natives. They succeeded in expelling the Mexicans from their strongholds on the dike, but did not penetrate into the city. Their operations, however, were of the utmost advantage to Cortez, who, without them, would probably have met with a much stronger opposition from the enemy. Shortly after this assault, Cortez's forces were augmented by the arrival of 50,000 Indian warriors, whom Ixtlilxochitt, Prince of Tezcuco, had raised. These new allies were distributed among the three divisions of the besieging army. Meanwhile, the besieged were not idle. Gautemozin, who, on the death of Cuitlahan, had succeeded to the Aztec throne, was an energetic prince, and, for a Mexican, a skillful general. The hatred of the Mexicans for the invaders was unquenchable, and they all, to a man, seemed actuated with the desire to save their beautiful city from the hands of the Spaniards, or perish beneath its ruins. No sooner had the Spaniards evacuated the city, than hordes of Indians issued out on the causeway, and with indefatigable energy removed the material with which the canals had been filled, and constructed new ramparts in the place of those destroyed; and, therefore, when the Spaniards made a second assault, they were obliged to go over the whole ground again. Cortez made his second assault shortly after the arrival of the Tezcucans.

The Indians contested every inch of soil, as they slowly retreated over the causeway, with an obstinacy which hitherto they had not displayed. For seven hours they battled with the enemy—making a stand behind each rampart—until they were driven to the very extremity of the dike. There the enemy succeeded in gaining a foothold in the suburbs of the city; and, as the Spaniards had demolished the buildings, the Mexicans had no alternative but to meet the enemy face to face. They received the charge of the Spanish cavalry with showers of arrows and other missiles, and it was not until after repeated charges both by horse and foot, accompanied with destructive volleys of musketry that they began gradually to fall back. Sullenly retiring before the deadly weapons of their adversaries, the Indians still maintained a bold front, and fairly covered the enemy with incessant flights of deadly missiles, which although comparatively harmless to the Spaniards, nevertheless told with fearful effect upon the allies. The Mexicans retreated to the palace-square whence after a desperate struggle, they were expelled by the Spaniards; and Cortez, intending to intimidate them, set fire to the palace—his former quarters—and the adjoining buildings. The fire spread rapidly, and soon the buildings were wrapped in flames. Having accomplished their work of destruction, the Spaniards sounded a retreat. Filled with horror and fury at the sacrilegious outrage, the Mexicans howling forth their rage, rushed on the Spaniards, filling the air with missiles, and grappling the horses' legs, dealt their furious blows at the riders until struck to the ground. Thus, fiercely fighting they hugged the enemy's rear, until it had entered the causeway. So furious had been the conflict that when Cortez reached his quarters, few of his men only had escaped unwounded. Meanwhile Sandoval and Alvarado, on their respective causeways, had pushed their assaults with the utmost energy; but they met with such determined resistance on the part of the besieged, that they could not gain a footing in the suburbs. For nearly a week Cortez made daily assaults; and with the same success. One day he advanced some distance down the street of Tlacopan; and, in the hopes of opening a communication with Alvarado who was posted on the causeway bearing that name, he pushed on and destroyed three bridges. Alvarado, however, had not penetrated further than the suburbs, and the Mexican forces at that point were so strong that Cortes was obliged to return without accomplishing his object. As often as the Spaniards retired to

their encampments, which they did after every assault, the Mexicans emerged and filled the breaches. The breaches filled by Alvarado, however, were undisturbed; as that indefatigible officer, after each assault, placed a strong guard at the breach nearest to the city, and thus effectually prevented the Mexicans from re-opening them. After these repeated assaults, the Spaniards for a time remained on the defensive only. But their vigilant enemy did not give them one hour's leisure. Day and night they were obliged to be on their guard against the repeated and vigorous sorties of the besieged. Meanwhile the inhabitants of the city were reduced to a state of the utmost distress; one by one the various towns in the neighborhood cast off their allegiance, and refused to furnish the supplies which thus far they had continued to smuggle into the city, notwithstanding the vigilance of the besiegers. From these towns Cortez received large reinforcements, which he employed either in foraging the country for provisions, or in reducing places still hostile to the Spaniards. Cortez, although certain that famine alone would in time compel the city to surrender, could not restrain the impatience of his soldiers, and at the request of his officers called a council of war, in which it was resolved to make a decisive assault. The assault was to be made simultaneously by the divisions of Cortez and Alvarado. Of Sandoval's force, 70 picked men were to be detached to the support of Cortez, and with the balance, that officer was to join Alvarado. Having perfected these arrangements the two forces, the one on the causeway of Ixtapatapan, commanded by Cortez, and the other on the causeway of Tlacopan, under Alvarado and Sandoval, advanced toward the city. The Mexicans on their side were prepared for the attack. The organization of their forces was perfect to a degree. Governed by the head of the army, they moved as with one impulse. Supported by all the brigantines and a flotilla of canoes which was to force a a passage up the canals, too shallow to admit vessels of greater burden, the Spaniards, followed by their numerous allies, slowly advanced toward the city, carefully filling the breaches in the causeway as they proceeded.

The rain poured in torrents—it was in the rainy season—and the soldiers wading knee-deep in mud, and hindered at each breach, made slow progress. At length they gained the suburbs, and having expelled the enemy from that quarter, Cortez halted in order to dispose his forces for the attack on the city itself. From the suburbs three streets led to the city; the center one being flanked on either side by deep canals. Cortez caused his forces to be divided into three divisions; the first, under the command of Alderete, was to advance along the center street; the second, under Andres de Tapia and Jorge de Alvarado, was to march along one of the parallel streets; and the third, under Cortez himself, was to occupy the other. A small reserve, consisting of a body of horse, and three pieces of cannon, was stationed in the square in front of the street of Tlacopan, which was to serve as a general rallying point. Having completed the preliminary arrangements, the three divisions simultaneously moved along the three parallel streets. The Mexicans, however, made such little resistance that Cortez, suspecting danger from the facility of his success, brought his column to a halt; but the impetuous Alderete pressed forward, rapidly driving the Mexicans before him, until he had penetrated into the very heart of the city. Contrary to the explicit directions of Cortez, he had neglected to fill the ditches and canals as he crossed them; and Cortez, receiving intelligence of this neglect, hastened to the principal street to repair the damage ere it was too late. He had advanced but a short distance when he arrived at the margin of a deep and wide canal, which intersected the two canals on either side of the street. Cortez saw at once that Alderete had fallen into the snare which the wily Mexicans had laid for him. He immediately commenced filling the ditch, but his men had scarcely began their labors, when the sullen roar of battle fell upon the ears of the Spanish commander. Alderete, having advanced to the very center of the city, was driving the Mexicans before him like chaff before the wind, when suddenly the horn of Gautemozin sounded, and the Mexicans, obeying the signal, turned with the fury of a whirlwind upon their pursuers, and rushing upon them in one mighty mass, threw them into complete disorder. Borne back by the overwhelming flood, the Spaniards, striking blindly at friend and foe, retreated toward the ditch. On, like a river they rolled toward the canal, and soon the foremost ranks plunged into the water, and vainly strove to swim to the opposite shore, whence Cortez and his comrades were gazing in horror on the destruction of their countrymen. The Spaniards, in one body, poured over the bank into the deep canal, falling one upon the other, and struggling in each other's death embrace. And upon their rear, the Mexicans, with shouts of triumph, poured incessant volleys of deadly missiles, pushing them forward to the ditch, and forcing themselves into the midst of the disordered mass of white men and Indians, striking them to the earth, or dragging them away as prisoners. Cortez did not desert his men in their extremity. With his own hand he rescued many of his followers from a watery grave.

When the enemy recognized him, he became a conspicuous target for their missiles. Stones and arrows fell in a thick shower around him; and it was not until he had received a severe wound in the leg, that he allowed his followers to bear him from the field of strife. The Spaniards, at length, after a fearful loss, and with the utmost difficulty, succeeded in effecting a retreat to the causeway of Izatapalapan. During this bloody conflict, Alvarado and Sandoval had on their side penetrated far into the city; but meeting the Mexicans returning from the pursuit of Cortez, they were obliged to retreat before the overwhelming number of the enemy. The Mexicans followed the Spaniards to their very intrenchments; but the heavy artillery of the brigantines and the batteries on the causeway was brought to bear on them with such precision that they were compelled, after sustaining immense losses, to retreat to the city. Besides the long list of killed and wounded, in this conflict, sixty-two Spaniards and a great number of Tlascalans were taken prisoners by the Mexicans. Two pieces of cannon and seven horses also fell into the hands of the victors. During the afternoon, the Mexicans, leading their victims one by one to the flat summit of the temple, sacrificed them all in the view of the Spanish soldiers, who thus saw their companions perish miserably before their very eyes without the power of aiding them. The Mexicans, highly elated by their victory, sent the heads of several of their victims to the neighboring towns, calling upon them to return to their allegiance. The priests also assured the people that at the expiration of eight days the god of war would deliver the Spaniards into their hands. Dispirited by their recent defeat, and alarmed by the proclamation of the Mexican priests, the Indian allies—not even excepting the Tlascalans—withdrew from their alliance, and departed from the Spanish camp. But after eight days had elapsed, and they were informed that the Spaniards still maintained their position around the city, the greater part of the Indians returned, and entered into a new alliance with the Spanish commander. Cortez now determined to resume hostilities. But to insure success he concluded not to advance a single step without securing the ground over which he marched both for retreat and for future operations. The breaches and canals were all to be filled in such a substantial manner that they could not again be disturbed. The materials for this purpose were to be drawn from the ruins of the buildings, all of which were to be demolished as the army advanced.

As soon as the general's order to this effect was promulgated, both the Spaniards and the allies were filled with satisfaction. The first saw in it the only method of bringing the siege to a final and successful issue; and the second, longing for revenge, felt that now indeed they could retaliate upon their former oppressors. In spite of the energetic exertions of the besieged, the breaches in the causeway were soon filled so solidly that they could not again be opened. The suburbs were then laid bare of buildings, thus creating an open space around the city. Cortez, wishing to spare the beautiful city, offered terms of capitulation; but the Mexicans replied by a furious sortie of their whole army. On they rushed in countless masses, pouring out of the city at every gate, and advancing to the intrenchments of the besiegers, they assailed them with myriads of missiles, and threatened to crush them beneath their very weight; but the fire of the artillery, which thundered along the causeways, and from the brigantines, sweeping through the ranks of the Mexicans, mowing them down by scores, checked them in their career. They recoiled before the terrific fire, and like the receding tide they rushed back in a disordered mass to the city. For several weeks Cortez pursued operations with complete success. Although at every point he met with obstinate resistance on the part of the enemy, yet he made steady progress in the work of destruction. The Mexicans, held in strict blockade, were in a starving condition, feeding upon the most loathsome substances, and drinking the brackish water of the soil. To add to their misfortunes, a terrible disease, engendered by the unwholesome odors of unburied corpses, and the putrid substances on which they fed, swept away thousands, until the population was reduced to a dismal concourse of wan and gaunt-visaged men, women, and children. Yet with an almost superhuman endurance, and with a patriotism unsurpassed in the annals of history, the Mexicans battled with the enemy. But the Spaniards gradually worked their way into the very heart of the city, destroying the buildings as they advanced, until the Mexicans were driven into the quarter of Tlatelolco, now called the *Barrio de San Jago*. This district comprised about one eighth of the city; the remaining seven eighths were in the hands of the Spaniards, and were laid in ruins, and strewed with corpses. Words can not depict the terrible condition of the besieged. Crowded together in a small portion of the city, without food or water, they died by hundreds. A terrible plague stalked through their midst; and the houses and streets were heaped with dead bodies, lading the air with pestilential vapors. And here in the midst of death, the heroic Aztecs made their last stand for liberty. Cortez again offered terms of capitulation, and

again were they indignantly refused. The Spanish commander now ordered his forces to advance. They were received by a rapid volley of arrows and stones; but steadily advancing through the storm of missiles, the Spaniards marched on, pouring destructive discharges of musketry and cross-bows in the dense mass of the enemy, and the guns of the fleet, which commanded the opposite side of the Mexican quarters, aided the efforts of the army by repeated volleys; placing the Mexicans between two fires. Thus exposed to the concentrated fire of the enemy, the Aztecs fell in heaps. It was no longer a battle; it was a butchery. Like demons the allies rushed into the midst of the Mexicans, and slaughtered men, women, and children indiscriminately. The roar of the musketry, the fierce yells of the savage slayers, the screams of women and children, the moans of the wounded and dying, and the crash of falling buildings, all together created an uproar and confusion so infernal that the very contemplation of the scene sends a shudder of horror to the heart. The blood in a crimson torrent gushed through the streets, running into the canals, even reddening their waters. At length the Spanish general, to put an end to the horrible carnage, ordered a retreat; and the Spanish army, sated with slaughter, retired from the bloody scene, leaving the ground burdened with 40,000 corpses. The next morning, which was the 13th of August, 1521, Cortez again advanced from his quarters, and moving through the blood-stained ruins of the city, entered the Mexican precincts. He again offered them terms; but the Aztec monarch refused to accept his conditions. Cortez, bursting with rage at the unexpected refusal, ordered his men to renew their work of death. It was like putting a lighted match to gunpowder.

The Spaniards and their confederates again commenced the butchery of the almost powerless Indians. Thousands fell beneath their hands; no quarter was given. Neither sex nor age was respected. Meanwhile many of the Aztecs were endeavoring to effect their escape by means of their canoes; but they were invariably intercepted by the brigantines, and the battle raged on the lake as well as on the land. One of the canoes, larger and better manned than the others, avoided the brigantines, and would have gained the shore, had it not been discovered in season. The swiftest brigantine was sent in pursuit, and rapidly overtaking the canoe, the Spaniards were about to discharge their weapons into it, when its occupants shouted that their king was with them. The brigantine quickly came alongside the canoe, and the emperor was taken on board. With the capture of Gautemozin the resistance of the Mexicans ceased. On the following day Cortez, at the request of the captured emperor, directed his officers to allow his men to depart from the city in peace. The evacuation commenced on the same day, and continued for the three succeeding ones. The whole number of Mexican warriors remaining is variously estimated at from thirty to seventy thousand. They were accompanied by a great number of women and children. And thus terminated the famous siege of Mexico, after a continuance of three months. The number of those who perished during the siege is variously stated. Cortez himself states that the enemy lost in the three assaults, 67,000, and he supposed that 50,000 died from disease and famine, thus giving a total of 117,000. Other accounts range from 120,000 to 240,000. The Spanish loss, when compared with the enormous loss of the enemy, was small. Their allies, however, must have suffered greatly, as 30,000 Tezcucans alone were slain during the siege. Of the loss of the Tlascalans and the other confederates of the Spaniards, no account is given. The satisfaction of the Spaniards at this brilliant termination of the siege was great. They found but a small amount of treasure in the captured city, yet they felt that by their own arms they had won a land for their sovereign, which was equal to the richest countries of Europe. Yet after some time had elapsed, they bitterly felt their disappointment at not finding a greater amount of gold, and Gautemozin, the Mexican emperor, being suspected of knowing where it was concealed, they placed him and one of his ministers upon a bed of glowing coals in order to extort a confession from him. His attendant, overcome by the extreme torture, groaned aloud, and Gautemozin rebuked him in words which speak the firmness of his character: "Am I then enjoying my bath?" Cortez must himself have been struck by the fortitude displayed in this answer; for he caused the king to be removed from the fire before he was seriously injured. Yet afterward the unfortunate monarch was hung by the general's own command.—*Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.*

A.D. 1847.—The modern city of Mexico stands on a plain near Lake Tezcuco. Although it occupies the same site with the ancient city, which stood on several islands in the lake, yet, owing to the drainage and more rapid evaporation, produced by the removal of the forests, and other causes, the lake has receded, and the present city is about two and a half miles west from its shore.

The battle of Molino del Rey had been fought and won; the castle of Chapultepec had been captured, and on the 13th of Sep-

tember 1847 the American army had cut its way through all obstacles, and stood upon the two principal causeways which lead to the gates of the city of Mexico. General Scott immediately after the capture of Chapultepec, ordered General Worth to press forward in pursuit of the fugitives on the San Cosmé road to the capital, and General Quitman to do the same on the Chapultepec road. The road of San Cosmé does not run in a straight line to the city, but makes an abrupt bend to the north. The Chapultepec road runs to the city in a straight line. The roads are broad, and are flanked on either side by deep and marshy grounds. In the center of each runs an aqueduct, supported by heavy stone arches, which divide each causeway therefore into two avenues, affording great facilities both for attack and defense. These roads, like those in the time of Cortez, afforded the Americans easy access to the city.

The Chapultepec road in fact is connected with both conquests of Mexico. Quitman had not advanced far along the causeway of Chapultepec before his troops were checked by a breastwork and ditch which the Mexicans had thrown across the road. The Americans, however, opened a destructive fire of cannon within 400 yards of the breastwork, which soon compelled the Mexicans to withdraw. Quitman pushed forward his men vigorously, and pursued the fugitives to the gate of Belau, which was carried after a brief resistance on the part of the Mexicans, where he fortified himself. Meanwhile General Worth advanced along the causeway of San Cosmé. This advance was considerably delayed by sending Duncan's battery to the assistance of Quitman, when checked by the Mexican works on the causeway to Chapultepec. As soon as his forces were united, the gallant general pushed forward, carrying breastwork after breastwork until he arrived at the *Campo Santo* (or English burying-ground, near which the causeway and aqueduct of San Cosmé turn to the right. From this place the road runs in a direct line to the city. Here Worth was joined by General Cadwallader, and Colonel Riley, whom General Scott had sent to his assistance. Worth posted Cadwallader with his troops at the Campo Santo, to protect his flank and rear, and pushed on toward the city. A strong battery soon appeared to oppose their progress, and behind the battery stood the last defense of the Mexicans, the *garita* of San Cosmé. Here the Mexicans seemed determined to make a stand; and swept the road to these defenses with an incessant storm of grape, cannister, and shells; and from the adjacent houses and churches was maintained a constant fire of musketry. Worth, at once, took the most efficient measures to dislodge the enemy. Garland's brigade was thrown to the right, with instructions to dislodge the enemy from the buildings in his front, and endeavor to reach and turn the left of the *garita*. At the same time, Clark's brigade was ordered to take the buildings on the left of the road, and with crow-bars, and pick-axes to burrow through from house to house, until he reached the right of the *garita*. While these orders were being executed, a howitzer was planted on the *azotea* of the church of San Cosmé on the right, and another on a lofty building on the left. While Clark's sappers and miners were patiently boring their way through the houses, a brisk skirmish took place between detached parties of Americans, under such cover as they could find, and the enemy; and the two howitzers maintained a brisk and effective fire. The Mexicans had abandoned the breastwork, which was covered by the *garita*, and Worth sent Lieutenant Hunt of Duncan's battery with orders to plant a piece of artillery on the deserted works. The gallant lieutenant with nine men advanced his piece through a tempest of balls to the desired spot, with a loss of one killed, and four wounded. Clark's "borers," meanwhile, had worked their way through the houses to a convenient position, whence they could assail the last stronghold of the enemy. They sprang to the house-tops, into which they had made their way unsuspected by the enemy, who were still busily engaged with their guns at the gate, and opened upon them within easy range a most deadly fire of musketry. The Mexicans stood aghast at the fearful havoc committed among them by the fire of a foe which had sprung upon them as if by magic. Their gunners dropped their sponges and rammers, and fled, and loud cheers from the Americans announced that they were in possession of the *garita* of San Cosmé, and were already within the gate of the city. General Worth slept that night with his staff, and most of his division, a short distance within the gates of the city. "He had fought his way to the city," says Lieutenant Semmes, a gallant officer, and the talented author of that admirable work "Afloat and Ashore," "over the celebrated causeway of Tacuba, by which Cortez had retreated on the memorable *Nocte Triste*. We had passed through the once populous quarter, (now a mere suburb) of Tlaletolco, where according to Cortez and Old Bernal Diaz, 40,000 people had been wont to traffic in the market place, and we had identified amid the whistling of balls, and the shout of battle, the famous 'leap of Alvarado.' No wonder that we were agitated by strange and indiscribable feelings as we lay down to

rest, that night; waking we were in a land of poetry and romance; sleeping, in a land of dreams."

Worth had no sooner reached the gate of San Cosmé, than he advanced a twenty-four pounder and a ten-inch mortar, under Captain Hughes, to the garita, and opened them upon the grand plaza and palace. The guns were opened at nine o'clock on the evening of the 13th, and at one o'clock a commission from the municipal authorities came to General Worth's advanced post, announcing that immediately after the heavy guns opened, Santa Anna, the officers of the national goverment, and the army, had commenced evacuating the city; and that the commission was deputed to confer with the general-in-chief, to whose head-quarters it was passed under Assistant Adjutant General Mackall. At five o'clock on the morning of the 14th, Worth's troops and heavy guns advanced into the city, and occupied the Alameda, to the point where it fronts the palace, and there halted at six o'clok to await the further orders of General Scott. The American troops, 6,000 in number, entered the city on the morning of the 14th of September, in triumph. General Scott, arrayed in his full uniform, and surrounded by his numerous staff, all clothed in like manner, was escorted to the National Palace, by Harney's dragoons. Thousands upon thousands of spectators thronged the streets, and housetops, and balconies, to witness the novel spectacle. Scarcely had the American general reached this place, than the scene was suddenly changed. A Mexican fired from a housetop among a group of officers of Worth's division, and seriously wounded Colonel Garland. The events which followed are thus described by Semmes: "Reports of small arms were heard simultaneously in various other directions, and soon it became evident that there was a fermentation among the populace, and that our work had, as yet, been but partially done. We were 6,000 all told, and were in the midst of a city of 200,000 inhabitants! There were apparently men enough in the streets to have crushed us with the paving-stones, if they had possessed the tithe of the patriotism or valor which had inspired their noble ancestors at the siege of Saragossa, under the brave Palafox. But this was no uprising of a great and indignant people in defense of their fire-sides. Alas, for poor Mexico! the people were a dead and unlearned mass, as incapable of the sentiment of patriotism as of the other noble virtues. Still our position was somewhat critical. We were exposed in the midst of streets that were flanked on either side by massive stone houses, (some of them three or four stories high), with flat roofs and parapets, answering all the purposes of fortifications, and unless energetic measures were adopted, we might lose many valuable lives before the insurrection could be quelled. In a moment, therefore, every thing was in motion. The quick movement of troops in various directions, the rattling of artillery at full speed through the streets, the galloping hither and thither of aids and orderlies, the shouts of the women as they disappeared in haste from the balconies, and the firing from the house-tops, which increased every moment, indicated that more blood was about to flow, and that we could not as yet sit ourselves down quietly in the city of Mexico."

Batteries were planted in favorable positions to command the several streets, and detached parties of skirmishers, were sent in various directions with instructions to pursue the enemy into their hiding places and shoot down all who should be found with arms in their hands. Throughout the whole day the skirmishing was maintained; night put an end to the contest. The next day the insurgents who proved to be a number of prisoners whom Santa Anna had released from the several jails of the city on the night of his evacuation, resumed their firing; but by the vigorous efforts of the Americans, who were aided by the authorities, they, after many were slain, succumbed to the powers that were, and order was restored to the city. The Americans remained in possession of the city of Mexico, until peace was declared between the United States and the Republic of Mexico. The terms of a treaty of peace were concluded upon by the American commissioner, Mr. Trist, and the Mexican government, on the 2d of February, 1848; and this treaty, after having been modified somewhat, was adopted by the American Senate on the 10th of March, and ratified by the Mexican Congress on the 30th of May, in the same year.

MILAN, A.D. 338.—Uraïas, nephew of Vitiges, besieged Milan in 338. That city, then a magnificent one, was esteemed the second of the West. With the assistance of 10,000 Franks, furnished by Theodebert, king of Austrasia, Uraïas pressed the siege warmly during six months. The Goths, masters of the city, delivered it up to pillage, made the garrison prisoners, put the inhabitants to the sword, and carried off the women into captivity.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1159.—In this year the inhabitants of Milan revolted against Frederic Barbarossa. The angry emperor immediately laid siege to that city. The cruel conqueror drove out all the inhabitants, razed the most beautiful of the edifices with the ground, demolished the gates, its triumphal arches, its baths, its most magnificent houses,

and sowed salt upon its ruins to denote that it should never be rebuilt. His cruel design was disappointed; Milan soon rose again from her ashes.

Third Siege, A.D. 1499.—During the wars of the French with the Milanese, in the reign of Louis XII., the Chevalier Bayard fell in with an Italian party in the neighborhood of Milan, and attacked it warmly. On his arriving at the gates of Milan, a French gendarme, cried out to him with a loud voice, "Turn, man-at-arms, turn!" Bayard, transported by the desire of conquering, was deaf to these repeated cries, and entered the city at full gallop, as if, says an historian, he meant to take that capital alone. Soldiers, people, even women fell upon him. Cajazzo, whom his valor astonished, ordered his men-at-arms to cover him from these assaults, and made him his prisoner. He took him to his own house, and afterward to sup with the Duke of Milan. Ludovic, who had witnessed the extraordinary feats of the Chevalier from his palace windows, spoke of the brave Frenchman with great admiration, and with a view of ascertaining his character, conversed freely with him. "My brave gentleman," said the duke, "what brought you hither?" "The desire of conquering, my lord," replied Bayard. "And pray did you think of taking Milan alone?" "No," rejoined the knight, "but I reckoned upon being followed by my companions." "They and you together," said Ludovic, "could not do it." "Well," said Bayard, with his characteristic frankness, "I must admit they are wiser than I have been; they are free, and I am a prisoner, although to one of the bravest and most generous of men." The prince then asked him, with an air of disdain, "What is the strength of the French army?" "For our parts," replied Bayard, "we never think of counting our enemies; but what I can assure you is, that my master's soldiers are all picked men, before whom yours will have no chance." Ludovic, very much piqued, replied, "that effects gave a very different idea of his troops, and that a battle would very soon proclaim both his right and their courage." "Would to God," cried Bayard, "that it were to-morrow, and I were free." "You are free," replied the prince; "I like your frankness and your courage, and, to the first benefit, I beg to add whatever you desire." Bayard, penetrated with so much kindness, threw himself on his knees before the duke, and begged him to pardon, in favor of his duty, all that might have appeared too bold in his speech. He then requested to have his horse and his arms, and returned to the French camp, to give a highly favorable account of the generosity of Ludovic.

Fourth Siege, A.D. 1706.—Prince Eugene had made himself master of Milan, but he could not be sure of keeping it without occupying the citadel. The Marquis de la Florida was the governor of it. Prince Eugene summoned him to surrender, at the same time threatening to grant no quarter if he did not capitulate within four-and-twenty hours. "I have defended twenty-four places for my masters, the kings of Spain," replied the governor, "and I have made up my mind to be killed on the breach of the twenty-fifth." This bold reply, which was known to be the expression of a strong mind, caused the prince to renounce the project of attacking the castle by force, and he was satisfied with blockading it.

Milan was besieged by the King of Sardinia in 1733, by Don Philip of Spain in 1745, by Bonaparte in 1796, by Suwarrow in 1799, and by Bonaparte in 1800; but there is nothing interesting in the details of any of these sieges.—*Robson.*

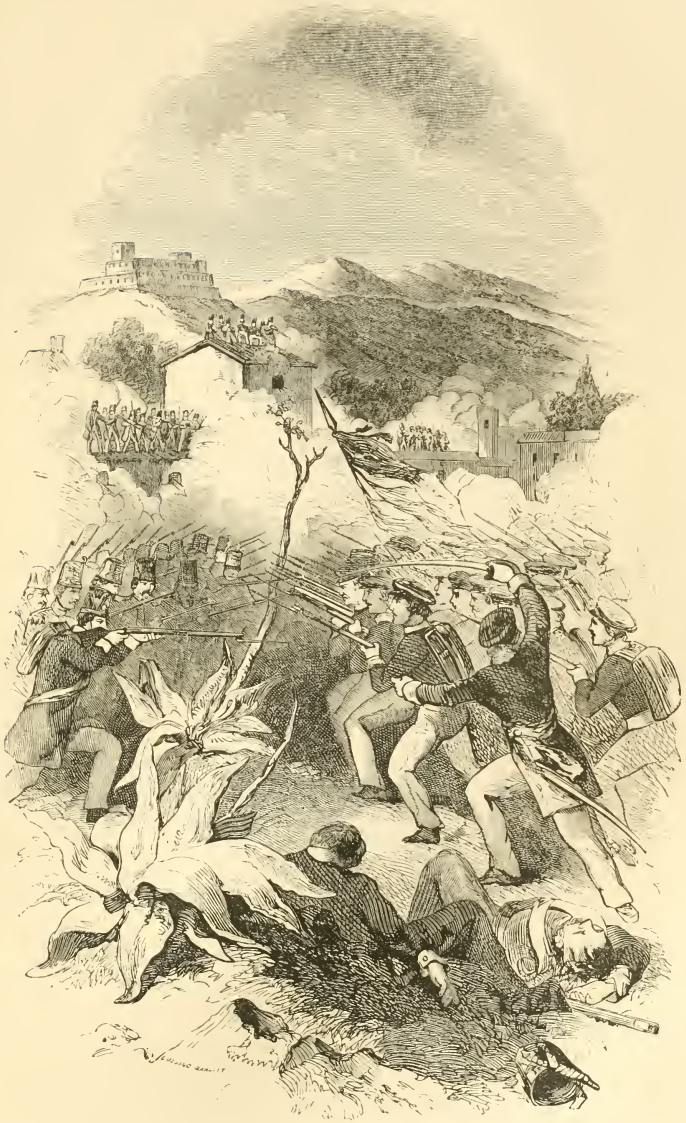
MINDEN, A.D. 1759.—In 1759, the French army was defeated by troops of the Duke of Brunswick, in an action near Minden, a fortified town of Prussia.

MOCKERN, Oct. 16, 1813.—See *Leipsic.*

MOESKIRCH, A.D. 1800.—The battle of Moeskirch, in Baden, was fought on the 5th of May, 1800, between the French under General Moreau and the Austrians under Kray.

On the fourth of May the Austrian army, under Kray, occupied a strong position in front of Moeskirch; the whole front of their line was covered by a deep ravine; the horse, and a reserve of eight battalions of grenadiers, were stationed on the heights of Rohrdorf. The chaussee which approached the village, was commanded by powerful batteries, and by their fire in every direction, seemed to render all access impossible. In this formidable position were collected 40,000 foot, 12,000 splendid horse, besides more than 200 pieces of cannon.

Moreau, the commander of the French army, receiving intelligence that the Austrians were trying to concentrate all their scattered forces at this point, resolved to improve the present advantage and attack them before any more reinforcements arrived. He ordered Lecourbe to join him with all his disposable forces in order to take part in the general action; still he did not arrange his plan so as to bring his forces all at the same time into the field. The consequence of this was, that Lecourbe, with that portion of his corps which had not been in the action of the previous day, commenced the attack. He advanced with the greatest intrepidity to the assault against the Prince of Lorraine; but so tremendous was the fire from the cross batteries of Kray, on the heights, that his



BATTLE OF MOLINO DEL REY (KING'S MILLS).

artillery were instantly dismounted, and he himself compelled to take shelter in the neighboring woods. Upon this, Moreau came forward with the division of Loyes, and assailed the position by its left and the village of Hendorf; but the attacking columns having been assaulted by the enemy's masses, who suddenly came upon them from behind their batteries, were thrown into disorder and completely routed. Kray, encouraged by this success, made a sally with his right wing, and advanced into the plain; but he was received in so resolute a manner by the left of the French, that he was soon not only obliged to retire, but the victorious republicans regained all the ground they had lost, and the village was carried by their pursuing columns, who entered at the same time with the fugitives. At the same time, Vandamme with the republican right, advanced against the imperial left, and attacked the village of Moeskirch; it was defended by the Austrians with great intrepidity and it was taken and re-taken several times. Lecourbe at length formed his division into four columns and advanced to the attack. Their impetuosity was so great nothing could resist it; they rushed down the sides of the ravines, up the opposite banks, and chased the imperialists from the plateau, while Molitor drove them out of Moeskirch, and their victorious columns met in the center of the town. Kray seeing the position of his left forces, executed a change of position in the very middle of the battle. He drew back his left from the plateau, and took up a position parallel with the Danube, with his center still resting on Rohrdorf. This brought him on the flank of the division of Loyes, who was unsupported on that side. Kray took advantage of this, and charged the exposed division, overthrew it, and drove it back in confusion, and had it not been for the arrival of Delmas with six fresh battalions, the French line would have been entirely broken at that point. Both sides now were making great efforts, the Austrians to improve the advantage they had gained, and the French to re-establish their line. Moreau changed his front, arranged his army parallel to the enemy, and during this change, the French division of Delmas was furiously assailed, but the utmost efforts of the imperialists were of no avail against his admirable infantry.

The combat continued for two hours. Kray redoubled his efforts, till at length on the arrival of Richepanse with a fresh division, the Austrian general concluded to retire, which was done before night, and in good order, to the heights of Buchern and Rohrdorf. In this action, so well contested by both parties, the loss was nearly equal, amounting to about 6,000 men on each side. The Austrians, occupied at evening the plateau of Rohrdorf; the French slept on a great part of the battle-field: and on the next day the imperial army retired across the Danube.

MOHACZ, A.D. 1526.—Two great battles were fought near this place, a village of Hungary, which our limited space will allow us to mention only. On the 29th of August, 1526, a large army of Turks under Solyman the Magnificent, encountered the Hungarian army, and after a desperate battle defeated and put them to rout. Louis, King of Hungary, two archbishops, and six bishops, many noblemen, and over 22,000 private soldiers were slain during the battle and flight. This battle may be said to mark the commencement of Turkish rule in Hungary; their power was terminated by the battle of 1687, in which the Turks were signally defeated by the imperialists under the Duke of Lorraine.

MOHRUNGEN, A.D. 1807.—The village of Mohrungen is in East Prussia, 62 miles south-west of Königsberg. The division of the republican army commanded by Bernadotte, was concentrated at Mohrungen, when he was assailed by the Russians under Benningsen, with a force far superior to his own. The French troops, 18,000 strong, were posted on the hilly ground, two miles in front of the town. General Makow attacked them with the advanced guard of the Russians, and after a bloody conflict he suffered the penalty of his rashness by being repulsed toward Leibstadt. In this action both sides lost 2,000 men, and the Russian general, Aurepp, was killed.

MOKHAUSE, A.D. 1717.—The village of Mokhause is famous for the gallant defense of its garrison against the Tartars of the Kooban, in 1717.

MOLINO DEL REY, A.D. 1847.—Molino del Rey is the name of a group of strong stone buildings which form the western side of the inclosure of Chapultepec, with its groves and fields, rocks and castles. These buildings are about two miles south-west of the city of Mexico; and in the month of September, 1847, were occupied by about 14,000 Mexican troops, to intercept the march of the American army against that capital. The American force designated to attack Molino del Rey moved out of Tacuba early in the morning of the 8th of September. They numbered about 3,500 men, and were commanded by General Worth. The right wing consisted of Garland's brigade, with Huger's battery; the center of five hundred picked men, under Major Wright, of Worth's regiment, and the left of McIntosh's brigade, with Duncan's battery. Cadwallader's brigade formed a reserve in the rear of the American line. The sun arose and shone brightly upon the advancing columns of the

Americans, and upon the grim walls of Molino del Rey. The battery of Huger opened the battle, and the Mexicans, aroused suddenly from their slumbers, were slow to reply; but at length they opened their guns, and the roar of heavy cannon shook the air. When Huger's guns had sufficiently shaken the walls of Molino, Wright's storming party, under the direction of Mason and Foster, rushed furiously to the assault. The Mexicans received them with a terrible fire of grape-shot and cannister; but the Americans advanced steadily through the fearful tempest, driving the enemy before them at the point of the bayonet. The ground over which the assailants advanced formed a gradual slope unsheltered by rock or tree, while the main body of the Mexicans lay concealed behind dikes and maguey plants, or were protected by the walls and parapets of the molino. The Mexicans abandoned their field-pieces to the Americans, who immediately turned the guns upon the retreating masses; but before they could be discharged, the Mexicans, perceiving the weakness of the force that had dispossessed them of their guns, rallied and returned to the charge with the utmost fury. Hurling a tempest of bullets within pistol-shot upon the enemy, the Mexicans rushed furiously forward, driving back the Americans with great slaughter, and bayoneting the wounded with savage glee. Major Wright and ten officers, and a great number of the rank and file of the gallant five hundred, were slain in this murderous conflict over the Mexican guns. General Worth immediately ordered Smith's light battalion, under Captain Kirby, and the right wing of Cadwallader's brigade to advance to the support of the repulsed storming party. The Americans advanced firmly amidst a fearful fire of musketry and artillery from the Mexicans, and assailed the enemy with such fury that they gave way, and for a second time the battery was captured. Meanwhile Garland's brigade, supported by Duncan's battery, assaulted the Mexican left, and after a bloody struggle drove the enemy from the strong works of the molino. Huger's battery-guns were now advanced to the captured position, and with the enemy's captured guns were opened upon the broken and retreating lines of the Mexicans. Duncan's battery in the mean time was opened on the Mexican right, and the 2d brigade, under McIntosh, was ordered forward to assail this point. This brigade crossed the front of Duncan's pieces, and the firing of those guns were discontinued for the moment. McIntosh gallantly led his men to the assault of the Casa Mata, a strong stone building a short distance from the molino. While McIntosh was advancing to assail this work, 4,000 Mexican cavalry, under General Alvarez, advanced toward the American left, with a view of attacking them in flank. Duncan's battery immediately changed its front, and Colonel Andrews, with the Voltigeurs, was ordered to support the battery. Major Sumner, with his 270 dragoons, was also directed to place himself in the vicinity of Duncan's guns, in order to profit by events, and pursue, when an opportunity was afforded, the enemy's retreating force. In making this movement, the dragoons were exposed to the fire from the Casa Mata, which inflicted considerable damage upon them. Two thousand of the Mexican cavalry, under the command of General Alvarez in person, advanced boldly toward Duncan's battery. Duncan reserved his first fire until the enemy had come within good cannister range, when he opened a terrible fire upon them, which threw them into confusion, which ended in disorderly flight. The flying cavalry precipitated themselves into the midst of the other division of two thousand, and the whole four thousand rushed like frightened sheep from the field. "Tell General Worth," said Duncan to an order from that officer, directing him to hold the Mexican cavalry in check, "to make himself perfectly easy; I can whip twenty thousand of them." Meanwhile McIntosh with his brigade steadily advanced against the Casa Mata. As his troops came within range the Mexicans opened a destructive fire upon him, cutting down officers and men in fearful profusion. Yet through this storm the gallant McIntosh urged his men, until he sank to the ground mortally wounded. The command devolved upon Martin Scott, a brave officer, who led the brigade until it reached the slope of the parapet that surrounded the citadel, when he also fell. Major White, his second in command, was badly wounded, and the Americans recoiled, and fell back for support upon Duncan's battery, which, having repulsed the Mexican horse, had resumed its former position. Duncan opened his guns upon the Casa Mata, and maintained a furious cannonade until the enemy abandoned the place, and fled wildly across the fields. The Mexicans were now in full retreat at all points. The Americans were everywhere victorious. The battle of Chapultepec followed shortly afterward, and the road to the city of Mexico was opened to the advance of the American army. The Americans lost in this battle 9 officers killed and 49 wounded, and 729 rank and file, killed and wounded. The Mexicans lost 1,500 killed and wounded, and 800 made prisoners.—*Semmes's Service Afloat and Ashore.*

MOLWITZ, A.D. 1741.—On the 10th of April, 1741, a battle was fought between the Prussians and Austrians, near Molwitz, a vil-

lage of Prussian Silesia, in which the Austrians were defeated.

MONDOVI, A.D. 1796.—The battle of Mondovi, in Piedmont, was fought on the 21st of April, 1796, between the French under Napoleon, and the Sardinian troops under Colli. The Sardinians were defeated, and Colli retired to Cherasco with a loss of 2,000 men, 8 cannon, and 11 standards. General Dictrat was killed when the engagement was at its height, by a cannon-ball; his death created a great panic among his troops, which contributed greatly to the defeat of the entire army.

MONMOUTH, A.D. 1778.—Freehold, near which the famous battle of Monmouth Court-House was fought, is situated on a plain about thirty miles east of Trenton, N. J., and is the capital of Monmouth county.

The American army remained inactive in its encampment at Valley Forge, until, in 1778, when receiving intelligence that the British under Sir Henry Clinton had evacuated Philadelphia, Washington broke up his camp, and with his army commenced a pursuit. Sir Henry Clinton's destination was New York. To reach New York by land, it was necessary to traverse New Jersey, which, exhausted by a long war, and alive with enemies, afforded the British general but little opportunities to forage; and therefore he felt constrained to take with him a long train of carriages laden with provisions. The British left Philadelphia, on the 18th of June, and commenced the passage of the Delaware at Gloucester Point, about three miles below the city. Washington broke up his camp at Valley Forge immediately on receiving intelligence of the departure of the British; and having detached General Arnold with a small body of troops to occupy Philadelphia, crossed the Delaware with his army at Congyell's Ferry on the 20th and the two succeeding days. A council of war had been held at Valley Forge prior to the breaking up of the camp, in which it was decided to hang upon the rear of the enemy, and watch his movements without hazarding a battle. Washington, however, was of a different opinion. He could not make up his mind to see the enemy retreat with impunity; yet as the majority of the officers were against attacking, Washington felt constrained to submit. General Dickinson had been sent into New Jersey to assemble the militia under arms; and General Maxwell, with a considerable corps, was sent to their support. The New Jersey militia and Maxwell's corps were mutually to embarrass by every impediment in their power, the retreat of the British; to destroy the bridges; to break up the roads, and to fell trees, and to plant them in abattis. They were directed, however, to avoid hazardous movements and unexpected actions. The American army under Washington, after having crossed the Delaware, advanced as far as Hopewell, five miles from Trenton, where they halted, and Washington called a second council of war. The question of the chief, "Will it be advisable to hazard a general engagement," was decided in the negative. General Lee especially opposed it. The council recommended that Morgan's corps should gain the rear of the enemy's right flank; that Maxwell's brigade should hang on their left; and that Brigadier General Scott, with about 1,500 picked troops, should harass their rear and flanks. These troops were augmented by the New Jersey militia under General Dickinson, and some volunteer troops under General Cadwallader. Meanwhile the British army advanced toward Allentown. Their train of baggage-wagons and pack-horses, together with the soldiers, formed a line nearly 12 miles in length; and as they were obliged to construct bridges, and remove obstacles placed in their path by the New Jersey patriots, their progress was slow. Clinton finally reached Allentown, and finding that the American army under Washington was nearly in his front, changed his course, taking the road which led to Monmouth Court-House, whence he resolved to proceed to Sandy Hook, at which point Howe's fleet was waiting to convey the troops to New York. Washington at this time resolved upon a general action, notwithstanding the opposition of the majority of his officers; and he was warmly seconded in this decision by Generals Lafayette, Greene, and Wayne. Accordingly he immediately commenced making his dispositions for a battle. The Americans had now advanced as far as Kingston, on the Millstone river. Washington detached 1,000 men under General Wayne to reinforce the troops of Cadwallader; and as the simultaneous action of the several corps of Wayne, Cadwallader, Dickinson, Maxwell, and Morgan, was of the utmost importance, the American commander-in-chief intrusted General Lafayette with the command of the whole. They numbered in all about 4,000 men. The entire American army consisted of about 15,000 men; that of the British of nearly 20,000.

Early on the morning of the 27th of June, Lafayette proceeded with the advanced guard to Englishtown, about five miles west of Monmouth Court-House. The day was intensely hot, and the troops were excessively fatigued by their march. Sir Henry Clinton, on being informed of the movements of the enemy, changed his order of march, placing his baggage and provision wagons in front, and protecting his rear by his best troops. Having thus disposed his army, he took up a

strong position near Monmouth Court-House. The baggage of the army was intrusted to the care of General Knyphausen; while Clinton himself, took command of the rear guard, which consisted of the Hessian grenadiers, the light infantry and chasseurs of the line. These movements on the part of the enemy, obliged Washington to support the American vanguard by other troops. He ordered General Lee, to push forward with two brigades. Lee, as a senior officer, took command of all the regular troops on his arrival at Englishtown, leaving to Lafayette that of the militia and light horse only. The main body of the American army, on the same day (June 27,) marched from Kingston, and encamped within three miles of Englishtown. The relative positions of the two armies were now as follows: Washington with the main army was encamped three miles from Englishtown, which was occupied by Generals Lee and Lafayette; the British army lay near Monmouth Court-House; Morgan's troops were hovering on the British right; and Dickinson with about 700 men threatened their left. Washington fearing lest Clinton should move his whole army to the heights of Middletown, which would afford him a position of increased strength, had on the previous evening resolved on an immediate attack.

Early on the morning of the 28th, Knyphausen, with the British vanguard and baggage train, moved into the valley and advanced toward Middletown; and was soon at a considerable distance from Monmouth Court-House. Clinton with his picked troops still maintained his position, to cover the removal of his baggage to the heights. It was a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning; the whole country hushed in the light of a June sun, and all nature was at rest, that peaceful rest which hovers over the country on a Sabbath day. But soon the rude noise of battle was to fill the balmy air, sulphurous clouds were to dim the rays of the sun, and the green earth was to be cumbered with mutilated corpses, and profaned by the life blood of men. The weather was hot and sultry, not a breeze disturbed the calmness of the groves, or subdued the intensity of the heat.

Washington's order of battle had been resolved upon the previous evening. Lee was to attack the enemy in front, while Morgan and Dickinson were to descend into the valley on both his flanks in order to assail the columns of Knyphausen. Early in the morning they moved toward the enemy. Clinton resumed his march at eight o'clock, and descended the heights of Freehold into the plain, where, perceiving that the Americans were in motion, and finding that Knyphausen was in great danger, he resolved to fight. Lee's whole force, exclusive of Morgan's and Dickinson's troops, amounted to about 4,000 men, and to these troops were now opposed the flower of the British army, led by Clinton and Cornwallis in person. The artillery began to play, and the Queen's dragoons charged furiously upon the American light horse, driving them back to the main line; and then retreating under a furious fire from the American guns. And now Lee gave an order which threw his whole army into confusion; and that order was to retreat. Bewildered by the strange conduct of their general, the Americans fled before the British in the utmost disorder. The enemy pursued them as far as the Court-House, where they halted, while the Americans continued their flight. Meanwhile Washington with the reserve was pushing forward to the support of Lee; and his astonishment and indignation knew no bounds when he found that general in full retreat. Spurring forward his horse, he rode up to Lee, and sternly inquired what was the cause of all the disorder and confusion? Lee retorted sharply, and harsh words passed between them. But time was too precious to be wasted. Washington wheeling his horse, hastened to the rear, and rallied a large portion of the regiments of Ramsay and Stewart, and then ordered two pieces of cannon under Oswald to be placed on an eminence and opened on the enemy. The fire of Oswald's guns deterred the enemy from pursuing; and the presence of Washington revived the drooped spirits of the soldiers, and in a few moments something like order again reigned in the American army. The British grenadiers maintained an incessant fire upon the broken ranks of the Americans; but under cover of Oswald's guns, and the well-directed musketry of Stewart and Ramsay's troops, the Americans re-formed, and in half an hour stood drawn up in battle order. Then advancing to Lee, he said, "Will you, sir, command these troops?" "I will," exclaimed Lee, eager to wipe out his disgrace. "Then forward and check the enemy immediately." "I shall obey," replied Lee.

Lee disposed his troops on more advantageous ground, and received the assault of the British with firmness. Like two contending tides they fought man to man, breast to breast. The rattle of musketry, the roar of artillery, the shouts of the infuriated soldiers, and the screams of the dying, loaded the air. The flashing scarlet of the British uniforms was mingled with the somber hue of their antagonists; and the strife was hot and furious. At length, the Americans, overwhelmed by superior numbers, fell back and withdrew, but in good order, behind Englishtown, to rally anew. The American rear guard, mean time, had arrived at the field of

action. Washington planted these troops partly in a neighboring wood and partly upon a hill, on the left. On this eminence some pieces of cannon had been planted by Lord Stirling, and their fire severely annoyed the enemy. The infantry were drawn up in the center, at the foot of the hill in front of the enemy. The left wing was commanded by Lord Stirling, the right by General Greene. Washington took his station in the center. Wayne, with some light infantry, was posted upon an eminence, in advance of the main line; and upon a height on his right was a battery which commanded the elevation occupied by the enemy, and committed cruel havoc upon their left wing. The English, meeting with such a warm reception in front, endeavored to turn the left flank of the Americans, but were repulsed. They next turned toward the American right; but, met by a perfect tornado of iron from Knox's battery upon an elevated piece of ground, occupied by General Greene, they were obliged to fall back. Meanwhile, the Americans in the center, under Wayne, maintained an incessant fire, repulsing the repeated assaults of the royal grenadiers, commanded by Colonel Monckton. Monckton saw that unless Wayne should be driven from his position the day was lost. Spurring his horse through the ranks, he harangued his men, in a voice so clear that it reached the ears of the patriots; then forming them in a solid column, led on his troops with the utmost gallantry. The grenadiers advanced toward Wayne's troops, with the precision and regularity of a parade. Onward came that brilliant line of scarlet, with glittering weapons poised, and banners fluttering; on came the British grenadiers, with measured tread and lips compressed. A calm ensued. It was the prelude of the storm. "Forward!" shouted the gallant Monckton, and like bloodhounds trained to the fight, his men rushed madly on to the bayonet charge. The Americans were silent. Suddenly Wayne—Mad Anthony Wayne—gave the signal, and the American line blazed with lightnings which cast a tempest of lead into the bosoms of the advancing Britons. Almost every British officer fell. The brave Monckton was among them. The Americans rushed forward on their foes, and over the body of the prostrate Monckton a terrible conflict ensued; and along the entire line the battle raged furiously. The grenadiers were finally driven back, and the whole British army retreated to the heights occupied in the morning by General Lee. The new position of the British army was strong; woods and deep marshes covered their flanks, and their front was protected by a ravine narrow and deep, through which the enemy must pass before reaching it. Washington, however, resolved to renew the engagement; but the nature of the ground prevented him from gaining any decided action. Night fell upon the combatants. The roar of artillery died away. Washington postponed his attack until the following morning, and on the field the American army sought repose in sleep, after the fatigues of the day. Washington passed the night with his suite, under the branches of a huge oak. Morning dawned, and the Americans prepared for battle; but during the night Clinton had withdrawn his army; and Washington, taking into consideration the extreme heat of the weather, the fatigue of his troops, and the distance which the enemy had gained upon him during the night, relinquished the thought of pursuing the British. Thus terminated the battle of Monmouth, in which the honor of victory clearly belongs to the Americans, although the British dispute their claim. The Americans lost, on this occasion, in killed, six officers and sixty-one non-commissioned officers and privates, and 160 in wounded. The British lost 300 killed, and nearly the same number wounded, together with about 100 taken prisoners, and a great number of deserters.

Lee was court-martialed for his behavior at the commencement of the battle of Monmouth; and was found guilty of disobedience in not attacking the enemy when ordered to do so; for having made an unnecessary and disorderly retreat; and for disrespect to the commander-in-chief. He was sentenced to be suspended from his command for one year. Whether this sentence was too severe or too mild is a question of opinion; certain it is, however, that Lee's conduct at the commencement of the battle was such as to warrant the belief that he preferred seeing the Americans disgraced by a defeat, rather than Washington should be honored by a victory. His conduct during the balance of the day, was that of a brave and skillful officer.

MONS, A.D. 1425.—Mons, a fortified town of Belgium, has sustained several sieges. In 1425 it was taken by Jean IV., aided by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; in 1691, after an obstinate defense it was taken by Louis XIV., and was occupied by Eugene and Marlborough in 1709. It fell alternately into the hands of the French, Austrians, and Spaniards, until in 1794, it was taken by the French, who retained it until 1814, when it was finally united to Belgium.

MONTEBELLO, A.D. 1800.—Montebello is an Italian village, situated twenty-three miles north-east of Alexandria. Marshal Lannes, by his victory over the Austrians, near this place, won the title of Duke de Montebello.

The battle of Montebello occurred on the 9th of June, 1800, between the republican army of France and the imperialists. The advanced guard of the French was commanded by Lannes, while the main body of the Austrians, concentrated at Montebello, was under the supervision of Ott. He had stationed his forces, numbering some 15,000 chosen men, in the most advantageous position on the heights, their right resting on the eminences that form the roots of the Apennines, and commanded the road to Tortona, which wound round their feet, their left, extending into the plain, where their cavalry could act with effect. Lannes was, for a moment, startled at the sight of such an array, but seeing the disastrous effect which the slightest backward movement would have on a force with its rear resting on the Po, he resolved on instantly attacking the enemy. His army did not number more than 9,000 men, while those of his enemy were over 15,000 strong; but the division of Victor was not more than six miles in the rear and was soon expected. The French infantry, with great heroism, advanced in echelon, under a shower of grape-shot and musketry, to storm the hills on the right of the position of the Austrians, where strong batteries had been placed, which commanded the whole field of battle.

They were successful in carrying the heights of Revetta, but, being disordered by this success, they were assailed by six fresh regiments, and driven down into the plain. In the center, on the great road, the French division under Watrin maintained itself with the utmost difficulty against the vehement attacks of the imperialists; and, notwithstanding Lannes made such desperate efforts, defeat would have been certain, had not the arrival of a part of Victor's division enabled the republicans to rally their troops and prepare for a fresh attack. They immediately formed new columns to assail the heights on the left, while Watrin commenced a furious onset in the center. The Austrians were driven back at all points, and the victory of the French seemed sure, when Ott brought up his reserves from the second line, and victory again seemed the Austrians'. The republicans gave way, and the loud shouts of the imperialists announced a total overthrow, when the balance of Victor's division arrived, and the victory was again theirs. The Austrians would not yield, however, without a desperate struggle; they fought to gain time for a concentration of their forces to meet this new enemy, the republicans to avoid being driven back into the Po. The last reserves, on both sides, were soon engaged, and the contending parties fought hand-to-hand, with the most heroic gallantry. At length, Napoleon's arrival with the division Gardane, decided the victory. The right of Ott's division was turned, the center and left was now giving way, he therefore reluctantly gave the signal of retreat, and the imperialists, in good order, retreated toward St. Juliano, after putting a garrison of a thousand men into the fortress of Tortona. In this battle, the Austrians lost 3,000, killed and wounded, and 1,500 prisoners. The loss of the French, in slain and disabled, was nearly equal.

MONTENACKEN, A.D. 1213.—A great battle was fought in the vicinity of Montenacken, a town of Belgium, in 1213, between the Brabançons and the Liegeois, which resulted, after a most obstinate and bloody contest, in the total destruction of the Brabançons, who lost in the battle 3,000 men killed, and 4,000 made prisoners.

MONTENOTTE, A.D. 1796.—Montenotte is a village of Sardinia, in the Apennines, twenty-six miles west of Genoa.

The armies of the French and Austrians, while marching through the Alps, on their route to the sea coast, came in contact at Montenotte, in the early part of April, 1796. The Austrian general advanced his center to this place for the purpose of falling on the left flank of the French, and thus intercept, by occupying Savona, the road they were pursuing from Provence to Genoa. The imperialists, numbering some 10,000 men, commanded by Roccavina, encountering Colonel Rampou, at the head of 1,200 men, forced him to retire to an old redoubt; but he, knowing that much depended upon the possession of this important post, gallantly defended the fort, again and again repulsed the Austrians, and, in the midst of the fire, made his soldiers swear to conquer or die. With great difficulty he maintained his position until night, and thus by his bravery saved the French army, which would have been cut in two had this battle been lost. Roccavina was severely wounded, and forced to be removed. Before he left, he urged his successor, D'Argenteau, to renew the assault during the night, and gain possession of the fort, before the republicans could come to the aid of Colonel Rampou; but this advice he did not incline to obey. If he had, all would have been changed. While this attack at Montenotte was taking place, Napoleon was at Savona; but as soon as the intelligence became known to him, he resolved to crush the whole Austrian force which had thus pushed into the center of his line of march. Accordingly, he left Savona after dark, with the two divisions of Massena and Serrurier, and crossing the ridge of Calibane, occupied the heights in the rear of Montenotte. The darkness of the night entirely concealed their movements, and at daybreak, the Austrians

found themselves surrounded on all sides. Their front was soon attacked by Rampou and La Harpe, while Messina and Joubert pressed their rear. Their resistance was long and brave, but the French force being so much more superior, they were completely routed, with the loss of five pieces of cannon, 2,000 prisoners, and 1,000 killed and wounded.

MONTEREAU, A.D. 1814.—This town is situated at the confluence of the rivers Seine and Yonne in France, forty-two miles south-east of Paris, and about ten miles south of Fontainebleau, in the famous forest bearing the name of the latter place.

The overwhelming forces of the allied armies of England, Prussia, Russia, and Austria, had entered France. In the month of February 1814, the whole plain between the Seine and the Loire, as far as Fontainebleau, was inundated with troops on their way to Paris. Paris was in consternation; it was reported in the capital that hordes of uncouth men, with long beards and barbarous manners, were approaching to lay waste the metropolis of science and the arts. Oudinot and Victor with 20,000 French troops had unsuccessfully but obstinately endeavored to check the advance of the allies; but borne back by the overwhelming tide of the enemy, they had gradually retreated, and the capital was in imminent danger, when Napoleon, at the head of his Guards and cuirassiers advanced across the valley of the Seine by Guignes through the forest of Brie. Having formed a junction with the forces of Victor and Oudinot at the cross roads of Chalons, the whole army halted, and the advance of the enemy was checked. The next day, Napoleon, assuming the offensive, marched against the enemy, and a combat between Wittgenstein's Russian advanced guard, and the French near Margis took place, which resulted in the defeat of the latter, with a loss of 3,000 men killed, wounded and made prisoners, with fifty-one pieces of artillery. At the same time, a conflict also took place between the Bavarians and the French near Montereau, in which the Bavarians were defeated with a loss of 2,500 men; but the French were unable to expel the enemy from that village, the town of Montereau. The rivers Seine and Yonne are here crossed by bridges of stone, which were in the possession of the allies. Napoleon immediately advanced against Montereau and on the evening of the 18th, the French troops were assembled in imposing masses on the heights of Surville, which overhang the town on the northern bank. Napoleon had not gained this position without a struggle; Branchi with the troops of Wirtemberg had during the night of the 17th, occupied them in force; but the French attacked them with such vigor that they retreated in the utmost disorder over the bridge into the town. Napoleon immediately established himself on the abandoned heights, and soon sixty pieces of cannon opened a close and concentric fire on the dense masses which were crowding over the bridge. The French cavalry protected by the fire of such a powerful battery on the heights above them, the mere discharges of which shivered every pane in the neighboring chateau of Surville to pieces, pressed so rapidly on the last column of the Wirtembergers, that there was no time to fire the trains with which the bridge was undermind; the pursuing horsemen crossed over, pell-mell, with the fugitives, the division of Duchesne rapidly pressed after them, and amid the shouts of the inhabitants, drove the enemy entirely out of Montereau, the allies retiring after having destroyed the bridge over the Yonne, which stopped the pursuit in the direction of Lens.

In this battle, the French lost about 2,500 men in killed and wounded. The allies lost 3,000 men killed and wounded, and 3,000 made prisoners. Six guns and four standards fell into the hands of the victors.

MONTEREY, A.D. 1846.—Monterey is situated on the Tigre, at the head of an extensive and beautiful valley, in Mexico, eighty-five miles east of Saltillo. In the year 1846, Monterey was taken by the United States army, under General Taylor. The following detailed account of the siege is taken from General Taylor's official account:

From information received while on the approach of the American army toward Monterey, General Taylor was induced to believe that the Mexicans were prepared to defend that place. Upon reaching the neighborhood of the city on the morning of the 19th of September this belief was fully confirmed. It was ascertained that the enemy occupied the town in force; that a large work had been constructed commanding all the northern approaches; and that the Bishop's Palace and some heights in the vicinity near the Saltillo road had also been fortified and occupied with troops and artillery. It was known from information previously received, that the eastern approaches were commanded by several small works in the lower edge of the city. The configuration of the heights and gorges in the direction of the Saltillo road, as visible from the point attained by the advance of the United States army on the morning of the 19th, led General Taylor to suspect that it was practicable to turn all the works in that direction, and thus cut the enemy's line of communication. After establishing his camp at the "Walnut Springs," three miles from Monterey, the nearest suitable position, General Taylor ordered a close reconnoisance

of the ground in question, which was executed on the evening of the 19th by the engineer officers under the direction of Major Mansfield. A reconnoisance of the eastern approaches was at the same time made by Captain Williams of the topographical engineers. The examination made by Major Mansfield proved the entire practicability of throwing forward a column to the Saltillo road, and thus turning the position of the enemy. Deeming this to be an operation of essential importance, orders were given to Brevet Brigadier-General Worth, commanding the second division, to march with his command on the 20th; to turn the hill of the Bishop's palace; to occupy a position on the Saltillo road; and to carry the enemy's detached works in that quarter, where practicable. The first regiment of Texas mounted volunteers under command of Colonel Hays was associated with the second division on this service. Captain Sanders, engineers, and Lieutenant Meade, topographical engineers, were also ordered to report to General Worth for duty with his column.

At two o'clock, P. M., on the 20th, the second division broke up its march. It was soon discovered, by officers who were reconnoitering the town, and communicated to General Worth, that the movement had been perceived and that the army was throwing reinforcements toward the Bishop's Palace and the height which commands it. To divert his attention as far as practicable, the first division, under Brigadier-General Twiggs, and a field division of volunteers under Major-General Butler, were displayed in front of the town until dark. Arrangements were made at the same time to place in battery during the night, at a suitable distance from the enemy's works, the citadel, two 24 pounder howitzers, and a 10 inch mortar, with a view to open a fire on the following day, when General Taylor proposed to make a diversion in favor of General Worth's movement. The 4th infantry covered this battery during the night. General Worth had in the mean time reached and occupied for the night a defensive position just without range of a battery above the Bishop's Palace, having made a reconnoisance as far as the Saltillo road. General Taylor in his report, mentioned in detail only those operations which were conducted against the eastern extremity of the city or elsewhere under his immediate direction; the operations of General Worth were entirely distinct from those of Taylor, and for the particulars of his movements we are obliged to consult his own report.

Early on the morning of the 21st, Taylor received a note from General Worth, written at half-past nine o'clock the night before, suggesting, what he had already intended, a strong division against the center and left of the town to favor Worth's enterprise against the heights in rear. The infantry and artillery of the first division, and the field division of volunters were ordered under arms and took the direction of the city, leaving one company of each regiment as a camp-guard. The 2d dragoons under Lieutenant Colonel May, and Colonel Wood's regiment of Texas mounted volunteers, under the immediate command of General Henderson, were directed to the right to support General Worth, if necessary, and to make an impression if practicable, upon the upper quarter of the city. Upon approaching the mortar battery, the 1st and 3d regiments of infantry and battalions of Baltimore and Washington volunteers with Captain Bragg's field battery—the whole under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Garland—were directed toward the lower part of the town, with orders to make a strong demonstration, and carry one of the enemy's advanced works, if it could be done without heavy loss. Major Mansfield's engineers, and Captain Williams, and Lieutenant Pope's topographical engineers, accompanied this column; Major Mansfield being charged with its direction, and the designation of points of attack. In the mean time the mortar, served by Captain Ramsay, of the ordnance, and the howitzer battery under Captain Webster, 1st Artillery, had opened their fire upon the citadel, which was deliberately sustained and answered from the work. General Butler's division had now taken up a position in rear of this battery, when the discharges of artillery mingled finally with a rapid fire of small arms, showed that Lieut. Col. Garland's command had become warmly engaged. To support this attack, Taylor ordered the 4th infantry and the regiments of Butler's division to march at once by the left flank in the direction of the advanced work at the lower extremity of the town, leaving one regiment (1st Kentucky) to cover the mortar and howitzer battery. By some mistake, two companies of the 4th infantry did not receive this order, and consequently did not join the advanced companies until some time afterward.

Garland's command had approached the town in a direction to the right of the advanced work (No. 1) at the north-eastern angle of the city, and the engineer officer, covered by skirmishers, had succeeded in entering the suburbs and gaining cover. The remainder of this command now advanced and entered the town under a heavy fire of artillery from the citadel and the works on the left and of musketry from the houses and small works in front. A movement on the right was attempted with a view to gain the rear of No. 1, and carry that work; but the

troops were so much exposed to a fire which they could not effectually return, and had already sustained severe loss, particularly in officers, that it was deemed best to withdraw them to a more secure position. Captain Bacchus, 1st infantry, however, and a portion of his own and other companies, had gained the roof of a tannery which looked directly into the gorge of No. 1, and from which he poured a most destructive fire into that work and upon the strong building in the rear. This fire happily coincided in point of time with the advance of a portion of the volunteer division upon No. 1, and contributed largely to the fall of that strong and important work.

The three regiments of the volunteer division under the immediate command of Major General Butler, had in the mean time, advanced in the direction of No. 1. The leading brigade, under Quitman, continued its advance upon that work, preceded by three companies of the 4th infantry, while Butler with the 1st Ohio regiment, entered the town to the right. The companies of the 4th infantry had advanced within shot range of the work, where they were received by a fire that almost in one moment struck down one third of the officers and men, and rendered it necessary to retire and effect a conjunction with the two other companies then advancing. General Quitman's brigade, though suffering most severely, particularly in the Tennessee regiment, continued its advance, and finally carried the work in handsome style, as well as the strong building in its rear. Five pieces of artillery, a considerable supply of ammunition, and thirty prisoners, including three officers, fell into their hands. Butler, with the first Ohio regiment, after entering the edge of the town, discovered that nothing was to be accomplished in his front, and, at this point, yielding to the suggestions of several officers, Taylor ordered a retrograde movement; but learning almost immediately, that the battery No. 1 was captured, the order was countermanded, and he determined to hold that battery, and defenses already gained. General Butler, with the 1st Ohio regiment, then entered the town, at a point further to the left, and marched in the direction of battery No. 2. While making an examination, with a view to ascertain the possibility of carrying this second work by storm, the general was first wounded, and soon after compelled to quit the field. As the strength of No. 2, and the heavy musketry fire flanking the approach, rendered it impossible to carry it without great loss, the 1st Ohio regiment was withdrawn from the town. Fragments of the various regiments engaged, were now under cover of the captured battery, and some buildings in its front on the right. The field batteries of Captains Bragg and Ridgely were also partially covered by the battery. An incessant fire was kept up on this position from battery No. 2, and other works on its right, and from the citadel on all our approaches. General Twiggs, though quite unwell, joined me at this point, and was instrumental in causing the artillery captured from the enemy to be placed in battery, and served by Captain Ridgely against No. 2, until the arrival of Captain Webster's howitzer battery, which took its place. In the mean time, Taylor directed such men as could be collected of the 1st, 3d, and 4th regiments, and Baltimore battalion, to enter the town, penetrating to the right, and carry the 2d battery if possible. This command, under Lieutenant-Colonel Garland, advanced beyond the bridge "Purisima," when, finding it impracticable to gain the rear of the 2d battery, a portion of it sustained themselves for some time in that advanced position; but as no permanent impression could be made at that point, and the main object of the general operation had been effected, the command, including a section of Captain Ridgely's battery, which had joined it, was withdrawn to Battery No. 1. During the absence of this column, a demonstration of cavalry was reported in the direction of the citadel. Captain Bragg, who was at hand, immediately galloped with his battery to a suitable position, from which a few discharges effectually dispersed the enemy. Captain Miller, 1st infantry, was dispatched with a mixed command, to support the battery on this service. The enemy's lancers had previously charged upon the Ohio and a part of the Mississippi regiment, near some fields at a distance from the edge of the town, and had been repulsed with a considerable loss. A demonstration of cavalry on the opposite side of the river was also dispersed in the course of the afternoon by Captain Ridgely's battery, and the squadrons returned to the city. At the approach of the evening, all the troops that had been engaged were ordered back to camp, except Captain Ridgely's battery, and the regular infantry of the 1st division, who were detailed as a guard for the works during the night, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Garland. One battalion of the 1st Kentucky regiment was ordered to reinforce this command. Intrenching tools were procured, and additional strength was given to the works, and protection to the men, by working parties during the night, under the direction of Lieutenant Scarritt, engineers.

The main object proposed in the morning had been effected. A powerful diversion had been made to favor the operations of the 2d division, one of the enemy's advanced works had been carried, and we now had a

strong foot-hold in the town. But this had not been accomplished without a heavy loss, embracing some of our gallant and promising officers. The number of killed and wounded incident to the operations in the lower part of the city on the 21st was 394.

Early in the morning of the 21st, the advance of the second division encountered the enemy in force, and after a brief but sharp conflict, repulsed him with heavy loss. General Worth, then succeeded in gaining a position on the Saltillo road, thus cutting off the enemy's line of communication. From this position the two heights south of the Saltillo road were carried in succession, and the gun taken in one of them turned upon the Bishop's Palace. These important successes were fortunately obtained with comparatively small loss; Captain McKavett, 8th infantry, being the only officer killed.

The 22d day of September passed without any active operations in the lower part of the city. The citadel and other works continued to fire at parties exposed to their range, and at the work now occupied by our troops. The guard left it in the preceding night, except Captain Ridgely's company, which was relieved at mid-day by General Quitman's brigade; Captain Bragg's battery was thrown under cover in front of the town to repel any demonstration of cavalry in that quarter. At dawn of day, the height above the Bishop's Palace was carried, and soon after meridian, the Palace itself was taken and its guns turned upon the fugitive garrison. The object for which the second division was detached had thus been completely accomplished, and General Taylor felt confident that with a strong force occupying the road and heights in his rear, and a good position below the city in our possession, the enemy could not possibly maintain the town.

During the night of the 22d, the enemy evacuated nearly all his defenses in the lower part of the city. This was reported to me early in the morning of the 23d, by General Quitman, who had already meditated an assault upon those works. Taylor immediately sent instructions to that officer, leaving it to his discretion to enter the city, covering his men by the houses and walls, and advance carefully as far as he might deem prudent. After ordering the remainder of the troops as a reserve, under the orders of Brigadier General Twiggs, Taylor repaired to the abandoned works, and discovered that a portion of General Quitman's brigade had entered the town, and were successfully forcing their way toward the principal plaza. The second regiment of Texas mounted volunteers was then ordered up, who entered the city, dismounted, and, under the immediate orders of General Henderson, co-operated with General Quitman's brigade. Captain Bragg's battery was also ordered up, supported by the 3d infantry; and after firing for some time at the cathedral, a portion of it was likewise thrown into the city. Our troops advanced from house to house, and from square to square, until they reached a street but one square in rear of the principal plaza, in and near which the enemy's force was mainly concentrated. This advance was conducted vigorously, but with due caution, and although destructive to the enemy, was attended with but small loss on our part. Captain Ridgely, in the mean time, had served a captured piece in battery number one, against the city, until the advance of our men rendered it imprudent to fire in the direction of the cathedral. Taylor was now satisfied that he could operate successfully in the city, and that the enemy had retired from the lower portion of it to make a stand behind his barricades. As General Quitman's brigade had been on duty the previous night, he determined to withdraw the troops to the evacuated works, and concert with General Worth a combined attack upon the town. The troops accordingly fell back deliberately in good order, and resumed their original positions, General Quitman's brigade being relieved after nightfall by that of General Hamer. On his return to camp, Taylor met an officer with the intelligence that General Worth, induced by the firing in the lower part of the city, was about making an attack at the upper extremity, which had also been evacuated by the enemy to a considerable distance. He regretted that this information had not reached him before leaving the city, but still deemed it inexpedient to change his orders, and accordingly returned to the camp. A note from General Worth, written at eleven o'clock, P.M., informed him that he had advanced to within a short distance of the principal plaza, and that the mortar (which had been sent to his division in the morning) was doing good execution within effective range of the enemy's position.

Desiring to make no further attempt upon the city without complete concert as to the lines and mode of approach, Taylor instructed that officer to suspend his advance until he could have an interview with him on the following morning at his head-quarters.

Early on the morning of the 24th, Taylor received, through Colonel Moreno, a communication from General Ampudia, proposing to evacuate the town; which, with the answer, were forwarded with my first dispatch. He arranged with Colonel Moreno a cessation of firing until twelve o'clock, at which hour he would receive the answer of the Mexican general at General Worth's head-

quarters, to which he soon repaired. In the mean time, General Ampudia had signified to General Worth his desire for a personal interview with him, to which he acceded, and which finally resulted in a capitulation, placing the town and the material of war, with certain exceptions, in our possession.

Upon occupying the city it was discovered to be of great strength in itself, and to have its approaches carefully and strongly fortified. The town and works were armed with forty-two pieces of cannon, well supplied with ammunition, and manned with a force of at least 7,000 troops of the line, and from 2,000 to 3,000 irregulars. The force under Taylor's orders before Monterey, was 425 officers, and 6,220 men. Our artillery consisted of one ten-inch mortar, two twenty-four pounder howitzers, and four light field-batteries, of four guns each—the mortar being the only piece suitable to the operations of a siege. Our loss was twelve officers and 108 men killed; thirty-one officers and 337 men wounded. That of the enemy was not known, but is believed considerably to exceed our own.

General Worth's operations against the western side of the town were briefly as follows: on the 20th of September he moved toward the Saltillo road, and having discovered that the heights west of the Bishop's Palace, were strongly occupied and fortified, and that besides these two, the eminence on which the palace stands was occupied above that building, which, with a fort adjoining it, was also strongly defended, he resolved that the two heights first mentioned should be taken the next day, before assailing the Palace itself. On the next day, therefore, the Texan rangers, and Louisiana volunteers, with the regular troops, were ordered to the assault, and the heights were carried in fine style. The United States troops immediately took possession of the heights, and the guns of the one nearest the palace were immediately turned upon that edifice and its defenders.

Early the next morning, a detachment consisting of artillery, infantry, and Texans, under the general command of Colonel Childs, was ordered to take possession of the heights above the Palace. With such secresy was this movement made, that the troops had arrived within 300 feet of the enemy's works before they were discovered.

The assailants carried the works gallantly, and the Mexicans fled in dire confusion down the steep declivity to the palace. A howitzer, with great labor, was dragged to the summit of the eminence above the Palace, and was opened upon the building, which was now crowded with Mexicans. The Mexicans made a gallant charge up the hill against the enemy, but were repulsed, and the howitzer sent its lightning upon the Palace with visible effect, while volley after volley of musketry was poured upon its defenders. At about twelve o'clock, the Mexican cavalry advanced before the Palace and charged the skirmishers furiously; but Captain Vinton, with some light troops, received them with so much warmth, that they were hurled back, and many endeavored to re-enter the palace, in vain. At this moment, Colonel Childs ordered a general assault. The Americans rushed down the hill, and through a breach made by the howitzers, and attacked the Mexicans with a fierceness which they could not withstand. In a short time, the assailants were in full possession of the Palace, with the adjoining fort. On the morning of the 23d, General Worth opened the guns of the Palace and fort upon the city. Having driven the Mexicans from their works outside the city, General Worth now entered the city from the western side. The Mexicans met the Americans in the street, contesting every inch of ground with the utmost pertinacity. From windows and house-tops, the Americans were assailed by their numerous foes; but they fought their way over every obstacle, until they reached a square, where they remained for the night, occupying the houses on both sides, and pouring forth incessant and destrucrive showers of grape-shot, shell and musketry. The Mexican defensive works were all in the hands of the Americans, except the citadel near the center of the town. The Mexican troops were concentrated in or around the grand plaza, near the citadel. Worth now set his sappers and miners at work, and in the same manner that was afterward so successfully pursued by the same general in the capture of the city of Mexico. The Texans and Mississippians, with pick-axe and crow-bar, worked their way through the houses, until they had reached the vicinity of the enemy. A battery was erected, unknown to the enemy, and nothing remained but to hurl down a slight wall which masked it, to enable the Americans to pour a tempest into the unsuspecting Mexicans, which would undoubtedly have astonished them; but at this point, further operations were suspended by the conference between Taylor and the Mexican general.

MONTGOMERY, A.D. 1294.—Montgomery, a town of north Wales, formerly contained a castle, which, from its size and strength, was frequently an object of contention during the wars between England and Wales. The last battle, which decided the fate of Wales, was fought near Montgomery, between the English and Welsh, in 1294.

MONTMIRAIL, A.D. 1814.—A battle was fought near Montmirail, in France, on the

11th and 12th of February, 1814, between the French army under Napoleon, and the allied Russian and Prussian army under Olsoofief and Sacken, which resulted in the total destruction of the allies, with a loss of 6,000 men, in the battle and retreat, seventeen guns, and five standards. The French lost about 1,000 men.

MONTMORENCI.—See *Quebec.*

MOODKEE, A.D. 1845.—Near Moodkee, a village of western Hindostan, in 1845, was fought the first battle between the Sikhs and the British forces, in which the latter were victorious.

MOORE'S CREEK BRIDGE, A.D. 1776.—Moore's Creek is a small stream in North Carolina, running from north to south, and emptying into the South river, about twenty miles above Wilmington.

Donald McDonald, an influential and loyal Highlander, at Cross Creek (now Fayetteville), North Carolina, having received from Martin, the British governor of the province, a brigadier-general's commission, with a large number of copies of a proclamation calling on all the loyal subjects of the King of England, in North Carolina, to join his standard, set up a recruiting-station at Cross Creek, and issued the proclamation. The loyal Scotchmen of the district answered the call in considerable numbers; and in a few days more than 1,000 had enrolled themselves under his colors. Some other of the inhabitants joined them, so that McDonald's force consisted of about 1,500 men. At this time, Colonel James Moore of Hanover, had under his command a body of regular troops, and a detachment of New Hanover militia, in all about 1,100 men; and having received intelligence of the gathering of the loyalists under McDonald, advanced toward Cross Creek, and encamped about twelve miles south of the enemy's head-quarters. The patriots fortified their camp, and by exercising the utmost vigilance, cut off all means of communication between McDonald and Governor Martin, who was at Wilmington. McDonald saw the necessity of dislodging the enemy, and marched with his troops to attack them. Upon arriving within about four miles of the patriots, he halted, and sent a proclamation and a letter to Colonel Moore. In the letter he firmly, but in a friendly manner, urged the patriot commander to prevent bloodshed by joining the royalists; at the same time assuring him that refusal would subject him to the treatment due to rebels. Moore replied in the same spirit; inviting McDonald to espouse the holy cause of Freedom, and threatening, in case of non-compliance, to attack him at once. McDonald, on this, thought fit not to hazard an engagement, but to attempt to join Martin at Wilmington. He hastily decamped, and pushed forward rapidly toward the South river, closely pursued by the patriots under Moore. As the royalists approached the mouth of Moore's Creek, they stumbled upon the camp of Colonels Littington and Caswell, who, with the minute-men of Wake, Craven, Johnson, and Dobbs counties, and battalions from Wilmington and Newbern, were seeking for McDonald's army. The patriots were about 1,000 strong. McDonald was thus placed in an awkward position. Before him were the minute-men, whose very name struck terror to the heart of the Tory; and his rear was threatened by Moore with his regulars. On the night of the 26th of February, both parties were in sight of each other. They awaited the dawn before commencing the action. During the night the patriots strengthened their position by casting up a breast-work, and removing the planks from the bridge across the creek, and prepared to dispute the passage to the last. The day broke, and from the Scottish camp arose the clear blast of a score of bag-pipes calling the Highlanders to arms. The command of the royalists was intrusted to Captain McLeod, McDonald being too ill to leave his tent. The Highlanders rushed gallantly toward the river; but when arriving within thirty paces of the enemy's works, they were greeted by a fire of musketry which checked them in their career, and the Americans, leaping from behind the breastwork, sprang into the midst of the enemy, and for ten minutes a bloody conflict raged. Captain McLeod was killed at the very first attack; and the second in command, Captain John Slocum, fell mortally wounded. At this moment an American detachment gained the rear of the Highlanders, and assailed them so fiercely that they were put to rout and dispersed, and many were made prisoners. The royalists lost 70 killed and wounded. The American loss was trifling; one man killed and one wounded. Soon after the close of the engagement, Captain Moore arrived, and the united forces spent the day in rejoicing over their victory.

MORAT, A.D. 1476.—On the 22d of June, 1476, a bloody battle was fought in the immediate vicinity of Morat, in Swizerland, between the Swiss and the army of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. The invaders were defeated with great loss. Byron thus celebrates this victory:

> "Morat! the proud, the patriot field, where man
> May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
> Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain,
> Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
> A bony heap through ages to remain,
> Themselves their monument."—*Childe Harold.*

The losses of the Burgundians were enormous; 15,000 soldiers, it is said, were left on the field, exclusive of those who were

drowned in their flight, in the lake of Morat. The bones of the slain were afterward collected in memory of the battle, in a square building called the ossuary. This strange monument stood three hundred years, when, in 1798, it was destroyed by the Burgundian soldiers in the French army. But though nothing could surpass the courage and devotion exhibited by the Swiss at Morat, it is evident that the defeat of Charles on this occasion was owing quite as much to his rashness and folly as to the bravery of his enemies. The principal strength of the duke's army consisted in his cavalry; and yet he chose for his field of action a ground so rugged and broken that they could not operate.

MORELLA, A.D. 1838.—Morella, in Spain, in 1838, was taken by surprise by the troops of Cabrera, during a violent snow-storm; and in 1840 it was recaptured by Espartero, after a very gallant resistance.

MORGARTEN, A.D. 1315.—On the 15th of November, 1315, a battle took place on Morgarten, a mountain of Switzerland, between the Swiss and the Austrians. The Austrian army consisted of 20,000 men, and was commanded by the Archduke Leopold; the Swiss army numbered only 1,300 men, yet this gallant little band attacked the Austrians with such vigor that the troops of Leopold were defeated and put to flight. This was the first battle fought for Swiss independence. In 1798 a French force was also defeated at this place by the Swiss.

MOSCOW, A. D. 1812.—Moscow in Russia is one of the largest cities of Europe. It was taken by Tamerlane in 1382, and afterward fell into the hands of the Tartars, whose last attack upon it was in 1571, when they set it on fire.

The disasters of Napoleon's campaign in Russia have been portrayed by French writers, who were eye-witnesses of this signal defeat of the once favored child of fortune. With an immense army Napoleon entered the Russian territory in June, 1812. The battle of Borodino was fought on the 7th of September; on the 9th of September Moscow was burned, and on the 6th of November commenced the horrors of that retreat which were so awfully increased by the bloody passage of the Beresina. The following account of the burning of Moscow, and of the retreat, is taken from the narrative of Segur, who was an eye-witness of the one, and a participant in the other:

At day-break our corps left the village, where it had encamped, and marched upon Moscow. As we drew near the city, we observed that it had no walls, and that a simple parapet of earth was the only work which formed the outer inclosure. We had hitherto seen nothing to indicate that the capital was inhabited, and the road by which we arrived was so deserted that we did not see a single Muscovite, nor even a French soldier. No noise, no cry, was heard amid this imposing solitude; anxiety alone guided our footsteps, which was redoubled when we perceived a column of thick smoke arising from the center of the city. At first we imagined that it only proceeded from some magazines, to which the Russians, as usual, had set fire in their retreat. Eager to know the cause of this conflagration, we sought in vain for some one who could tranquillize our restless curiosity; but the impossibility of satisfying it redoubled our impatience and increased our alarm.

In conformity with the desolating plan of the campaign, the ruin of the ancient capital of the czars had been determined. The criminals confined in the different prisons received their liberty on condition of setting fire to the city, as soon as it should be in the possession of the French army. In order to insure its destruction, the engines, and every means by which the fire might have been extinguished, were removed or destroyed. The exchange was the first building that fell a prey to the flames. The stores contained an immense quantity of the most valuable commodities of Europe and Asia; the cellars were filled with sugar, oils, and resin, which burned with great fury. The French endeavored to check the progress of the devouring element, but they soon discovered that their efforts were useless. The fire breaking out in different quarters of the city, and increased by a high wind, spread with dreadful rapidity. So great a calamity impressed even the most hardened minds with the presentiment that the wrath of divine justice would one day fall on the first authors of this frightful devastation.

A great part of the population had concealed themselves in their houses, from the terror caused by our arrival, but they left them as the flames reached their asylums. Fear had rendered their grief dumb, and as they tremblingly quitted their retreats, they carried off their most valuable effects, while those who were possessed of more sensibility, actuated by natural feelings, sought only to save the lives of the parents or the children. On one side we saw a son carrying a sick father; on the other, women who poured the torrent of their tears on the infants whom they clasped in their arms. They were followed by the rest of their children, who, fearful of being lost, ran crying after their mothers. Old men, overwhelmed more by grief than by the weight of years, were seldom able to follow their families; many of them, weeping for the ruin of the country, lay down to die near the houses where they

were born. The streets, the public squares, and especially the churches, were crowded with these unhappy persons, who mourned as they lay on the remains of their property, but showed no signs of despair. The victors and the vanquished were become equally brutish; the former by excess of fortune, the other by excess of misery.

The hospitals, containing more that 12,000 wounded, began to burn. The heart, frozen with horror, recoils at the fatal disaster which ensued. Almost all these wretched victims perished. The few who were still living were seen crawling half burned, under the smoking ashes, or groaning under the heaps of dead bodies, making ineffectual efforts to extricate themselves.

It is impossible to depict the confusion and tumult that ensued when the whole of this immense city was given up to pillage. Soldiers, sutlers, galley-slaves, and prostitutes ran through the streets, penetrated the deserted palaces, and carried off every thing that could gratify their insatiable desires.

Dismayed by so many calamities, I had hoped that the shades of night would vail the dreadful scene; but darkness, on the contrary, rendered the conflagration more terrible. The flames, which extended from north to south, burst forth with greater violence, and agitated by the wind, seemed to reach the sky. Clouds of smoke marked the track of the rockets that were hurled by the incendiary criminals from the tops of the steeples, and which at a distance resembled falling stars. But nothing was so terrific as the dread that reigned in every mind, and which was heightened in the dead of the night by the shrieks of the unfortunate creatures who were massacred, or by the cries of young females, who fled for refuge to the palpitating bosoms of their mothers, and whose ineffectual struggles only served to inflame the passions of their violators. To these heart-piercing groans were added the howlings of the dogs that were chained to the gates of the palaces, according to the custom of Moscow, and were unable to escape the flames that enveloped them.

Many of our soldiers fell victims to their own rapacity, which induced them, heedless of the extreme risk, to brave every danger; excited by the love of plunder, they rushed into the midst of the fire and smoke; they waded in blood, trampling on the dead bodies, while the ruins and pieces of burning wood fell upon their murderous hands. Perhaps all would have perished had not the insupportable heat at length compelled them to take refuge in their camp.

On the 6th of November the sky declared itself. Its azure disappeared. The army marched enveloped in cold vapors, which soon thickened into a vast cloud, and descended in large flakes of snow upon us. It seemed as if the sky were coming down and uniting with this hostile land and people to complete our ruin. All things are indistinguishable; while the soldier struggles to force his way through the drifting whirlwind, the driven snow fills up all hollows, and its surface conceals unknown depths which yawn under our feet. The men are swallowed by them, and the weakest, resigning themselves to fate, there find a grave. Those who follow turn aside, but the storm dashes in their faces the snow from heaven and the drift from the earth, and seems to oppose itself rancorously to their march. The Russian winter, under this new form, attacks them from all sides; it pierces their thin dress and torn shoes. Their wet clothes freeze on them, a sharp and strong wind impedes their breath, which at the instant of expiration forms round the mouth icicles depending from the beard. The wretches, shivering, still draw themselves on, till the snow which clogs their feet, or some chance obstacle, causes them to stumble and fall. There they groan in vain; the snow soon covers them; slight elevations alone distinguish them; behold their graves! Everywhere the road is strewn with these undulations like a burial-ground; the most fearless, the most unfeeling are moved, and turn aside their eyes as they pass in haste. But before, around, every thing is snow—the sight is lost in this immense and sad uniformity; the imagination is astounded; it is like a huge winding-sheet, with which nature envelopes the army, The only objects which appear from out it, are sombre pines, trees of the tombs, with their funereal verdure, and the gigantic fixedness of their black trunks, and their deep gloom, completes this desolate aspect of a general mourning, and of an army dying amid the decease of nature. * * * Then comes the night, a night of sixteen hours! But on that snow which covers all things, one knows not where to stop, where to rest, where to find roots for food, or dry wood for firing. However, fatigue, darkness, and repeated orders stop those whom their own physical and moral force, and the efforts of their officers have retained together. They seek to establish themselves; but the ever active storm scatters the first preparations for a bivouac. The pines, laden with hoar frost resist the flames; and the snow upon them, mixed with that which falls continually from the sky, and that lying on the earth, which melt with the efforts of the soldier, and the first effect of the fires, extinguishes those fires and the strength and courage of the men.

When the flame at length is raised, offi-

cers and soldiers prepare around it their sad meal, composed of lean and bloody fragments of flesh, torn from worn-out horses, and, for a very few, some spoonfuls of rye flour diluted with snow-water. The next day soldiers, laid stone-dead in circles, mark the bivouac, and the ground about them is strewed with the bodies of many thousand horses.

From this day, men began to reckon less upon each other. In this army, lively, susceptible of all impressions, and inclined to speculate from its advanced civilization, disorder soon gained footing, discouragement and insubornination spread rapidly, the imagination wandering without bounds in evil as well as good. Henceforward at every bivouac, at every difficult passage, some portion of the yet organized troops detached itself, and fell into disorder. Yet there were some who resisted this mighty contagion; they were the officers, subalterns, and seasoned soldiers. These were extraordinary men; they encouraged themselves by repeating the name of Smolensk, which they felt they were approaching, and where every thing had been promised to them.

Thus since this deluge of snow, and the redoubled cold which it announced, all, officers and soldiers alike, preserved or lost their strength of mind, according to their age, their character or temperament. He of our chiefs, whom till then we had seen the strictest in maintaining discipline, now found himself no longer in his element. Thrown out of all his fixed ideas of regularity, and method, he was reduced to despair by so universal a disorder, and judging sooner than others that all was lost, he felt himself ready to abandon all.

The Russians upon the evacuation of Moscow by the French army, re-entered the city. It has been since rebuilt.

MOTYA, B.C. 404.—In the year 412, B.C. Dionysius the tyrant, made a treaty of peace with the Carthaginians, with no other object than to make the necessary preparations for the war which he meditated against them. He turned all Syracuse, as it were, into a common workshop. In all parts of the city men were to be seen making swords, helmets, shields, and military engines, and the enormous ship-yards were active with carpenters busily engaged in building vessels for the fleet. In the year 404, B.C., after all things were ready, Dionysius opened the campaign with the siege of Motya, a city in Sicily which the Carthaginians occupied as a magazine. The Syracusans advanced upon the city with huge battering-rams, and with towers six stories high. Each story of these towers was crowded with armed men, who discharged furious volleys of arrows, and stones from catapults, upon the inhabitants of the city. At length after a long and desperate resistance, the city was taken by storm, and its inhabitants put to the sword, except those who took refuge in the sanctuary. The city was then plundered by the soldiers, and Dionysius, after strongly garrisoning it, left it to the governship of one whom he could trust, and returned to Syracuse. In the following year the Carthaginians under command of Imilcon re-took Motya by force of arms.

MOUNT TABOR, A.D. 1799.—On the 9th of April, Kleber, at the head of a division of the French army, resolved to make an attack on the Turkish camp at Tabor, in Egypt. His intention was to take them by surprise, but his design was anticipated by the enemy, and they advanced to meet him with 15,000 horse, and as many infantry, as far as the village of Fouri. Kleber instantly formed his little army in squares, with the artillery at the angles, and he had hardly done this, when the immense number of the Turks came thundering down, threatening to trample the handful of French under their horses' feet. The steady aim and the rolling fire of the French brought down the foremost of the assailants, and a rampart was soon formed of dead bodies of men and horses, behind which they fought bravely for six hours, until Napoleon arrived with a fresh division, on the height which overlooked the field of battle, and among the multitudes with which the field was covered, distinguished his troops by the regularity of the fire which came from the ranks, forming steady flaming spots amid the moving mass by which they were surrounded. His plans were formed in a moment.

General Letourcq was dispatched with the cavalry and two pieces of light artillery, against the Mamelukes who were in reserve at the foot of the mountain of Naplouse, while the division of Bon, divided into two squares, advanced to the attack of the flank and the rear of the large force which was surrounding Kleber's division; and Napoleon, with the cannon and guides, pressed them in front. A twelve-pounder was fired from the heights, to convey the intelligence that relief was at hand; and Kleber, resuming the offensive, extended his ranks, and charged the mass that had so long annoyed him, with the bayonet. The immense superiority of European discipline was then apparent; the Turks, attacked in so many quarters at once, and exposed to a concentric fire from all the squares, were unable to make any resistance; no measures to stop the enemy or secure a retreat were taken, and the confused troops, mowed down by the discharges of grape-shot, fled in great disorder behind Mount Tabor;

and finding the Bridge of Jacob occupied by Murat, rushed in desperation, in the night, through the river Jordan, and many were drowned. This great victory gained by 6,000 veterans over a brave but undisciplined mass of 30,000 oriental militia, completely secured the flank and rear of Napoleon's army. The defeat was complete; the Turkish camp, with all their baggage and ammunition, had fallen into the hands of the victorious army, and the Mamelukes were dispersed, never again to return.

MOWBRAY, A.D. 1644.—In 1644, during the civil war, a battle occurred at Melton Mowbray, in England, between the royalists and the troops of parliament, in which the latter, after a bloody action, were signally defeated.

MOXACAR, A.D. 1488.—This place, a city of Spain, was captured from the Moors by the army of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1488.

MUNDA, B.C. 45.—Munda is the ancient name of a town of Spain 28 miles west of Malaga.

In the month of March in the year 45 B.C., the armies of Cæsar and Pompey were drawn up in hostile array in the plain of Munda, about five miles from each other. The army of Pompey was composed of natives of Spain, Roman citizens, and many veterans of the Roman legion. They were all filled with the courage of men who expected no mercy from a victorious army, and awaited Cæsar's approach with a firm countenance. At the first onset the troops of Cæsar were routed and put to flight. In this extremity that general ran into the ranks of his own men crying "You are *giving me up to boys!*" and wresting a sword and shield from a soldier, and saying that here he should end his life and services, he took a place in the ranks as a common soldier. His men animated by these words and the undaunted bearing of their general returned to the fight with such impetuosity that the enemy were put to flight with fearful slaughter: 30,000 fell on the field and in the flight. Among them were 3,000 Roman citizens of high condition, with Sabienus and Accius Varus at their head. Seventeen officers of rank were taken, with thirteen Roman eagles. Cæsar lost 1,000 men killed, and 500 men wounded.

MUOLTA, A.D. 1799.—The village of Muolta stands in the valley of Muoltan in Switzerland, in which in 1799 a bloody battle was fought between the French army, under Massena, Mortier, and Lecourbe, and the Russians under Suwarrow. The Russians were nearly surrounded by their enemies; but by a master-stroke on the part of their general they cut their way through, and succeeded in effecting a retreat in good order.

MYCALE, B.C. 479.—On the same day that the Greeks won the battle of Platæa, their naval forces obtained a memorable victory in Asia over the Persian fleet. The Persians had retreated with their fleet to Mycale, a promontory of the continent of Asia, where their land army consisting of 100,000 men, who were the remainder of those that Xerles had carried back from Greece the year before, was encamped. Here they drew their vessels ashore, which was a common practice among the ancients, and surrounded them with a strong rampart. The Grecians followed them to the very place, and with the help of the Ionians defeated their land army, forced their rampart, and burned all their vessels.

MYLÆ.—In the year 259 before Christ, the Roman and Carthaginian fleet met near the coast of Mylæ and prepared for an engagement. As the Roman galleys, by their being clumsily and hastily built, were neither nimble nor easy to work, this inconvenience was supplied by a machine invented for the purpose, and afterwards known by the name of Corvus (*crow* or *crane*), by the help of which they grappled the enemy's ships, boarded them and immediately came to close engagement. The signal for fighting was given. The Roman fleet consisted of 100 galleys of five benches of oars, and twenty of three benches, while the Carthaginian fleet consisted of 130 ships of war, under the command of Hannibal, who was on board a large galley of seven benches of oars. The Carthaginians boldly advanced toward the enemy, little thinking that they should meet with resistance. They were surprised that their first appearance did not cause the enemy to fly, but their astonishment was increased when they saw men stationed at the prow of each Roman galley, waiting for an opportunity of casting the corvuses. As soon as the Carthaginian vessels had arrived at a proper distance, the grappling-hooks were thrown upon them, and in spite of all resistance the vessels were drawn together. Now the Romans leaped into the enemy's vessels, and engaged them in a close hand-to-hand engagement. The Carthaginians were unable to sustain the attack of the Romans, and a terrible slaughter ensued. The Carthaginians lost eighty ships, among which was the admiral's galley. Hannibal, however, barely escaped in a small boat.

NAMUR, A.D. 1692.—Namur, in Belgium, like other cities in the Low Countries, has frequently suffered from the ravages of war. In modern times it has sustained several sieges worthy of mention. In 1692 it was taken by the troops of Louis XIV. of France; in 1695 it was re-taken by the English and Dutch, under William III., and in 1701 and 1746 it was again taken by the French. In 1792 it was again taken by the French, who were compelled to evacuate it the following year, but they regained possession of it in 1794. In 1814, however, they delivered it up to the allies. The siege of 1692 is the subject of Boileau's famous ode, "*Sur la Prise de Namur.*"

NANTES, A.D. 445.—The celebrated city of Nantes, in France, has sustained two memorable sieges. In 445 it was besieged by the Huns; but it was so gallantly defended that after a siege of sixty days, the Huns were obliged to withdraw with great loss. In the middle of the ninth century it was taken and sacked by the Normans.

NANCY, A.D. 1475.—Nancy, in France, has sustained several sieges. In 1475 it was besieged and taken by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. On the 6th of October, 1476, Nancy surrendered to the army of the Duke of Lorraine, and Charles at the first information of this event, marched to take the city from its new captors. The Count of Campo-Basso was intrusted with the first attack; but this officer proved a traitor, and protracted the siege, so that Rene, with 20,000 French troops had time to come up. On the approach of this army the count deserted, leaving Charles an army of only 4,000 men. On the 5th or 6th of Jan., 1477, (historians differ respecting the day) the two armies met; the shock was terrible; the wing of the Burgundian army was pierced, and the French attacked the center with the utmost impetuosity. As Charles was fastening on his helmet, the golden lion which served as a crest, dropped to the ground, and in surprise he exclaimed: "Ecce magnum Signum Dei!" The Burgundians soon fell back in disorder before the repeated and furious attacks of the enemy, and Charles was carried along with the fugitives until his horse fell, and he was precipitated into a ditch, where he was slain by the thrust of a lance. His head, covered with blood and filth, was not found until the third day after the battle. It was so much disfigured, that it was not recognized. The body at length, however, was recognized by the length of his hair and nails, which he had allowed to grow since his defeat by the Swiss at Morat, as well as by the scar of a sword-cut which he had received in another battle. In 1634, Nancy was taken by the troops of Louis XIII.

NAPLES.—First Siege, A.D. 537.—Belisarius besieged Naples. That city, admirably situated, was defended by good ramparts and a numerous garrison. Its inhabitants had resolved to perish rather than surrender, and for twenty days all the assaults of the Roman general were in vain. He was about to abandon the enterprise, when a happy chance offered him the success he had ceased to hope for. An Isaurian soldier was curious to see the structure of an aqueduct which Belisarius had caused to be cut off at a considerable distance from the city, and there found a rock pierced with a channel large enough to allow water to flow through it, but not sufficiently wide to enable a man to pass. He thought that by enlarging this channel it would be possible to gain entrance into the city, and hastened to inform his general of the discovery. Belisarius secretly charged some Isaurians with the task, which they performed in a few hours, making a passage for an armed man. Belisarius, with his usual humanity, anxious to save life, had an interview with one of the principal citizens, and in vain endeavored to persuade him to escape the cruelty of the soldiery by a surrender. Reduced to employ force, the Roman general selected that evening a body of four hundred men, completely armed, and as soon as it was dark led them, each being provided with a lantern, toward the aqueduct. They were preceded by two trumpets, which were to be sounded as soon as they were in the place. Belisarius ordered the ladders to be ready for an escalade at the same time, all the troops being under arms. When the detachment had entered the aqueduct, the greater part of them were seized with a panic, and retraced their steps, in spite of the efforts of their conductors to urge them on. Belisarius had them replaced by 200 of the bravest men of his army, when the others, ashamed of their cowardice, followed close upon their heels. The aqueduct, covered by a brick vault, penetrated far into the city; and the soldiers, without knowing it, were already beneath the streets of Naples, when they arrived at the mouth of the channel, in a basin, whose sides were high, and impracticable to armed men. Their embarrassment was extreme; more continued coming, and there was not sufficient room for them in so small a place. One of the soldiers, more active and bold than the rest, took off his arms, climbed to the top, and found him-

self in the miserable ruins of an old building, inhabitated by an old woman: he threatened to kill her if she opened her mouth. He then threw a cord down, the end of which he fastened to an old olive-tree, and by this species of ladder the band of soldiers gained the top of the basin two hours before day. They advanced toward the wall on the northern side, surprised the guards of two towers, and put them to the sword. Masters of this part of the wall, they gave the signal agreed upon with the trumpets, and Belisarius immediately had the ladders planted. They were found to be too short; but he ordered two to be tied together, and by that means reached the parapets. The Romans spread themselves through the city, where they met with little resistance. The soldiers gave themselves up to blind indiscriminate cruelty. Belisarius succeeded at length in putting a stop to this frightful course, by threatening some, and entreating others. After having abandoned the booty to them as a recompense for their valor, he re-established quiet in the city, and caused children to be restored to their parents, and wives to their husbands.

Second Siege, a.d. 543.—Totila laid siege to Naples. To intimidate the garrison, the King of the Goths caused Demetrius, the Roman general, taken prisoner in a convoy, to be led close to the walls, loaded with chains and a cord about his neck, and compelled him to cry aloud to the besieged, that the emperor was not in a condition to send them any succors. This speech, but still more the famine which raged in the city, induced the Neapalitans to surrender.

Third Siege, a.d. 818.—Sicon, the Prince of Beneventum, declared war against the Neapalitans, and after a long siege, reduced them to the rank of tributaries.

Fourth Siege, a.d. 1253.—Naples had yielded itself up to the Pope, upon which, the Emperor Conrad laid siege to it, and shortly brought it back to a sense of its duty.

Fifth Siege, a.d. 1381.—Pope Urban VI. having excommunicated Joan, the first Queen of Naples, intrusted the execution of the sentence to Charles de Duras, whom that queen, a few years before, had declared her legitimate heir. The prince appeared at the gates of Naples, in which city he had many partisans. A great number of the inhabitants came over the walls to bring refreshments to his troops, by whom he learned that the city was divided into three factions, the most powerful of which demanded him for king. Two Neapolitan knights serving in Charles's army, took a novel means of obtaining entrance to a besieged city. It had always been deemed that the sea formed a sufficient defense at what was called the Gate Conciara, and it was neither closed nor guarded. The knights, under the guidance of some deserters, swam close under the ramparts, and entered the open gate without obstruction. They then advanced into the market-place, crying aloud, "Long live Charles Duras and Pope Urban!" Followed by the populace, they opened the market gate, and admitted Charles and his army. The next day he laid siege to the castle, in which the queen had taken refuge. Joan, reduced to the last extremity by famine, having no vessel in which to escape, and no resource but in her husband, Otho of Brunswick, who was made prisoner by Charles, was obliged to surrender.

Sixth Siege, a.d. 1442.—Alphonso, King of Arragon, the implacable enemy of René of Anjou, who was a kind of titular king of Naples, laid siege to the capital of that country. This René is a character somewhat associated with English historica recollections, being the father of Margaret of Anjou, one of the most remarkable of their queens. Alphonso was pressing the siege warmly, when a mason, named Anello, informed him that he was acquainted with an aqueduct by which it would be possible to penetrate to a house close to the gate of Capua; and if a number of soldiers and officers were introduced into that house, they could easily render themselves masters of that gate. The king determined to make the attempt, and appointed two companies of infantry for the service. Anello, stimulated by the hope of a great reward, placed himself at their head, and conducted them to the *regard* (opening) of the aqueduct, more than a mile from the city. They proceeded in single files, with large lanterns, and armed with crossbows and partisans. Whilst Alphonso drew nearer to the walls to watch the event of this expedition, Anello and his troops followed the aqueduct till it brought them to the house of a tailor, near the gate of St. Sophia, where they issued, by means of a dry well, to the number of forty. Not daring to force the guard, they were compelled to terrify the wife and daughter of the owner of the house, in order to keep them quiet. While they were so engaged, the tailor came home, and, surprised at seeing his house filled with soldiers, he turned sharply round and ran out, exclaiming, "The enemies are in the city!" The forty adventurers then, judging they could no longer hesitate, attacked the guard of the gate of St. Sophia; but they met with such resistance, that René had time to come up, when he killed part of them and forced the rest to retreat. Alphonso, not seeing the signal agreed upon, imagined that the enterprise had failed, and was returning to his camp, when he heard the noise of a conflict carried on in the

city, and retraced his steps toward the walls. René had reinforced the guard and placed the gate of St. Sophia in safety; but 300 Genoese charged with the defense of that of St. Januarius, abandoned their post the moment they heard the enemy was in the city. A gentleman named Marino Spezzicaso, a partisan of the house of Arragon, threw down several cords from the walls, by means of which, Pierre de Cardonna, general of the army of Alphonso, climbed up the walls, and was soon followed by a great number of his bravest men. While he was traversing the streets, shouting the war-cry of Arragon, he met an officer named Brancazzo, going on horseback to join King René. He stopped him, made him prisoner, took from him his horse, and mounting it, led on a party of Arragonese to attack Remé. That prince, on beholding him, believed that the enemy really had possession of the city, and listening to nothing but the dictates of his courage, he attacked the advancing troop and put them to flight. But they soon rallied and returned to the charge. René, obliged to give way to numbers, opened with his sword a passage for himself to the New Castle. So the King of Arragon made himself master of Naples by means of an aqueduct, as Belisarius had done when he took it from the Goths, ten centuries before. René, being without hope or resources, embarked for Provence, while Alphonso entered Naples in triumph, in imitation of the ancient Romans—in a chariot drawn by four white horses. All paid homage to his good fortune and his valor, and the kingdom of Naples was reunited to that of Sicily, from which it had been separated a hundred and sixty years.

Seventh Siege, A.D. 1503.—Ferdinand, King of Castile and Arragon, having, in contempt of treaties of the most solemn kind, invaded the part of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily that beloged to France, charged his great captain, Gonsalvo, with the siege of the capital of that state. At the approach of the Spaniards, the French, who placed no confidence in the inhabitants, retreated to the fortresses of the Château-neuf and the Œuf. Gonsalvo attacked the first of these, and it made a vigorous resistance. The garrison had resolved to bury themselves under the ruins of the place rather than surrender; and without doubt the Spanish general would have failed in his enterprise if he had only employed ordinary means. But he had in his army a soldier called Peter of Navarre, from the name of his country, who opened the gates and destroyed the ramparts of the castle by the help of a new species of thunder, if we may so term it. This soldier, a very intelligent man, had been, in 1487, with an expedition in which the Genoese employed, but without success, those terrible volcanoes called *mines*. He examined the *fourneau* of one of these mines, and observed that the want of effect in this invention did not arise from any fault in the art, but from that of the workmen, who had not taken their dimensions correctly. He perfected this secret, and communicated it to Gonsalvo, who begged him to put it to the test. Peter of Navarre took his measures so well, that his mine had all the effect he could expect; he then pierced several others, which succeeded with such precision that the New Castle was blown up, and all its defenders were either cut to pieces or buried under the ruins of the walls. The governor of the castle of the Œuf, a brave gentleman from Auvergne named Chavagnac, was not discouraged by the melancholy fate of his compatriots; he was in vain summoned to surrender: he replied that nothing more glorious could happen to him than to die for his master, with his sword in his hand. Peter then commenced some fresh mines, which were sprung with the same terrible consequences as the former: the walls crushed the greater part of the soldiers, and the rest perished in sight of a Genoese fleet which came to their succor.

Eighth Siege, A.D. 1557.—The greatest captains have often been reproached with avoiding engagements. Their firmness in despising the railleries of the multitude and the scoffing opinions of their rivals, have in almost all cases placed the seal upon their reputations. Francis, Duke of Guise, at the head of a French army and some troops furnished by Pope Paul IV., undertook the conquest of Naples. This general, too skillful not to be certain that the expedition could not succeed if it were not begun with some complete advantage, did all in his power to bring the Spaniards to a general action: he offered them so many favorable opportunities, that their officers could not pardon their leader, the Duke of Alva, for neglecting them. The duke called a council of war, in which he said, in an animated yet haughty tone, "I have always prayed God, gentlemen, to inspire my soldiers with a determined firmness and a fiery courage, so that, without fearing or reasoning, they would rush headlong to meet death, and expose themselves to any danger when commanded to do so. But I ask other qualities of officers: much prudence and great phlegm, to moderate the impetuosity of the soldiers—that is the way by which they attain the rank of great captains. I will not conceal from you that I have been displeased with your ardor, because I have thought it immoderate and opposed to reason. To point out to you the occasions on which a great general should give battle, I will tell you it is when his object is to succor a strong place reduced to

extremity, which may form the security of a province; when he knows that the enemy must receive succors which will render them his superior, or even his equal; when, at the beginning of a war, it is desirable to give reputation to his arms, to strengthen the fidelity of wavering subjects, retain allies, and prevent covert enemies from declaring themselves; when fortune, not discontinuing to favor us, our enemies are in such consternation that they dare not stand before us; and, lastly, when, pressed by famine and disease, and hemmed in on all sides, we must either conquer or die.

"A great captain will never hazard a considerable action if he is not sure of drawing great advantages from it, or unless he is forced into it: tell us what the dangers are which surround us, or what fruit our country can derive from the loss of our lives or of our blood? Suppose we are victorious over the Duke of Guise, and the French are cut to pieces, what shall we be the better for it? Is it that the cities of the dominions of the Pope will be united to those of Philip? Is it that the baggage of the French will enrich us? If, on the contrary, the always uncertain fate of arms should prove to be against us, what misfortunes would not our rashness bring upon us? Do not, then, let us trouble ourselves about conquering Guise; he is flying before us. Could a murderous battle procure us any thing more solid or more glorious? We gain a complete victory without shedding a drop of blood. Our name alone serves as a defense and a rampart to all Italy.

"If this manner of making war did not appear to me suited to circumstances, I should remember what I did in Saxony; I would cross the greatest rivers, I would not shrink from wetting my feet with the sea; but while I find victory in the retreat of my enemy, I will remain faithful to my maxims, and will endeavor to combat your audacity and rashness. In a word, I will not risk a kingdom against a cassock of cloth of gold, which is all Guise can lose."

The conjectures of the Spanish general were all verified. The French expedition had the most fatal issue.

It may be said that this speech contains the history of no siege; but Fabius Maximus was no less admirable than Scipio; and he who consumes his enemy in vain enterprises, is not a less able general than he who annihilates him in a battle. Military men will find more instruction in the motives which determined the Duke of Alva not to risk a battle, than they would by the description of a siege.

Since the commencement of the French revolution, Naples has been the scene of several important political events, and has more than once succumbed to the power of the French; but there has been no regular siege. —*Robson.*

NAISSUS.—In the year 269, A.D., a battle was fought between the Romans, under Claudius, and the Goths, in which the former were victorious. The Goths numbered 320,000. Fifty thousand men are reported to have been slain in the battle of Naissus.

NARVA, A.D. 1700.—Narva is a town of European Russia, eighty-one miles southwest of St. Petersburg, and is memorable only on account of the famous battle fought in its vicinity, on the 30th of November, 1700, between Charles XII., King of Sweden, and the army of Peter the Great, Emperor of Muscovy. We can furnish our readers no better account of this battle than that given by Voltaire, in his History of Charles XII.

With an army of 80,000 men, Peter Alexiowitz, Emperor of Muscovy, appeared on the 1st of October, 1700, before the city of Narva, in Ingria. The season at that time of year is more severe in that climate than the month of January in Paris. The czar, who in such weather would sometimes ride post for four hundred leagues, to see a mine or a canal, was not more sparing of his men than of himself. He also knew that the Swedes, ever since the days of Gustavus Adolphus the Great, could make war as well in the depths of winter as in the summer, and he desired to accustom the Russians likewise to forget all changes of seasons, and to render them one day equal to the Swedes. Thus, in a time when frost and snow compel other nations in a more temperate climate to agree to a suspension of arms, the Czar Peter besieged Narva, within thirty degrees of the pole, and Charles XII. advanced to its relief. The czar no sooner arrived before the place than he put into practice what he had learned during his travels. He marked out his camp, fortified it on all sides, raised redoubts at certain distances, and opened the trenches himself. He had given the command of his troops to a German, the Duke de Croi, who was an able general, but who was at that time little assisted by the Russian officers. As for himself, he had no other rank in the army than that of a private lieutenant. He thereby gave an example of military obedience to his nobility, hitherto unacquainted with discipline, and accustomed to march at the head of ill-armed slaves, without experience and without order. There was nothing strange in seeing him who had turned carpenter at Amsterdam, in order to procure himself fleets, serve as lieutenant at Narva, to teach his subjects the art of war.

The Muscovites are strong and indefatiga-

ble, and perhaps as courageous as the Swedes; but it requires time and discipline to render troops warlike and invincible. The only regiments that could be depended upon were commanded by some German officers, but their number was very inconsiderable. The rest were barbarians forced from their forests, and covered with the skins of wild beasts, and others with clubs. Few of them had fusees; none of them had ever seen a regular siege; and there was not one good cannoneer in the whole army. A hundred and fifty cannon, which one would have thought must have soon reduced the little town of Narva to ashes, were hardly able to make a breach, while the artillery of the city mowed down at every discharge whole ranks of the enemy in their trenches. Narva was almost without fortifications; the Baron de Hoorn, who commanded there, had not a thousand regular troops; and yet this immense army could not reduce it in ten weeks.

It was now the 5th of November, when the czar learned that the King of Sweden had crossed the sea with two hundred transports, and was advancing to the relief of Narva. The Swedes were not above 20,000 strong. The czar had no advantage but that of numbers. Far, therefore, from despising his enemy, he employed every art in order to crush him. Not content with 80,000 men, he resolved to oppose to him another army still, and to check his progress at every step. He had already given orders for the march of about 30,000 men, who were advancing from Pleskow with great expedition. He then took a step that would have rendered him contemptible, could a legislator who had performed such great and glorious actions incur that imputation. He left his camp, where his presence was necessary, to go in quest of this new army, which might have arrived well enough without him, and seemed by this conduct to betray his fear of engaging in his intrenchments a young and inexperienced prince who might come to attack him.

Be that as it will, he resolved to shut up Charles XII. between two armies. Nor was this all: a detachment of 30,000 men from the camp before Narva were posted at a league's distance from the city, directly in the King of Sweden's road; 20,000 Strelitz were placed further off, upon the same road; and 5,000 others composed an advanced guard; and he must necessarily force his way through all these troops before he could reach the camp, which was fortified with a rampart and double fossé. The King of Sweden had landed at Pernau, in the Gulf of Riga, with about 16,000 foot, and little more than 4,000 horse. From Pernau he made a flying march to Revel, followed by all his cavalry, and only by 4,000 foot. He always marched in the van of his army, without waiting for the rear. He soon found himself with his 8,000 men only, before the first posts of the enemy. He immediately resolved, without the least hesitation, to attack them, one after another, before they could possibly learn with what a small number they had to engage. The Muscovites, seeing the Swedes come upon them, imagined they had a whole army to encounter. The advanced guard of 5,000 men, posted among rocks, a station where 100 resolute men might have stopped the march of a large army, fled at their first approach. The 20,000 men that lay behind them, perceiving the flight of their fellow-soldiers, took the alarm, and carried their terror and confusion with them into the camp. All the posts were carried in two days; and what upon other occasions would have been reckoned three distinct victories, did not retard the king's march for the space of one hour. He appeared then at last with his 8,000 men, exhausted with the fatigues of so long a march, before a camp of 80,000 Muscovites, defended by 150 pieces of cannon, and scarce allowing his troops any time for rest, he instantly gave orders for the attack. The signal was two fusees, and the word in German, *Mit Gottes Hülfe!* A general officer, having represented to him the greatness of the danger, "What," said he, "do you not think that with my 8,000 brave Swedes I may easily beat 80,000 Russians?" But soon after, fearing that what he had said might savor too much of gasconade, he ran after the officer; "And are not you," said he, "of the same opinion? Have not I a double advantage over the enemy? One, that their cavalry can be of no service to them; the other, that the place being narrow, their number will only incommode them; and thus, in reality, I shall be stronger than they." The officer did not care to differ from him; and thus they marched against the Muscovites, about midday, on the 30th of November, 1700.

As soon as the cannon had made a breach in the intrenchments, the Swedes advanced with screwed bayonets, having a furious shower of snow on their backs, which drove full in the faces of their enemy. The Russians stood the shock for half an hour without flinching. The king made his attack upon the right of the camp where the czar's quarters lay, hoping to come to a renconter with him, as he did not know he had gone in quest of the 40,000 men, who were daily expected to arrive. At the first discharge of the enemy's muskets he received a shot in his neck; but as it was a spent ball, it lodged in the folds of his black neck-cloth, and did

him no harm. His horse was killed under him. M. de Spar told me that the king mounted another horse with great agility, saying, "These fellows make me go through my exercises," and continued to fight and give orders with the same presence of mind. After an engagement of three hours, the intrenchments were forced on all sides. The king pursued the right of the enemy as far as the river Narva, with his left wing; if we may be allowed to call by that name about 4,000 men, who were in pursuit of near 40,000. The bridge broke under the fugitives, and the river was immediately filled with dead carcases. The rest returned to their camp, without knowing whither they went; and finding some barracks, they took post behind them. There they defended themselves for a while, as they were not able to make their escape; but at last their generals Dolgorouky Gollofkin, and Federowitz, surrendered themselves to the king, and laid their arms at his feet; and, while they were presenting them to him, the Duke de Croi came up and surrendered himself with thirty officers.

Charles received all these prisoners of distinction with as much civility and politeness as if he had been paying them the honors of an entertainment in his own court. He detained none but the general officers. All the subalterns and common soldiers were disarmed and conducted to the river Narva, where they were supplied with boats for passing over, and allowed to return to their own country. In the mean time night came on, and the right wing of the Muscovites still continued the fight. The Swedes had not lost above 600 men. Eight thousand Muscovites had been killed in their intrenchments; many were drowned; many had crossed the river; and yet there still remained in the camp a sufficient number to cut off the Swedes to the last man. But the loss of battles is not so much owing to the number of the killed as to the timidity of those who survive. The king employed the small remains of the day in seizing upon the enemy's artillery. He took possession of an advantageous post between the camp and the city, where he slept for a few hours upon the ground, wrapped up in his cloak, intending at daybreak to fall upon the left wing of the enemy, which was not yet entirely routed. But at two o'clock in the morning, General Wade, who commanded that wing, having heard of the gracious reception the king had given to the other generals, and of his having dismissed all the subaltern officers and soldiers, sent a messenger to him, begging he would grant him the same favor; the conqueror replied, that he should have it, provided he would come at the head of his troops, and make them lay their arms and colors at his feet. Soon after the general appeared with his Muscovites, to the number of about 30,000. They marched, both soldiers and officers, with their heads uncovered, through less than 7,000 Swedes. The soldiers, as they passed the king, threw their guns and swords upon the ground, and the officers presented him with their ensigns and colors. He caused the whole of this multitude to be conducted over the river, without detaining a single soldier. Had he kept them, the number of prisoners would at least have been five times greater than that of the conquerors.

After this, he entered victorious into Narva, accompanied by the Duke de Croi, and other general officers of the Muscovites. He ordered their swords to be restored to them all; and, knowing that they wanted money, and that the merchants of Narva would not lend them any, he sent a thousand ducats to the Duke of Croi, and 500 to every Muscovite officer, who could not sufficiently admire the civility of this treatment, of which they were incapable of forming the least conception. An account of this victory was immediately drawn up at Narva, in order to be sent to Stockholm, and to the allies of Sweden: but the king expunged with his own hand every circumstance in the relation that tended too much to his honor, or seemed to reflect upon the czar. His modesty, however, could not hinder them from striking at Stockholm several medals to perpetuate the memory of these events. Among others they struck one which represented the king on one side, standing on a pedestal, to which were chained a Muscovite, a Dane, and a Polander; and on the reverse a Hercules, holding his club, and treading upon a Cerberus, with the inscription: *Tres uno contudit ictu.*

Among the prisoners taken at the battle of Narva, there was one whose fate exhibited a remarkable instance of the great inconstancy of fortune. He was the eldest son and heir of the king of Georgia; his name the czarafis Arteschelou. This title of czarafis, among the Tartars, as well as in Muscovy, signifies prince, or son of the czar; for the word czar, or tzar, signified king among the ancient Scythians, from whom all these people are descended, and is not derived from the Cæsars of Rome, so long unknown to these barbarians. His father Mittelleski, czar, and master of the most beautiful part of the country, lying between the mountains of Ararat and the eastern coasts of the Black Sea, having been expelled from his kingdom by his own subjects, in 1668, had rather chosen to throw himself into the arms of the Emperor of Muscovy, than to apply to the Turks for assistance. His son, a youth of nineteen

years of age, followed Peter the Great in his expedition against the Swedes, and was taken fighting by some Finland soldiers, who had already stripped him, and were upon the point of killing him. Count Renschild rescued him from their hands, supplied him with clothes, and presented him to his master. Charles sent him to Stockholm, where the unfortunate prince died in a few years after. The king, upon seeing him depart, could not help making in the hearing of his officers, a very natural reflection on the strange fate of an Asiatic prince born at the foot of Mount Caucasus, and going to live a prisoner among the snows of Sweden. "It is just," says he, "as if I were one day to be a prisoner among the Crim Tartars." These words made no impression at that time; but, in the sequel, there was but too much occasion to remember them, when the event had proved them to be a prediction.

The czar was advancing by long marches with a body of 40,000 Russians, in full hopes of surrounding his enemy on all sides; but before he had proceeded half way, he received intelligence of the battle of Narva, and of the dispersion of his whole army. He was not so foolish as to think of attacking with his 40,000 raw and undisciplined troops, a conqueror, who had lately defeated 80,000 men in their intrenchments. He returned home with a determined resolution of disciplining his troops, at the same time that he civilized his subjects. "I know," says he, "that the Swedes will beat us for a long time; but, at last, they will teach us to beat them." Moscow, his capital, was in the utmost terror and consternation at the news of this defeat. Such was the pride and ignorance of the people, that they actually imagined they had been conquered by a power more than human, and that the Swedes were so many magicians. This opinion was so general, that public prayers were ordered to be put up to St. Nicholas, the patron of Muscovy, on the occasion. The form of these prayers is too singular to be omitted. It runs thus:

"O thou who art our perpetual comforter in all our adversities, great St. Nicholas, infinitely powerful, by what sin have we offended thee, in our sacrifices, kneelings, bowings, and thanksgivings, that thou hast thus abandoned us? We implored thy assistance against these terrible, insolent, enraged, dreadful, unconquerable destroyers, when like lions and bears robbed of their young, they fell upon, terrified, wounded, and slew by thousands, us who are thy people. As it is impossible that this should have happened without sorcery and witchcraft, we beseech thee, O great St. Nicholas, to be our champion, and standard-bearer, to deliver us from this troop of sorcerers, and to drive them far from our frontiers, with the recompense they deserve."

While the Muscovites were thus complaining of their defeat to St. Nicholas, Charles XII. returned thanks to God, and prepared himself for new victories.

NASEBY, A.D. 1645.—This little town, in Northampton county, England, will be ever memorable in British history for the battle fought near it, on the 14th of June, 1645, between the royalists, under Charles I., and the army of Generals Cromwell and Fairfax. Early in May Charles, with an army of 10,000 men, marched from Oxford, toward Chester, for the purpose of relieving that place, which was closely besieged by the parliamentary forces under Sir Willian Bereton. On the approach of the royalists, the besiegers raised the siege and withdrew; and the king having effected his purpose with regard to Chester, returned southward, and in his way sat down before Leicester, an important place garrisoned by the enemy. Having made a breach in the wall, he stormed the town on all sides; and, after a furious assault, the soldiers entered sword in hand, and committed all those disorders to which their natural violence, especially when inflamed by resistance, is so much addicted. A great booty was taken and distributed among them; 1,500 prisoners fell into the king's hands. This success, which struck a great terror into the parliamentary army, determined Fairfax to abandon Oxford, which he was beginning to approach; and he marched toward the king with an intention of offering him battle. On the evening of the 13th of June, his van overtook the rear of the royalists at Naseby, between Daventry and Harborough. Fairfax and his officers hailed with joy the prospect of a battle. They longed to refute the bitter taunts and sinister predictions of their opponents in the two Houses; to prove that want of experience might be supplied by the union of zeal and talent; and to establish, by a victory over the king, the superiority of the independent over the presbyterian party. Charles, on the contrary, had sufficient reason to decline a combat. His numbers had been diminished by the necessity of leaving a strong detachment in Leicester, and several reinforcements were still on their way to join the royal standard. But in the presence of the round-heads, the cavaliers never listened to the suggestions of prudence. Early in the morning of the 14th of June, the royal army formed in order of battle about a mile south of Harborough. They patiently waited until eight o'clock, the expected charge of the enemy; but Fairfax refused to move from his strong position at Naseby, and the king, yielding to the importunities of his officers, gave the word to ad-

vance. The hostile armies were about equal in point of numbers. The main body of the royalists was commanded by the king in person; the right wing by Prince Rupert; the left by Sir Marmaduke Langdale. Fairfax, seconded by Skippon, placed himself in the main body of the opposite army; Cromwell in the right wing; Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, in the left. The battle was opened by Prince Rupert, who, at the head of his men, charged furiously on the right wing of the enemy; Ireton made a stout resistance, and even after he was run through the thigh with a pike, still maintained the combat till he was taken prisoner, when his troops broke and fled precipitately, and six pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the victors. Prince Rupert, whose boiling ardor prevented him from heeding the lessons of experience, urged the pursuit with his characteristic impetuosity, and as at the battle of Marston Moor, by wandering from the field, suffered the victory to be won by the masterly conduct of Oliver Cromwell. Charles led on the main body of his army, and displayed in this action, all the conduct of a prudent general and all the valor of a stout soldier. Fairfax and Skippon encountered him with the main body of the parliamentary army, and supported that reputation which they had acquired. Skippon being dangerously wounded, was desired by Fairfax to leave the field; but he declared that he would remain there as long as one man maintained his ground. The infantry of the parliament was broken and pressed upon by the troops of the king; till Fairfax, with great presence of mind, brought up the reserve, and renewed the combat. Meanwhile the troops of Cromwell received the charge of the royalists under Sir Marmaduke Langdale. By both the fight was maintained with obstinate valor, but superiority of numbers enabled the former to press on the flanks of the royalists who began to waver, and at last turned their backs and fled. Cromwell prudently checked the pursuit, and leaving three squadrons to watch the fugitives, directed the remainder of his force against the rear of the royal infantry which was engaged with the troops of Fairfax and Skippon. That body of men, only 3,500 in number, had hitherto fought with the most heroic valor: but this unexpected charge broke their spirit; they threw down their arms and entreated quarter. One regiment alone preserved its order unbroken, though twice desperately assailed by Fairfax; and that general, excited by so steady a resistance, ordered Doyley, the captain of his Life Guard, to give them a third charge in front, while he himself attacked them in rear. The regiment was broken, Fairfax, with his own hands, killed an ensign, and having seized the colors, gave them to a soldier to keep for him. The soldier afterward boasting that he had won this trophy, was reproved by Doyley who had seen the action. "Let him retain that honor," said Fairfax, "I have to-day acquired enough beside." Prince Rupert, sensible too late of his error, abandoned the pursuit and joined the king, whose infantry was now totally discomfited. Charles exhorted this body of cavalry not to despair, and cried aloud to them: "One charge more, and we recover the day." But the disadvantages under which they labored were too evident, and they could not be induced to renew the combat. Charles was obliged to quit the field and leave the victory to the enemy. The slain on the side of the parliament exceeded those on the side of the king; they lost 1,000 men; he not over 800. But Fairfax made 500 officers, and 4,000 private men, prisoners; took all the king's artillery and ammunition, and totally dissipated his infantry. The victory was complete and decisive. The king retreated with that body of horse which remained entire, first to Hereford; then to Abergavenny, and remained some time in Wales, in the vain hope of raising a body of infantry in those harassed and exhausted quarters. Fairfax, having first retaken Leicester, which was surrendered upon articles, began to deliberate upon his future enterprises.

NAVAS DE TOLOSO, A.D. 1212.—Near this village in Spain was fought, in 1212, a famous battle between the armies of the kings of Castile, Arragon and Navarre, and the Moorish army under Mahomet Ibn Abdallah, King of Morocco. The Spaniards were aided by over 100,000 foreign crusaders, chiefly French and English. The battle was most terrific; blood flowed in torrents, and the Moors were totally defeated and put to rout. Nearly 200,000 Infidels were slain, while the Christians lost only 725 men.

NAXERA, A.D. 1367. — On the 2d of April, 1367, an obstinate battle was fought between the troops of Peter the Cruel, and those of his brother Henry, at Naxera, a town of Spain, on the Naxerilla.

NAZARETH, A.D. 1799.—See *Acre, St. Jean d'*.

NEERWINDEN, A.D. 1693.—Neerwinden in Belgium, has witnessed two important battles. The first was fought on the 29th of July, 1693, between the army of William III., of England, and the troops of the Marechal de Luxembourg. The battle was fiercely contested; but after an obstinate struggle, victory declared itself against the troops of the English monarch; and added another laurel to the many trophies which Luxembourg had already won.

The second battle of Neerwinden, was

fought on the 18th of March, 1793, between the French and the Austrians. The Austrian army consisted of 39,000 men, of whom 9,000 were cavalry. They occupied a position about two leagues in length near the village of Neerwinden. Their left wing, under the command of the Archduke Charles, was posted across the causeway leading to Tuèlemont; their right, under Clairfait, extended toward Landau, and their center directed by General Colleredo and the Prince of Wirtemberg was drawn up in two lines, in front of the village.

The French army, commanded by General Dumourier, consisted of 35,000 foot and 5,000 horse. It was divided into eight columns; three of which, on the left under General Valence, were to fall upon the Austrian right; two columns under the Duke of Chatres were to force the center, and the three on the right commanded by Miranda were to crush the left. Miranda's troops commenced the attack. In dense columns they advanced toward the left wing of the enemy, and falling upon the troops that were stationed in the villages in front of the army, speedily dislodged them; but the Austrians opening a heavy fire from all points upon the French, the latter were forced to retire with great loss. Meanwhile the troops of the Duke of Chatres, rushing forward to the assault with the utmost vigor, carried the village of Neerwinden in the center of the Austrian army. The Austrians, determined to regain the lost village, assaulted the French so furiously that they were compelled to relinquish the ground they had won. Again they advanced to the assault; again the Austrians were driven back, and again with renewed energy they attacked the French and drove them back. Thus the village was taken and re-taken several times.

At length placing their immense artillery in position, the Austrians opened such a tremendous fire upon the French in the village of Neerwinden, that they were compelled to evacuate finally. Dumourier now formed his line a hundred yards in the rear of the village, and opened a terrific fire of musketry and grape upon that quarter. And now two immense columns of Austrian cuirassiers advanced toward the French line. They were received by volley after volley, and recoiled before the withering tempest of deadly missiles. Again they advanced to the charge: but like a bolt from the bow, a body of French horse in a solid mass, rushed upon them, overwhelming them, and putting them to flight. The Austrians made no further attempts on the right and center; but on the left they were making rapid progress. The French, under Miranda, after occupying the villages, were unable to debouch from the position they had won; for as fast as the heads of their columns presented themselves, they were exposed to the fire of the Austrian artillery, posted on the heights in the rear, and melted away before the iron tempest. Upon this, the Archduke Charles, at the head of two battalions, stormed the village, and the Prince of Coburg, perceiving this to be the important point, fell upon the French columns with a large body of foot and horse. The left wing of the French attacked by superior numbers gradually fell back; and their whole army distracted at this repulse, slowly retired and reoccupied their former position. Thus ended the battle; neither party claiming the victory. The French lost about 3,000 men, killed, wounded, and made prisoners; the Austrians lost nearly the same number.

NEHAWUND, A.D. 638.—Nehawund, a town in Persia, was in 638 the scene of a terrible battle between the Arabs and Persians. The Persians were defeated.

NERO AND ASDRUBAL, B.C. 203.—One unforeseen event ruined all the measures, and blasted all the hopes, of Hannibal with regard to Italy. The Roman consuls, for this year, the eleventh of the second Punic war, were C. Claudius Nero, and M. Livius. The latter had for his province the Cisalpine Gaul, where he was to oppose Asdrubal, Hannibal's brother, who, it was reported, was preparing to pass the Alps. The former commanded in the country of the Britans, and in Lucania, that is, the opposite extremity of Italy, and was there making head against Hannibal. After Asdrubal had crossed the Alps, he dispatched couriers with letters to Hannibal, informing him that he was hastening to join him in Umbria. These letters were intercepted by Nero. In a conjunction of so important a nature as this, Nero thought himself set at liberty to dispense with the established rule, that no general should leave his own province to go into that of another, and at once determined to march and join his colleague, in order that they might charge Asdrubal unexpectedly with their united forces. From his army, which consisted of 42,000 men, he drew out 7,000, the flower of his troops, for his own detachment, leaving the balance to guard his camp, which was advantageously situated and strongly fortified. Nero set out without giving his soldiers the least notice of his design. But when he had advanced so far that he could communicate it to them without danger, he told his soldiers that he was leading them to certain victory; that the bare rumor of their arrival would disconcert all the measures of the Carthaginians, and that the whole honor of the battle would fall to them.

The soldiers, stimulated by his words and by the hope of a speedy and glorious vic-

tory, marched with extraordinary diligence. They joined the army of the other consul in the night. The better to impose upon the enemy, they did not pitch separate camps; but the newly arrived troops encamped with those of Livius. The army of Porcius the prætor was encamped near that of the consul. In the morning the generals held a council of war, and it was decided that the army should immediately march to give battle to the enemy. Asdrubal had felt himself prepared to engage the forces under the command of Livius, which had been sent to contest his entrance into Italy; but when he discovered by several circumstances that fresh troops had arrived, he did not doubt but that they belonged to the other consul, and he feared that his brother had sustained a heavy defeat, and that he had come too late to his assistance. He now caused a signal for retreat to be sounded, and his army began to march in great disorder. Night came on, and his guides deserting him, he was uncertain what way to go. He marched at random along the banks of the river Metaurus, now called Metaro, and was preparing to cross it, when the three armies of the enemy overtook him. He saw that it would be impossible for him to avoid coming to an engagement, and therefore at once prepared for the battle. Choosing an advantageous post, he drew up his army on a narrow spot, by which he gained the opportunity of posting his left wing (the weakest part of his army) in such a manner that it could neither be attacked in front nor charged in flank. He thus gave to his main battle and right wing a greater depth than front. He now placed himself in the center of his army, and knowing that all was at stake, he gave the signal of battle to his soldiers, and charged upon the Roman army which was drawn up in battle array to receive them. The fight that followed was most obstinate and bloody. Asdrubal signalized himself by the most daring personal exploits. He animated his soldiers by voice and example—he cheered on the brave and menaced the cowardly. But the most of his soldiers were dispirited: they trembled when they saw the superior force of the enemy. The carnage committed on their ranks by the Romans was terrible. At length Asdrubal seeing that victory belonged to the Romans, and being unable to survive the loss of so many thousands of his countrymen, rushed at once into the midst of a Roman cohort, and there died in a manner worthy of the son of Hamilcar, and the brother of Hannibal. In this most bloody battle, the Carthaginians lost 55,000 men slain on the field of strife, and 6,000 were taken prisoners. The Romans lost 8,000. They were so weary of slaying, that upon Livius being told that he might very easily cut to pieces a body of the enemy who were flying, he replied: "It is fit that some should survive in order that they may carry the news of this defeat to the Carthaginians." Nero immediately after the battle set out upon his march. He arrived in his camp on the sixth day; Asdrubal's head was thrown into the Carthaginian camp, and it was shown to Hannibal. "All is over," said he, "I shall no longer send triumphant messages to Carthage. In losing Asdrubal I have lost at once all my hope, all my good fortune."—See *Battle of Cannæ.*

NEWARK, A.D. 1643.—Newark stands on a lateral stream of the Trent in Nottingham co., England. It was one of the chief garrisons of the royalists during the civil wars of Charles I. It was besieged by the parliamentary forces in 1643; but both the town and castle were held by the royal army till the 11th of May, 1646, when it was surrendered to the Scotch, by order of the king who was then a prisoner. The castle was then demolished by order of parliament.

NEWBURY, A.D. 1643.—This town stands on the river Kennett, in Berks co., England, 53 miles west of London. The vicinity is remarkable for the two battles fought during the civil wars between the royalists and parliamentary forces, Charles I., commanding the royal army in person. The first was fought on a common called the Wash, on the 20th of September, 1643; the second on the 27th of October in the following year; but neither had any decided results.

NEW LONDON, A.D. 1781.—New London is situated on the west bank of the Thames river, three miles from its mouth, in New London co., Conn.

On the evening of the 5th of September, 1781, a British fleet, consisting of 24 sail, under Captain Beasley, bearing a strong land and marine force, under the general command of Benedict Arnold, the traitor, set sail from the eastern extremity of Long Island, and at daybreak on the following morning appeared off the harbor of New London. The troops were landed in two divisions of about 800 each; the first under Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre, landed on the east or the Groton side of the Thames; and the second, commanded by Arnold himself, on the New London side. The American militia hastened in small bodies to oppose them; but were not of sufficient strength to produce much effect, and the British advanced almost unmolested to the town. The torch was immediately applied, and nearly the whole of the place was laid in ashes. Several vessels were also burned. Meanwhile the American militia were aroused on all sides, and collected in great numbers. Arnold, perceiving his danger, hastily re-

treated to his boats, closely pursued by the enraged inhabitants. The British lost 5 killed and about 20 wounded. The Americans lost 4 killed and 10 or 12 wounded.

Colonel Eyre meanwhile advanced against Fort Griswold, a strong work on the west bank of the Thames, which was garrisoned by about 150 men, under Colonel Ledyard. After a desperate conflict, the assailants forced their way into the fort, which was surrendered unconditionally. Colonel Eyre was mortally wounded in the assault, and Major Montgomery was slain while mounting the parapet. The British lost 187 men killed and wounded. The Americans lost about 12 men killed before the fort was carried. When that was effected, Colonel Ledyard ordered his men to cease firing, and lay down their arms. The gates were opened, and the Tories and Hessians, led on by Major Bromfield, on whom the command had devolved, rushed into the fort. "Who commands this fort?" cried Bromfield. "I did, sir," replied Ledyard, "but you do now;" and he presented his sword to the victor. Bromfield seized the weapon, and murdered Ledyard by running him through the body with the sword he had just surrendered. The victors gave no quarter, but kept up the work of destruction until 70 men were killed, and 35 mortally or dangerously wounded. The victors then plundered the fort and garrison of every thing valuable; and after treating the survivors with every indignity and cruelty which their barbarous natures could invent, they departed, taking away about 40 of the inhabitants prisoners.

NEW ORLEANS, A.D. 1815.—The city of New Orleans is situated on the east bank of the Mississippi river, about 100 miles from its mouth. The city is built around a bend of the river, from which circumstance it has been called the "cresent city."

New Orleans, at the time of the second war with England, contained a population of nearly 30,000 inhabitants. The city had been recently purchased by the Government of the United States from France, and the people were mostly of Spanish and French origin. It was not a military place; but it was a wealthy city, and lured by the anticipations of a rich booty, the Britith resolved to capture it. Accordingly the expedition, which had been defeated at Baltimore, was directed against New Orleans. The city was accessible through the various mouths of the river Mississippi, and also with small vessels through lakes Borgue and Ponchartrain. Jackson, with the American army, was at Mobile, when he received intelligence of the intentions of the enemy, and instantly hastened to the protection of New Orleans, where he arrived on the 2d of December, 1814. The city was a scene of universal alarm and excitement; but by vigorous measures he soon quieted the inhabitants and put the city in a state of comparative security. The English fleet entered lake Borgue, and on the 9th of December, captured a flotilla of American gun-boats, which had been sent to oppose the landing of the troops. The attack on these boats was made by a detachment of 1,200 British seamen and marines, in forty barges, under Captain Lockyer. The American boats, six in number, endeavored to escape from the enemy, but after a hard chase of nearly thirty-six hours, the British flotilla came up with the enemy, and an obstinate conflict ensued. The Americans numbered 200 men, and were commanded by Lieutenant (afterward commodore) Jones. The Americans at length, after inflicting on the enemy a loss of about 300 in killed and wounded, yielded to the superior numbers of their assailants, with a loss of about forty men killed and wounded; and the six gun boats with their crews fell into the hands of the English. The British now were in complete possession of lakes Borgue and Ponchartrain; and on the 23d of December, about 2,400 British troops effected a landing on the levee, about eight miles from New Orleans. This levee is an embankment raised in order to prevent the river from overflowing the island, which is considerably lower than the surface of the water. It is lined on the west side by the river, and on the east by an impassable swamp; and varies in width from a few hundred yards to two or three miles. Jackson no sooner heard of the landing of the British, than he resolved to attack them before they could bring forward their heavy artillery, and the main body of the army. On the same day of the landing of the invaders, he put his column in motion, and arrived by evening within two miles of the enemy. His dispositions for the attack were soon made. He ordered the schooner of war *Caroline*, under the command of Commodore Patterson, to drop down the river after dark, and anchor opposite the British position. Six hundred men, under General Coffee, were ordered to advance along the edge of the swamp, and gain unobserved the rear of the enemy; while Jackson himself with 1,300 troops, was to advance along the levee, and attack the enemy in front. The first gun fired from the *Caroline* was to be the signal for a general attack. The schooner glided quietly down the river, and having gained her position, anchored, and opened a cannonade upon the enemy. Coffee advanced silently, when he was suddenly met by a body of the enemy, which was retiring before the shot of the schooner. A hot con-

flict ensued, and the British, after a desperate struggle, were driven down the levee, behind which they made a stand in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the Americans to dislodge them.

Jackson, meanwhile, advanced in front, and soon came upon the enemy, intrenched behind a deep ditch. A deep fog had arisen since nightfall, and although the moon was out, yet the misty clouds arising from marsh and river soon enveloped all objects in deep obscurity. After repeatedly charging the enemy, and driving them from one ditch to another, Jackson halted. The guns of the *Caroline* had nearly ceased their fire; Coffee's volleys were feeble and few, and Jackson, finding his troops crowded in confusion on the levee in the darkness, concluded to withdraw. The Americans lost in this attack in killed, wounded, and prisoners 240 men, the British about 400. The American general now posted his troops (about 3,000 in number) behind a deep ditch which stretched across the levee from the river to the swamp, and commenced strengthening his position by every means in his power. The ditch was deepened and widened; and where it entered the marsh, the trees were cut down, thus extending the line further into the swamp. Coffee with his troops, was stationed on this, the left of the American line, General Morgan was detached with a strong body of troops, with orders to take and fortify a position on the west bank of the Mississippi, opposite Jackson's line; and Major Reynolds was dispatched to obstruct and defend the pass of Barotaria—the channel through which the enemy would probably attempt to approach. The Americans labored diligently in strengthening their breastwork. The earth was thrown up still higher on the edge of the ditch, and cotton-bales were added to the work to increase its breadth and depth. The British, meanwhile, were not idle. All hands had been set to deepen a canal in rear of the British position, by which boats with the heavy artillery might be brought up to the Mississippi. A battery was erected opposite the *Caroline*, and on the morning of the 27th of December, was opened on the schooner with shells and red-hot shot. The vessel was soon wrapped in flames; the crew abandoned her, and escaped to the shore, and shortly afterward her magazine exploded with terrific violence.

On the 28th Sir Edward Packenham, the British general, ordered his columns to advance against the American works. The British troops, with their artillery, advanced in excellent order, and having arrived within half a mile of the American line, opened their batteries, sending bomb-shells and Congreve rockets in rapid succession among the Americans; but the latter worked their guns admirably, and their shot told with fearful effect upon the exposed ranks of the enemy, and the sloop of war, *Louisiana*, swinging broadside to the advancing columns, sent forth such destructive volleys upon them that they were obliged to retire with a loss of over one hundred men. The Americans lost seven killed and eight wounded. Among the slain was Colonel Henderson of the Tennessee militia. Until the 1st of January the British occupied their whole time in bringing forward heavier artillery. At length, having completed their arrangements, they resolved on another attack on the enemy's line. Under cover of a dense fog the British column advanced to the attack; but the muffled tread of the soldiers aroused the Americans, and every man was ready. The sun at length partially dispersed the fog, and the British having advanced their batteries within six hundred yards of the American line, opened them with the utmost vigor. The Americans replied with equal spirit, and the cannonade was maintained on both sides till noon, when the British ceased their fire and withdrew to their camp. The British suspended hostilities for a week. Meanwhile Jackson was reinforced by nearly three thousand Kentuckians; so that his army now consisted of almost six thousand men. At length the British general resolved on an attack on the American works with his entire army, which now consisted of more than twelve thousand men. At this time the Americans were drawn up as follows: Coffee with his troops was posted in the swamp, on the left; the center was composed of the Tennesseeans, under Carroll; and Jackson, with the regulars, occupied the right, resting on the river. The Kentuckians were posted behind Carroll; and on the opposite bank of the river, General Morgan, with his detachment, occupied a strongly fortified position. The British general's plan of attack was as follows: A detachment under Colonel Thornton was to cross the river in the night to attack Morgan, and if successful, to advance up the west bank of the Mississippi, till he came opposite the city of New Orleans. The main attack on the breast-work in front was to be made in two columns, the first under General Gibbs, the second under General Keane. Under cover of the night the British erected heavy batteries within eight hundred yards of the American works.

Morning came; it was the Sabbath. A thick fog enveloped both armies; but the rising sun soon lifted the misty curtain, and disclosed to the eyes of the Americans the preparations of the enemy. Every American was at his post, awaiting in deep silence the approach of the enemy. The rising of the

fog was the signal of battle, and instantly every gun of the British battery opened its grim mouth, and vomited forth flame and smoke. The iron tempest swept madly across the plain, and plunged into the American works. The thunders of the artillery shook the ground and aroused the people of New Orleans from their slumbers. Two fiery rockets, the one from the shore, the other from the edge of the swamp, gave the signal for the attack, and two deep columns, each nearly five thousand strong, advanced toward the American line. The first was directed against the center, the second against the left of the American line. The Americans greeted the approach of the enemy with three loud cheers, and then all was silent save the measured tread and clanking weapons of the advancing columns. The levee at this point was contracted to four hundred yards in width, and as the British troops crowded over this causeway the Americans opened a concentrated fire of all their batteries upon the moving wall of crimson. The murderous tempest swept through the mass of flesh, making frightful gaps in its passage, and covering the earth with dead and wounded. But on, on, through the terrific storm the British pressed, closing up their ranks with admirable coolness. As they neared the ditch the columns swiftly deployed, and under cover of a tremendous fire from the batteries, rushed to the assault. The American troops had reserved the fire of their musketry; but now the word, "Fire," ran along their line. Instantly the breast-work was illumined with a vivid sheet of flame, and a hurricane of bullets rushed into the bosoms of the assailants, scattering them to the earth like seed from the sower's hand. But amid the blaze of musketry, the leaden sleet, the thunders of cannon, the fiery tempest of shells and rockets, and the whirling storm of grape and round-shot, came loud and distinct over the roar of battle, the orders of command, and the assailants recovering from their momentary confusion again advanced. But falling like leaves in autumn, the British troops again wavered. Their officers urged them forward. They nobly obeyed, but unable to breast the fiery blast, sunk down by hundreds.

Packenham galloped to the front; he urged his horse in the very face of the fire, calling upon his men to falter not. For a moment the gallant Britons moved through the storm; but their brave general sank dead before their eyes, and Generals Gibbs and Keane also falling, the assailants turned and fled in wild confusion, leaving behind them gory evidences of their valor. General Lambert, on whom the command now devolved, vainly endeavored to rally the fugitives; they fled madly to a ditch, where, safe from the fire of the enemy, they halted. Lambert at length succeeded in reviving the hopes of his troops, and strengthened by a reserve, the British columns again advanced to the attack. They entered the fearful tempest; they took the enemy's fire into their very bosoms, but sank beneath it in bloody heaps. Again they halted; they wavered, turned, and fled in wild despair. Lambert saw that it was impossible to carry the enemy's works, and wishing to spare the lives of his soldiers, withdrew his army.

Meanwhile, Colonel Thornton, with the British division on the west bank of the Mississippi, had been eminently successful; the Americans, under General Morgan, were defeated after a short struggle, and retired from their works, which fell into the possession of the British. This stroke of good fortune on the part of the invaders, might have proved very disastrous to the Americans, but for the fearful slaughter of the British on the opposite shore, for the guns of the captured fort commanded the interior of Jackson's line. But after the overthrow of the main body of the army, Thornton's detachment was withdrawn to the east bank, and the troops at all points returned to their camp. The British were allowed to retreat unmolested; they embarked in their fleet, and set sail for England with all possible speed.

The Americans lost in this battle 7 killed, and 6 wounded, on the east side of the river, and 58 killed and wounded on the west side. The British lost 700 killed, and nearly 1,500 wounded. Among the slain was General Packenham; and Generals Gibbs and Keane were both severely wounded. The battle of New Orleans was the last battle of moment of the second war between the United States and England, commonly known as the war of 1812.

NIAGARA, A. D. 1814.—The Americans rested but two days after the battle of Chippewa, and then crossed the Chippewa river with the determination to pursue the British who had retreated to Burlington Heights, near the head of lake Ontario. On the 25th of July intelligence was received that 1,000 of the enemy's troops had crossed the Niagara river to Lewiston, for the evident purpose of seizing the American magazines at Fort Schlosser, and the supplies on the way to the American camp, from Buffalo. Brown, in order to force them to return, detached Scott with about 1,200 men to threaten the forts at the mouth of Niagara river. Scott had proceeded but two miles when he came in sight of an army of 2,000 men, drawn up in order of battle. The British were under the command of General Riall, and were posted just below the Falls, on a ridge at the

head of Lundy's Lane.* Their left was in the highway, and separated from the main body by an interval of two hundred yards, covered with brushwood, etc. General Drummond had landed a short time before with reinforcements, which were rapidly marching up to the aid of Riall. Scott, however, would not turn his back on the enemy, and gallantly led in person his little army into the fire. His bearing and words inspired confidence, and officers and men forgot the odds that were against them. Major Jessup was ordered to fling himself in the interval between the British center and left, and turn the latter. In the mean time, the enemy discovering that he outflanked the Americans on the left, advanced a battalion to take them in rear. The brave McNeil stopped, with one terrible blow, its progress, though his own battalion was dreadfully shattered by it. Jessup had succeeded in his movement, and having gained the enemy's rear, charged back through his line, captured the commanding general Riall, with his whole staff. When this was told to Scott, he announced it to the army, and three loud cheers rang over the field. The English replied with a destructive discharge from their battery of seven pieces.

It was night now, and a serene moon rose over the scene, but its light struggled in vain to pierce the smoke that contained the combatants. The flashes from the batteries that crowned the heights, and from the infantry below, alone revealed where they were struggling. Scott's regiment were soon all reduced to skeletons—a fourth of the whole brigade had fallen in the unequal conflict. The English battery of twenty-four pounders and howitzers, sent destruction through his ranks. He, however, refused to yield a foot of ground, and heading almost every charge in person, moved with such gay spirits and reckless courage through the deadliest fire that the troops caught the infection. But the British battery, now augmented to nine guns, made frightful havoc in his uncovered brigade. Lawson's few pieces being necessarily placed so much lower, could produce but little effect, while the enemy's twenty-four pounders, loaded with grape, swept the entire field. The 11th and 22d regiments, deprived of their commanders, and destitute of ammunition, were withdrawn, and Leavenworth, with the gallant 9th, was compelled to withstand the whole shock of the battle. With such energy and superior numbers did the British press upon this single regiment, that it appeared amid the darkness to be enveloped in flame. Its destruction seemed inevitable, and in a short time one half of its number lay prostrate on the plain. Leavenworth sent to Scott, informing him of his critical condition. The latter soon came up at a gallop, when Leavenworth, pointing to the bleeding fragment of his regiment, said, "Your rule for retreating is fulfilled," alluding to Scott's maxim that a regiment might retreat when every third man was killed. Scott, however, answered buoyantly, cheered up the men and officers by promising victory, and spurring through a tempest of bullets, animated them by his daring courage and chivalric bravery to still greater efforts. Still, he could not but see his case was getting desperate, and unless aid arrived soon, he must retreat. Only 500 or 600 of the 1,200 he at sunset had led into battle, remained to him. General Brown, however, was hurrying to the rescue. The incessant cannonading convinced him that Scott had a heavy force on his hands; and without awaiting the arrival of a messenger, he directed Ripley to move forward with the second brigade. Meeting Scott's dispatch on the way, he learned how desperate the battle was, and immediately directed Porter with the volunteers to hurry on after Ripley, while he, in advance of all, hastened to the field of action. The constant and heavy explosions of artillery, rising over the roar of the cataract, announced to the excited soldiers the danger of their comrades, and no sooner were they wheeled into marching order than they started on a trot along the road. Lieutenant Riddle, who was off on a scouring expedition in the country paused as he heard the thunder of cannon, and waiting for no dispatch, gave orders to march, and his men moving at the *charge de pas*, soon came with shouts on the field. At length the head of Ripley's column emerged into view, sending joy through those gallant regiments, and a loud huzza rolled along their line. Brown, seeing that Scott's brigade was exhausted, ordered Ripley to form in advance of it. In the mean time, Drummond had arrived on the field with reinforcements, swelling the English army to 4,000 men. At this moment there was a lull in the battle, and both armies prepared for a decisive blow. It was evident the deadly battery on the heights must be carried, or the field be lost, and Brown, turning to Colonel Miller, asked him if he could take it. "*I will try, sir*," was the brief reply of the fearless soldier, as he coolly scanned the frowning heights. Placing himself at the head of the 21st regiment, he prepared to ascend the hill. Major McFarland with the 23d was to support him. Not having arrived on the field of battle till after dark, he was ignorant of the formation of the ground, or the best point from which to commence the ascent. General Scott who had

* The vivid description of the battle which follows, is extracted from J. T. Headley's admirable work, "The Second War with England."

fought over almost every foot of it since sunset, offered to pilot him. Passing by an old church and grave-yard, that showed dimly in the moonlight, he took the column to the proper place, and then returned to his post. In close order and dead silence the two regiments then moved straight for the battery. It was by their heavy muffled tread that General Drummond first detected their approach. But the moment he caught the dark outlines of the swiftly advancing columns, he turned his battery upon them with terrible effect. The 23d staggered under the discharge, but soon rallied and pressed forward. Smitten again it reeled backward down the hill; but the 21st never faltered. "Close up, steady, men!" rung from the lips of their leaders, and taking the loads of grape-shot unshrinkingly into their bosoms, they marched sternly on, their bayonets gleaming red in the fire that rolled in streams down the slope. Every explosion revealed the whole hill and that dark column winding through the flame and smoke up its sides. At length it came within range of musketry, when the carnage became awful; but still on through the sheets of flame, over their dead comrades, this invincible regiment held its stubborn course toward the very vortex of the battle. The English gazed with amazement on its steady advance. No hesitation marked its movement; closing up its ranks after every discharge, it kept on its terrible way, till at last it stood face to face with the murderous battery, and within a few steps of the gunners. A sudden flash, a deafening explosion, and then "close up, steady, charge," rung out from the sulphurous cloud that rolled over the shattered regiment, and the next instant it swept with a thrilling shout over guns, gunners and all. The struggle became at once close and fierce—bayonet crossed bayonet—weapon clashed against weapon; but nothing could resist that determined onset. The British were driven down the hill, and the remnants of that gallant regiment, together with McFarland's which had again rallied, formed between the guns and the foe. Ripley then moved his brigade to the top of the hill, in order to keep what had been so heroically won.

Stung with rage and mortification at this unexpected defeat, Drummond resolved to retake the height and his guns, cost what it might; and soon the tread of his advancing columns was heard ascending the slope. With their uniforms glittering in the bright moonlight the excited troops came on at the charge step, until within twenty yards of the American line, when they halted and delivered their fire. "Charge!" then ran along the line but the order had scarcely pealed on the night air before they were shattered and torn in fragments by the sudden and destructive volley of the Americans. Rallying, however, they returned to the attack, and for twenty minutes the conflict around those guns was indescribably awful and murderous. No sounds of music drowned the death cry; the struggle was too close and fatal. There were only the fierce tramp and the clash of steel, the stifled cry and wavering to and fro of men in a death grapple. At length the British broke and disappeared in the darkness. Major Ripley again formed his line, while Scott who had succeeded in getting a single battalion out of the fragments of his whole brigade was ordered to the top of the hill. In about half an hour the sound of the returning enemy was again heard. Smote by the same fierce fire Drummond with a desperate effort, threw his entire strength on the center of the American line. But there stood the gallant 21st, whose resistless charge had first swept the hill; and where they had conquered they would not yield. Scott in the mean time led his column so as to take the enemy in flank and rear, and but for a sudden volley from a concealed body of the enemy, cutting his command in two, would have finished the battle with a blow. As it was, he charged and charged again with resistless energy, and the disordered ranks of the British for the second time rolled back and were lost in the gloom. Here Scott's last horse fell under him, and he moved on foot amid his battalion. Jessup was also severely wounded, yet there he stood amid the darkness and carnage, cheering on his men. The soldiers vied with the officers in heroic, daring, and patient suffering. Many would call out for muskets as they had none, or for cartridges as theirs were all gone. On every side from pallid lips and prostrate bleeding forms came the reply, "Take mine, and mine, my gun is in good order, and my cartridge-box is full." There was scarcely an officer at this time unwounded, yet, one and all refused to yield the command while they could keep their feet. Jessup's flag was riddled with balls, and as a sergeant waved it amid a storm of bullets, the staff was severed in three pieces in his hand. Turning to his commander, he exclaimed as he took up the fragments, "Look, colonel, how they have cut us?" the next moment a ball passed through his body. But still he kept his feet, and still waved his mutilated standard, until faint with loss of blood he sunk on the field. After being driven the second time down the hill, the enemy for a while ceased their efforts, and sudden silence fell on the two armies, broken only by the groans of the wounded and dying. The scene and the hour combined to render that hill-top a strange and fearful object in the

darkness. On one side lay a wilderness, on the other rolled the cataract, whose solemn anthem could again be heard pealing on through the night. Leaning on their heated guns, that gallant band stood bleeding amid the wreck it had made. It was midnight—the stars look quietly down from the sky—the summer wind swept softly by, and nature was breathing long and peacefully. But all over that hill lay the brave dead, and down its sides in every direction the blood of men was rippling. Nothing but skeletons of regiments remained, yet calm and stern were the words spoken there in the darkness. "*Close up the ranks,*" were the heroic orders that still fell on the shattered battalions, and they closed with the same firm presence, and dauntless hearts as before. It was thought that the British would make no further attempt to recover their guns, but reinforcements having arrived from Fort George, they, after an hour's repose and refreshments, prepared for a final assault. Our troops had all this time stood to their arms, and faint with hunger, thirst and fatigue, seemed unequal to a third conflict against a fresh force. But as they heard the enemy advancing, they forgot their weariness and met the onset firmly as before. But this time the ranks of the enemy did not yield under the fire that smote them, they pressed steadily forward, and delivering their volleys as they advanced, at length stood on the summit of the hill breast to breast with the American line. The conflict now became fearful, and more like the murderous hand-to-hand fights of an old than a modern battle. Battalions on both sides were forced back till the ranks became mingled. Bayonet crossed bayonet, and men lay transfixed side by side. Hindman, whose artillery had been from the first served with surpassing skill, found the enemy amid his guns, across which he was compelled to fight them. The firing gave way to the clash of steel, the blazing hill-top subsided into gloom, out of which the sound of this nocturnal combat arose in strange and wild confusion. Scott, charging like fire at the head of his exhausted battalion received another wound which prostrated him, but his last words to Leavenworth were "*Charge again!* Charge again, Leavenworth," he cried, as they bore him apparently dying from that fierce foughten field. General Brown, supported on his horse, and suffering from a severe wound, was slowly led away. Jessup was bleeding from several wounds; every regimental officer in Scott's brigade was killed or wounded. *Only one soldier out of every four stood up unhurt.*

The annals of war rarely record such a slaughter in a single brigade, but it is rarer still a brigade has such a leader. The ghosts of regiments alone remained, yet before these, the veterans of England were at last compelled to flee, and betake themselves to the darkness for safety. Sullen, mortified, and badly wounded, Drummond was carried from the field, and all further attempts to take the hill were abandoned. The Americans, however, kept watch and ward around the cannon that had cost them so great a sacrifice till near daybreak, when orders were received to retire to the camp. No water could be obtained on the heights, and the troops wanted repose. Through the want of drag-ropes and horses the cannon were left behind. This was a sad drawback to the victory, and Major Ripley should have detailed some men to have taken at least the lightest ones away. Trophies won with the blood of so many brave men were worth more effort than he put forth to secure them. A bloodier battle in proportion to the number engaged, was never fought than this. Nearly 800 Americans, and as many English had fallen on and around that single hill. It was literally loaded with the slain. Seventy-six officers were either killed or wounded out of our army of some 3,000 men, and not a general on either side remained unwounded.

The Americans, after the battle of Niagara, retired to Fort Erie, and set about strengthening its defenses. In the month of August the British advanced to Fort Erie, and commenced a regular siege of that fortification. See *Chippewa* and *Fort Erie.*

NICE, A.D. 1097.—The siege of Nice is only memorable from the fact that this city was the first conquest of the Crusaders in the East. It was taken in the year 1097.

NICOPOLIS, A.D. 1396. — Nicopolis, in Turkey, is memorable for the great battle fought in its vicinity on the 28th of September, 1396, between the Ottoman army, under Bojazet, and the Hungarians and their allies, under King Sigismund. The Hungarians were totally defeated. Their defeat is ascribable as much to the rashness and presumption of the Count de Nevers, and other French officers, as to the bravery of the Turks.

NINEVEH, B.C. 747.—We now turn our eyes upon a city, the name of which will ever be famous on its own account, and from its connection with the Scriptures. And yet the siege of Nineveh furnishes but few particulars for narration: it is, however, a remarkable circumstance, that, according to the best chronologers, Rome was founded the very year that Nineveh was destroyed.

Sardanapalus, King of Assyria, surpassed all his predecessors in effeminacy, luxury, and cowardice. He never went out of his palace, but spent all his time among his women, dressed and painted in the same manner as they were, and employed, in imitation of

JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS.

them, in the labors of the distaff. His whole glory consisted in his treasures, and all his time was devoted to the indulgence of infamous and criminal pleasures.

Arbaces, governor of Media, having found means to get into his palace and behold Sardanapalus in the midst of his infamous seraglio, was so disgusted with the idea that so many brave men should be subject to such an effeminate being, that he immediately formed a conspiracy against him. Belesis, governor of Babylon, and several others entered into it. On the rumor of this revolt, the king hid himself in the innermost recesses of his palace. Being afterward obliged to take the field with some forces his captains had got together, he at first gained three successive victories over the enemy, but was in the end overcome and pursued to the gates of Nineveh. He here shut himself up, convinced that the rebels would never be able to take a city so wonderfully fortified by nature and art, and so abundantly stored with provisions. The siege proved of very great length. It has been declared by an ancient oracle, that Nineveh could never be taken unless the river became an enemy to the city. This buoyed up Sardanapalus, because he looked upon the thing as impossible. But when he saw that the Tigris by a violent inundation had thrown down twenty stadia of the city wall, and by that means opened a passage to the enemy, he understood the meaning of the oracle, and looked upon himself as lost. He resolved, however, to die in such a manner as, in his opinion, would cover the infamy of his scandalous life. He ordered a vast pile of wood to be collected in his palace, and setting fire to it, burned himself, his women, his eunuchs, and his treasures. Athenæus makes these treasures amount to a thousand myriads of talents of gold, and ten times as many talents of silver (about fourteen hundred millions sterling), which, without reckoning any thing else, appears to exceed credibility.

We can not wonder that the Assyrian empire should fall under such a man; but it was not till after it had passed through various augmentations, diminutions, and revolutions, common to most great states during a course of ages. This empire had subsisted above 1,450 years. Of the ruins of this vast empire were formed three considerable kingdoms: that of the Medes, which Arbaces, the head of the conspiracy, restored to its liberty; that of the Assyrians of Babylon, which was given to Belesis, governor of that city; and that of the Assyrians of Nineveh, whose first king took the name of Ninus the Second.

One hundred years after the death of Sardanapalus, under the reign of Saracus, named Cyndauladanus, Nebopalassar, general of his armies, revolted against him, for the purpose of obtaining his throne. He allied himself with Cyaxares, king of the Medes. Their united forces besieged Saracus in Nineveh; they took the city, killed the monarch, and entirely destroyed that celebrated place, B.C. 648.

NISIB, A.D. 1839.—Near Nisib, a village of northern Syria, in June, 1839, the army of Ibrahim Pacha defeated a Turkish force under Hafiz Pacha.

NORDLINGEN, A.D. 1634.—In 1634, during the celebrated Thirty Years' War, a battle was fought near Nordlingen, in Bavaria, between the Austrian and Bavarian army under the Archduke Ferdinand, and the Swedes and their allies under the famous Bernard, Duke of Weimar. The latter were defeated, with considerable loss. In 1796, a battle was also fought here, in which the French defeated the Austrians. The town hall of Nordlingen is ornamented with fresco paintings of the first battle.

NORFOLK, A.D. 1776.—Norfolk is situated on the right or north bank of the Elizabeth river, eight miles from Hampton roads, and thirty-two miles from the sea, in the State of Virginia.

In the latter part of the year 1775, Norfolk was occupied by Lord Dunmore, with a force of about 600 men, consisting of British regulars, Tory volunteers, negroes, and vagrants. Dunmore, with this motley army, had ravaged the country along the shores of the Elizabeth river, and had endeavored to bring the Indians upon the American colonists. When this was made known, the people burned with fierce indignation. Colonel Woodford was sent with a detachment of minute-men into Norfolk county, and the militia of that section were called to arms. Dunmore became alarmed on learning of these preparations, and constructed batteries and intrenchments at Norfolk. Learning that the patriots were approaching by way of the great bridge, which crosses the Elizabeth river about nine miles from that point, Dunmore resolved to dispute the passage of the river at Norfolk. The bridge crosses the main stream from two islands, which are connected with the main land by causeways and smaller bridges. Dunmore cast up breastworks upon the island on the Norfolk side of the river, and furnished them with a sufficient number of cannon. The patriots could only approach the batteries upon the narrow causeway, and therefore constructed a breastwork at its western extremity. On the 9th of December, 1775, before daybreak, Dunmore, who remained in Norfolk, having heard that the patriots were weak in numbers, ordered Captains Fordyce and Leslie to attack the American redoubt. Early in the morning of that day, Captain Fordyce, at the head of about sixty British grenadiers, and a corps

of regulars, advanced across the bridge, and made an attack upon the breast-work. The Americans received him with a warm fire, which threw the assailants into disorder. Fordyce rallied his troops, and having brought forward two pieces of cannon, placed them in a position to command the enemy's works, and under cover of a heavy fire from the cannon, led his men, about 120 in number, across the causeway. The British maintained a constant fire of musketry as they advanced; but the Americans reserved their fire until the British troops came within fifty yards of the breast-work. Then, Lieutenant Travis, who commanded in the redoubt, the main body of the patriots being posted about 400 yards in the rear, gave the signal, and the breast-work was instantly encircled by a blaze of fire. Volley after volley was poured upon the assailants. Captain Fordyce, who was the especial target of the Virginia riflemen, fell, pierced with fourteen bullets, within fifteen feet of the American works. His men fled in wild terror, followed by a scathing tempest of bullets. Captain Leslie, who, with about 230 Tories and negroes, had remained at the west end of the bridge, now rallied the regulars, and kept up the firing of the two cannon. Woodford, with the main body of the patriots, advanced to the relief of Travis, and Colonel Stevens of the Culpepper battalion outflanked the enemy on the left. The Virginians steadily advanced along the causeway, and attacked the British with such impetuosity that they were soon put to flight, leaving their cannon, spiked, behind. The loss of the British in this affair, in killed and wounded, was sixty-two. The patriots lost none in killed, and one man only was slightly wounded. On the 14th of December, Woodford entered Norfolk in triumph. Dunmore, meanwhile, had abandoned the intrenchments at Norfolk, with twenty pieces of cannon, which were spiked, and with the Tories and their families had retreated to the ships of the British fleet. The Americans in the town kept up a desultory fire upon the ships. Distress soon prevailed in the fleet; famine stared them in the face. The foraging parties were cut off by the Virginians, and the sufferings of the British became intolerable. At this juncture, the frigate *Liverpool*, from Great Britain, entered the harbor of Norfolk, and Dunmore, emboldened by her presence, sent a flag to Colonel Howe, who commanded in the town, commanding him to cease firing upon the fleet, and supply the ships with provisions, or he would bombard the town. Colonel Howe returned a decided refusal, and Dunmore prepared to put his threat into execution. On the morning of the 31st of December, Dunmore gave notice of his intention, in order that the loyalists still remaining in Norfolk might retire to a place of safety; and, early in the morning of the 1st of January, 1776, the *Liverpool*, the *Dunmore*, and two sloops of war, opened a heavy cannonade on the town, and bodies of marines and sailors were sent on shore and set fire to the warehouses.

The wind was blowing from the water, and soon the greater part of the town was in flames. The conflagration lasted fifty hours, and during its continuance the fleet maintained an incessant cannonade upon the place. Parties of British troops were sent on shore; but were immediately driven back by the patriots with loss. In these repulses Colonel Stevens was peculiarly conspicuous. During the three days of terror, while the flames spread devastation on all sides, and the air was filled with cannon-balls, not one of the patriot army was killed, and only three or four women and children were slain in the streets. Seven persons were wounded. Colonel Stevens and his little band remained in Norfolk until February 1776, when, having removed the families, and appraised the dwellings still remaining, he caused them to be destroyed, in order that they might not shelter the enemy; and thus the most flourishing town of Virginia was turned into a barren waste. Howe divided his troops; some were stationed at Kemp's landing, some at Great Bridge, and others in Suffolk while most of the fugitives from the city fled. After Howe abandoned the site of Norfolk, Dunmore erected barracks there, but being prevented from obtaining supplies from the adjacent country, he destroyed them, and sailed down the Elizabeth river, finally landing upon Groyn's Island in Chesapeake Bay, near the mouth of the Piankotank river. Norfolk, phenix-like, has arisen from its ashes, and is now one of the most beautiful and flourishing cities of Virginia.

NORTHMEN, BATTLES OF THE—In order to diversify the contents and add to the general interest of this volume, the editor has thought fit to give an account of the discoveries and battles of the Northmen on this continent, prior to the advent of Columbus. This account, although not strictly historical, has nevertheless a strong foundation for belief. Mr. J. A. Blackwell, who edited Mallet's Northern Antiquities, believes that however little faith may be placed on the truth of the account, it can be said with *certainty* that the Northmen were *tolerably well* acquainted with the coast of America from Labrador to Massachusetts; and had *a vague tradition* that it extended much further south.

Almost at the very time of the massacre of the Danes in England, their brothers of the north were prosecuting their discoveries

in the western continent. This may appear a startling assertion, yet there are proofs to be brought forward, which are sufficient almost to convince the most skeptical. At the time of the conquest of Britain by the Danes, the Scandinavian race was the most powerful of the nations of Europe. Enterprising, and ambitious for territorial acquisition, they spread themselves throughout all Europe.

They carried their arms from the North, to the South and East; why, therefore, should they have not extended themselves toward the West. That they did so seems almost verified; not only by analogy, but by history.

It is universally acknowledged that in the year 860 the Norwegians discovered and setled in Iceland; and it was proved beyond a doubt that the Icelanders, about a century after the island was first settled, discovered Greenland,

The accounts of the discovery of Iceland, Greenland, and also of a western continent, are preserved in Old Icelandic *sagas*, which were committed to written form from oral tradition, two, or three, or even four generations after the events narrated are said to have taken place. The *sagas* relating to Iceland and Greenland have been fully corroborated. This warrants the conclusion that those which tell us in the same artless manner of the discovery of a western continent are also true, though their statements have not as yet been confirmed by the same kind of palpable evidence.

In the year 1705 Torfacus published a history of the discoveries of the Northmen in the western hemisphere. Other writers have also given ample information on the subject; but still the world refuses to believe the startling assertion. In the year 1837, the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians of Copenhagen, published, under the able supervision of Professor Rafn and Finn Magnusen, the original narratives of the voyagers, under the title of "*Antiquitates Americanæ.*" So clear and concise are the arguments used by the talented editors to corroborate the accounts given in the *sagas*, and thus substantiate the claims of the Northmen as the first discoverers of America, that the unprejudiced reader can not but acknowledge them to be true.

The sagas of Eirek the Red, and of Thorfirm Karlsefui, are the two most important, published by Mr. Rafn. They were first committed to writing in the twelfth century, about four generations after the events recorded took place. The manuscript of the latter saga, made use of by Mr. Rafn as the basis of his text, is written on vellum, and bears internal evidence of having been written at the close of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century. The saga of Eirek the Red forms a part of the beautiful "Codex Flatoiensis," which is a collecton of sagas transcribed from olden manuscripts, between the years 1337 and 1395; that is to say, a century before the discovery of America by Columbus.

Eirek the Red, according to the sagas relating to Greenland, was the son of Thorvard, a Norwegian chieftain, who, being banished for the crime of homicide, about the year 975, retired to Iceland. Several years afterward, probably in 982, Eirek the Red, having committed the same crime, was banished from Iceland. He manned a vessel, and set sail toward the West, in search of a country which—according to tradition—had been descried by a former navigator. His search proved successful. He landed on an island west of Cape Farewell. There he passed his first winter. In the spring he visited the mainland for the purpose of exploring it. He found the land clothed with verdure, and he named it Greenland, for, said he, a good name will attract emigrants hither. He spent his term of banishment in Greenland, and then returned to Iceland, where he represented the excellent qualities of the newly discovered country in the most glowing terms. Attracted by the descriptions given by Eirek, many were persuaded to accompany him thither, and, accordingly, in the year 986, he again set sail for Greenland with a number of emigrants, and settled there. Constant accessions were made to the colony; new settlements sprang up along the coast, and a thriving trade was driven between the colonies and the northern countries.

Among the emigrants who accompanied Eirek the Red to Greenland was Herjulf, whose son Bjarni, at the time of his departure, was on a trading voyage to Norway. Upon his return to Iceland, Bjarni, finding that his father had emigrated with his family, resolved to follow them, although neither he nor any of his crew were acquainted with the Greenland seas. But his course was pointed out to him by those with whom Eirek had conversed, and he was told that he could recognize Greenland by its lofty snow-capped mountains. He had been out of port but a short time when a heavy gale from the north, accompanied by thick fogs, sprang up, and drove his vessel he knew not whither. At length the storm abated, and the weather cleared, and in a short time he discovered land, moderately elevated, and covered with wood. He was convinced that it was not Greenland, and therefore changed his course, leaving the land to his right, and standing out to sea. After sailing two days, he again discovered land, lower than the former, but also covered with wood.

Proceeding on his voyage, with a south-west wind, he, three days afterward, descried a lofty island, whose shores presented numerous icebergs and glaciers. The barren and unattractive appearance of the country prevented him from landing, and he again stood out to sea, and arrived at a colony in Greenland where his father was settled, four days afterward. Several years subsequent, Bjarni again visited Norway. While there he related his adventures to Eirek, one of the principal chieftains of the country, who blamed him exceedingly for not having more closely examined the country which he had discovered. After his return to Greenland, the chief topic of conversation was the newly discovered country toward the south-west. Thus was the spirit of enterprise kept awake, and the desire to visit the strange lands increased.

In the spring of the year 1000, Leif, the son of Eirek the Red, purchased Bjarni's vessel, which he fitted out with every requisite for a long voyage; and set sail toward the west with a crew of thirty-five men. He first descried the country which Bjarni had seen last. Having landed with his crew, he found no herbage of any kind, but *a bare, rugged plain of broad flat rocks*, extending from the foot of a chain of ice and snow-clad mountains to the sea side. He called this country *Helluland*, or Shistland, the land of stones.*

Returning to their vessel the navigators proceeded on their voyage, and arrived at a *low, level coast with numerous white sandy cliffs, and thickly covered with wood*, from which circumstance he called it *Markland*, which means the land of wood.†

With a north-east wind the voyagers again continued on their way, and after sailing two days, they came to an island between which and a point projecting northward from the mainland, was a channel. They entered the channel, and holding their course westwards along the shores of the mainland, they observed that a great extent of ground was left dry at ebb-tide. After proceeding thus a short distance, they landed near the mouth of a river, which rising in a lake emptied into the sea. They were so well pleased with the appearance of the country, that they brought their vessel up the river with the flood-tide and moored her in the lake. They found the country exceedingly productive; the soil appeared fruitful; both the river and the lake afforded them an abundant supply of salmon; and the pasturage was excellent. Struck with the beauties and fruitfulness of the spot, they determined to make it their winter abode, and erected some large and commodious dwellings or booths, known afterward under the appellation of *Leifsbudir*, or Leifsbooths.*

After completing his buildings, Leif divided his crew into two companies to be employed alternately in exploring the country and guarding the dwellings. On one occasion, a German, returning from an exploring expedition, announced with a countenance beaming with satisfaction that he had been feasting on grapes. His companions eagerly requested him to lead them to the spot, which, upon examination, they found covered with wild vines. It was soon ascertained that wild grapes grew in abundance in most parts of the country. From this circumstance Leif was induced to give it the appropriate name of Vineland. Having spent the winter in this delightful place, Leif and his companions in the spring set sail for Greenland, where they arrived in safety.†

* Helluland was probably the south-eastern extremity of Newfoundland, which is nearly separated from the main by two deep bays, so as easily to be mistaken for an island. The distance from Cape Broil on this coast, to Cape Farewell in Greenland, is 600 nautical miles, which, with a fair wind, might easily be run in four days. The description given by modern travelers of the coast of Newfoundland fully corresponds with that of the sagas; and Anspach, a modern German writer, speaks of the *bare and large flat rocks without a tree or shrub*. In the old Icelandic geographical treatises Newfoundland is called Little (Litta) Helluland, and the name of Helluland, *hit* mik'a, or Great Helluland, is given to Labrador and the whole coast of the American continent west of Baffin's Bay. The Helhland of Thorfirm was probably the south-western extremity of Labrador. A writer in the "Philosophical Transactions" says: "The surface is everywhere uneven, and *covered with large stones, some of which are of amazing dimensions*. The mountains are almost devoid of every sort of herbage; a blighted shrub and a little moss is sometimes to be seen upon them, but in general the *bare rock* is all you behold. In a word, the whole country is nothing more *than a prodigious heap of rocks*. This writer also notices the great number of foxes that are found in the country.—*Blackwell.*

† Markland can be no other than Nova Scotia. The following descriptions of the coast from modern works on navigation correspond to the letter with those of the Northman: "The *land is low in general*, and not visible twenty miles off. Aspotogon hills have a long *level* appearance. Between Cape La Have and Port Medway, the coast to *the seaward is level* and *low*, and the shores marked with *white* rocks, with *low* barren points; from thence to Shelburne and Port Roseway are woods. From Port Haldimand to Cape Sable the land is *low with white sandy cliffs*, particularly visible at sea. Cape Sable is a *low woody island* at the south-eastern extremity of a range of *sand-cliffs*, which are very remarkable at a considerable distance in the offing."—*New American Pilot.*

"From Port Haldimand to Cape Sable the land appears *level* and *low*, and on the shore are some *cliffs of exceedingly white sand*, particularly in the entrance of Port Haldimand, and on Cape Sable, where they are very conspicuous from sea."—*Laurie and Whittle's New Sailing Directions for the Coasts of North America.*—BLACKWELL.

* Mr. Rafn supposes that the course here described was through Nantucket Bay and Vineyard Sound; and thence up the Seaconnet reach and Pocasset river to Mount Hope Bay, where Leif fixed his booths on the Taunton river.

† It should be observed that in all the sagas relating to America, they invariably state that the ships of the Northmen first passed Helluland, the land of stone; next Woodland, and finally arrived at Vinland, the land of vines. These facts of themselves seem sufficient to prove that the countries so designated, were respectively the projecting lands of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and

Upon arriving in Greenland, Leif and his companions circulated glowing descriptions of the beauties and fertility of the newly discovered country. Thorwald, the brother of Leif, was excited in a high degree by the favorable accounts; and thought that the country had not been sufficiently explored. Therefore, in the year 1002 he set sail for Vinland, with a crew of thirty men. He passed Helluland and Woodland, and finally arrived without accident in the lake on the shores of which Leif had erected his winter buildings. The booths were in an excellent condition, and Thorwald and crew passed the winter in them comfortably.

Upon the coming of spring they set forth on an exploring expedition toward the south. Their road led them through a beautiful and well-wooded country, diversified by hills and dales, and watered by gushing streams and rivulets. Along the coast they observed numerous shoals and islands. Having satisfied their curiosity, the explorers returned to Leif's booths, where they spent the winter. During the succeeding summer, 1004, Thorwald sailed toward the east from Vinland, and then northerly past a remarkable headland, which with an opposite headland inclosed a bay. They here encountered a violent gale of wind which drove the vessel upon a shoal, by which its keel was so much damaged that it was found necessary to make a new one. To do this they were obliged to remain here a considerable season. Thorwald planted the old keel upon one of the headlands, which, from this circumstance, he called Cape Keel.*

After repairing the vessel the voyagers proceeded along the coast eastwardly until they arrived at a finely wooded headland. They landed and Thorwald, struck with admiration by the beauty of the spot, exclaimed, "Here should I like to make my home!" Near the shore they discovered three canoes, under which, upon closer examination, they found concealed several Exquimaux, or *Skraellings*, as they are styled in the saga. Thorwald's men endeavored to capture the natives, and in the struggle which ensued three or four of the Exquimaux were slain. The remainder hastily launched a canoe, sprang into it, and swiftly paddled away. "Now," continued the saga, "a deep sleep fell upon Thorwald and his crew; but suddenly he was awakened by a voice saying: "Arise, Thorwald, hasten to thy ship, and if thou wilt save thine own, and the lives of thy crew, delay not in sailing.'" Hastily awaking his men, Thorwald bade them to return to the vessel with the utmost speed. They had scarcely gained the deck when a swarm of canoes, filled with natives, issued from the interior of the bay, and rapidly approached the ship. Arriving within a proper distances the canoes stayed their course, and the savages arising, discharged a great cloud of arrows into the ship. Then resuming their paddles they retreated precipitately. The Northmen did not pursue; they had met with an irretrievable loss. Their brave companion and commander, Thorwald, was mortally wounded. Before he died he directed his comrades to cause his body to be buried on the spot which he had so prophetically desired as his abiding-place. He died, and his crew obeyed him. They buried him in a beautiful spot of ground on the headland, and erected a cross at either extremity of the mound which covered the remains of the first European buried in the soil of the western hemisphere. The headland was named by Thorwald's crew, Cape Cross. Thus sadly ended the first battle fought in America by Europeans. Thorwald's men returned to Vinland, where they spent the winter, and early in the spring of 1005 they set sail for Greenland with a cargo of timber and vine cuttings. The burial-place of Thorwald is not precisely indicated, but it may perhaps have been the bluff head of Alderton, at the south-east of Boston Bay.

During the absence of Thorwald and his companions, Christianity had been introduced into the Greenland colonies from Iceland. In the fall of 1006 two ships, the one commanded by Thorfinn, who was surnamed Karlsefni, the man of ability, and the other by Thorhall Gamlason, and Bjarni Grimolfsson, left Iceland for Greenland where they arrived in due season. Thorfinn was a man of great power and wealth, belonging to a distinguished family who traced their origin to Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Irish and Scotch ancestors. He was accompanied by Snorri Thorbrandsson, also of good extraction. Thorfinn and his companions spent the winter at the hospitable house of old Eirek the Red. Upon the arrival of Yule, or Christmas, the festivities were celebrated by old Eirek and his guest with a magnificence never before witnessed in Greenland. During this festal season, and the long winter nights that succeeded, Thorfinn and his companions were regaled with accounts of the newly discovered country. The beauties, fertility, and especially the finely grained woods, excellent salmon, and delicious wild grapes, which Vinland produced in such

Massachusetts. Modern geographers, as before observed, describe these countries in almost the same language used by the Sagasman. That vines grow in the New England States spontaneously, is a fact well attested. The island of Martha's Vineyard obtained its name from the first English settlers, on account of their finding wild grapes growing there in abundance.

* Cape Keel was probably the headland now called Cape Cod. The opposite headland, Garnet Point, which with Cape Cod forms the entrance to Cape Cod Bay.

abundance formed the topics of the conversation on all occasions. Animated by the narratives and eager to develop the resources of this country of apparently inexhaustible fertility, Thorfinn, who appears to have been one of the most enterprising merchant rovers of his day, determined to found a colony there. Accordingly, in the spring of 1007, he caused his own vessel and that belonging to Bjarni and Thorhall to be fitted out for a voyage to Vinland. A third ship belonging to Thorvard, a son-in-law of Eirek the Red, was also fitted out. Thorvard, who commanded this vessel, was accompanied by Thorhall the huntsman. Thorhall the huntsman was a favorite of old Eirek, because he was a pagan; for Eirek himself had not adopted Christianity.

The three vessels were manned with a crew of more than fifty men each, numbering in all one hundred and sixty men, the greater number of whom were accompanied by their wives and children. A suitable supply of cattle and other live stock was taken on board, and amid the good wishes of their friends the emigrants set sail. Arriving at the forest crowned shore of Woodland, some of the men landed on an island near the coast. While on this island they killed a bear, from which circumstance they named it "Bear's Island."*

Leaving this place they continued on their voyage toward the south-west, and passing Cape Keel, they touched at an island at the mouth of a bay. The island swarmed with eider-ducks, whose eggs covered the ground to such an extent that the seamen could scarcely walk without treading upon them. A strong current ran past this island, from which circumstance they named it Stream Isle. Further up the Bay there was also a strong current. The Northmen hence named the bay Stream Frith.†

The ships were here unladen, and the voyagers spent the winter on the island. Upon the arrival of spring, their provisions being exhausted, famine stared them in the face. The weather was too stormy for fishing; and had driven away the eider-ducks. At length, however, after enduring great privation, the weather became milder, and they were no longer in want of provisions, being able to hunt, fish, and gather eggs in the island. Shortly afterward Thorhall the huntsman, with eight men, left Thorfinn and sailed northward in search of Vinland; but after passing Cape Keel, they were driven out to sea, and were, according to the account of traders, cast on the coast of Ireland, where they were made slaves.

Thorfinn and his companions now sailed south, and came *to a river that flowed through a lake on its way to the sea; and the mouth of which was so beset with sand-banks as to be only accessible at high water.* To this place Thorfinn gave the name of Hóp (Eastward).* Pleased with the general aspect of the country, Thorfinn resolved to make it his winter quarters. The rivers and creeks actually teemed with fish; and corn grew wild on the low grounds, and vines on the hills. The settlers erected their winter buildings at a short distance from the lake or bay.

One morning a short time after their arrival, a number of natives in skin canoes came up the bay, brandishing their poles, and making a great noise. The Northmen responded to them by elevating a white shield in token of peace. The natives approached the shore, and landed without evincing any signs of hostility. They were of a sallow and swarthy appearance, with long coarse hair, and high cheek bones. After gazing for some time at the strangers in mute amazement, the natives re-entered their canoes, and rowed away around the headland. The settlers spent the winter without molestation; but early in the spring the natives came again. So great were their numbers that the surface of the bay seemed actually covered with their canoes. The Northmen immediately elevated a white shield, and, thus encouraged, the natives landed in scores. Their canoes were loaded with fine gray fur, and squirrel skins, which they eagerly bartered with the Northmen for bits of red cloth, and milk porridge, which they seemed to relish highly. The swords and spears of the Northmen attracted their strongest attention; but Thorfinn prudently forbade his people to sell them. While this lucrative traffic was going on, and the Northmen were dealing out their cloth in smaller shreds, a bull which they had brought with them, suddenly issued from the woods and began to bellow vigorously. The natives, terrified at the unusual, and to them unearthly sound, rushed precipi-

* Probably Cape Sable Island, now called.

† Stream Bay is supposed to be Buzzard's Bay, and Stream Isle, either Martha's Vineyard or the islands of Cuttyhunk and Nashewenna, which, in the eleventh century, were probably connected. The gulf stream will sufficiently account for the *strong currents* noticed above.

* If Thorfinn passed the first winter at Buzzard's Bay, Hóp may possibly be the present Mount Hope Bay. This locality in fact perfectly corresponds to the description given in the narrative. There is *a river*—the Taunton river—*flowing through a lake*—Mount Hope Bay might almost be termed a lake—*on its way to the sea*—by the Pocasset river and Seaconnet reach, which owing to their *sandy shoals are only navigable at high water.* It would appear that this Mount Hope is only a corruption of the Indian name *haup* (pronounced like the Icelandic hóp), which the place bore when the first English settlers arrived there. Haup was the residence of the famous Metacomet, or king Philip, as he was called, the last sachem of the Wampanoag Indians. And some of the Rhode Island antiquarians have hazarded the supposition that the name may have been transmitted to the Indians by the descendants of the Northmen who had settled in the place, and were gradually merged into the tribe of the Wampanoags.—*Blackwell.*

tately to their canoes, and rowed off in the utmost trepidation.

Three weeks afterward, they again appeared in numbers even greater than before. This time their visit was evidently no friendly one. As they approached the shore, they brandished their poles, and with wild gesticulations shouted forth their defiance to the invaders of the soil. The Northmen perceiving their hostile intentions, elevated a red shield; and the exasperated savages beached their canoes and hastened on to the attack. A hot skirmish ensued. The natives used their slings with such dexterity that the Northmen were obliged to give ground. Showers of stones fell upon them, killing and sorely wounding them, and throwing them into complete confusion. Fancying themselves surrounded, they were at length seized with a panic, and turning from the furious discharges of the enemy, they fled ingloriously. With a shout of triumph the savages would have pursued; but at this critical moment Freydisa, the wife of Thorvard, rushed from one of the boats, exclaiming in a voice that resounded above the tumult of the battle,

"Valiant men, why do you run before such caitiffs, you should knock them down like cattle! Give me a sword, I can wield it better than the best of you."

The fugitives heeded her not; but continued their flight into the forest. Freydisa endeavored to follow them; but being in feeble health was overtaken by the natives. Picking up the sword of Thorband Snorrason, who had been killed by a stone, she suddenly turned around and faced her enemies. They rushed on to slay her; but she wielded her sword with such deadly effect, and gesticulated and screamed so frantically, that the natives were terrified or bewildered, and turning from her they hastily retreated toward the canoes. The Northmen recovering their courage at the sight of the bravery of their countrywoman, resumed the offensive, and eagerly pursued the flying savages, killing great numbers of them. The balance regaining their canoes, hastily put off from shore and paddled away in the utmost terror.

After this engagement Thorfinn and his people were convinced that it would be impossible for them to remain in the country in which they would be constantly exposed to the attacks of the natives. They therefore returned to Stream Frith, where they spent the third winter, and in the ensuing spring they sailed homeward, touching at Woodland where they captured two native children whom they carried off with them. On the voyage Bjarni's ship was driven westward into a sea so infested with worms, which penetrated the bottom until it was in a sinking condition. The small boat was not of sufficient capacity to hold the whole crew, and they had therefore no other alternative but to cast lots who should enter it. Bjarni himself was among the fortunate. The bottom of the boat was smeared with blubber-oil to preserve it from the ravages of the worms, and the fortunate ones were about to push off from the vessel, and leave their companions to their fate, when a man from the ship reminded Bjarni that he had sacredly promised his father, when he left Ireland, that they should both share the same fate, whatever it might be. The noble Bjarni could not resist this appeal; he mounted the vessel's side and gave his place in the boat to the young man. The vessel was never heard of afterwards. Those in the boat succeeded in reaching Dublin where they related what had taken place. Thorfinn and his companions reached Greenland in safety in 1011.

Freydisa, the woman whose heroism had saved the Northmen, in their last battle with the natives, visited Vinland again during the year 1011, in company with two Norwegian brothers Helgi and Finnbogi. They spent the winter at Leifsbooths, but a coolness sprung up between Freydisa and the two brothers, and she persuaded her husband Thorvard to murder them while they were asleep. But as she could not prevail either on her husband or any of his men to lay their hands on the five women of the Norwegian party, she seized a hatchet and killed them herself. After the perpretration of this base deed, they returned to Greenland in 1013, when Leif, having heard of the crime, he put three of Freydisa's followers to the torture and obtained a full account of the sanguinary transaction. Freydisa was left unpunished but became an object of great abhorrence.

"Such is the account transmitted to us," says Mr. Blackwell, "of the discovery of Vinland, which we have attempted to show in the explanatory remarks, there is every reason to suppose, was that part of the American continent that, six centuries later, became known under the appellation of New England."

NORWALK, A.D. 1779.—Norwalk, on the Norwalk river, in Connecticut, was burned by the British and Tories, under Governor Tryon, on the 12th of July, 1779. Two houses of worship, 80 dwellings, 87 barns, 17 shops, 4 mills, and 5 ships were laid in ashes in the course of a few hours. Only six houses were spared.

NOVI, A.D. 1799.—Novi, a town of Italy, is situated at the foot of the Apennines. On a plain adjoining a battle took place in 1799, between the French republican army, and the Austro-Russian army. Suwarrow, on the 4th of August concentrated his army

near Novi, and assigned them the following positions: Kray, with the divisions of Bellegarde and Ott, was encamped in two lines on the right, near the road from Novi to Bosco; the center, comprising the divisions of Forster and Schwiekousky, commanded by Derfelden, were in the rear of Pozzolo-Formigaro, while Melas, with the left, consisting of the Austrian divisions of Traelich and Lichtenstein, occupied Rivolta. The French army of Joubert occupied the plain in the rear of Novi, his right on the Scrivia, his center at Novi, and his left at Basaluzzo; a position which enabled him to cover the march of his columns, detached from his right, which were to advance by Cassano. The French also occupied a semicircle on the northern slopes of the Monte Rotondo; the left, composed of the divisions of Grouchy and Lemoine, under the command of Perignon, extended in a circular form around Pasturana; in the center, the division Laboissière, under St. Cyr, covered the heights on the right and left of Novi; while the division of Watrin, on the right, guarded the approaches to the Monte Rotondo from the side of Tortona, and Dombrousky, with the division of Poles, blockaded Seravalle. Their position was one of great strength, and the concentrated masses of the French presented a formidable front among the woods, ravines, slopes, and vineyards with which the foot of the Apeninnes was covered. On the side of the republicans, 43,000 men were assembled; while the allies numbered 55,000; the French were desirous to engage upon the rugged ground at the foot of the hills, on account of the superiority of the enemy, while the allies were anxious to draw their opponents into the plain, where their cavalry might give them a decisive advantage. Joubert, who had entirely disbelieved the rumors of the fall of Mantua, and gave no thought to the repeated assertions of St. Cyr, that he would have the whole allied army to contend with, was astonished to behold the immense force of Kray encamped opposite his left wing. His situation was one of great perplexity. Retreat was difficult in presence of such an army, and to engage with a force so much superior he deemed the height of temerity. Consequently, he resolved, late on the night of the 14th, after much irresolution, on retiring into the fastnesses of the Apeninnes, and only waited for the arrival of his scouts in the morning to give orders for carrying it into effect, when the commencement of the attack by the Austrians obliged him to accept battle in the position in place he then occupied. The plan of Suwarrow, was to force back the right of the French by means of the corps of Kray, while Bagrathion was to turn their left, and unite in their rear, being covered by the cannon of Serravalle, while Derfelden attacked Novi in the center, and Melas commanded the reserve, ready to support any part of them which might need his aid. In accordance with these orders, Kray commenced the attack at five in the morning; Bellegarde attacked Grouchy, and Ott, Lemoine; the republicans were at first taken by surprise; and their masses, in great part in the act of marching, or entangled in the vineyards, received the fire of the Austrians without being able to deploy or return it. Some of the brigades resisted heroically, yet the imperialists gained ground, and the heads of their columns were already advancing upon the plateau, when Joubert hurried in person to the spot, and received a ball in his breast when in the act of waving his hat, and encouraging his men. He instantly fell, and with his last breath exclaimed. "Advance, my friends, advance!" The confusion occasioned by his fall would have proved fatal to the French army, probably, had the rest of the allies been so far advanced as to have been aware of it; but by a strange fatality, though the attacks of the Austrians were all combined and concentric, they were calculated to take place at different times; consequently, while this advantage on their left was obtained, the Russians in the center were at Pozzolo-Formigaro, and Melas had only dispatched a detachment from Rivolta to observe the course of the Scrivia. This, combined with the arrival of Moreau, who assumed the command, restored order, and the Austrians were at length driven to the foot of the hill, on their second line. While this encounter was taking place, Bellegarde endeavored to gain the rear of Pasturana by a ravine which encircled it, and nearly succeeded in doing so, when he was charged so furiously by the grenadiers of Partonneaux and the cavalry of Richepaun, that they were driven back in disorder, and the whole left wing rescued from danger. As yet, the right of the republicans had not been attacked, and St. Cyr employed the time in completing his defensive arrangements. Kray, finding the whole weight of the engagement on his hands, pressed Bagrathion to commence an attack on Novi; and though he was desirous to wait till the hour assigned by his commander for his moving, he agreed to commence, when it was evident that, unless soon supported, Kray would be compelled to retreat.

The Russians advanced with great gallantry to the attack; but a discharge from the division Laboissière, of musketry and grape, at half gunshot, threw them into confusion; and after a severe engagement they were finally broken by a charge by Watrin, with a brigade of infantry on their flank, and driven back with great loss to Pozzolo-Formigaro.

All their partial attacks having failed, it seemed evident on the part of the imperialists, that a combined effort of all the columns was necessary. It was now the middle of the day, and the French line was unbroken, notwithstanding the superiority of numbers on the part of the allies was nearly 15,000 men. Suwarrow now determined to combine all his forces for a decisive movement. Kray, who was never intimidated, received orders to prepare for a fresh attack; Derfelden was to support Bagrathion on the center, Melas was directed to break up from Rivolta to form the left of the line, while Rosenberg was commanded to advance as soon as possible from Tortona to support his movement. The battle, after a pause, began again furiously at all points. It was for a long time most obstinately maintained. Although Kray exerted his utmost in opposing the enemy, returning as many as ten times to the charge, the imperialists could not make any impression on the French left; in vain, column after column advanced to their death; nothing could break the firm array of the republicans, while Bagrathion, Derfelden, and Milaradowitch in the center were compelled to fall back before the incessant fire of the infantry and batteries which were disposed around Novi. For more than four hours the combat raged with great fury, without the French infantry being anywhere displaced, till at last the fatigue on both sides caused a temporary pause, and the two armies rested on their arms amid a field covered with the dead and dying.

Suwarrow was a man of indomitable courage, or he would have been disheartened by so terrible a combat without any result. At four o'clock, the left wing of the allies came up, under Melas, and preparations were instantly made to take advantage of this reinforcement. Melas was ordered to attack the republicans' right, and by turning it, to menace the road from Novi to Genoa, while Kray again assailed the left, and Suwarrow himself, with the whole weight of the Russians pressed the center. The resistance on the left was so great, that although Kray led on his troops with the utmost courage, he could not gain a foot of ground; but the center was more successful, and succeeded in driving the French into Novi, where they kept up a murderous fire from the old walls and ruined towers. During this time, Melas on the right was making rapid progress. While one of his columns ascended the right bank of the Scrivia, and reached Serravalle, another, by the left bank, had already turned the Monte Rotondo, and was fast ascending its sides; while the general himself, with a third, was advancing against the eastern flank of the plateau of Novi. To guard against so many dangers, Moreau ordered the division of Watrin to move toward the threatened plateau; but, finding itself attacked during its progress, both in front and rear, by the divisions of Melas, it fell into confusion, and fled in great disorder, with difficulty cutting its way through the enemy on the road in the rear of the republicans' position.

It now seemed absolutely necessary for a retreat on the part of the French, for Lichtenstien, at the head of the imperial horse, and three brigades of grenadiers, was established on the road to Gavi; his triumphant battalions, with great noise, were sweeping round the rear of the republicans, while the glittering helmets of horsemen were beheld on every hill, behind their lines, and no other line of communication remained open, but that which led by Pasturana to Ovada. Suwarrow, who saw this advantage, was on the point of making a last and simultaneous assault on the front and flank of his enemy, when Moreau anticipated him by retreating. At first it was conducted in good order, but the furious attacks of the allies soon changed it into a rout. Novi, being left nearly defenseless, could no longer withstand the Russians, who, sure of victory, and seeing the standards of the allies in the rear of the French position, rushed forward with great fury, over the dead bodies of their fellow soldiers, to the charge; Lemoine and Grouchy sustained themselves with great difficulty, in retiring, against the attacks of the unwearied Kray, when the village of Pasturana, in their rear, was carried by the Russians, and the only road practicable for their artillery was thus cut off. They were now filled with despair; infantry, cavalry, and all, disbanded, and fled in the greatest disorder across the vineyards and orchards, which adjoined the line of retreat. The whole brigade of Colli were made prisoners; and Perizion and Grouchy, nearly cut to pieces with saber-wounds, were taken prisoners. The army reached Gavi in great confusion, where, by the efforts of Moreau it was rallied, the imperialists being too much fatigued to continue the pursuit. The battle of Novi was fought with great obstinacy. The loss of the allies was 1,800 killed, 5,200 wounded, and 1,200 taken prisoners; that of the French was somewhat greater, amounting to 1,500 killed, 5,500 wounded, and 3,000 prisoners, besides thirty-seven cannon, twenty-eight caissons, and four standards.

NYEBORG, A.D. 1659.—A battle was fought between the Danes and Swedes at Nyeborg, a strong town in Denmark, in which the Swedes were defeated, and Denmark liberated from the dominion of a foreign power, in 1659.

OCTOLOPHOS.—See *Cynocephalœ*.

ODESSA, A.D. 1854.—The city of Odessa is situated on the north-west shore of the Black Sea, in Russia. It is inclosed by a wall and a fosse, and is otherwise strongly fortified. The line of cliffs upon which the town of Odessa stands has a slight curve inward, forming a shallow bay with a radius of some three miles. These cliffs face the north-east, and toward the north they sink into low sandy mounds and steppes. Stretching out from below them, at the lower or south-eastern end of the town runs a long fortified mole, at the end of which is a light-house. This is called the Quarantine mole, and it usually shelters a crowd of trading-vessels of all nations. The bombardment of Odessa by the allied fleet in 1854, although in itself an action of no great magnitude, is nevertheless worthy of record as being the first scene in the bloody drama which followed.

On the afternoon of the 21st of April, 1854, the French and English fleet, consisting of six three-deckers, thirteen two-deckers, and nine steam frigates under Admirals Hamelin and Dundas, cast anchor at a distance of two miles from the town of Odessa. At four o'clock, P.M., a flag of truce was sent from the fleet, demanding the surrender of the Russian, English, and French ships lying in Quarantine harbor. To this summons the Russians not only refused to reply, but, it is asserted, fired on the flag of truce. Osten Sacken, the commander of the Russian garrison at Odessa, however, positively denied having fired upon the flag. The allies, at all events, received no reply to their summons, and at once made preparations to bombard the town. At half past six on the morning of the 22d, nine steamers of the fleet advanced toward the town. On that day the harbor was very much crowded, and each vessel had her colors at the mast-head, as if appealing for succor and protection against cannon-balls intended for the Russians. The attacking force had orders to give the Quarantine mole as wide a berth as possible, in order to be out of reach of its fire, and so as to avoid the necessity of returning the fire and injuring any of the vessels within. The attack was strictly confined to the forts, batteries, and military store-houses. In addition to the works on the Quarantine mole, the town was defended by four batteries, and there were three other batteries in the suburbs which could sweep the bay with a cross fire. The citadel on the west side of the town also commands the fort, and mounts some very heavy guns. The following steamers formed the attacking force: *Mogadore*, *Vauban*, *Descartes*, *Caton* (French); *Sampson*, *Terrible*, *Tiger*, *Retribution*, *Furious* (English); and a detachment of rocket-boats. The *Sanspariel* and *Highflyer* acted as a reserve. This force proceeded to the northern extremity of the cliffs, called the Imperial mole, incasing a mass of Russian ships of all sorts, and some very large barracks. The steamers had orders to go as far as possible in shore so as to rake and destroy the Imperial mole and the shipping it covered. About twenty minutes before seven they opened their fire; the *Sampson* taking the lead. When within 2,000 yards each steamer delivered the fire of her enormous guns, then wheeled round in a circle of about half a mile in diameter, each taking up the fire in succession. "Thus," says an eye-witness, "they kept wheeling and twisting about like so many waltzers without ever touching or getting into scrapes. The guns on the mole answered steadily, and for a long time the terrific fire from the steamers could not silence the Russian batteries. Toward one, P.M., a shed at the rear of the battery took fire, and in a few minutes the whole of that part of the Russian works blew up. The Russian fire then slackened, while the steamers continued to ply the ships within the mole with shot and shell until they were nearly all either on fire or riddled and sinking. Suddenly the Russians opened a battery of six horse artillery guns from behind some sheds on the low sandy shore, upon the British rocket-boats, which were at the moment within musket-shot. None of the British were hurt, though a shower of balls fell around them, knocking the oars about and plowing up the water in all directions around them. As soon as the steamers opened upon this artillery it speedily retired. A few minutes after their disappearance the buildings which had afforded them cover burst into flames. The steamers kept up their sharp practice until about five o'clock. Some of them were damaged considerably by the Russian shot. Only one Englishman was killed; nine were wounded. The French lost two men, killed by the bursting of a gun. The Russians lost four men killed.

OGDENSBURG, A.D. 1812.—This city is situated on the river St. Lawrence, at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, in St. Lawrence county, N. Y., directly opposite Prescott, in Canada. On the 2d of October, 1812, the British, having erected batteries at Prescott, commenced a cannonade on Ogdensburg, which they maintained for two days without effect. Finding their cannonade ineffectual, they resolved upon an assault. 600 men were embarked, in forty boats, and under

cover of the battalion, pulled steadily across the river. General Brown, with 400 militia, was waiting to receive them, and posted his men so advantageously that they were able to keep up a deadly fire on the enemy, which effectually prevented them from landing, and the whole detachment was withdrawn to the Canada shore, with considerable loss. Another attack was planned, and was carried into effect in February following. On the 21st of that month, the British, 1,200 strong, advanced against the place in three columns. The Americans, under Captain Forsyth, after a gallant resistance, were driven out, and the British took possession of the village. The Americans lost twenty, in killed and wounded, the British about sixty.

OLDMUTZ, A.D. 1758.—Oldmutz, in Moravia, was taken by the Swedes during the Thirty Years' War, and in 1758 was unsuccessfully besieged by Frederic the Great.

OLPÆ, B.C. 424.—In the sixth year of the war, a battle was fought between the Peloponnesians and the Athenians, near Olpæ, a city situated on an eminence on the seaside, about two miles and a half from the city of Ayos. The Peloponnesians, although more numerous, were defeated with great loss, and their commander, Eurylochus, was slain.

OLTENITZA, A.D. 1853.—Oltenitza, a town of European Turkey, on the Danube, was the witness of a bloody encounter between the Turks and Russians, on the 4th of November, 1853. The Turks numbered about 13,000 men, and were commanded by Omar Pacha. They had succeeded in intrenching themselves at Oltenitza, on the 2d of November, and were attacked on that day by 8,000 Russians, whom they easily repulsed. On the 3d, the Russians made a second attack on the Turkish lines, but were again repulsed. On the 4th, however, the third and greatest attack was made. Both parties had received reinforcements; the Russians now numbered 30,000 men, the Turks 18,000; but the position of the latter was strong, and was protected by a number of field pieces. An obstinate struggle ensued, but the Russians were again driven back with loss. On the 11th of November, the Russians again attacked the stubborn works, and were again repulsed. All the attempts of the Russians proved fruitless, and they were obliged to fall back and look more to defense than attack.

OTUMBA, A.D. 1520.—For seven days after their disastrous defeat on the causeway,* the Spaniards advanced on their painful journey toward the territory of the Tlascalans, under the guidance of their faithful allies. On the seventh day (July 7th), they arrived at a ridge of mountains that rose like a barrier between them and the plain of Olumba, which, stretching far away toward the land of the Tlascalans, held in their bosom the beautiful Indian city from which they derived their name. During the march of the Spaniards, the Mexicans, in strong bodies, had hung upon their rear, harassing them by occasional discharges of stones and arrows, but without making any decided movement. The Spaniards, however, were reduced to such extremity by the want of provisions, that they were obliged to feed on the carcases of such of their horses as were killed by the enemy, and on roots, berries, and the stalks of Indian corn. They found every Indian village in their path deserted, and the inhabitants, anticipating their approach, had carried away all the provisions. As the army was ascending the mountain, Cortez was informed by the videttes that an immense body of the enemy was encamped in the valley of Otumba, and when the army reached the summit, a spectacle met their gaze which filled them with astonishment and dismay. As far as the eye could reach, the plains were covered with armed men. Determined to strike a decisive blow, the Mexicans, drawing levies from the adjacent territories, had concentrated their forces in the valley of Otumba, where they were awaiting the approach of the enemy. Cuitlahua, Montezuma's successor, had adopted the most effectual measures for the entire destruction of the invaders. The standards of all the noted chieftains of the empire were unfurled in the cause of patriotism, and the thousands of their followers gladly enrolled themselves in the service of the new emperor.

The number of warriors thus called together is estimated at 200,000; and to oppose this mighty host Cortez could count upon only about 1,500 men, of whom 400 were Spaniards. His cavalry was greatly weakened, consisting only of twenty men, but the horses, however, were in tolerable condition. Having lost their muskets, artillery, and crossbows, in their late disastrous retreat, the Spaniards now were armed only with the sword, and as they gazed upon the masses of the enemy before them, they felt that their doom indeed was sealed. Cortez, going from man to man, exhorted them with encouraging words, and reminding them of their former glorious victories, bade them go into the fight with the determination to conquer or die. As he spoke, the eyes of his brave soldiers kindled with renewed animation, and at his signal they followed with a firm tread as he led them toward the enemy. As the Mexicans saw the little band approaching, they rushed forward in a mass to meet them, darkening the air as they came with incessant volleys of deadly missiles.

* See *Mexico.*

Cortez, at the head of his little troop of horse, dashed into the very faces of the front ranks of the enemy, which, recoiling before the charge, fell back upon their companions in disorder. The charge of the cavalry was followed up by the advance of the infantry, which, piercing into the swaying mass, with sturdy strokes mowed its way toward the center. The Mexicans fell back on all sides before the desperate charges of the Spanish horse and foot, until a wide line was opened in their ranks; but in a moment they returned, and the Christians were engulfed in an overwhelming flood of enemies; yet they stood firm, wrestling with their foes like a giant pine which the hurricane vainly strives to uproot. Their Tlascalan allies fought with the ferocity which despair can only arouse. Hour after hour passed, and yet the battle raged. The noonday sun poured his scorching rays upon the battle-field, yet the Christians, though weakened by loss of blood, and from hunger, maintained their ground. At length, however, completely worn out by fatigue, they began to relax in their exertions. The cavalry fell back on the infantry, which in turn crowded back, vainly seeking a passage through the dense throngs of the enemy who now closed up their rear. Victory seemed about to declare in favor of the Mexicans. At this crisis, Cortez, rising in his saddle, glanced rapidly round the field in search of some egress of escape. His eye flashed with joy as it fell on the banner, which he at once recognized as that of the Mexican commander. He quickly called Alvarado, Sandoval, Olid, and others of his officers to his side, and pointing out the chieftain, cried in a voice of exultation, "Follow and fight for me!" Then with a shout which rose above the din of battle, he dashed into the thickest of the enemy, and with his lance and horse opened a path before him. Close behind him followed his brave companions, dealing deadly blows on all who strove to stay their progress. On like a whirlwind they dashed, while the Mexicans fell in bloody swathes before their terrible strokes. They neared the person of the Indian commander. He was sitting in a litter borne on the shoulders of six men, and was surrounded by a body-guard of Indian nobles. As he approached the object of his desires, Cortez dashed over the guards, and spurring his horse upon the very litter, hurled the Mexican chieftain to the ground, and transfixed him to the sod with a single thrust of his lance. A cavalier sprang to the ground, and tearing away the banner from the chieftain, gave it to Cortez. The Mexican guards, panic-stricken at the fate of their commander, fled in all directions, conveying the dismal tidings to their companions. Like wild-fire the news spread over the plain. The Mexicans, struck with terror, turned to fly.

The Spaniards, reinvigorated by the sudden change in the aspect of affairs, renewed the fight with their former vigor. The Indians in the wildest disorder, rushed pell-mell across the plain. The Tlascalans, panting for vengeance, glutted themselves in the blood of the fugitives. The Spaniards, equally as vengeful, pursued the enemy for miles, regardless of their wounds and their fatigue. Hunger, thirst, and pain, were all forgotten in their insatiable longing for the blood of their enemies. The fugitives crowded together in a confused mass, and unprotected by defensive armor, offered no resistance to the thrust of the lance or the sword; and the horrible carnage was kept up until they were driven from the plain, and the ground groaned beneath thousands of the slain. Then returning from the pursuit the Spaniards found in the abundant booty with which the bloody field was strewn, partial indemnification for their recent disasters. They halted a brief season for repose, and then resumed their march toward Tlascala.

In this furious battle, the Mexicans lost in killed alone 20,000 men. Of the Spaniards, a few only were killed; but they were to a man wounded more or less seriously. The Tlascalans, less experienced than their European allies, suffered a heavy loss in killed, and like the Spaniards, none escaped without wounds.—*Prescott.*

OPORTO, A.D. 1805.—Oporto, the second city of Portugal, stands on the right bank of the Douro, 175 miles north-east of Lisbon.

Oporto in 1805 was taken and sacked by the French, in whose possession it remained until 1809. On the 11th of May, 1809, the English, under Wellesley, crossed the Douro, and after a brief conflict the French were obliged to retire, with a loss of 500 men in killed and wounded. The inhabitants of Oporto having sided with Don Miguel, the city was besieged in 1831–32. The siege lasted over a year, and during its continuance a large portion of the city was destroyed, and its trade for the time was annihilated.

ORISKANY.—See *Fort Schuyler.*

ORLEANS, A.D. 451.—The city of Orleans is situated on the right bank of the Loire in France, fifty-eight miles south-west of Paris.

Attila, King of the Huns, entered Gaul in 451, with fire and sword, followed by a countless host of barbarians. After spreading everywhere terror, death, and carnage, he appeared before Orleans. The only defense of this city consisted in the valor of its people and the active zeal of Saint-Agnan, its bishop. Before the Huns had crossed the Seine, he hastened to raise the walls on that

side, he collected as much provision as possible, flew to Arles to press the Roman general Ætius to succor Orleans, and then shut himself up within its walls, determined to perish with his flock if the Romans did not second their courage. The Huns arrived and attacked the part of the city situated on the right bank of the Loire, with fury. They reiterated their assaults, they multiplied their efforts, while Agnan, having employed all human means, was prostrate at the foot of the altar, imploring the All-powerful. Heaven appeared to listen to his prayers; a tempestuous rain, which lasted three days, interrupted the attacks. When it had ceased, the barbarians recommenced their assaults, and were already rushing into the city, when the Roman trumpets were heard. Ætius and Theodoric entered Orleans from the other side of the Loire at the same instant that Attila entered the opposite gate. The Huns, imagining they were conquerors, dispersed themselves in the wild disorder of pillage, through the streets and houses. The barbarians were stopped, surrounded, pursued, and massacred in all directions. In vain Agnan endeavored to excite pity for these ferocious men; their character was too well known; they gave none; they met with none. Attila, conquered at the moment he thought himself victorious, retired darting upon the prey which had escaped him, furious but powerless glances of disappointment and rage.

Second Siege, A.D. 1428.—The miserable condition into which France had fallen at the period of the unjust invasion of Henry V., of England, can scarcely be conceived. An insane king, ambitious, grasping princes, bold, poor, and selfish nobles, all conspired to oppress a sunken and degraded people.

At the period of this siege, the two great actors in the late events, Henry V. of England and Charles VI. of France, were dead. Henry's son was an infant; Charles's was still worse: the infant was under the good tutelage of his uncles, while Charles's son, for a long time called only the dauphin, was a weak, dissipated, indolent youth, a willing prey to mistresses and favorites. By the treaty of Troyes, signed by Henry V. and Charles VI., the crown belonged to Henry VI.; but the bulk of the French nation deemed such a compulsory engagement binding upon no one, and all eagerly waited the opportunity for throwing off the odious foreign yoke.

For a long time the council of the King of England, to assist in ruining the party of Charles VII., disinherited, as they said, by the treaty of Troyes, had fixed their eyes upon Orleans; but numberless considerations had retarded the siege of that city. At length, on the 8th of October, 1428, 10,000 English approached to reconnoiter the environs of the place, after having rapidly conquered Château-Neuf, Rambouillet, Bétancourt, Rochefort, and all the neighboring places. Gaucourt, the governor of the city, made a vigorous sortie, and repulsed the enemy. They went and sacked some more places, and on the 12th of the same month reappeared before Orleans, on the side of the Sologne. The garrison was weak, but it had as leaders intrepid warriors, the Gaucourts, the Dunois, the Lahires, the Xaintrailles, a crowd of noblesse of that name and merit, who all inspired the lowest soldiers with the heroic valor which animated them. The inhabitants even, resolved to bury themselves under the ruins of their city rather than submit to a foreign yoke, had become so many heroes. The women partook of this martial ardor, and devoted themselves enthusiastically to the service of their country.

The *tête-du-pont*, on the side of Sologne, was defended by a fortress called *Les Tourelles*, in front of which a bulwark had been commenced. It was by this intrenchment the Earl of Salisbury, the general of the English army, made his first attacks. The faubourgs, set fire to on the approach of the enemy, were not yet entirely consumed. This barrier stopped them at first, but they soon elevated a bastille upon the ruins of the convent of the Augustines, and erected batteries, which kept up a constant discharge against the walls of the city, the Tourelles, and the boulevard, of which they wished to make themselves masters. The cannon made a large breach, and it was resolved to mount it sword in hand. On the 21st of October, the trumpets sounded the signal, and, as if by one motion, the warriors planted their ladders at the foot of the ramparts. They sprang up with incredible intrepidity; but they were received with a firmness equal to it, and both sides fought with the same fury. National hatred and a desire for vengeance added to the natural desire to conquer. While the besieged hurled their foes into the fosses, launched fire-pots, rolled stones of an enormous size upon them, encircled them with rings of red-hot iron, poured torrents of boiling oil, and burning ashes, the women of the city, not less active, in the words of a chronicler, "brought them every thing that could assist in the defense; and to refresh their great labor, bread, wine, meats, fruits, and vinegar, with white towels to wipe them. Some were seen, during the assault, repulsing the English with lance-thrusts from the entrance to the boulevard, and beating them down into the fosses." Such a furious resistance disconcerted Salisbury; he sounded a retreat, and ordered a mine to be instantly commenced. It was soon finished, and they

were preparing to spring it. The besieged perceived it, and despairing of maintaining a post threatened on all sides, they set fire to it in the sight of the English, and retired into the fortress of the Tourelles. To defend this for a short time, they raised a new boulevard on the bridge even, of which they destroyed two arches. Notwithstanding all this, they could not long withstand the multiplied efforts of the English. The fort of the Tourelles was carried, and that advantageous post offered the besiegers a commodious and redoubtable position. The Orléannais then directed all their batteries against that part of their city for which they had so boldly fought. The enemy, on their side, neglected no means to maintain it, and both exhausted, in attack or defense, all the resources the most heroic valor could furnish.

It was then the middle of autumn. Salisbury foreseeing that the siege would be long, resolved to encircle the place with a belt of many forts, which, placed at regular distances, would render the entrance of succors or convoys next to impossible. To draw up his plan according to the situation of the city, he repaired to the Tourelles, from whence a view could be obtained of the whole environs of Orleans. He was earnestly employed on this examination, when a cannon-ball carried away one of his eyes and half of his face. After having exhorted the principal officers to continue the siege according to the plan he had traced for them, he was transported to Meun, where he soon after died. The Earl of Suffolk, the Lord Pole his brother, Talbot, Glansdale, and other leaders, were clothed with his authority; and these captains, full of respect for their general, continued their operations according to the instructions he had given them.

Every day the besiegers and the besieged received reinforcements. The garrison, which at first scarcely amounted to 1,200 men, was now composed of 3,000 combatants; and the English army, which at the commencement only reckoned 10,000 warriors, was increased to 23,000 soldiers, who thought themselves invincible. The city, which had been attacked on the side of the Sologne alone, was now invested almost entirely on that of the Beauce. Opposite to the principal avenues of Orleans were erected six large bastilles, which communicated with each other by sixty less considerable redoubts; constructed in the intervals. It was impossible to enter the place without passing under the artillery of the forts. More than once the French leaders forced the quarters of the enemy's army to introduce convoys. The rigor of the season did not at all interrupt the works. Only on Christmas-day the English proposed a suspension of arms, and begged the besieged to send them some musicians, to celebrate that great festival with proper solemnity. The generals made each other presents. The Earl of Suffolk sent the Bastard of Orleans some refreshments in exchange for a plush robe which he had given him. Up to the beginning of Lent nothing remarkable took place. Having desolated the country round, the English began to be in want of provisions. In the early part of February, the Duke of Bedford sent a convoy, escorted by 2,500 men, under the conduct of the brave Fastolfe. The Count de Clermont having collected nearly 3,000 soldiers, to whom he added a detachment of the garrison of Orleans, resolved to carry off this convoy. He came up with the English at Rouvray, a village of the Beauce. Fastolfe* halted, made an intrenchment of the wagons which contained the provisions, and only left two issues, at one of which he placed his archers. The French army, more courageous than prudent, wished that same night to force this intrenchment, with an impetuosity that has often proved fatal to their countrymen. The French insisted upon fighting on horseback; the Scots would only fight on foot. This deficiency of discipline produced the effect that might have been expected. After an obstinate conflict, the English were conquerors. A hundred and twenty nobles of high rank were left dead upon the field; and the other leaders returned to the city, quite crest-fallen, with scarcely 500 followers. This battle was called "La journée des harengs," because the convoy conducted by Fastolfe consisted principally of barrels filled with this fish, which, being broken by the French artillery, their savory contents were strewed over the field of battle.

In proportion with the triumph of the English in this little battle was the depression of the feeble and voluptuous Charles, then lying encamped at Chinon. Despairing of his fortunes, the timid monarch deliberated whether he had not better seek refuge in Dauphiny. It was his own opinion, and his servile counselors concurred in it. He was already about to carry this resolution into effect, when two heroines roused the courage of the prince from its effeminate slumbers. The queen, a princess above her sex and her rank, and the fair Agnes Sorel, employed the influence their charms had over him to detain the king, who could but blush to think he had less magnanimity than his wife or his mistress.

In the mean time Orleans seemed daily

* Following Hale and Holinshed, Shakspeare has made Fastolfe a coward, and, it is supposed, borrowed from him the name for his inimitable Falstaff. But the historical Fastolfe vindicated his good name, and was restored to his honors. Dr. Heylin, in his "St. George for England," says, "Without doubt, this Sir John Fastolfe was a valiant and wise captain."

sinking into the last extremity. The besieged could no longer look for relief to a prince who was in no condition to assist them, and who, indeed, scarcely preserved a shadow of royalty. There only remained one chance of saving the city, and that was to place it in sequestration in the hands of the Duke of Burgundy. The envoys, among whom was Xaintrailles, went at once to the duke, who agreed to the proposal, and came with them to Paris, with the design of persuading the Duke of Bedford to accept it. But the regent replied that he would only treat with the city upon the condition of its surrender to the English. This intelligence roused the indignation and revived the courage of the Orléannais; they resolved to defend themselves to the last breath.

While terrified France looked for nothing but the blow which was to consummate its ruin, that Invincible Power which sometimes seems to attach the greatest events to the most apparently weak causes, prepared her an avenger. A girl, of about seventeen years of age, was strongly persuaded that God destined her to be the preserver of her country. Born near the banks of the Meuse, at Dom-Remy, a village of Lorraine, her poor but honest parents had given her an education conformable to the simplicity of her situation. Jeanne d'Arc, or, as she is called Joan of Arc, had from her childhood been brought up with a horror for the English; she constantly made it the subject of her prayers that the monarchy should be delivered from the eternal enemies who tyrannized over it. Her zeal becoming more ardent with her years, at thirteen she had trances, in which she declared she had conversed with St. Michael, St. Marguerite, and St. Catharine, who told her that God had appointed her to drive out the English, and bring about the coronation of the dauphin. With this enthusiasm she possessed all the virtues of which a simple mind is susceptible: innocence, piety, candor, generosity, and courage. Her rustic life had strengthened her naturally robust frame; she had the exterior, and even the natural graces of her sex, without experiencing the infirmities which characterize the weakness of it.

After several years of revelations, Joan, urged more and more by that inward voice which excited her to arm for her country, formed the resolution of presenting herself to Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, a small city of the neighborhood:—"Master captain," said she, "know that God has for some time past often given me to know, and has commanded me to go to the *gentil dauphin*, who ought, it is true, to be King of France, and that he should place under me men-at-arms, and that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and lead him to be crowned at Rheims." The astonished Baudricourt supposed her to be mad, and wanted to have her exorcised by the curé of the place. Joan continued to urge him for six months, and at length the governor, subdued by her importunities, armed her at all points, gave her in charge to two gentlemen with their servants, and dismissed her, saying, "Go, come of it what may!" Toward the end of February she arrived at Chinon, where the dauphin then was. It was precisely the moment when the vacillating Charles appeared to be sinking under the weight of his ill fortune. She announced herself at the court of the monarch. During two days it was deliberated whether she should be heard or not; but at length curiosity prevailed, and she was admitted. The king, without any mark of superior dignity, mingled with the crowd of courtiers, on purpose to prove her. Joan distinguished him, pointed him out, and in spite of the cries "You are mistaken! you are mistaken!" continued to exclaim, "*That is he! that is he!*" They all admire her noble boldness; they surround her, and gaze on her with astonished looks. Charles himself can not explain what passes in his heart at the aspect of this unknown girl: "Gentil dauphin," said the heroine, without being the least disconcerted, "my name is *Jeanne la Pucelle*. The King of Heaven has sent me to succor you; if you will please to give me men of war, by divine grace and force of arms I will raise the siege of Orleans, and will lead you to Rheims to be crowned, in spite of all your enemies. This is what the King of Heaven has ordered me to tell you, and it is His will that the English should return to their own country, and leave you peaceful in yours, as being the only true and legitimate heir of it; that if you make this offering to God, He will make you much greater and more flourishing than your predecessors have ever been; and He will take it ill of the English if they do not retire."

Thus spoke La Pucelle; the fire of her words, the *naïveté* of her manner, her simple but precise replies, convinced every body. The king caused her to be examined by matrons, by theologians, and by his parliament. Yoland of Arragon, Queen of Sicily, accompanied by the ladies De Gaucourt, De Tiénes, and several others of the first distinction, visited Joan, and pronounced her to be as pure as she had described herself. The theologians, after many interrogations, decided that she was inspired. The parliament of Poitiers, after the most scrupulous observations, required that she should manifest the truth of her revelations by some prodigy. "I did not come to Poitiers," she haughtily replied, "to perform miracles; but conduct

me to Orleans, and I will give you certain signs of my mission." This firm reply so astonished her judges, that all with one voice declared that this heavenly instrument which the All-powerful had sent to their country ought to be instantly employed. Charles ordered a splendid and complete suit of armor to be made for her, gave her a standard, squires, pages, an intendant, a chaplain, and a train becoming the state of a great warlike leader. The new Amazon placed herself at the head of a considerable convoy destined for Orleans; and her warriors soon felt themselves inspired with her enthusiasm. She set out, followed by Marshal De Boussac, Gilles de Rais, the Admiral De Couland, Ambroise de Loté, and Lahire, and arrived on the 29th of April, within sight of the place. Dunois came to meet her; he begged her to satisfy the desire the inhabitants had to behold their liberator: she yielded to his entreaties, and she entered the city as if in triumph. A thousand cries of joy were heard; at that moment the Orléannais believed themselves invincible, and in fact were so. Every thing was changed; the English trembled at the name of Joan of Arc; they as firmly believed her to be a sorceress, as the French believed her to be celestially inspired. "English," wrote the heroine to them, "you who have no right to this kingdom of France, God commands you by me, Jeanne la Pucelle, to abandon your forts and to retire." The couriers were arrested, and no reply was made to this awful summons but insults. Joan, outraged, but dreaded, now prepared to prove her mission. On Wednesday, the 4th of May, she selected a body of troops, and, filled with an ardor more than human, she precipitated herself upon the enemy's forts, and carried them after an assault of four hours. She then thought of gaining possession of the boulevard and fort of the Tourelles, where the *élite* of the English were cantoned, under the orders of the celebrated Glansdale. After having made her dispositions during the night, she gave the signal as the first rays of day appeared. The ready troops follow her, mount with her to the breach, fight with ardor, press, pierce through, and overthrow the English, who, nevertheless, defend themselves with great courage. The French were on the point of carrying all before them, when Joan, wounded in the neck, was obliged to retire to put a dressing to her wound. Her absence extinguished the courage of the assailants; the soldiers missed the warlike illusion which rendered them victorious. Each began to desire to place himself in safety: even Dunois judged it most prudent to do so. All at once La Pucelle reappears! She rushes to the foot of the fort, and there plants her standard. Her intrepidity passes into all hearts; the efforts of her followers are redoubled, their fatigues and fears are forgotten, the English fly, the boulevard is carried!

On the morrow the vanquished English draw up in order of battle on the side of La Beauce; the French, still led on, still animated by their heroine, present themselves in the same order, resolved to fight, although inferior in numbers. But their enemies, till that time so proud and so terrible, did not dare to stand before them; they precipitately retreated, leaving behind them their sick, their baggage their provisions, their artillery, and nearly five thousand dead. Thus, contrary to all hopes and expectations, the city of Orleans was relieved on the 8th of May, 1419. Public gratitude exhausted itself, so to say, to prove to Joan of Arc how deeply the greatness of her benefits was felt; the king ennobled her, with her father, her three brothers, and all her posterity. A statue was erected to her on the bridge of the city she had saved, and, to eternize the memory of this fortunate event, a festival was established, which is still celebrated every year on the 8th of May. At this festival a eulogy is pronounced on Joan of Arc, who, from the period of the raising of the siege, has been styled the Maid of Orleans. During the troubles of the Revolution, ignorant and barbarous men overthrew, in Orleans, the statue of a heroine who had preserved their city from the yoke of the English, and roused the spirit in France which shortly afterward expelled the invaders from their soil; it was, however, reinstated by Bonaparte, during his consulship. See *Compiegne.*

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1563.—During the civil wars which agitated France in the time of the Huguenots, the Duke of Guise laid siege to Orleans, one of the strongest cities of their party. A first attack made him master of the faubourg of Portereau, and of the boulevard which protected it; he gained possession of the bridge, approached the Tourelles, and cannonaded that fortress warmly. The duke was flattering himself with the certainty of a speedy success, when a gentleman named Poltrot, a fanatical Calvinist, shot him with a pistol, and he died of the wound, in a very short time. The king, very much disconcerted, made peace with the Huguenots. —*Robson.*

ORTHES, A.D. 1814.—Near Orthes in France, the French army under Marshal Soult was defeated by the Anglo-Saxon army under the Duke of Wellington, on the 27th of February, 1814. Wellington's army consisted of 37,000 men, of whom 4,000 were cavalry with forty-eight guns; the French army consisted of about 35,000 men, with forty guns. In this battle the French lost

3,900 men, killed and wounded, and prisoners, and the allies lost 2,300.

OSTEND, A.D. 1601–1604.—On the shore of the North sea, in Belgium, lies Ostend, famous for one of the most memorable sieges recorded in history. In a work of this kind it would be impossible for us to pass over this siege in silence; but our space forbids us from doing the subject justice; the details of this siege would make a volume of themselves.

This celebrated siege, undertaken by the Spaniards, lasted three years and seventy-eight days, and, up to the moment of its termination, doubts were entertained of their success. The besieged, constantly succored both by sea and land, were unable to tire out the courage and patience of the besiegers, who pushed on their attacks without relaxation, amid the greatest obstacles. It would be difficult to count the number of batteries they erected, the assaults they made, or the mines they sprung. The last was so frequent, that they might be said to work more beneath the earth than upon its surface. All the resources of art were exhausted in the attack and defense. Machines were invented. The earth and the ocean by turns favored the two parties, seconding and destroying alternately the works of the Spaniards and the Dutch, who advanced no work upon the land which the sea did not appear to hasten to destroy. The slaughter was terrible on both sides. Both parties were more eager to inflict death upon their enemies than to save their own lives. At length the besieged, after having seen nine commanders perish successively, did not abandon the little heap of ruins on which they had concentrated themselves, and which they contested foot by foot, until it seemed to disappear from under them: an honorable capitulation was granted. The enemy was surprised to see march from untenable ruins more than 4,000 vigorous soldiers, whom the abundance they had lived in during the whole siege had kept in the best health. In addition to a numerous artillery, a prodigious quantity of provisions and munitions was found in the city. The archduke, who had begun this celebrated expedition, with the infanta his wife, had the curiosity to go and view the melancholy remains of Ostend. They found nothing but a shapeless heap of ruins, and could trace no vestige of the besieged place. Spinola, who had taken it, was loaded with honors and elevated to the highest dignities. The Dutch, who during the siege had taken Rhenberg, Grave, and Ecluse, very easily consoled themselves for their loss; and to mark by a public monument that they thought they had received full amends, had a medal struck, with the inscription, *Jehova plus dederat quam perdidimus*:—God has given us more than we have lost.

This siege cost the Dutch 50,000 men, and 10,000,000 of French money. The besiegers lost over 80,000 men.

OSTROLENKA, A.D. 1831.—Ostrolenka, a village of Poland on the Narew, 86 miles north-east of Plock, was on the 26th of May, 1831, the scene of a terrible conflict between the Poles under Skrzynecki, and the Russians under Diebitch. After a most desperate fight the Russians withdrew to the opposite side of the river with a loss of 10,000 men. The Poles lost 7,000 men killed and wounded. See *Warsaw*.

OSTROK, A.D. 1768.—The siege of Ostrok, a convent of Montenegro, is memorable from the fact that it was defended in 1768 by 30 men against 30,000 Turks.

OSTROVNO, A.D. 1812.—On the 25th or 26th of July, 1812, a battle was fought near Ostrovno between the French under Murat, and the Russians under Count Ostermann, in which the latter were defeated.

OSWEGO, A.D. 1755.—This beautiful city is situated upon the shore of Lake Ontario, occupying both banks of the Oswego river, in the State of New York.

In the month of August, 1755, Oswego was occupied by 1,500 British troops under General Shirley of Massachusetts. Shirley strengthened the place by repairing the old fort and erecting two new ones. He also constructed a fleet, and made active preparations to proceed against Niagara, then in the occupation of the French. The weather, however, prevented him from carrying his intended operations against Niagara into effect; and leaving a number near to garrison the forts at Oswego, he returned to Albany, where the remainder of his army was disbanded. During the winter, the garrison at Oswego occupied themselves in strengthening their works In the spring of 1758, the Marquis de Montcalm, the French governor of Canada, made active preparations to resume the offensive; and early in the month of August he set sail from Fort Frontenac, with about 5,000 men, and, unobserved by the enemy, landed at a woody point a few miles below Oswego. Meanwhile, Shirley, at Albany made vigorous preparations to reinforce Oswego; and soon an army of 7,000 men, was gathered at that city, waiting the arrival of the commander-in-chief, Lord Loudon. He did not arrive at Albany, however, till late in the summer; too late to be of any assistance to the garrison at Oswego. The French under Montcalm were on the point of marching against Fort Ontario, in Oswego, when they were discovered by the English. The British commandant, Colonel Mercer, sent out three vessels to annoy the French;

and was driven ashore in a heavy gale, and the others were forced to return to the harbor by the heavy guns of the enemy. The French steadily advanced through the woods, and at noon, on the 11th of August, appeared before Fort Ontario, and invested it with about 40 pieces of cannon. Montcalm's force consisted of about 2,500 Canadians, and the same number of Indians. The British garrison consisted of about 1,400 men; the greater portion of whom were stationed under Mercer himself, in the fort on the west side of the river. The troops of Montcalm commenced the assault with small arms, but they were forced to retire by a severe fire from the guns of Fort Ontario, and from the mortars of the small fort on the opposite side of the basin. Finding it impossible to carry the place by an open assault, Montcalm, during the night of the 11th, commenced making regular approaches by parallels. The next day he maintained a brisk fire of musketry upon the fort, and on the following morning, having completed his last parallel, within 60 yards of the work, opened a battery of cannons upon it. Upon this Mercer sent word to the garrison, to destroy their cannon, ammunition, and provisions, and retreat to the west side of the river. This movement was effected without the loss of a single man. On the morning of the 14th, Montcalm, opened a battery of 12 guns on the fort on the west side of the river, and under cover of these pieces, 2,500 French and Indians crossed the stream, in three divisions. The British garrison assailed the enemies with constant discharges of cannon and musketry; and the French replied vigorously both from their battery and their army. The British commandant, Colonel Mercer, was killed; and the besiegers having erected a mortar battery, and disposed their forces so that the works of defense were completely enfiladed, Colonel Littlehalls, on whom the command of the garrison had devolved, called a council of war, in which it was decided that a defense was no longer practicable. A parley was beaten by the drums of the fort, and the firing ceased on both sides. A capitulation was agreed upon, on honorable conditions; and the fort, the whole garrison, 120 cannons, fourteen mortars, three chests of money, and the whole British fleet, consisting of six vessels of war, in the harbor, were surrendered to the victors. The forts were dismounted, the prisoners were placed on vessels, and Montcalm, without garrisoning the place, set sail for Fort Frontenac.

The British lost 45 killed, and a number wounded. Twelve of the killed were slain by the savages when endeavoring to escape through the woods.

On the 5th of May, 1814, the British fleet under Sir James Yeo, appeared before Oswego, and began to bombard the place. Fort Oswego was garrisoned by about 300 Americans, under Colonel Mitchell, with five guns, two of which only were in a serviceable condition. Oswego at that time contained about 500 inhabitants. Finding that the bombardment produced no effect, about 300 seamen and marines, under General Drummond, in fifteen barges, led by gun-boats, were sent forward to carry the fort by storm. When the boats came within range of the American artillery, a spirited fire was opened on them, driving them back finally to seek shelter under the guns of the ships. The next day the fleet approached nearer the shore, and a furious cannonade was opened on the place. Under cover of this bombardment, 2,000 troops under General De Watteville were landed, and advanced in perfect order toward the fort. Colonel Mitchell seeing that resistance was hopeless, retired, throwing volley after volley upon the enemy as he withdrew, with terrible effect. He retired to Oswego Falls, where the naval stores had all been removed, demolishing the bridges as he went. The British took possession of the fort, and having raised the *Growler*, a schooner which the Americans had sunk in the harbor, retired to Sackett's Harbor. In this affair the British lost about 200 in killed and wounded.

OTCHAKOV, A.D. 1737. — Otchakov, a town of Russia, was besieged and taken from the Turks by the Russians in 1737; and in 1788 was again besieged and taken by the Russians.

OTRANTO, A.D. 1480.—Otranto, a seaport town of Naples, was taken and sacked by the Turks in 1480.

OTRICOLLI, A.D. 1798.—In the vicinity of Otricolli, in Italy, in 1798, the French, under Marshal Macdonald, gained a complete victory over the Neapolitan army, under General Mack.

OTTERBURN, A.D. 1388.—The battle of Otterburn was fought on the 15th of August, 1388, between the English under the Earl of Northumberland and his two sons, and the Scots under Sir William Douglas, who was slain by Henry Piercy, surnamed Hotspur. The victory remained undecided; but the two Piercys were made prisoners. On this battle the ballad of *Chevy-Chase* is founded.* According to the ballad the English brought 1,500 to the battle field, and the Scotch 2,000. The English kept the field with fifty-three; the Scotch with fifty-five: all the rest on each side being slain. Douglas challenged Hotspur to decide the day by single combat. "One of us two," said he, "must die. I am an earl as well as yourself, so that you can

* Walsingham.

have no pretense for refusing the combat; however," said he, "'tis a pity and indeed would be a sin that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes, rather let you and I end our quarrel in a single fight."

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, so am I.

"But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offense, to kill
Any of these harmless men
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.
Accurst be he, Lord Percy said,
By whom this is deny'd."

The two earls instantly engaged in a single combat; they ceased awhile, and during a generous parley full of heroic sentiments,

"There came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow;

"Who never spoke more words than these
'Fight on my merry men all.
For while my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy sees me fall.'"

Hotspur was deeply grieved at the unfortunate death of his antagonist.*

"—— Earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, 'Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

"'O, Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake:
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.'"

Both parties then prepared for the battle which followed.

OUDENARDE, A.D. 1708.—On the 11th of July, 1708, a battle was fought between the army of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the forces of the Duke of Burgundy, near Oudenarde, or Audenarde, on the Scheldt in Belgium. After a desperate struggle the latter were defeated with great slaughter.

PALERMO, B.C. 250.—Palermo, the capital of Sicily, called by the ancients *Panormus*, was founded by the Phœnicians. It afterward fell into the hands of the Carthaginians, and in the year 250 B.C., shortly after the commencement of the first Punic war, it was captured by the Romans. In 1072 Palermo was taken by the Normans, and in 1282 it was the scene of the massacre called the "Sicilian Vespers." Charles of Anjou had established himself by his influence with the pope in possession of Naples in Sicily. The unfortunate Conradin, had died on the scaffold, on the 29th of October, 1268; and the haughty Charles ruled the people with an iron rod. In vain did the inhabitants plead for relief to the pope. At length John of Procida, a distinguished nobleman of Palermo, resolved to liberate the Sicilians. He planned the massacre of the French, and on the 30th of March, 1282, at the hour of vespers, on Easter Monday, the inhabitants of Palermo fled to arms, and fell upon the French and massacred them all—women or children were not spared, and even Sicilian women with child by Frenchmen, were murdered. Before the end of April, Messina followed the example of Palermo, and the French were either murdered or driven from the city. This massacre put an end to the sway of the Duke of Anjou.

PALMYRA, A.D. 273.—Palmyra, the Tadmor of Scripture, is a ruined city in an oasis of the Syrian deserts. The siege of Palmyra forms one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the Roman empire.

After the victories of Trajan, the little republic, grown wealthy by its commerce, sank peacably into the bosom of Rome, and flourished more than one hundred and fifty years in the subordinate though honorable rank of a colony. It was during that peaceful period, if we may judge from a few remaining inscriptions, that the wealthy Palmyrenians constructed those temples, palaces, and porticoes of Grecian architecture, whose ruins, scattered over an extent of several miles, have deserved the curiosity of our travelers. The elevation of Odenathus and Zenobia appeared to reflect new splendor on their country, and Palmyra, for a while, stood forth the rival of Rome; but the competition was fatal, and ages of prosperity were sacrificed to a moment of glory.

Modern Europe has produced several women who have sustained with glory the weight of empire; but if we except the doubtful achievements of Semiramis, Zenobia is perhaps the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equaled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valor. Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of dark complexion (for in speaking of ladies such things are not trifles), her teeth were of pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes

* Hotspur was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury by an unknown hand.

sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered with the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious; her understanding was strengthened and adorned by study; she was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato, under the tuition of the sublime Longinus.

This accomplished woman gave her hand to Odenathus, who, from a private station, raised himself to the dominion of the East. She soon became the friend and companion of a hero. In the intervals of war, Odenathus passionately delighted in the exercise of hunting; he pursued with ardor the wild beasts of the desert—lions, panthers, and bears—and the ardor of Zenobia in that dangerous amusement, was not inferior to his own. She had inured her constitution to fatigue, disdained the use of a covered carriage, generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of the troops. The success of Odenathus was, in a great measure, ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude. Their splendid victories over the Great King, whom they twice pursued as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the foundation of their united fame and power. The armies which they commanded, and the provinces which they had saved, acknowledged not any other sovereigns than their invincible chiefs. The senate and people of Rome revered a stranger who had avenged their captive emperor; and even the insensible son of Valerian accepted Odenathus for his legitimate colleague.

After a successful expedition against the Gothic plunderers of Asia, the Palmyrenian prince returned to the city Emessa, in Syria. Invincible in war, he was there cut off by domestic treason, and his favorite amusement of hunting was the cause, or at least the occasion of his death. His nephew Mæonius presumed to dart his javelin before that of his uncle; and, though admonished of his error, repeated the same freedom. As a monarch and as a sportsman, Odenathus was provoked, took away his horse, a mark of ignominy, and chastised the rash youth by a short confinement.

The offense was soon forgotten, but the punishment was remembered; and Mæonius, with a few daring associates, assassinated his uncle in the midst of a great entertainment. Herod, the son of Odenathus, though not of Zenobia, a young man of a soft and effeminate temper, was killed with his father. But Mæonius obtained only the pleasure of revenge by this bloody deed. He had scarcely time to assume the title of Augustus, before he was sacrificed by Zenobia to the memory of her husband.

With the assistance of his most faithful friends, she immediately filled the vacant throne, and governed with manly counsels, Palmyra, Syria, and the East, above five years. By the death of Odenathus, the authority was at an end, which the senate had granted him only as a personal distinction; but his martial widow, disdaining both the senate and Gallienus, obliged one of the Roman generals who was sent against her to retreat into Europe, with the loss of his army and his reputation. Instead of the petty passions which so frequently perplex a female reign, the steady administration of Zenobia was guided by the most judicious maxims of policy. If it was expedient to pardon, she could calm her resentment; if it was necessary to punish, she could impose silence on the voice of pity. Her strict economy was accused of avarice; yet on every proper occasion she appeared magnificent and liberal. The neighboring states of Arabia, Armenia, and Persia, dreaded her enmity and solicited her alliance. To the dominions of Odenathus, which extended from the Euphrates to the frontiers of Bithynia, his widow added the inheritance of her ancestors, the populous and fertile kingdom of Egypt. The Emperor Claudius acknowledged her merit, and was content that, while *he* pursued the Gothic war, *she* should assert the dignity of the empire in the East. The conduct, however, of Zenobia, was attended with some ambiguity, nor is it unlikely that she had conceived the design of erecting an independent and hostile monarchy. She blended with the popular manners of Roman princes the stately pomp of the courts of Asia, and exacted from her subjects the same adoration that was paid to the successors of Cyrus. She bestowed on her three sons a Latin education, and often showed them to the troops adorned with the imperial purple. For herself she reserved the diadem, with the splendid but doubtful title of Queen of the East.

When Aurelian passed over into Asia, against an adversary whose sex alone could render her an object of contempt, his presence restored obedience to the provinces of Bithynia, already shaken by the arms and intrigues of Zenobia. Advancing at the head of his legions, he accepted the submission of Ancyra, and was admitted into Tyana, after an obstinate siege, by the help of a treacherous citizen. The generous though fierce temper of Aurelian abandoned the traitor to the rage of the soldiers; a superstitious reverence induced him to treat with lenity the countrymen of Apollonius, the philosopher. Antioch was deserted on his approach, till

the emperor, by his salutary edicts, recalled the fugitives, and granted a general pardon to all who, from necessity rather than choice, had been engaged in the services of the Palmyrenian queen. The unexpected mildness of such a conduct reconciled the minds of the Syrians, and, as far as the gates of Emessa, the wishes of the people seconded the terror of his arms.

Zenobia would have ill deserved her reputation had she indolently permitted the emperor of the West to approach within a hundred miles of her capital. The fate of the East was decided in two great battles, so similar in almost every circumstance, that we can scarcely distinguish them from each other except by observing that the first was fought near Antioch, and the second near Emessa. In both, the Queen of Palmyra animated the armies by her presence, and devolved the execution of her orders on Zabdas, who had already signalized his military talents by the conquest of Egypt. The numerous forces of Zenobia consisted, for the most part, of light archers and of heavy cavalry, clothed in complete steel. The Moorish and Illyrian horse of Aurelian were unable to sustain the ponderous charge of their antagonists. They fled in real or affected disorder, engaged the Palmyrians in a laborious pursuit, harassed them by a desultory combat, and at length discomfited this impenetrable but unwieldy body of cavalry. The light infantry, in the mean time, when they had exhausted their quivers, remained without protection against a closer onset, their naked sides exposed to the swords of the legions. Aurelian had chosen these veteran troops, who were usually stationed on the Upper Danube, and whose valor had been severely tried in the Alemannic war. After the defeat of Emessa, Zenobia found it impossible to collect another army. As far as the frontier of Egypt, the nations subject to her empire had joined the standard of the conqueror, who detached Probus, the bravest of his generals, to possess himself of the Egyptian provinces. Palmyra was the last resource of the widow of Odenathus. She retired within the walls of her capital, made every preparation for a vigorous resistance, and declared with the intrepidity of a heroine, that the last moment of her reign and her life should be the same.

In his march over the sandy desert between Emessa and Palmyra, the emperor Aurelian was perpetually harassed by the Arabs; nor could he always defend his army, and especially his baggage, from those flying troops of active and daring robbers, who watched the moment of surprise, and eluded the slow pursuit of the legions. The siege of Palmyra was an object far more difficult and important, and the emperor, who with incessant vigor pressed the attacks in person, was himself wounded with a dart. "The Roman people," says Aurelian, in an original letter, "speak with contempt of the war which I am waging against a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and the power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations, of stones, of arrows, and of every species of missile weapons. Every part of the walls is provided with two or three balistæ, and artificial fires are thrown from her military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with a desperate courage. Yet still I trust in the protecting deities of Rome, who have hitherto been favorable to all my undertakings." Doubtful, however, of the protection of the gods and of the events of the siege, Aurelian judged it more prudent to offer terms of an advantageous capitulation; to the queen, a splendid retreat; to the citizens, their ancient privileges. His proposals were obstinately rejected, and the refusal was accompanied with insult.

The firmness of Zenobia was supported by the hope that famine would soon compel the emperor to repass the desert; and by the reasonable expectation that the kings of the East, and particularly the Persian monarch, would arm in defense of their most natural ally. But fortune, and the perseverance of Aurelian, overcame every obstacle. The death of Sapor, which happened about this time, distracted the councils of Persia, and the inconsiderable succors that attempted to relieve Palmyra, were easily intercepted, either by the arms or the liberality of the emperor. From every part of Syria, a succession of convoys safely arrived in the camp, which was increased by the return of Probus, with his victorious troops, from the conquest of Egypt. It was then that Zenobia resolved to fly. She mounted the fleetest of her dromedaries, and had already reached the banks of the Euphrates, about sixty miles from Palmyra, when she was overtaken by the pursuit of Aurelian's light horse, seized, and brought back a captive to the feet of the emperor. Her capital soon after surrendered, and was treated with unexpected lenity. The arms, horses, and camels, with an immense treasure of gold, silver, silk, and precious stones, were all delivered to the conqueror, who, leaving only a garrison of six hundred archers, returned to Emessa, and employed some time in the distribution of rewards and punishments at the end of so memorable a war, which restored to the obedience of Rome those provinces that had renounced their allegiance since the captivity of Valerian.

When the Syrian queen was brought into

the presence of Aurelian, he sternly asked her how she had presumed to arise in arms against the emperors of Rome? The answer of Zenobia was a prudent mixture of respect and firmness. "Because I disdained to consider as Roman emperors an Aureolus or a Gallienus. You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and my sovereign." But as female fortitude is commonly artificial, so it is seldom steady or consistent. The courage of Zenobia deserted her in the hour of trial; she trembled at the angry clamors of the soldiers, who called aloud for her immediate execution; she forgot the generous despair of Cleopatra, which she had proposed as her model; and ignominiously purchased life by the sacrifice of her fame and her friends. It was to their counsels, which governed the weakness of her sex, that she imputed the guilt of her obstinate resistance; it was on their heads she directed the vengeance of the cruel Aurelian. The fame of Longinus, who was included among the perhaps innocent victims of her fear, will survive that of the queen who betrayed, or the tyrant who condemned him. Genius and learning were incapable of moving a fierce unlettered soldier, but they had served to elevate and harmonize the soul of Longinus. Without uttering a complaint, he calmly followed the executioner, pitying his unhappy mistress and bestowing comfort on his afflicted friends.

Returning from the conquest of the East, Aurelian had already crossed the straits which divide Europe from Asia, when de was provoked by the intelligence that the Palmyrenians had massacred the governor and garrison which he had left among them, and again erected the standard of revolt. Without a moment's deliberation, he once more turned his face toward Syria. Antioch was alarmed by his rapid approach, and the helpless city of Palmyra felt the irresistible weight of his resentment. We have a letter of Aurelian himself, in which he acknowledges that old men, women, and children, and peasants had been involved in that dreadful execution, which should have been confined to armed rebellion; and although his principal concern seems directed to the re-establishment of a temple of the Sun, he discovers some pity for the Palmyrenians, to whom he grants the permission of rebuilding and inhabiting their city. But it is easier to destroy than to restore. The seat of commerce, of arts, and of Zenobia, gradually sunk into an obscure town, a trifling fortress, and at length a miserable village. The present citizens of Palmyra, consisting of thirty or forty families, have erected their mud cottages within the spacious court of a magnificent temple.

Since the foundation of Rome, no general had more nobly deserved a triumph than Aurelian, nor was a triumph ever celebrated with superior pride and magnificence. The pomp was opened by twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and above 200 of the most curious animals from every climate of the north, the east, and the south. They were followed by 1,600 gladiators, devoted to the cruel amusements of the amphitheater. The wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of so many conquerered nations, and the magnificent plate and wardrobe of the Syrian queen, were exposed in exact symmetry or artful disorder. The embassadors of the most remote parts of the earth—of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, Bactriana, India and China, all remarkable by their rich or singular dresses, displayed the fame and power of the Roman emperor, who exposed likewise to the public view the presents that he had received, and particularly a great number of crowns of gold, the offerings of grateful cities. The victories of Aurelian were attested by the long train of captives who reluctantly attended his triumph—Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians, and Egyptians. Each people was distinguished by its peculiar inscription, and the title of Amazons was bestowed on ten martial heroines of the Gothic nation who had been taken in arms. But every eye, disregarding the crowds of captives, was fixed upon the Queen of the East and the Emperor Tetricus. The latter, as well as his son, whom he had created Augustus, was dressed in Gallic trousers, a saffron tunic, and a robe of purple. The beauteous figure of Zenobia was confined by fetters of gold; a slave supported the gold chain which encircled her neck, and she almost fainted under the intolerable weight of jewels. She preceded, on foot, the magnificent chariot in which she once hoped to enter the gates of Rome. It was followed by two other chariots, still more sumptuous, of Odenathus and of the Persian monarch. The triumphal car of Aurelian (it had formerly been used by a Gothic king) was drawn on this memorable occasion either by four stags or by four elephants. The most illustrious of the senate, the people, and the army, closed the solemn procession. Unfeigned joy, wonder, and gratitude, swelled the acclamations of the multitude; but the satisfaction of the senate was clouded by the appearauce of Tetricus; nor could they suppress a rising murmur that the haughty emperor should thus expose to public ignominy the person of a Roman and a magistrate.

The triumph over, Aurelian behaved generously to his beautiful and royal captive. He presented Zenobia with an elegant villa at Tibur or Tivoli, about twenty miles from the capital; the Syrian queen insensibly sunk into a Roman matron, her daughters married

into noble families, and her race was not extinct in the fifth century.—*Gibbon.*

PALO ALTO, A.D. 1846.—The battle-field of Palo Alto is situated near the southern extremity of Texas, between Matamoras and Point Isabel, about nine miles north-east of the former. At this place the American army under General Taylor, encountered the Mexican army, under General Arista, and the first battle of the late Mexican war ensued.

The American army, consisting of about 2,300 men, occupied an intrenched camp on the north bank of the Rio Grande, opposite the city of Matamoras, in which was concentrated about 6,000 Mexicans, under the command of General Arista. The Mexican general resolved to cut off General Taylor's communication with Point Isabel, his dépôt, and striking to right and left, overwhelm both positions by numbers. For this purpose, he crossed the river in force, and took up a position between the American camp at Matamoras and Point Isabel. But General Taylor had anticipated his design, and leaving the camp on the Rio Grande under the command of Major Brown, set out in person with the greater part of his force for Point Isabel, where he arrived on the 2d day of May. The next day the sound of cannon was heard from the direction of the camp opposite Matamoras, and Captains May and Walker were sent to gain intelligence.

On the 6th Captain Walker returned with the information that the position of Major Brown was secure, being entirely uninjured by the enemy's fire. The Mexican general now hastened the movements of his army, and concentrated his force across the work at Palo Alto about twenty-five miles from Point Isabel. On the 7th of May, General Taylor with his little army advanced from Point Isabel, and the next day arrived within sight of the enemy at Palo Alto. Here the American general halted and made his dispositions for the approaching battle. The right wing of his army was composed of Major Ringgold's artillery, and the third and fifth infantry; the left consisted of Duncan's battery and the fourth and 8th infantry. The Mexican right was composed of light artillery and the infantry; the left consisted of the heavy artillery supported by a strong body of infantry. The Americans advanced in two columns, the right under Major Ringgold moving along the road. As the Americans approached, the Mexicans opened their artillery upon them. Ringgold's battery replied with terrible effect. The cannonade was maintained on both sides incessantly; the infantry standing idle. The Mexican cavalry in attempting to attack the right flank of the Americans, were repulsed with considerable loss by Lieutenant Ridgely, with a detachment of Ringgold's artillery, the fifth infantry, and Captain Walker's Texans. Meanwhile the guns of Ringgold told with fearful effect upon the enemy. At length the gallant major fell, mortally wounded; but Lieutenant Shover, on whom the command devolved, skillfully managed the batteries during the day. Captain Duncan, meanwhile, on the American left, worked his battery incessantly and with good effect. During this time the infantry on both sides stood firm, the battle being almost entirely in the hands of the artillery. The tall grass of the prairie having taken fire from the discharges of the cannon, soon enveloped both armies in a cloud of smoke which produced a temporary cessation of hostilities. In the interval, the Mexican artillery retreated before the fire of Ringgold's artillery, and Shover pushed forward his pieces to the ground they had abandoned. The fourth regiment was ordered to support these guns, and while making this movement suffered severely from the fire of the enemy. Captain Page was mortally wounded, and a number of men were struck down. The Mexican cavalry now made a strong demonstration on the American right; the artillery of Lieutenant-Colonel Childs was pushed forward to that quarter, and a heavy fire was opened upon the advancing column of the enemy. The infantry was formed in square, to receive the charge; but the Mexicans could not withstand the tempest of cannister-shot which was hurled through their ranks, and turned and fled, followed by a destructive fire of musketry. Night was rapidly approaching, and the Mexicans made no further attempt on the American right.

Meanwhile, the Mexicans on their right made a sudden movement against the American left; but they were met promptly by a detachment of Duncan's artillery under Lieutenant Belknap, and were forced to halt before they had fired a single shot. A strong body of Mexican infantry supported by two squadrons of horse, at the same time debouched from the chapparel and advanced to the attack. The Americans opened a section of their battery upon them, with such effect, that the whole advance, foot and horse, fell back in disorder to the bushes; the Mexican cavalry which had come to a halt were also greeted with a destructive fire from the other section, which although it tore through their ranks, making frightful gaps, was unable to shake them. The column of infantry and cavalry, having re-formed in the chapparel, again advanced to the attack. But they had scarcely emerged from the bushes, ere they were greeted by a fire from the American battery which hurled them back to their cover; and the Americans uniting the two sections of Duncan's battery, followed up their flight with such destructive discharges,

that the Mexicans, both horse and foot, retreated tumultuously and could not be rallied. The Americans pursued their advantage with the utmost energy, and maintained their fire until the Mexicans had disappeared. The action was now at an end. The American army bivouacked on the ground occupied by the enemy, while the Mexicans were dispersed in various directions in the chapparel in the rear of their former position. In this battle the Americans lost four men killed, and forty wounded, several of the latter mortally. Major Ringgold died sixty hours after the battle. Lieutenant Luther was slightly wounded, Captain Page survived to reach the United States, but died from the effects of his wound soon after his arrival.

PAMPELUNA, A.D. 1813.—In the year 778, Pampeluna, in Spain, was taken by the army of Charlemagne the Great. In June, 1813, a battle took place for the possession of Pampeluna, between the English and French armies, at the close of the Peninsular war. While on their retreat from Vittoria, the French army hastily garrisoned and provisioned this fortified town. It was immediately invested by the British; but the approach of Marshal Soult, with an army, toward the close of July, promised it an early deliverance. On the 27th and 29th of July a series of obstinate conflicts took place near this place, but the French were finally driven across the Pyrenees, and the garrison of Pampeluna, cut off from all supplies, was forced to surrender on the 31st of October. See *Pyrenees.*

PARIS, A.D. 52.—We now come to treat of one of the most conspicuous cities the world has ever seen. Upon opening such a subject, we feel strongly tempted to dilate upon all that belongs to this great city; but our business is with battles and sieges, and we shall find enough of them to fill more than the space allotted to us.

Julius Cæsar had made the conquest of a part of Gaul, and Labienus, his lieutenant, keeping along the banks of the Seine, determined to take possession of Lutetia, the capital of the Parisians. It was not then the vast city which astonishes by its extent, its population, its wealth, its luxury, and its pleasures. Confined to that which is now called L'Ile du Palais, or Le Cité, it then presented nothing to the eye but a collection of rustic cabins; but its situation, in the middle of a river; its natural fortifications, which made the approach to it difficult and dangerous, with the well-known valor of its inhabitants, who preferred death to slavery, rendered it quite worthy of the efforts of the Romans. At the report of their approach, all the neighboring peoples assembled in arms, under the orders of a distinguished personage, named Camulogenes. Notwithstanding his extreme old age, he knew and practiced all the duties of a great captain. He at first avoided a pitched battle, in order to give his troops, who were much more courageous than disciplined, time to be formed. He took every advantage of his knowledge of the ground, to make himself master of favorable opportunities. There was at that time upon the left bank of the Seine, above Lutetia, a large marsh, whose waters flowed into the river, of which he made a rampart. Labienus endeavored to force him, but was repulsed; he might, indeed, have lost all his legions there, had he not made a speedy retreat. Irritated at this check, the Roman general fell upon Melun, whose inhabitants were in the army of Camulogenes, sacked that hamlet, crossed the Seine there, and following the right bank of the river, presented himself again before Lutetia. The Gaulish general, in order to prevent his taking the city and fortifying himself in it, set fire to it, and destroyed the bridges. Protected by the marsh, he remained in his camp opposite to the Romans, from whom he was separated by the river. In the mean time the nations who peopled the frontiers of the Parisii took up arms, for the purpose of overwhelming the Romans at once. Labienus had brought 50 large boats with him from Melun. At nightfall he dispatched them, with orders to descend the river as silently as possible till they came below Lutetia, nearly at the spot where now stands the village of Anteuil, and to wait there without making the least movement. His design was to cross the Seine at that place. In order to deceive the Gauls, he sent toward the confluence of the Seine and the Maine five cohorts, who had charge of all the baggage, and were attended by some barks filled with sailors. These soldiers marched with as much noise as possible, and the rowers struck the water with all their strength, in order to attract the attention of the Gauls. This stratagem was successful, and the Parisians had no idea of the movement of Labienus, until at daybreak they perceived that general advancing toward them on their side of the river. They were immediately in motion, and rushed forward to meet the Romans. The battle was fought in the plain where now stand the villages of Issi and Vangirard. It was warm and obstinate. The Gauls fought with a courage worthy of greater success. Camulogenes set them the example; though bent beneath the weight of years, this hero appeared, in the midst of his warriors, to regain all the vigor of youth; he was ever found at the post of danger, and threw himself fearlessly into the thickest of the *mêlée.* This first defender of Parisian liberty met with the death great men

desire; he expired fighting for his country, amid a heap of dead which his arm had immolated. The victory of the Romans was complete, and Labienus derived much glory from his achievement.

Second Siege, a.d. 885.—From that time Lutetia, or Paris, became a famous city. Rome brought thither its intelligence and its errors, its wisdom and its vices, its wealth and its luxury, its laws and its abuses. But the Parisians, formerly so simple and so brave, changed all at once into sages, lost with their rustic virtue that intense love of liberty which had animated them. During nearly nine centuries they were no longer known than by the different masters they submitted to, and by the consideration they enjoyed among the peoples of Gaul. They were the head of them. Paris was the center of the Roman dominions in that part of the empire; the Roman governors resided there. Emperors even preferred Lutetia to the most brilliant cities; Julian the Apostate, who embelished it with monuments, never called it any thing but his "dear Lutetia." When Clovis had laid the foundation of the French monarchy, Paris became the capital of his states. Under the reign of this prince and his successors, its extent was so enlarged as to comprise all the space contained between the two arms of the Seine. The irruptions of the barbarians rendered the fortification of it necessary. No entrance could be had to it but by two bridges: each of these was defended by a strong tower, situated nearly where the great and little Châtelet have since been built. In 885 the importance of these precautions was recognized; a swarm of Normans, eager for booty and thirsting for blood, besieged Paris, which they had often before uselessly attacked. Their army consisted of 40,000 men, and more than 700 boats covered the Seine for two leagues; fire-ships, towers, cavaliers, all the machines invented for the destruction of cities, were employed by these barbarians. They gave six assaults. The Parisians received them with the greatest courage, were animated by the example of the Count Eudes, whose great qualities afterward raised him to the throne of the Franks, and by the exhortations of Bishop Gauzlin. This prelate, with helm on head, a quiver at his back, and an axe in his girdle, fought in the breach, within sight of a cross he had planted upon the rampart. He met with death while immolating a host of enemies. Anscheric, who succeeded him upon the episcopal seat, inherited his courage and his love of his country. He continued to lead the besieged, ably seconded by Ebole, the nephew of Gauzlin. This intrepid abbot spread astonishment and terror wherever he directed his arms, nature having endowed him with prodigious strength. In the second assault he rushed to the breach, armed with a javelin which looked like a great spit, with which he pierced the Normans, crying out to his compatriots, "Take these to the kitchen, they are all ready spitted." At length, after eighteen months of successless efforts, the barbarians made a last attempt; they came in crowds to the foot of the walls; they were not expected, and many had already gained the parapets, and were crying victory. At that moment a soldier of moderate height, but of extraordinary valor, named Gerbaut, followed only by five men as brave as himself, killed the first, hurled the others into the ditch, snatched up the ladders, and saved the city. Charles le Gros, who had made but little effort to succor his faithful subjects, treated with the Normans, and induced them to retire, upon promising to pay them 700 pounds' weight of silver in the course of a few months. This cowardly composition, made by a king at the head of an army, excited the general disgust of the Franks. He allowed the Normans to pillage his finest provinces. He was deposed at the diet of Tibur, in 888, and died the same year in indigence, deserted by every body.

Third Siege, a.d. 1411.—Paris became in after-ages the sanguinary theater of civil wars, which under the reign of weak princes, desolated the kingdom. These unhappy times commenced under the administration of Charles VI. The hatreds which divided the nobles broke out openly: France was divided into two factions, almost equally powerful—that of the Duke of Orleans, which was called the *Armagnacs;* and that of the Duke of Burgundy, called the Burgundians. Almost all of the Parisians were of the latter party. The first wore, as a distinctive mark, a white cross at right angles; the second a red cross oblique, called the cross of St Andrew. These two parties soon made cruel war upon each other. The Armagnacs marched toward Paris: the hopes of plundering that great city excited the ardor and cupidity of the troops. Every thing yielded to their first efforts: at their approach, most of the garrisons distributed in the neighboring places sought safety in flight. St. Denis was the only city that defended itself for a few days. Jean de Châlons, Prince of Orange, commanded in the place; the fear of its being carried by assault obliged him to capitulate; he marched out with his garrison, under a promise of not bearing arms for four years. The treachery of Colonel De Paysieux rendered the Orléannais masters of St. Cloud, and of the passage of the Seine above Paris. That city entirely closed in on the north side, already experienced a scarcity of provisions; the troops spread about the environs daily

perpetrated the most horrid cruelties. Houses of pleasure, villages, fields of corn, were all on fire; massacres and violences of every kind, the most horrible sacrileges, the most guilty excesses, were the sports of these pitiless destroyers. Among these brigands was Montagu, archbishop of Sens, who, instead of a mitre, wore a bassinet; for a dalmaique, a habergeon; for a chasuble, a steel gorget; and instead of a cross, carried an axe. Nevertheless, with the danger from without, the fury of the Parisians increased daily, excited above all by the fanaticism of the priests of the capital. All the pulpits resounded with declamations against the Armagnacs. The besiegers were excommunicated. The Orléannais, in reply to this anathema, struck the Duke of Burgundy and his adherents with excommunication. The Archbishop of Sens, the bishops of Paris, Orleans, and Chartres, with several doctors of this age of ignorance, had dictated this dreaded decree. It was thus they sported with religion to justify the horrors committed on both sides. People did not dare to appear in the streets without the red scarf and the cross of St. Andrew. They carried their madness so far as to make the sign of the cross according to the form of the crucifixion of St. Andrew. The people murmured at being shut up within the walls, while the enemy triumphed at their gates; seditious cries announced that they wanted to fight; and it became necessary to obey this blinded populace. The Count de St. Paul and the prevôt Des Essarts, at the head of a detachment of Parisians, badly armed and without order, made a sortie by the gate of St. Denis; they were beaten, although six times more numerous than their adversaries, and precipitately re-entered the city by the gate of St. Honoré, after having lost 400 of their men. This humiliating disgrace completed the despair of the vanquished: in a transport of rage, they made a second sortie from the other side of the city.

Goi, one of the officers of militia, led them to the castle of Wicestre (now Bicêtre), a pleasure-house, which the Duke de Berry prided himself with having ornamented with all the embellishments the art of that age could furnish. As no troops appeared to stop these contemptible warriors, they gave free way to the madness which governed them: the gates of this palace were broken open; they plundered the valuable furniture; they even took away the glass windows, which were then an object of luxury reserved for the houses of the great. This brutal exhibition was crowned by the firing of the building. Among the inestimable loss caused by the conflagration, persons of taste particularly regretted a chronological series of the portraits of the kings of France of the third race, most of them original.

While both parties were giving themselves up to these horrible excesses, the Duke of Burgundy formed the idea of delivering the capital. This prince, at the head of his own troops, and a few companies of English, headed by the Earl of Arundel, crossed the Seine at the bridge of Melun, where 3,000 Parisians awaited him, and made his *entrée* into Paris, surrounded by 15,000 horsemen. The streets, filled with an innumerable multitude, resounded with acclamations; all were eager to load him with honors and to evince their gratitude. Amid their transports of joy, however, the Parisians beheld with much pain, squadrons of English mixed with the French troops. Secretly indignant at seeing the conservation of the capital, the security of the king, and the safety of the state, committed to the suspicious protection of a rival nation, not one of them would give lodging to these foreigners, who were obliged to pass the night upon their horses. The next day they were distributed with much trouble among the bourgeois, and principally among those whose attachment was doubtful. The appearance of every thing was changed by the arrival of the Burgundian prince. The numbers of the Orléannais diminished daily; in the frequent sorties that were made, they hardly sufficed to guard their posts, till at length St. Cloud, the most important of them, was carried by assault. In this affair they lost 900 of their best soldiers, while only 20 of the Burgundians were killed. The Duke of Orleans lost all hopes of entering Paris: his army was melting away; winter was coming on, and he had nothing left but a disgraceful retreat. He called a council of war, in which the necessity for raising the blockade was acknowledged by all. On the very evening of the day of the taking of St. Cloud, the Orléannais army loaded themselves with all the booty they could carry away, they pillaged the treasures of the queen, deposited for safety in the abbey of St. Dĕnis, which they had till that time respected, crossed the Seine, and marched without halting to Etampes. Information of this nocturnal retreat was not conveyed to Paris till it was too late to pursue them.

Fourth Siege, A.D. 1429.—Paris, which, since the invasion of the English, had been a prey to their tyranny, did not dare to declare in favor of Charles VII., who had just been crowned at Rheims. The king attempted to enter the capital, followed by his whole army. All the small neighboring places vied with each other in their eagerness to receive him. He took possession of St. Denis, and occupied the posts of La Chapelle, Aubervilliers, and Montmartre. His generals, con-

fiding in the intelligence they maintained with some in the city, resolved to attempt an assault on Sunday, 8th of September, 1429. They approached the gate of St. Denis with the design of persuading the English that they meant to attack the capital at that point; at the same time, a considerable detachment presented itself before an intrenchment which the enemy had raised before the rampart of the hog-market, upon which is built the quarter now called La Butte-Saint-Roch. The boulevard was carried at once. While the English, led by the Bishop of Thérouanne, L'Ile-Adam, Crequi, and Bonneval, were hastening thither, numerous voices shouted out in various quarters of Paris, for the purpose of terrifying the people—"All is lost! all is lost! The royalists are masters of the city! Let every one look to himself." This *ruse* produced the effect the English had expected; the people, in a state of consternation, precipitately sought refuge in their houses, and delivered the English from the suspicions they had conceived. In the mean time, the royalists, finding the people made no movement in their favor, judged it prudent to retreat. Joan of Arc, who had joined the party in order to animate the French by her presence, accustomed by her successes never to recede, would not consent to give up the affair; she persisted in wishing to fill up the ditch filled with water, of which she did not at all know the depth. She was crying aloud for fascines to be brought to her, when she was wounded by an arrow from a cross-bow, in the thigh. Obliged by the pain of the wound and the quantity of blood she lost, to recline behind the shelter of a little eminence, she remained there till evening, when the Duke of Alençon was compelled to force her to return to St. Denis. Charles, conceiving the capture of Paris impossible, thought it best to retreat. His army decamped, and took the road to Lagni-sur-Marne, which had declared for him.

Fifth Siege, A.D. 1465.—The Duke de Berry, brother of Louis XI., at the age of sixteen, escaped from the court, and joined the Duke of Brittany, for the purpose of exciting a revolution which might prove favorable to him. The princes of the blood and the nobles, who waited for some outbreak to make war against the king, immediately issued manifestoes, in which they invited the noblesse, and all good citizens "to take up arms to obtain relief for the poor distressed people!" This specious pretext procured for this union of rebels the name of "The League for the Public Good." The princes soon found themselves at the head of a pretty considerable army; and in order to commence by something brilliant, capable of giving credit to the revolt, after having gained several small places, they resolved to make a general assault upon the capital. But Paris was too well fortified to make the success of such an enterprise at all probable. The Count de Charolais, the head of the leagued troops, drew up his soldiers in order of battle within sight of the ramparts. He believed this display would disconcert the zeal and fidelity of the inhabitants; but nothing could shake them. The Marshal De Rohan made a sortie, and did not return until he had skirmished long and successfully. Some days after, the enemy attacked the faubourg Saint Lazare, the barriers of which were upon the point of being forced, when the citizen-militia coming up, courageously repulsed the rebels, who, harassed at the same time by the artillery from the ramparts, retired in disorder.

The battle of Montlhéry suspended for a time the project of the princes. But scarcely was that celebrated contest decided, than the Count de Charolais made fresh attempts upon the capital. Our readers will the better understand the hardihood and persistency of the count's attacks, when reminded that he was the son of the Duke of Burgundy, and was afterward known as "Charles the Bold." As the royalists were masters of St. Cloud and Charenton, the leader of the enemy's troops caused bridges of boats and casks tied together to be hastily constructed, upon which his army crossed the Seine at various times. He thus inclosed within a half-circle all the northern part of the environs of Paris, extending from St. Cloud to Charenton, of which he took possession without much trouble. Louis XI. and his troops were encamped on the southern side. The loss of Charenton might have intercepted the supply of provisions to the capital, but such prudent measures had been taken, that during the whole of the siege no deficiency in food was felt. The princes at first had recourse to negotiations, but they proved useless; and both sides renewed hostilities, which were warm and frequent. Sorties were made every day, and these combats generally terminated in favor of the king's troops. The honor of this was principally due to the fair sex of the capital; "for the warriors," says Philip de Commines, "beheld the ladies at all times; giving them a desire to show their prowess in their sight." The enemy had placed their advanced posts at Bercy, which was then called "La Grange-aux-Merciers." They were obliged to abandon them, and retire to Conflans, the headquarters of the Count de Charolais. The royal army occupied the opposite bank of the Seine. Several batteries which defended the access to it, were erected there. The

leagued princes undertook to throw a bridge of boats across the river, opposite the Port-à-l'Anglais. The king immediately constructed a bulwark, from which artillery, incessantly hurling its mortal thunders, prevented them from advancing. At the same time, a Norman archer, whose name history ought to have preserved, threw himself into the Seine, and contrived to reach the head of the bridge, of which he cut the cables that fastened it to the shore, and abandoned it to the current. This series of ill-fortune induced the League general to resume the interrupted negotiations, and at length, after numerous contentions and delays, a treaty of peace was concluded at Conflans, which delivered Paris from its besiegers. The capital signified its joy by brilliant festivals. The king, to reward its fidelity, confirmed all its privileges; he honored with his presence a banquet at the Hotel de Ville, at which many citizens and their wives were admitted to the table of the monarch with the princes and nobles.

Sixth Siege, A.D. 1589–1594.—The flame of civil war, of which Francis II. had beheld the first sparks, had set all France in a blaze during the minority of Charles IX. Religion was the motive of these wars among the people, and the pretext among the great. The queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, who joined to the most boundless ambition the artful policy of her country, had more than once hazarded the safety of the kingdom to preserve her authority; arming the Catholics against the Protestants, and the Guises against the Bourbons, that they might destroy each other. In this age of troubles, the great, who had become too powerful, were factious and formidable; and the French, animated by that party fury which a false zeal inspires, were, for the most part, fanatics and barbarians. Passions or interests armed every hand: one half of the nation made war against the other half. The greatest cities were taken, retaken, and sacked, in turn. Prisoners of war were put to death in a manner till that time unheard of. The churches were reduced to ashes by the Reformers, the temples by the Catholics. Poisonings and assassinations were looked upon as only the legitimate vengeance of clever enemies. The crowning horror of all these excesses was the massacre of St. Bartholomew. On that ever-execrable day, a young king of twenty-three commanded, in cool blood, the death of more than a million of his subjects, and himself set the example of murder. Charles IX. did not long survive this abuse of sovereign power. Henry III. quitted furtively the throne of Poland, to return to his country and plunge it once more into troubles. Of the two brothers, notwithstanding what we have said of Charles IX., Henry III. was the worse: there is no more detestable character in history than this prince, who rather resembles a Heliogabalus or a Commodus, than a king of chivalric France: in the great massacre he had been, if possible, more active than his brother.

He found in his states two dominant parties; that of the Reformers, reviving from its ashes, more violent than ever, and having at its head Henry the Great, then King of Navarre; and that of the League, a powerful faction, formed by the princes of the house of Guise, encouraged by the pope, fomented by Philip II. of Spain, whose dangerous policy procured him the name of the Demon of the South, increasing every day by the artifices of the monks, under the vail of zeal for the Catholic religion, but whose principal aim was rebellion. Its leader was the Duke of Guise, surnamed le Balafré, from a scar on his cheek, a prince of a brilliant reputation, and who, having more shining qualities than good ones, seemed, in this season of confusion, born to change the destinies of France. Henry III., who perhaps might have crushed both these parties by a judicious exercise of the regal power, absolutely strengthened them by his own weakness. He thought to exhibit a great feat of policy by declaring himself the head of the League; whereas he only proved himself the slave of it. He was forced to make war for the interests of the Duke de Guise, whose object was to dethrone him against the King of Navarre, his brother-in-law and presumptive heir, who only wished to re-establish him in all the rights of his rank. Some successes against the Reformers carried the credit of the too-powerful Balafré to its height. This prince, inflated with his own glory, and strong in the weakness of the king, came to Paris in opposition to the royal command. Then arrived the celebrated day of the *barricades*, in which the people defeated the guards of Henry, and obliged him himself to fly from his capital. Guise did still more; he forced the king to hold the States-General of the kingdom at Blois, and took his measures so well, that he was near sharing the royal authority, with the consent of the representatives of the nation, and with an appearance of the most respectable formalities. Roused by a danger so pressing, Henry III. caused this redoutable enemy, and the Cardinal de Lorraine, his brother, still more violent and ambitious than the duke, to be assassinated at the castle of Blois. That which happened to the Protestant party after the St. Bartholomew, now happened to the League; the death of the leaders reanimated the faction. On all parts the leaguers threw off the mask. Paris closed its gates: nothing was thought or talked of but vengeance. Henry III. was considered as the

assassin of the defenders of religion, as an odious, insupportable tyrant, and not as a king who had punished too audacious subjects. The king, pressed on all sides, was at length obliged to seek a reconciliation with Henry of Navarre; in the course of 1589 these two princes encamped in conjunction before Paris.

Words can scarcely describe the excesses to which the capital gave itself up on learning the death of the Duke de Guise: the shops closed, the people in crowds in the streets, arms in hand, seeking everywhere the Duke d'Aumale, to place him at the head of the League, knocking down the king's arms wherever met with, and imprisoning every one suspected of fidelity to him. A kind of vertigo or spirit of fury took possession of all the citizens without exception; they willingly allowed themselves to be dragged into open rebellion. The churches were hung with mourning, and the depositaries of the Word of God proclaimed aloud the martyrdom of the Balafré and his brother.

The leaders of the sedition sought, however, to color the public excesses with some specious pretexts. They caused a request to be presented to the faculty of theology at Paris, in which it was said "that the princes of the house of Lorraine had always deserved well of the Catholic church during their lives, and that, being protectors of the faith, the king had put them to death; that the monarch must be declared to have forfeited his crown, and his subjects be released from their fidelity; that the prince was a hypocrite, a favorer of heresy, a persecutor of the Church, having bathed his hands in the blood of a cardinal, without respect to his person or his sacred character." The Sorbonne, on the 7th of January, issued a decree, which allowed and even ordered all that this request stated. Lefebvre the dean, and several other doctors, refused to sign this abominable sentence; but the majority prevailed, and gave it all the authority that was desired. The principal leaguers, armed with this fatal document, tried to lay the foundation of an authority, which the same caprice which gave it to them might deprive them of an instant after. The heads of the sixteen quarters of Paris, all scoundrels, and for the most part the issue of low families, were revered like so many sovereigns. These monsters governed Paris; they were its oracles, and put in motion the arms of all the rebels. They also determined to have the parliament. Bussy le Clerc, governor of the Bastille, who had been a master-at-arms, took upon himself the task of ordering that august company to enregister the decree of Sorbonne. On the 16th of January he entered the assembly of French senators with fifty of his satellites, and, pistol in hand, presented to them a request, or rather an order, no longer to recognize the royal house. The refusal being unanimous, he selected the most conspicuous and led them away at once to the Bastille, where the barbarous manner in which he treated them procured him the soubriquet of "Grand Penitentiary of the Parliament."

Very shortly, the Duke de Mayenne, brother and heir to the power of the Duke de Guise, arrived in Paris with a reinforcement of troops. This prince, intrepid and intelligent, but indolent, was still employed in placing the capital in a state of defense, when the two kings of France and Navarre appeared at its gates with an army of 40,000 men. Henry III., took possession of the bridge of St. Cloud, and formed the blockade of the faubourg St. Honoré and the whole quarter of the Louvre as far as the river; the King of Navarre, on the other side, besieged the faubourg St. Marceau to that of St. Germain. The consternation and the fury of the Parisians were extreme when they found themselves surrounded in this manner by the royal troops. The priests recommenced their seditious declamations; to strike the vulgar, they caused little figures of wax to be made, representing the two monarchs, which they placed upon the altar during mass, and pricked them with knives. All priests carried arms, and mounted guard with the other citizens. But this aimless and blind fury could not have protected the capital from the just anger of the king, had it not been prevented by the most infamous of crimes. Jacques Clement, a priest and Dominican, devoted himself, as he said, to the task of killing the tyrant. He communicated his project to the doctors, the Jesuits, the leaders of the League, and the principals of the Sixteen; all encouraged him, all promised him the greatest dignities, if he survived this generous action; and if he became a martyr to it, a place in Heaven, above the apostles. On the 31st of July he went to St. Cloud, where the king's quarters were. He was arrested by the Sieur de Coublan, and conducted to the procureur-général De la Guesle. This magistrate introduced him the next day into the king's apartment. With a simple and respectful air he presented the king an intercepted letter to the President De Harley. The monarch having read it, and being separated from the Dominican by La Guesle, asked him if he had nothing else to say to him. "I have many important things to reveal to the king," replied Clement, "but I can only do it in a whisper to his own ear." "Speak out!" cried the procureur-général two or three times, as he began to mistrust the good father. "Speak aloud, and before me; there is no one here in whom the king has not confidence." Henry then told him to approach.

The villain obeyed, and instead of communicating secrets, plunged a knife, expressly forged for the purpose, into his bowels, and left it sticking in the wound. The astonished king immediately drew out the knife, and springing upon the assassin, stabbed him in the forehead. La Guesle put the finishing stroke with his sword. His body was thrown out at the window, torn in pieces, burned, and his ashes cast into the Seine.

In proportion as this parricide spread consternation in the army, so did it give cause of triumph to the Parisians. A relation of the martyrdom of Brother Jacques Clement was printed; he was canonized, and lauded at Rome from the very pulpit in which the funeral oration of Henry III. ought to have been pronounced. The object was by such means to incite fresh assassinations. The king died of his wound on the 2d of August, at two o'clock in the morning; and Henry of Bourbon, King of Navarre, whom he had proclaimed his successor as he was dying, was acknowledged by a part of the army, and by all who deserved the name of Frenchmen. The new monarch was obliged to interrupt the attacks upon Paris to disperse the different armies of the League; and it was not till after he had rendered himself master of the places which served as magazines to the capital, that he formed the blockade of it with less than 20,000 men. He commenced by attacking the faubourgs: his army, divided into ten bodies, attacked ten different quarters of Paris. In order to witness the operations, he placed himself in the abbey of Montmartre, and at midnight gave the signal. The artillery was immediately heard to roar on both sides. "There is nobody," says Sully, "who would not have supposed that that immense city was about to perish by fire, or by an infinite number of mines ignited in its entrails; there perhaps never was a spectacle more capable of inspiring horror. Dense masses of smoke, through which pierced at intervals sparks or long trains of flame, shrouded all the surface of that sort of world which, by the vicissitudes of light and darkness, appeared either plunged in black night or covered with a sea of fire. The roar of the artillery, the clash of arms, the cries of combatants, added every thing to this scene that can be imagined that is terrifying; and the natural horror of night redoubled it still more. This lasted two whole hours, and ended by the reduction of all the faubourgs, even of that of St. Antoine, though, from its extent, it was obliged to be attacked from a great distance."

The king's success did not relax the mad courage and the blind fury of the Parisians; the leaders set the same springs to work that had been employed the preceding year; sacrilegious sermons, the confirmation of the Sorbonne, and the excommunication of the king.

As soon as Henry IV. had closed all the issues from the city, provisions began to fail, and more than 200,000 persons of all conditions were reduced to the most awful extremity, but without losing any of that factious ardor which had seized all minds. To animate the people still further, a kind of regiment of ecclesiastics was formed, to the number of 1,300; they appeared on the bridge of Nôtre Dame in battle-array, and made a general review, which was called the procession of the League. The leaders carried in one hand a crucifix, and in the other a halbert, the rest having all sorts of arms.

The pope's legate, by his presence, approved of a proceeding at once so extraordinary and so laughable; but one of these new soldiers, who was no doubt ignorant that his arquebuss was loaded with ball, wishing to salute the legate in his carriage, fired into it, and killed his almoner. The legate, in consequence of this accident, made as speedy a retreat as possible; but the people exclaimed that it was a great blessing for the almoner to be killed in such a holy cause. Such was the frightful persuasion of this populace, whom impunity had rendered formidable. They believed themselves invincible under the orders of the Duke de Nemours, a skillful, courageous, and prudent general, whom the Duke de Mayenne, his brother, had left in Paris during his absence; they were backed by 3,000 or 4,000 good troops, and by several nobles of high courage. They every day skirmished against the royal army, or fought small battles; the Chevalier d'Aumale, of the blood of Lorraine, being always at the head of their sorties, and imparting his impetuous valor to his followers. Henry IV. satisfied himself with repulsing these attacks, convinced that famine would soon open the gates of the capital to him.

In fact, this terrible scourge began to make rapid progress; there was neither wheat, barley, nor oats left; more than 50,000 persons had already died of want; the sad remains of this numerous population, nobles, plebeians, rich or poor, languidly crawled through the streets to seek for and devour the grass and weeds that grew in them. Mules, horses, cats, dogs, all the domestic animals—even beasts that are reckoned unclean—served for food. The leather of shoes was sold for its weight in gold; it was boiled and devoured in secret, for fear some wretch, stronger and more hungry, should tear it from the mouth of the purchaser. Mothers were seen feeding upon the flesh of their children, and miserable beings flew like vultures upon a newly-dead body that had fallen in the streets. The Spanish embassador to

the League advised that bread should be made of the ground bones of the dead, and his plan was eagerly adopted; but this shocking aliment cost the lives of most of those who partook of it. In this general desolation, the priests and monks enjoyed the comforts of abundance; on visiting their abodes, there was generally enough for the present discovered, and, in many instances, a good provision for the future. At length the leaders of the League, to appease the people, who now never ceased crying, "Bread or peace!" charged the Bishop of Paris and the Archbishop of Lyons with proposals to the king. "I am no dissembler," said the monarch, "I speak plainly and without deceit what I think. I should be wrong if I told you I did not wish for a general peace; I do wish for it, I ardently desire it, that I may have the power of enlarging and settling the limits of my kingdom. For a battle I would give a finger, for a general peace I would give two. I love my city of Paris; it is my eldest daughter; I am jealous of her. I am anxious to confer upon her more good, more kindness, more pity than she could ask of me; but I desire that she should owe them to me and to my clemency, and not to the Duke de Mayenne or the King of Spain. When you ask me to defer the capitulation and surrender of Paris till a universal peace, which can not take place till after many journeys, backward and forward, you ask for a thing highly prejudicial to my city of Paris, which can not wait so long. So many persons have already died of hunger, that if a further delay of ten or twelve days took place, vast numbers must die, which would be a great pity (*une étrange pitie*). I am the father of my people, and I am like the mother of old before Solomon, I would almost prefer having no Paris at all to having it ruined and dissipated by the death of so many Parisians. You, Monsieur le Cardinal, ought to have pity on them; they are your flock. I am not a remarkably good theologian; but I know enough of divinity to be able to tell you that God is not pleased that you should treat thus the poor people he has consigned to you. How can you hope to convert me to your religion, if you set so little store by the safety and lives of your flock? It is giving me but a poor proof of your holiness; I am but little edified by it."

"Such," says the historian, "were the words and sentiments of this generous prince; the evils which oppressed his people penetrated his compassionate and tender heart. He could not endure the idea," says Sully, "of seeing that city, of which Providence had destined him the empire, become one vast cemetery; he held out his hands to all he could secretly assist, and shut his eyes upon the supplies of provisions which his officers and soldiers frequently stole in, whether out of compassion for relations or friends, or for the sake of the heavy prices they made the citizens pay for them."

He could have carried Paris by the sword; and his soldiers, the Huguenots in particular, demanded that favor of him with loud cries; but he resisted all their entreaties. The Duke de Nemours having turned out a vast number of useless mouths, the council advised the king to refuse them a passage. Henry, deeply affected by their melancholy fate, gave orders to let them go where they liked.

"I am not astonished," said he, "that the chiefs of the League, or the Spaniards, should have so little compassion on these poor people, they are but their tyrants; but as for me, I am their father and their king, and I can not behold them without being moved to my inward heart." But he was deceived if he thought these kindnesses would make any impression upon the Parisians. They availed themselves of his benevolence without ceasing to regard him as the author of all the public calamities; and when, a short time after, the Prince of Parma and the Duke de Mayenne, at the head of an army, obliged him to pause in his enterprise, they insulted him who had only raised the siege because he was too sensible to the misfortunes of the besieged.

Paris persisted in its revolt to the month of March, 1594, when the Duke de Brissac, who had joined the League because Henry III. had told him that he was good for nothing, either by land or sea, negotiated with Henry IV. and opened the gates of Paris to him, for the reward of the baton of the Marshal of France. Henry IV. made his *entrée*, which only cost the lives of a small body of lansquenets, and of two or three citizens, who endeavored to induce the people to take up arms against a king who was willing to treat them as a father.

When Brissac had thrown open the gates, Henry's troops marched in in silence, keeping close and careful order, and took possession of the squares and public places, and great thoroughfares. After the prévôt des marchands and de Brissac had presented the keys to him, he advanced at the head of a large troop of the nobility, with lances lowered. His march was a triumph, and from that day, he considered himself among the Parisians, as in the midst of his children.

The ridiculous yet bloody war of the Fronde, though it maddened, and for a time half starved the Parisians, and although its two parties were headed by a Condé and a Turenne, does not furnish us with a regular siege.—*Robson.*

The French Revolution, A.D. 1789.—The most important epoch in the history of Paris is unquestionably the French Revolution of

1789; and we hope that in consideration of the interest of the subject, our readers will pardon us for devoting so much space to the descriptions of events, which caused many of the battles which are recorded in this volume, and which shook all Europe to its very center.

That a long continued series of abuses unredressed will at last become unendurable, is a truth which all history attests; and also, that before a nation can enjoy the blessings of freedom, its moral character must be high. The French people, before the Revolution broke out, had many grievances to complain of, such as the weight of taxes, the too general worthlessness of the clergy and nobility, and the remaining pressure of the feudal system. This aroused the people to action. They shook off all restraint. Infidelity strode hand in hand with blood. The whole land streamed with gore, and the leading actors in this awful scene of carnage appear possessed of the spirit of demons. There is no page of history full of greater excitement and instruction—none which gives a livelier picture of the evils of anarchy. The following extracts contain an account of some of the chief among this remarkable series of events:

It is fortunate for the memory of Louis XVI., that no authentic documents have been produced to prove that the court intended to assail the new legislative assembly of the French people. The democratic writers affirm, that a plan was actually concerted for the dissolution of the assembly, and the full resumption of despotic authority. They assert that the night of the 14th or 15th of July was fixed upon for the attack of the metropolis, which was already besieged by fifty thousand men, and one hundred pieces of cannon. They describe the arrangement which was planned for the assault; and some of them add, that not only the dissolution of the assembly, but a dreadful and sanguinary execution of its most distinguished members was to succeed. We are not disposed to credit this wild statement, though, perhaps, agreeably to the declaration in the royal session of the 23d of June, the authority of the States-General was to be lessened; and that some change was intended was evident from the dismission of M. Neckar, which took place on the 11th of July. He was at dinner when the letter of the king, ordering him to quit the kingdom in twenty-four hours, was brought him by the Count de la Luzerne. Without appearing in the least concerned, he had the presence of mind to tell the count, as he went out of the room, "We shall meet again at the council;" and continued to converse with the Archbishop of Bourdeaux and the rest of the company that were dining with him, as if nothing had happened. About five o'clock in the afternoon he complained of a pain in his head, and asked Madame Neckar, if she would accompany him in an airing. He was not more than a league from Versailles when he desired the coachman to drive on more quickly to St. Ouen, his country house. He passed the night there, and prepared for the journey; and this was the first opportunity he had of acquainting his daughter, the Baroness de Staël, with the event, though she was present when he received the order of the king to quit the country. He took the road to Brussels as the nearest frontier.

The new arrangements in the ministry were the Marshall Broglio, minister of war; the Baron de Breteuil, president of finance; M. de la Galezieri, comptroller-general; M. de la Porte, intendant of the war department; and M. Foulon, intendant of the navy.

It is impossible to describe the sensation which pervaded Paris on the receipt of this intelligence. The person who first reported it at the Hôtel de Ville was considered as a lunatic, and with difficulty escaped some harsh treatment. It was no sooner confirmed, than the shops and places of public amusement were all shut up. A body of the citizens ran to the warehouse of a statuary, and having procured the busts of M. Neckar and the Duke d'Orleans, dressed them in mourning, and carried them about the streets. In their progress they were stopped by a German regiment, the royal Allemand, when the busts were broken by the soldiers; one man lost his life, and others of the populace were wounded. The army now came forward in force, with the Prince de Lambesq, grand ecuyer of France, at their head, who was ordered to take post at the Tuilleries. Irritated, perhaps, at the spirit of resistance which he observed in the citizens, he imprudently wounded with his saber a man who was walking peaceably in the gardens. This unfortunate circumstance proved the signal of revolt; an instantaneous alarm was spread through the city, and the cry of "*To arms*" resounded in every quarter. The Germans were vigorously attacked by the populace, who were joined by the French guards, and, overpowered by numbers, were obliged to retreat. From that moment the guards took leave of their officers, they set fire to their several barracks, and formed themselves into companies with the citizens to patrol the streets.

The citizens of Paris at this moment conceived themselves in an alarming and critical situation. The reports of the intended attack upon the city were eagerly listened to; and it was thought that the mysterious and im-

STORMING THE BASTILE. Page 450.

politic proceedings of the court gave countenance to every suspicion. On the other hand, troops of banditti, the pests of a populous city, such as are ever ready to take advantage of public commotion, were beginning to collect; and, either from these on the one hand, or the foreign soldiery on the other, a general pillage was feared. Covered by the darkness of the night, several bands of ruffians, doubtless apostles of freedom, paraded the streets, and even set fire to the city in different places: the horrid silence was interrupted only by confused shouts, and occasional discharges of musketry. In this disastrous night sleep only sealed the eyes of infants; they alone reposed in peace, while their anxious parents watched over their cradles.

Versailles was not more tranquil; but the court party rejoiced at the altered appearance of things. Their joy, however, was not of long duration; a false report of 100,000 armed citizens being on the road to Versailles, joined to their mistrust of the national troops, checked their happiness.

The morning of the 13th displayed at Paris a spectacle of confusion and dismay; a band of villains had already pillaged the charitable house of St. Lazare; at six o'clock the alarm bells sounded throughout the city, and the terror became universal. Many citizens assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, and no alternative appeared for the protection of their lives and property, but that of embodying themselves, and forming a regular militia for the defense of the capital. Sixty thousand citizens were soon enrolled, and marshaled under different commanders: the French guards spontaneously offered their services, and were distributed among the different companies. The standards of the city were displayed; trenches were thrown up, and barricadoes formed in different parts of the suburbs. Regulations were next established for the preservation of order, and a permanent council or committee, to sit night and day, was appointed. At about half past five in the afternoon this committee dispatched a deputation to acquaint the National Assembly with the occurrences which had taken place at Paris.

The Assembly had been engaged, from the day when they presented their address to the king, in framing a declaration of rights, and the plan of a constitution; and even in the midst of these alarms they continued their labors. In the disgrace of M. Neckar they apprehended their punishment. In their debates they endeavored to distinguish between the prerogatives and functions of the legislative and those of the executive powers; and on receiving the intelligence that Paris was in a state of uproar and confusion, a deputation was dispatched to the king, informing him once more of the danger which threatened the state from the presence of the troops that invested the metropolis; demanding their removal; and offering to proceed to Paris to assist, by their persuasion and authority, in the re-establishment of order and peace. The king adhered to his determination; he might well distrust them; he replied, "that he was the only judge of the necessity of removing the troops; that the presence of the deputies could be of no service in Paris; on the contrary, they were necessary at Versailles, to prosecute there those important labors which he should continue to recommend."

This reply was by no means agreeable to the Assembly. It was therefore no sooner communicated than the Marquis de la Fayette demanded an immediate declaration of the responsibility of ministers, and the assembly unanimously resolved:

"That M. Neckar and the rest of the late ministry carried with them the confidence and the regret of the Assembly; that they would not cease to insist on the removal of the troops; that no intermediate power can exist between the king and the representatives of the nation; that the ministers and agents of authority, civil and military, are responsible to the people for their conduct; that the present ministers and counselors of his majesty were personally responsible for the impending calamities, and all those which might be the consequences of their advice; that the Assembly having placed the public debts under the safeguard of the honor and loyalty of the French nation, no power has a right even to pronounce the infamous word *bankruptcy;* that they persisted in all their former decrees; and that these minutes should be presented to the king and the late ministry, and committed to the press."

The boldness of the Parisians was proportionably increased by the position of the National Assembly. By the accession of the French guards, they had obtained a supply of arms and ammunition, and a considerable train of artillery; the shops of the armorers were ransacked for weapons, and the soldier-citizens were even trained to some appearance of discipline. The night of the 13th passed without any event of consequence: the morning discovered that, taking advantage of the darkness, the troops encamped in the Champs Elysées had moved off. The people, however, were ignorant of the causes of this removal, and an immediate attack was expected. The national guard, for that was the name which the mixed band of soldiers and citizens now assumed, amounted to the number of 150,000 men; but the majority were still without arms. The Marquis de la Salle was named commander-in-chief; the

green cockade, which they had at first adopted, was changed for the since famous national colors, red, blue and white; the new army was now more regularly officered; and various deputations were dispatched in quest of arms and implements of war. M. de Flesselles, the prévôt des marchands (or mayor), made many promises on this subject; which do not seem to have been verified.

In the course of their inquiries after arms, a party of more than 30,000, conducted by M. Ethis de Corny, repaired to the Hôtel des Invalides. M. Sombreuil, the governor, had received orders so early as on Sunday the 12th, to hold himself in readiness for an attack, and his men had remained during the whole of Monday under arms, and on the morning of Tuesday he permitted them to take a few hours' rest. At this moment M. de Corny arrived; and, on making known to the governor the object of his mission, he was answered, that the invalids had not any arms. M. Corny was reconducted by M. Sombreuil to the gate; but it was no sooner opened than the multitude rushed in, in an irresistible torrent, and in a few minutes ransacked every part of the Hotel. More than 30,000 muskets, and 20 pieces of cannon, were the fruit of this expedition. On the opposite side of the Seine a similar event occurred; there another party attacked the *garde-meuble de la couronne*, and from that ancient store an immense number of weapons of different kinds were procured.

Capture of the Bastille.—It has been generally believed that the taking of the bastille was a preconcerted matter; but this was really not the case. Some of the most important actions have been originated by that imperceptible chain of events which human blindness terms accident or chance. Like the Hôtel des Invalides, the bastille had, from the first moment of the alarms in Paris, been put in a state of defense. Fifteen pieces of cannon were mounted on the towers; and three field-pieces loaded with grape and case-shot, guarded the first gate. A large quantity of powder and military stores had been brought from the arsenal, and distributed to the different corps; the mortars had been exercised; the draw-bridge and gates strengthened and repaired; the house of the governor himself was fortified, and guarded by light pieces of artillery. The shortness of the time had not permitted him to be equally provident in laying in a sufficient store of provisions. The forces which the fortress included were chiefly foreigners. On the morning of the 14th, several deputations had waited on the Marquis de Launay, the governor, to demand arms and peace. They were courteously received by him, and he gave them the strongest assurances of his good intentions. Indeed, it is said that he was himself averse to hostile measures, had his resolution not been altered by the counsels of the Sieur Louis de Flue, commander of the Swiss guards, by the orders of the Baron de Bezenval, and by the promises of M. de Flesselles. The Swiss soldiers had even been engaged by oath to fire on the invalids who were in the fortress, if they refused to obey the governor; and the invalids themselves, it was vaguely reported, were intoxicated with a profusion of liquor which had been distributed among them.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning, M. de la Rosiere, a deputy of the district of St. Louis de la Culture waited on the governor, and was accompanied by a mixed multitude of all descriptions. He entered alone into the house of the governor, and the people remained in the outer court. "I come, sir," said the deputy, "in the name of the nation, to represent to you, that the cannons which are leveled against the city from the towers of the bastille have excited the most alarming apprehensions, and I must entreat that you will remove them." The governor replied, "that it was not in his power to remove the guns, as they had always been there, without an order from the king; that he would, however, dismount them, and turn them out of the embrasures." The deputy having with difficulty obtained leave from M. de Losme, major of the fortress, to enter into the court, summoned the officers and soldiers, in the name of honor and their country, to alter the directions of the guns, etc., and the whole of them, at the desire even of the governor, engaged themselves by oath to make no use of their arms, unless attacked. M. de la Rosiere, after having ascended one of the towers with M. de Launay, went out of the castle, promising to engage the citizens to send a part of the national guard to the duty of the bastille in conjunction with the troops.

The deputy had scarcely retired before a number of citizens approached the gate, and demanded arms and ammunition. As the majority of them were unarmed, and announced no hostile intention, M. de Launay made no difficulty of receiving them, and lowered the first drawbridge to admit them. The more determined of the party advanced to acquaint him with the object of their mission; but they had scarcely entered the first court, when the bridge was drawn up, and a general discharge of musketry destroyed the greater part of them.

The motives of the governor for this act have never been explained, and it can not be sufficiently regretted that the intemperate fury of the maddened populace did not allow him to be heard on his defense, though prob-

ably his enemies would have drowned his voice with insults. Its immediate effect was to raise the resentment of the people almost to frenzy. The instantaneous determination was to storm the fortress, and the execution was immediately prosecuted. An immense multitude, armed with muskets, sabers, etc., rushed at once into the outer courts. A soldier of the name of Tournay climbed over the corps-de-garde, and leaped alone into the interior court. After searching in vain for the keys of the draw-bridges in the corps-de-garde, he called out for a hatchet; he soon broke the locks and the bolts; and, being seconded by the efforts of the people on the other side, the two draw-bridges were immediately lowered. The mob lost no time in making good their station, where for more than an hour they sustained a fire from the garrison, and answered it with equal vigor.

During the contest, several deputations from the Hôtel de Ville appeared before the walls with flags of truce, as if to persuade the besieged to a peaceful surrender. But more probably, M. de Launay despaired of finding mercy at the hands of the rabble, and determined to maintain his post to the last. The guards, who now acted openly with the people, proved of essential service; and, by the advice of some of the veterans of this corps, three wagons loaded with straw, were set on fire under the walls, the smoke of which interrupted the view, and consequently intercepted the aim of the besieged; while the assailants, being at a greater distance, were able to direct their fire to the battlements with an unerring aim. In the mean time the arsenal was stormed, and a most dreadful havoc was prevented there by the prudence and courage of M. Humbert, who first mounted the towers of the bastille: a hairdresser was in the very act of setting fire to the magazine of powder, when M. Humbert, whose notice was attracted by the cries of a woman, knocked the ruffian down with the butt end of his musket; next, instantly seizing a barrel of saltpetre which had already caught fire, and turning it upside down, he extinguished it.

Nothing could equal the ardor of the besiegers: an immense crowd, as if unconscious of danger, filled the courts of the fortress in spite of the unremitted fire of the garrison, and even approached so near the towers, that M. de Launay himself frequently rolled large masses of stone from the platform on their heads. Within all was confusion and terror; the officers themselves served at the guns, and discharged their firelocks in the ranks. But when the governor saw the assailants take possession of the first bridge, and draw up their cannon against the second, his courage then was changed into despair, and even his understanding appeared to be deranged. He rashly sought to bury himself under the enormous mass which he had in vain attempted to defend. While a turnkey was engaged in distributing wine to the soldiers, he caught the match from one of the pieces of cannon, and ran to the magazine with an intention to set it on fire; but a subaltern of the name of Ferrand repulsed him with his bayonet. He then went down to the Tower de la Liberté, where he had deposited a quantity of powder; but here also he was opposed by the Sieur Beguard, another subaltern officer, who thus prevented an act of insanity which must have destroyed thousands of citizens, and, with the bastille, would have infallibly blown up all the adjacent buildings, and a considerable part of the suburb of St. Antoine. De Launay at length proposed seriously to the garrison to blow up the fortress, as it was impossible that they could hope for mercy from the mob. But he was answered by the soldiers, that they would rather perish than destroy such a number of their fellow-citizens. He then hung out a white flag, intimating his desire to capitulate; and a Swiss officer would have addressed the assailants through one of the loop-holes of the draw-bridge; but the exasperated populace would attend to no offers of capitulation. Through the same opening he next displayed a paper, which the distance prevented the besiegers from reading. A person brought a plank, which was rested on the parapet, and poised by a number of others. This individual advanced upon the plank; but just as he was ready to seize upon the paper, he received a musket-shot, and fell into the ditch. He was followed by a young man of the name of Maillard, son to an officer of the châtelet, who was fortunate enough to reach the paper, the contents of which were, "We have 20,000 pounds weight of gunpowder, and will blow up the garrison and all its environs, if you do not accept the capitulation." M. Elie, an officer of the queen's regiment, who was invested with a kind of spontaneous authority, was for agreeing to terms; but the mob rejected the very word capitulation, and immediately drew up to the spot three pieces of artillery.

The enemy now perceiving that the great bridge was going to be attacked, let down the small draw-bridge, which was to the left of the entrance into the fortress. Messrs. Elie, Hulin, Maillard, Reole, Humbert, Tournay, and some others, leaped instantly on the bridge, and, securing the bolts, proceeded to the door. In the mean time the French guards, with coolness and discipline, formed a column on the other side of the bridge, to prevent the citizens from rushing upon it in

too great numbers. An invalid came to open the gate behind the draw-bridge, and asked the invaders what they wanted! "The surrender of the bastille," they cried; and he permitted them to enter. The conquerors immediately lowered the great bridge, and the multitude entered without resistance—the invalids were ranged to the right, and the Swiss on the left hand, with their arms piled against the wall. They took off their hats, clapped their hands, and cried out bravo! as the besiegers entered. The first moments of this meeting passed in peace and reconciliation; but some soldiers on the platforms, ignorant of the surrender, fired upon the mob, who instantly fell upon the invalids, two of whom, the unfortunate Beguard, who had prevented the governor from blowing up the bastille, and another equally innocent, were dragged to the place de Grève, and hanged.

The Sieurs Maillard, Cholat, Arné, and some others, dispute the honor of having first seized M. de Launay. He was not in a uniform, but in a plain gray frock; he had a cane in his hand, and it was reported would have killed himself with the sword that it contained, but the grenadier Arné wrested it out of his hand. He was escorted by Messrs. Hulin, Arné, Legris, Elie, and some others, who attempted to save his life, but in vain: they had scarcely arrived at the Hôtel de Ville before his defenders were overpowered, and even wounded by the enraged rabble, and he fell under a thousand wounds. M. de Losme Salbrai, his major, a gentleman distinguished for his virtues and his humanity, was also the victim of the popular fury. The Marquis de Pelleport, who had been five years in the bastille, and during that time had been treated by him with particular kindness, interposed to save him at the risk of his life, but was struck down by a hatchet, and M. de Losme was instantly put to death. The heads of the governor and the major were struck off, and carried on pikes through the streets of the city. The rage of the populace would not have ended here—the invalids of the fortress would all have been sacrificed, had not some of the French guards interposed, and insisted on their pardon.

The keys of the bastille were carried to M. Brissot de Warville, who had been a few years before an inhabitant of its cells; and a guard of 3,000 men was appointed over the fortress till the council at the Hôtel de Ville should decree its demolition. In the intoxication of success the prisoners were forgotten; and as the keys had been carried to Paris, the dungeons were forced open—seven prisoners only were found, three of whom had lost their reason, having been detained there as state prisoners from the reign of Louis XV. Thus, in a few hours was reduced that fortress which armies had considered as impregnable, and which had been in vain besieged by the force of the great Condé for upward of three weeks.

The fate of M. de Launay involved that of M. de Flesselles, the prévôt des marchands. He had long been an object of suspicion to the people. In the pocket of M. de Launay a letter from him was said to be discovered, which contained these words:—"I will amuse the Parisians with cockades and promises. Keep your station till the evening, you shall then have a reinforcement!" At the sight of this letter the unfortunate De Flesselles was struck dumb. A voice was heard in the hall—"Begone, M. de Flesselles, you are a traitor." "I see, said he, "gentlemen, that I am not agreeable to you—I shall retire." He hastened down the stairs; but as he crossed the Grève, accompanied by a number of persons to defend him, a young man, who had waited an opportunity, shot him with a pistol. His head was cut off, placed on a pike, and carried through the streets along with that of M. de Launay.

A tumultuous night succeeded this day; and the songs of joy and triumph which had celebrated the victory of the rabble, were converted into confused murmurs, expressive only of anxiety and alarm. A report was spread that the troops were about to enter the city at the Barrier d'Enfer; thither the citizens crowded under the conduct of the French guards, and preceded by a train of artillery—the body of troops, however, that appeared in that quarter were dispersed by a single volley. The alarm-bells were then sounded; barricades were formed at the barriers; deep holes were dug in different parts, to prevent the approach of the cavalry; the tops of the houses were manned; a general illumination was ordered; and the silence of the night was interrupted by discharges of artillery, and by the warning voice of the patrols—"Citizens, do not go to bed; take care of your lights; we must see clearly this night."

The first news of the taking of the bastille was regarded by the court as unfounded: it was, however, at length irresistibly confirmed. The first resolves of the ministry are said to have been for immediate action, and orders were issued to the commanders to push the projected movements with all possible vigor. In the dead of the night, Marshal Broglio is said to have arrived to inform them that it was impossible to obey the mandate he had received of investing the hall of the National Assembly with a train of artillery, as the soldiers would not comply with his orders. "Press then the siege of Paris," was the answer. The general replied,

he could not depend on the army for the execution of that project.

The king was the only person in the palace who was kept totally ignorant of these transactions. The Duke de Liancourt, who was then master of the wardrobe, forced his way in the middle of the night into the king's apartment, informed him of every circumstance, and announced to the Count d'Artois that a price was set upon his head. The intelligence of the duke was supported by the authority of Monsieur, who accompanied him, and the king was immediately convinced of his error. Early the next morning the monarch appeared in the Assembly. His address was affectionate and conciliatory. He lamented the disturbances at Paris; disavowed all consciousness of any meditated attack on the persons of the deputies; and added, that he had issued orders for the immediate removal of the troops from the vicinity of the metropolis. An expressive silence first pervaded the Assembly, which presently was succeeded by a burst of applause and acclamation. The king rose to return to the palace, and the deputies accompanied him to the royal apartments.

Paris, which had been a scene of commotion, of terror, and of bloodshed, from the 12th of July, began on the 15th to assume some slight appearance of order and tranquillity. The livid and bloody heads were still carried about the streets as trophies of popular vengeance: but on the morning of that day a citizen persuaded the multitude to listen to the voice of humanity, and they were thrown into the Seine. The electors at the Hôtel de Ville were busied in the organization of the civil establishment, and in the regulation of the city militia. The odious name of prévôt was abolished; the more ancient and honorable appellation of mayor was substituted in its place; and to this office M. Bailly, who had been president of the tiers état, was called.

The Marquis de la Fayette was unanimously nominated vice-president. He was also intrusted with the commission of general and commander-in-chief of the national guard.

The troops, which had assembled on the Champ de Mars, had decamped during the night, leaving their tents and the greater part of their baggage behind them: but a spectacle still more interesting to the citizens soon presented itself: this was a deputation of eighty-four of the most distinguished members of the National Assembly, accompanied by an immense crowd, who covered the road from Versailles to the capital, and, with feelings too suddenly changed to be lasting, loaded them with blessings and semblance of affection. On their arrival at the Hôtel de Ville, the Marquis de Lafayette, Count Lally Tollendal, the Marquis Clermont Tonnerre, the Duc de Liancourt, and the Archbishop of Paris, addressed the people. From this place they adjourned to the Church of Nôtre Dame, where *Te Deum* was sung in celebration of the anticipated return of peace, accompanied with liberty. As they returned from the church, the acclamations of the populace were occasionally interrupted by the expression of two further demands—the wish of seeing their sovereign in Paris, and the recall of the patriotic ministry. The deputies returned in the evening to Versailles.

Public tranquillity, however, was far from being restored as ever. The ministry, an object of peculiar hatred, were not yet dismissed, nor had the troops yet evacuated the environs of Paris; two fresh regiments had arrived at St. Denis; and a convoy of flour, it was said, had been intercepted by the orders of a person well known. The night of the 15th, therefore, was spent in anxiety, and with the same warlike preparations as the preceding; and in the morning a fresh deputation was sent to the Assembly, entreating them to interest themselves in procuring the dismission of the ministry, and the recall of M. Neckar.

After a short debate, which chiefly respected the decorum of interfering with the appointments of the executive power, the Assembly were on the point of voting an address to the king, which had been proposed by Mirabeau, when they were informed that the ministers themselves had resigned. The same evening, a letter from his majesty to M. Neckar, inviting him to return, was read by the president. It was received by the loudest acclamations, and was seconded by an adulatory address from the Assembly themselves to that minister. The king having at the same time intimated his intention of visiting Paris the following day, the Assembly immediately decreed a deputation to convey the intelligence, and to disperse it throughout the metropolis.

The King's Visit.—It was not without consternation that the king's determination to visit Paris was received at the palace of Versailles. Those who really loved him were apprehensive for his safety. Rumors of projected assassinations were spread, and the least consequence that could ensue was supposed to be the detention of the sovereign in Paris. The king, however, with a degree of courage and patriotism which does honor to his character, remained immovable in his determination. On the morning of the 17th he left Versailles, in a plain dress, and with no other equipage than two carriages with eight horses each; in the first of which he rode himself—a part of the National Assembly

in their robes, accompanied him on foot; and the militia of Versailles composed his only guard till the procession arrived at the Seve, where they were relieved by the Paris militia, with the Marquis de la Fayette at their head; and from this place the suite of the monarch amounted to about 20,000 men. The horse-guards led the procession; these were followed by the city cavalry; some battalions of the French guards and other soldiers, who had fought in defense of the nation, succeeded; then the different companies and corporations; and M. de la Fayette, with a large body of militia, brought up the rear. A quarter of an hour before the arrival of the king, a woman was shot by a musket-ball from the opposite side of the river. The king looked pale and melancholy, and an expression of anxiety was even apparent in the faces of the National Assembly. The progress was remarkably slow, and no shout was to be heard but *Vive la nation!* At the Barriere des Conferences, the king was met by Bailly, who acted as mayor, with the other magistrates. M. Bailly, on presenting the keys of the city, addressed his majesty in a short speech, the exordium of which was, "These, sir, are the keys which were presented to Henry IV. He came to reconquer his people; it is our happiness to have reconquered our king." At the Pont Neuf the passage was lined by a numerous train of artillery; but, in the true spirit of French theatrical effect, the mouths and touch-holes of the cannon were adorned with bouquets of flowers. On their arrival at the Hôtel de Ville, the king confirmed the election of M. Bailly and the Marquis de la Fayette; and on receiving the complimentary addresses of the mayor, the president of electors, Count Lally Tollendal, etc., he exclaimed with an air of pathetic emotion which scarcely allowed him utterance, "My people may always rely upon my affection." He received from the hands of the mayor the national cockade; and when he showed himself at the window with this revolutionary badge, the joy of the people could no longer be restrained; the shout of *Vive le roi!* which had scarcely been heard in the former part of the day, filled the whole atmosphere, and resounded from one extremity of the city to the other. The return of the king to Versailles had the air of a triumph. The citizens surrounded his carriage; his countenance, which in the morning bore the aspect of melancholy, was even cheerful and smiling.

Proceedings against the Royalists.—The royal visit to Paris was the signal for the dispersion of the ministry. Marshal Broglio retired to Luxembourg; Madam Polignac, in the habit of a waiting-woman, took the route to Brussels; the Count d'Artois, with his family, withdrew during the stillness of the night, and was followed by the Princes of Condé and Conti, the Duke de Luxembourg, and others of the nobility. But of all who were connected with the court, none was more obnoxious to the populace than M. Foulon. This unfortunate person had risen from a very low situation in life to the possession of immense riches. He had been commissary to the army in the war of 1755. It was alleged against him that he made a common boast of despotic principles; that his favorite maxim was, that "that country would be best governed, where the common people should be compelled to feed upon grass;" that he had boasted, "that if ever it should be his good fortune to be minister, he would make the people live upon hay." On the first news of the riots in Paris, he had withdrawn himself from the public eye, and had caused a report of his death to be industriously circulated, and his funeral had even been performed in a manner suitable to his immense riches. In the mean time, he had secretly retired to Very, an estate belonging to M. de Sartines, where he was in hopes of remaining concealed. His own ungrateful vassals were the first to pursue and detect him; and on the 22d of July he was brought to Paris with a bundle of hay at his back, in allusion to the language which he is said to have employed in expressing his contempt for the people. The committee at the Hôtel de Ville determined to send him to the prison of the abbey of St. Germain, where he might be detained till he underwent the form of a trial; but the immense crowd which was assembled in the Place de Grève resisted the determination. It was with difficulty M. Bailly could make himself heard, when he spoke to them of the injustice of condemning a citizen to death without hearing him in his own defense. The Marquis de la Fayette took still more popular ground by urging the detention of the criminal, in the hope of obtaining from him a discovery of his accomplices. To this demand the populace appeared to assent by their tokens of applause; but the unhappy Foulon, whether in testimony of his innocence, or by a mechanical movement, clapped his hands at the same time in approbation. A general exclamation was immediately raised: "They are conniving at his guilt; they intend to save him." He was immediately seized, and dragged under the fatal lamp-iron, which, during the Revolution, the populace had employed as the instrument of their vengeance. Every circumstance of horror attended his execution; the rope by which he was suspended broke twice; and he was detained for a quarter of an hour in a half-expiring state, before a new one could be procured. His head was cut off and

placed upon a pike, with the mouth stuffed with hay, and was carried through the streets of Paris. This victim of popular fury was seventy-four years of age.

M. Berthier, who had married the daughter of M. Foulon, was implicated in the fate of his father-in-law, and was odious to many of the people from his office of intendant of police. He had been seized at Compeigne, and one of the electors, with 400 horse, had been dispatched to conduct him to Paris. He was accused of peculation and extortion, of being the principal agent in regulating the movements of the camp at St. Denis, and of the still more unpopular crime of speculating in grain, and contributing to the general scarcity. Unhappily for this unfortunate gentleman, he arrived in Paris the very evening in which the populace had imbrued their hands in the blood of his relation; his death was therefore inevitable. He suffered innocently, and sustained his unhappy fate with courage and dignity. During the greater part of the way he conversed tranquilly with M. Riviere, the elector who accompanied him. When he entered the city, however, the bloody head of his father-in-law was presented to him, and at this dreadful sight he is said to have turned pale, and to have lost his fortitude. When interrogated at the Hôtel de Ville as to his conduct, he answered calmly: "That he had obeyed the orders of his superiors, and that the inspection of his papers would instruct them as to the extent of his guilt." It was determined to send him immediately to the abbey; but it was impossible to penetrate the concourse of people that surrounded the hotel. It was in vain that M. Bailly opposed his eloquence to the fury of the multitude; in vain the commander-in-chief prostrated himself on his knees to entreat that the popular cause should no more be defiled with blood. Numerous as his escort was, they were soon dispersed, and he was dragged to the fatal lamp-iron, where a new cord was already prepared for him. His despair inspired him with new courage; and snatching a bayonet out of the hands of one of the guards, he attempted to defend himself, if not from death, at least from ignominy. He fell, pierced with innumerable wounds. A monster of inhumanity, a dragoon, plunged his hands into his reeking entrails, and, tearing out his heart, and fixing it on the point of his cutlass, carried it about as a trophy through the streets. The head was also cut off, and carried about with that of M. Foulon.

The mob in this instance were superior to the crime of theft. The bodies of the Marquis de Launay and of the major of the bastille lay exposed in the Place de Grève for a number of hours, and neither their watches nor any one of their valuables were even touched by the mob; and when M. Foulon was massacred, his pockets were full of money and bank-notes, which were taken carefully out by some of the multitude, and deposited before the committee on the table of the Hôtel de Ville. It has been apologized by the popular party, that, with respect to MM. Foulon and Berthier, the people were made the blind instruments of private enmity; who probably saw no other means of concealing the atrociousness of their own conduct from public inquiry. From the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, a number of persons of superior appearance were said to have been observed exciting the populace to outrage, and appeared to be the main-springs of all their motions. But this is improbable.

This day of horror and of blood might have filled every good citizen with disgust and apprehension; and many condemned in the strongest terms these gusts of inhumanity, these bloody proscriptions, these outrages against public justice. The Marquis de la Fayette in particular, was so much exasperated by this contempt of all authority, that he determined at once to resign his office of commander-in-chief; but M. Bailly had sufficient influence to prevail with him to resume it.

The example of the capital gave the signal for revolt in all the provinces; and it was no sooner promulgated that a conspiracy had been formed against the liberties of the nation, than all the citizens became soldiers, and all the soldiers citizens.

At Rennes, the capital of Brittany, the young men took up arms about the 20th of July, seized the arsenal and the principal posts, and raised at once the standard of liberty. The Count de Langeron, who commanded there, marched out against them at the head of the regiment d'Artois and Lorraine, and the dragoons d'Orleans; but the soldiers were no sooner drawn up in order of battle than they unanimously shouted *Vive la nation!* Eight hundred immediately joined the popular standard, and the rest returned to their barracks, after having taken a solemn oath not to stain their hands in the blood of their fellow-citizens. In the mean time the principal people being assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, they decreed the suspension of all levies and contributions on the part of the king or the feudal lords; deputations were sent to every town in Brittany; the whole province was presently in arms to support the cause, and all declared themselves ready to march, if necessary, to the relief of the National Assembly. The commanding officer, finding all his efforts in vain, retired from the province.

At St. Malo, the younger citizens deter-

mined to form two divisions, one of horse and the other of foot, and to proceed immediately to the National Assembly. As they were without artillery, their first step was to take possession of the city fort, and that of the Château Neuf, in order to obtain a supply of arms and ammunition. The commandant reinforced each of the fortresses, but in vain; the soldiers declared they would not act, and the citizens by some stratagem got possession of the keys.

The city of Bordeaux has been always distinguished by its democratic feelings. On the present occasion, the members of the parliament enrolled themselves voluntarily in the city militia, and mounted guard along with the other inhabitants; and the governor of the castle presented the keys to a deputation of citizens. A statue of M. Neckar was elevated on a pedestal hastily erected for the purpose, and was crowned with a garland of laurel.

Among the victims cast into the prison at Bordeaux, by the revolutionists, was the celebrated naturalist Latreille. The physician of the prison was one day struck by the attentive manner in which the captive naturalist was contemplating an insect on the wall of his prison, and entering into conversation with him, he was so interested on his behalf, that he never remitted his exertions till he had succeeded in procuring his release.

An incident which occurred at Versailles caused renewed animosity. The Count d'Estaing, who commanded the national guard of Versailles, requested an additional regiment to assist him in preserving tranquillity and order at the palace; and the regiment of Flanders dragoons was accordingly ordered for this service. On the 1st of October an entertainment (the first that was ever given in public at Versailles by that body) was given by the gardes-du-corps, or king's bodyguard, to the officers of the regiment of Flanders; and to augment the unpopularity of the circumstance, it was given in the royal saloon. Several of the officers of the national guard, with others of the military, were invited. At the second course, four toasts were given: "The king, and the queen, the dauphin, and the royal family." "The nation" was proposed, but was said to have been rejected by the gardes-du-corps.

The king was just returned from hunting; and the queen, having been informed of the gayety of the scene, persuaded his majesty to accompany her with the heir-apparent to the saloon, which was now filled with soldiers—the grenadiers of Flanders and the Swiss chasseurs having been admitted to the dessert. The queen appeared with the dauphin in her arms, affectionate as she was lovely, and carried the royal infant through the saloon, amid the acclamations and murmurs of the spectators. Fired with enthusiasm the soldiers drank the health of the king, the queen, and the dauphin, with their swords drawn; and the royal guests bowed respectfully, and retired.

The entertainment, which had hitherto been conducted with some degree of order, now became a scene of entire confusion. Nothing was omitted to inflame the passions of the military. The music played the favorite air, "O Richard, O my king, the world abandons thee;" the ladies of the court distributed *white cockades*, the royal ensign; and some of the national guard were said to have accepted them. In the height of this political banquet, it was affirmed, probably with little truth, that many expressions of marked disrespect toward the Assembly and the nation escaped from the officers of the gardes-du-corps, and others of the military. This however might easily have happened in such circumstances, without the least premeditation or evil design.

During these transactions the city of Paris was afflicted with all the evils of famine. Either no bread was to be obtained, or bread of so bad a quality that the populace, always mistrustful and suspicious, were not without their alarms of a criminal design upon the lives, or at least the health of the inhabitants. Such was the state of things when the news arrived of the banquet at Versailles. The circumstances which we have related were strangely magnified, and all the suspicions which were entertained respecting the design of dissolving the Assembly, and carrying off the sovereign, were added in exaggeration. At the same time the mutual resentment of the contending parties augmented; and the minority were exposed to every insult. White and black cockades were worn as signals of defiance. They were torn out of the hats of the wearers by the mob; but such was the enthusiasm of one of the royalists, that he is said to have picked up from the ground this relic of loyalty, and to have kissed it respectfully, and attempted to replace it in his hat. Some measures were taken by the three hundred directors of the municipality to prevent the spreading of the insurrection—in vain!

Early on the morning of the memorable 5th of October, a woman sallied out from the quarter of St. Eustacia, and entering the corps-du-garde, and seizing a drum, paraded the adjacent streets beating an alarm, and exciting the people by clamors respecting the scarcity of bread. She was soon joined by a numerous mob, chiefly of women, and repaired immediately to the Hôtel de Ville. A few of the committee of the commune, and M. Gouvion, at the head of the national guard,

endeavored to prevent their entrance; but the soldiers, swayed either by gallantry, humanity, or disaffection, gave way, and permitted them to pass. Some of the women, who, by their air and manner appeared of a superior class, entered with good humor into a conversation with the committee, and pleaded eloquently the cause of their companions, who, under various circumstances of misery, came to ask for relief. But the greater number, both by their appearance and their conduct, showed that they were collected from the lowest ranks of indigence and depravity. With horrid imprecations they demanded bread and arms; they exclaimed with violence against the pusillanimity of the men, and threatened the lives of the whole committee, and particularly of M. Bailly and the Marquis de la Fayette. Others penetrated the magazine of arms; and a third troop ascended the belfry, where they attempted to strangle the Abbé Lefevre. In one of the halls two furies endeavored to set fire to the public papers, but were happily prevented by Stanislaus Maillard, who had rendered himself so famous at the taking of the bastille. Finding all endeavors to resist the fury of the mob in vain, he employed a new stratagem to preserve them. He applied to the commanding officer for his authority; and having obtained it, he proceeded down the stairs of the Hôtel de Ville, which were filled with women, and seizing a drum which lay at the door, he offered to put himself at the head of the insurgents, the universal clamor of whom was to proceed to Versailles. By a unanimous shout of applause Maillard was chosen captain of this turbulent troop; and by his authority the assembly was adjourned to the Champs Elysées. When arrived at this general rendezvous their number amounted to upward of 8,000; and their first measure was to surround their chief, and to insist upon his leading them to the arsenal to equip themselves completely with arms. He had still authority enough to make himself heard, and to convince them that the arms had been removed from the arsenal; and he had even sufficient address to engage them to lay aside the weapons with which they had provided themselves, by representing to them, that since their object was to supplicate the Assembly for justice and for bread, they would operate more forcibly on the compassion of that body, by appearing as distressed petitioners, than with arms in their hands. They departed for Versailles about noon, preceded by a company of armed men, and guarded in the rear by the volunteers of the bastille, whom Maillard had prepared for that purpose.

The fanaticism of the moment was communicated to the grenadiers. They not only declared, "that they could not turn their bayonets against the poor women who came to ask for bread," but intimated an inclination themselves to proceed to Versailles. Their spokesman declaimed loudly against the committee of subsistence, against the gardes-du-corps, and concluded, "that the people were miserable, and the source of the evil was at Versailles; that they must go and find out the king, and bring him to Paris." While the Marquis de la Fayette reasoned, insisted, threatened, the tumult increased from all quarters; an immense crowd, armed with sticks, pikes, guns, etc., rushed from the suburbs; and though the national guard appeared not in the most tractable disposition, the mayor and the municipality probably conceived it to be the only means of preventing mischief at Versailles, to permit their departure with their commander at their head. The Marquis, therefore, received an order to depart for Versailles, and it was most cheerfully obeyed by the national guard.

The representatives of the nation, the majority of whom, at least, were totally unconscious of what was passing in Paris, were assembled on the 5th, in expectation of receiving back the constitutional articles sanctioned by the king. M. Mounier was then president. The sitting opened with reading a letter from the king, in which he pleaded "the difficulty of judging partially of the constitution;" adding, however, that in the confidence that the new articles were calculated to establish the happiness and prosperity of the kingdom, he accepted them; but with one positive condition, that from the spirit of the whole system the executive power should have its entire effect in the hands of the monarch. He concluded with observing, that though these constitutional articles did not at all indiscriminately present him with the idea of perfection, yet he thought it proper to pay his respect to the wish of the Assembly, and to the *alarming circumstances* which so strongly pressed him to desire the re-establishment of peace, order, and confidence.

This letter by no means proved acceptable to the Assembly; the democratic members strongly denounced this provisional assent, which only seemed to be given in consequence of the alarming circumstances of the nation. In the course of the debate many allusions were made to the festival of the military at Versailles on the preceding week. The reported insults offered to the nation and the national cockade were dwelt upon, as well as the menaces of the soldiery. A motion was at length made, that the guilty persons on that occasion should be delivered up to the rigor of the law, and that the accusations which had been now insinuated should be formed into a criminal process. At these

words the Count de Mirabeau rose. "I begin," said he, "by declaring that I consider the motion as supremely impolitic; nevertheless, if it is persisted in, I am ready to produce the details, and to sign them with my own hand. But this Assembly must first declare that the person of the king *alone* is sacred, and that all other individuals, whatever their station, are equally subjects, and responsible to the laws." The president and the Assembly prevailed over both parties. The motion was withdrawn, and it was decreed, that the president should wait on the king to request a simple acceptance of the constitutional articles. The Assembly was frequently alarmed, during the course of this discussion, by repeated intelligence that all Paris was advancing to Versailles. Maillard conducted his tumultuous troop with considerable address. When he came within sight of Versailles he arranged them in three ranks; and admonished them, that as they were entering a place where they were not expected, they must be careful, by the cheerfulness of their appearance and the regularity of their conduct, to excite no alarm in the inhabitants. When arrived at the gate of the National Assembly, Maillard undertook to speak for them. He entered attended by fifteen of the women, and persuaded the rest to wait for his return at the gate. His address had two objects: "to entreat that the Assembly would devise some method of relieving the dreadful scarcity of bread which prevailed at Paris, and which he said had been occasioned by the interception of convoys, and by the monopolists; and to solicit that the gardes-du-corps might be ordered to assume the national cockade." He had scarcely finished, when a national cockade was presented to him on the part of the gardes-du-corps, as a proof that they had already adopted it. Maillard showed it to the women, who immediately answered by loud acclammations of *Vive le roi, et MM. les gardes-du-corps!* A deputation was immediately appointed to wait on the king with this intelligence.

The king had gone that morning to take the diversion of shooting in the woods of Meudon; and in the midst of his sport intelligence was brought, "that a most formidable band of women were on their way from Paris, exclaiming for bread." "Alas!" answered the king, "if I had it I should not wait to be asked." On his return, as soon as he mounted his horse, a chevalier of St. Louis fell upon his knees and beseeched his majesty not to be afraid. "I never was afraid in my life," returned the king.

On his arrival at Versailles, he found the gardes-du-corps and the national guard under arms, and the palace surrounded by a mob. With the deputation from the Assembly five of the women were introduced to his majesty, who, on hearing of the distresses of the metropolis, was extremely moved, and the women sympathized in the feelings of the monarch. Louisa Chabry, a young woman who was employed in some of the branches of sculpture, and was only seventeen years of age, fainted. When she recovered she desired leave to kiss the king's hand, who embraced her, and dismissed her with an elegant compliment. The women without doors could scarcely believe the report of those who had been admitted. In the mean time the king signed an order for bringing corn from Senlis and de Lagni, and for removing every obstacle which impeded the supply of Paris. This order was reported to the women, and they retired with acclamations of gratitude and joy.

This band of Amazons was no sooner dispersed than it was succeeded by another, headed by M. Brunout, a soldier of the Parisian guard, whom they had compelled to assume the office of their leader. It is uncertain upon what provocation M. Savonieres, a lieutenant in the gardes-du-corps, and two other officers, imprudently singled out Brunout from his company, and chased him along the ranks with their drawn sabers. The unhappy man was upon the point of being cut to pieces with their sabers, when one of the national guard of Versailles fired upon M. Savonieres, and broke his arm, and by that means saved the life of Brunout: and this incident is said to have greatly increased that antipathy which the populace afterward manifested by atrocious acts of cruelty to the gardes-du-corps.

Whether there was indeed a concerted plan to carry off the king to Metz, or whether the court was really terrified by the accident which we have recounted, it is impossible to determine; but the king's carriages were ordered to the gate of the castle which communicates with the orangery. The national guard of Versailles however, who occupied the post, refused to permit them to pass; and the king himself was resolute in his determination to stay, declaring, "that he would rather perish, than that the blood of the people should be spilled in his quarrel."

The Assembly continued sitting; but the session was tumultuous, and interrupted by the shouts and harangues of the Parisian fish-women, who filled the galleries. A letter, however, from the king was read, deploring the scarcity of provisions, and recommending that effectual means might be taken to remedy that calamity; and in a little time after M. Mounier entered with the pure and simple assent of the king to the constitutional articles. The Assembly was then adjourned; but the applause which was bestowed on its

proceedings was mingled with affecting murmurs and complaints, the multitude crying out that they were actually starving, and that the majority of them had eaten nothing for upward of twenty-four hours. The president therefore ordered that provisions should be sought for in every part of the town, and the hall of the Assembly was the scene of a miserable, scanty, and tumultuous banquet. Indeed, such was the dreadful famine, that the horse of one of the gardes-du-corps being killed in a tumult, he was immediately roasted, and greedily devoured by the mob. Previous to the adjournment of the assembly, Maillard and a number of women set off in carriages, provided by the king, for Paris, carrying with them the king's letter, and the resolves of the National Assembly, in the hopes of restoring peace to the metropolis.

Darkness and a deluge of rain added to the horrors of the night. The wretched multitudes who had traveled from Paris were exposed, almost famished, to the inclemences of the weather in the open streets: within the castle all was trepidation; nothing was to be heard from without but imprecations, and the voice of enraged multitudes demanding the lives of the queen and of the gardes-du-corps. Toward midnight, however, all appeared tolerably still and peaceable, when the beating of the drums, and the light of innumerable torches, announced the approach of the Parisian army. The Marquis de la Fayette, on his arrival, repaired to the royal closet, and informed the king of the whole proceedings of the day; a part of the national guards were distributed in posts agreeably to the orders of his majesty; the rest were entertained by the inhabitants of Versailles, or retired to lodge in the churches and public edifices, for the remainder of the night; and tranquillity appeared once more perfectly restored.

The troops of vagabonds who had accompanied Maillard, or who had followed the Parisian militia, were chiefly disposed of in the hall of the Assembly, and in the great corps-de-garde; and at about five in the morning the Marquis de la Fayette, after having visited all the posts, and found every thing perfectly quiet, retired to his chamber to write to the municipality of Paris, and perhaps in the hope of snatching a few hours' repose.

The day began to break at about half-past five; and at this period, crowds of women and other desperate persons, breathing vengeance and thirsting for blood advanced to the castle, which, in the fatal security that the arrival of the Parisian militia inspired, was left unguarded in several places. Some of the iron gates were shut, and some left open. An immense crowd found its way into the *cour des ministres*, and immediately proceeded to the royal gate, which was shut, and a number of the invaders attempted to scale it. Another troop of ruffians proceeded to the chapel court and another to that of the princes, and by both these avenues penetrated into the royal court. Some dispositions of defense were made by a M. Agues-seau; the gardes-du-corps were soon under arms, and one man was wounded by them in the arm, and another shot dead. The crowd immediately mounted the grand staircase where one of the gardes-du-corps, M. Miomandre, endeavored to dissuade them from their attempt, but he narrowly escaped with his life. M. Tardivet du Repaire hasted to the queen's apartment, in order to prevent the entrance of the banditti; but he was assailed by thousands, and felled to the ground. A villain with a pike attempted to pierce him to the heart, but he had the good fortune to wrest the weapon from his hand, with which he parried the attacks of his enemies, and at length effected his escape. M. Miomandre, in the mean time, made his way to the queen's apartment. He opened the door, and cried out to a lady whom he saw in the inner chamber—"Save the queen, madam her life is in danger; I am here alone against 2,000 tigers." He shut the door, and after a few minutes' resistance was desperately wounded with a pike, and left for dead, though he afterward recovered.

The queen had been awakened a quarter of an hour before, by the clamors of the women who assembled upon the terrace, but her waiting-woman had satisfied her by saying, "that they were only the women of Paris, who, she supposed, not being able to find a lodging, were walking about." But the tumult approaching, and becoming apparently more serious, she rose, dressed herself in haste, and ran to the king's apartment by a private passage. In her way she heard the noise of a pistol and a musket, which redoubled her terror. "My friends," said she to every person she met, "save me and my children." In the king's chamber she found the dauphin, who had been brought there by one of her women, but the king was gone. Awakened by the tumult, he had seen from the window the multitude pressing toward the great stair-case; and, alarmed for the queen, he hastened to her apartment, and entered at one door in the moment she had quitted it by the other. He returned without loss of time, and having, with the queen, brought the princess royal into the chamber, prepared to face the multitude.

In the mean time the noise and tumult increased, and appeared at the very door of the chamber. Nothing was to be heard but the most dreadful exclamations, with violent and

repeated blows against the outer door, a pannel of which was broken. Nothing but instant death was expected by the royal company. Suddenly, however, the tumult seemed to cease—every thing was quite, and a moment after a gentle rap was heard at the door. It was opened, and in an instant the apartments were filled with the Parisian guard. The officer who conducted them ordered them to ground their arms. "We come," said he, "to save the king;" and turning to such of the gardes-du-corps as were in the apartment—"We will save you also, gentlemen; let us from this moment be united."

Unfortunately the national guard arrived too late to prevent all the mischief. Two of the gardes-du-corps were murdered by the mob before the troops could be rallied, and their heads, fixed on spikes, served as the standards of this detestable banditti. From the first moment of the alarm the Marquis de la Fayette had even exceeded his usual activity. He appeared in every quarter:—"Gentlemen," said he to the Parisian soldiers, "I have pledged my word and honor to the king that nothing belonging to him shall receive injury. If I break my word, I shall be no longer worthy to be your commander." Captain Gondran, the officer who had driven the ruffians from the king's apartment, was not less conspicuous for his activity. The Parisians forced their way in every part through the almost impenetrable mass—surrounded the gardes-du-corps, and placed them in safety under their own colors.

Plunder is however commonly one great object of a mob. The banditti had already begun to strip the palace, and to throw the furniture to each other out of the windows. M. Gondran pursued them from place to place, till the castle was at length completely cleared. Expelled from the palace, they repaired to the stables; but here a sudden stop was put to their depredations by M. Doazon, a farmer-general, and captain of the Paris militia. The horses were all recovered, and brought back in safety to their stalls. Disappointed at length in every view, they departed in a body to Paris; and left Versailles entirely free, and under the protection of the national guard. The most generous expressions of kindness and gratitude took place between the gardes-du-corps and the national guard. The former considered the others as their deliverers; while the latter evinced every inclination that they should in future form one united corps.

The royal family now ventured to show themselves at a balcony, and received the most lively acclamations of respect from the soldiers and the people. But whether it had been planned by the popular party, or whether it was the immediate impulse of the multitude—though the former is most probable, at the first a single voice, or a few voices, exclaimed, "The king to Paris!" and this was instantly followed by a universal acclamation enforcing the same demand. After some consultation with the Marquis de la Fayette, the king addressed them:—"You wish me to go to Paris—I will go, on the condition that I am to be accompanied by my wife and children." he was answered by reiterated acclamation of *Vive le roi!*

Before the departure of the king, the National Assembly was convened; and, on the motion of M. Mirabeau, passed a solemn decree, "that the Assembly was inseparable from the person of the king." A deputation of 100 members was also appointed to accompany the king to Paris. During the preparations for the journey the gardes-du-corps changed hats and swords with the grenadiers and national guards, and both they and the regiment of Flanders desired leave to mix indiscriminately in the ranks. It was two o'clock in the afternoon before the procession set out. During the progress all was gayety and joy among the soldiers and the spectators; and such was the respect in which many of the French nation still held the name and person of their king, that the multitude were superstitiously persuaded that the royal presence would actually put an end to the famine. On his arrival, the king was congratulated by the municipality, and declared his approbation of the loyalty which the city of Paris manifested. On this occasion he gave one proof, among several others which he had before given, that however he might be wrought upon by misrepresentation and evil counsels, his character was in general neither deficient in good sense nor firmness. As they ascended the stairs of the Hôtel de Ville, the Marquis de la Fayette requested the king that he would either assure the people himself, or permit some other person to assure them in his name, that he would fix his abode in Paris. "I feel no objection," replied the monarch, "to fix my abode in my good city of Paris: but I have not yet formed any determination on the subject; and I will make no promise which I do not positively mean to fulfill."

Trial of the King.—The republic, in its career of change and blood, had at length a most important matter to consider—How the dethroned king was to be disposed of! The proceedings which terminated in the trial and death of the unfortunate Louis for a time diverted the attention of the two great rival factions, the Mountain and Girondists, who were engaged in a struggle, which daily became more implacable. The moderate party wished to save the life of the dethroned sovereign, and this was a sufficient reason for

their opponents being bent on his destruction. A committee was appointed to investigate his conduct, and a variety of charges having been brought forward, the Convention resolved to constitute itself at once prosecutor and judge. The report was brought up, exhibiting a loathsome tissue of confusion and falsehood. All acts that had been done by the ministers in every department, which could be twisted into such a shape as the times called criminal, were charged as deeds for which the sovereign was himself responsible; and the burden of the whole was to accuse the king, when he had scarcely a single regiment of guards, even at his nominal disposal, of nourishing the intention of massacring the Convention, defended by 30,000 national guards, besides the federates, and the militia of the suburbs. Of this report the Convention seemed almost ashamed, and would scarcely permit it to be printed. So soon as it appeared, two or three persons who were mentioned in it as accomplices of particulars charged against the king, contradicted the report upon their oath.

On the 11th of December, the ill-fated monarch was ordered to the bar of the Convention, and when the act of accusation had been read, Barriere, the president, summoned him to give separate answers to the several questions. These consisted of an enumeration of the whole crimes of the Revolution, from its commencement in 1789, all of which were imputed to him.

Valaze, who sat near the bar, presented and read some papers, asserted to contain plans of a counter-revolution, which the king disowned; also a number of other papers, which the king also disowned. His enemies admitted that Louis's answers were brief, firm, and judicious; his presence of mind being unshaken, in most cases dictated satisfactory replies to the accusations. The affair of Nancy, the journey to Varennes, the suppression of the revolt in the Champ de Mars, were justified by the decrees of the Assembly; and the catastrophe of the 10th of March, by the power of self-defense conferred on him by the laws. To every question, in fact, he replied with clearness and precision; denying some, showing that the matters referred to in others were the work of his ministers, and justifying all that had been done by the powers conferred on him by the constitution. In a loud voice he repelled the charge of shedding the blood of the people on the 10th of August, exclaiming, "No, sir, it was not I who did it." But he was careful in his answers not to implicate any members of the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies; and many who now sat as his judges, trembled lest he should compromise them with the dominant faction. The deep impression made on the Convention by the simple statements, and temperate but firm demeanor of the monarch, struck the Jacobins with such dismay, that the most violent of the party proposed that he should be hanged that very night. But the majority, composed of the Girondists, and the Neutrals, decided that he should be formally tried and defended by counsel. He then returned to the Temple, where the resolution of the municipality, that he was no longer to be permitted to see his family, was communicated to him; in other words, that a consolation which is never withheld from the most atrocious criminals, was denied him. Next day, however, the Convention, less inhuman than the commune, decreed that the unfortunate father might enjoy the society of his children; but the king, thinking them more necessary to the queen's comfort than his own, declined to take them from her, and after a struggle with feelings which even demons might have respected, he submitted to the separation with a resignation which nothing could shake.

In pursuance of the resolution of the majority of the municipality, the king chose as his counsel Trouchet and Target. The former accepted the office, but the latter declined the dangerous task. But Malesherbes, though eighty years of age, and oppressed with infirmities, in spite of personal risk, offered his services, which the king gratefully accepted. The old man had been twice nominated by the king, in the day of his prosperity, to be a member of his counsel, and he now magnanimously claimed a right to a similar office when it was attended with danger. De Lege, another lawyer of genius, was permitted to add his name to those of the king's counsel, from whom he was doomed to experience no effectual aid. Nor, indeed, did he expect it; and therefore he prepared to meet his approaching fate.

When the king returned, his faithful valet, Cleret, alone was suffered to approach him. Louis directed his counsel to abstain from all appeals to the passions, and restrict themselves to deductions from the evidence. The king was again conveyed to the Convention on the following morning. De Lege was permitted to read without interruption his defense, which was an able appeal to justice as a private citizen, and to his rights as a constitutional sovereign, while it was denied that he could have intended to direct his small force against the liberties of his country. When he had finished, Louis added a few words, expressive of his conviction that he now addressed the members for the last time, and solemnly avowed that he had the witness of conscience to his innocence. The king was removed: a long and fierce debate ensued, on Manuel's motion for three days' adjournment, that the king's defense might be

printed, and sent to the departments. The Jacobins expelled Manuel, and insisted that judgment should be pronounced that day. Vergniaut ably pleaded that the king's fate should be decided by the people. He denounced the Jacobins as having caused the preceding bloodshed, and prophesied the horrors that would ensue from their rule. His voice was disregarded; and a final appeal was demanded, while the fierce emissaries of the Jacobins surrounded the hall, and terrified the members with threats of vengeance if they did not pronounce sentence of death; they swore, that if Louis was acquitted, they would go to the Temple, and murder the royal family, and all who favored them. Their earnestness was unquestionable; the votes were instanly taken; but amid the utterance of the fatal sentence, every eye was fixed upon the recreant Duke of Orleans, and when he pronounced the word "Death," even that assembly seemed shocked. A majority of fifty-three decreed the king's execution.

All the late histories of the French Revolution, and most of the memoirs of the time, contain a sufficiency of details on the horrible excesses of the 10th of August, 1792, which overthrew the French monarchy. The attack of the ferocious mob on the Tuilleries—the massacre of the Swiss guards, and of the male inmates of the palace, and the dangers of the royal family, have all been described with a minuteness and truth which make us shudder. But something still was wanting to complete the appalling picture. None of the memoirs of that period, with the exception of a short passage in Madam Campane, describe the state of the Tuilleries on the night after the massacre. The following sketch, written by an eye-witness, and communicated to the author of the Esquisses Historiques de la Revolution Française, in the 8th number of which it was published, will supply the deficiency:

I was one of the secretaries of the section of the Theater Français. About eleven o'clock at night the members of the board, feeling alarm respecting the state of Paris, ordered me to repair to the corps-de-garde of the section, and to request the commandant of the station to send out a patrol, with instructions to examine principally the quarter of the Tuilleries, to range myself in that patrol, and to return with a report of what I should observe. I went accordingly to the corps-de-garde. I procured the formation of a patrol of fifty men. I armed myself with a pike, and away we proceeded. Having arrived at the extremity of the Pont Neuf, we met another patrol as numerous as our own; we joined it, and then followed the quay as far as the arches called Guichet de Marigny, without meeting any thing remarkable. On our reaching the Place de Carrousel we were struck with a horrid spectacle. It was now near midnight. On our right we perceived on different points of the *place*, four or five mounds, each about twenty feet high, composed of dead bodies entirely naked. In the center of the square (*place*) was an immense blazing fire, standing round which we remarked three or four men, who appeared to be unmoved and insensible in the midst of the numerous and deplorable effects of carnage. At our right a long building (occupying the place where the railing now is), composed of a ground-floor and an upper story, which served as a barrack to the Swiss guard, was a prey to the flames. Over this scene of conflagration and dead bodies, there reigned a profound silence, which was only disturbed by the noise of our slow march, and the crackling of the planks and beams, which detaching themselves from the walls, fell into the building, and each fall caused torrents of flames to issue from the windows. The two patrols having united to proceed to the court of the Tuilleries, passed by the door of this burning lodge with a rapidity which the danger of the fire inspired.

Having arrived in the court, we were obliged to make a long halt, because some guards, recently placed in the palace, opposed the entrance of our double patrol. This halt gave us time to observe the frightful scenes which surrounded us. The light of the great fire, blazing in the midst of the court, together with that of the burning buildings, discovered to us an overwhelming picture. On one side were dead bodies collected into masses; on the other, dead bodies scattered over the pavement, mixed with human forms still animated, but asleep from intoxication. We could only distinguish the dead from the living by the clothes with which the latter were covered. In the fire we saw bodies half consumed, and the stench which proceeded from this combustion of human flesh, added to the horrer which the other parts of the spectacle excited. In turning our eyes toward the château, we saw through the vestibule in the garden, flitting lights similar to those igneous meteors which dance at night about marshy ground in the heats of the summer. While stationed in the court, our imagination busied itself in painful and fruitless efforts to discover the cause of this phenomenon. A superstitious mind, placed in this abode of the dead, and in the midst of the devouring flames, would have taken those flitting gleams for spirits endeavoring to unite themselves to the bodies from which they had been so lately separated. When we were allowed to pass into the vestibule, our impatient curiosity was gratified, and to

vague conjectures succeeded a frightful reality. The wandering fires were lighted torches which we perceived in the darkness, without perceiving the persons who carried them. These persons, who were denied admission into the palace by the guard, were still making vain attempts to get into the vestibule. The double action of the parties produced the agitation of the lights. The torches of these men were intended to enable them to penetrate into obscure places for the purpose of pillage. In passing through the vestibule into the garden, we found that the space on both sides of the great staircase was filled with dead bodies, stripped entirely naked. We ascended to the rooms on the outer side of the chapel, and entered the chapel, where the most horrid sacrilege had been committed. The aisle was literally choked full with the dead and dying. We hastily descended, and returned at three in the morning to the section of the Theater Français, and after a few hours' rest awoke to see not only Paris, but the whole of France in a much more deplorable condition, for Robespierre had gained the ascendancy in power.

Reign of Terror.—From general details, the great outline of the calamitous state of France, at the period in question, may be collected; but more minute particulars are requisite to understand clearly the portion of suffering which fell to the lot of every family and often of every individual in it. "A sketch of the situation of one family with whom I was particularly acquainted at Marseilles," says a writer of the period, "shall be given as a specimen by which that of most others may fairly be judged.

"It consisted of the father, the mother, and four children, two sons and two daughters, all grown up. The father and the eldest son were in the law, the youngest son was what is called at Marseilles a *Courtier de Commerce*, that is, an agent for negotiating commercial transactions. The eldest son was the first who was involved in the revolutionary troubles; he had been a member of one of the sections, and was enrolled among the proscribed, at the time when most of those who had belonged to the sections fell under proscription. For several months did he remain concealed in his father's house by means of a place contrived for the purpose, in a room at the very top of it. In the day-time he generally sat in the room; but as the domiciliary visits were more frequently made by night than by day, his bed was, for greater security, made up in his place of asylum; hither he could, at any time, retreat in a moment, upon a signal agreed on being made below, and shut himself up within; and the door was so well contrived, that any one searching the room ever so accurately, unless previously acquainted with the secret, was not likely to discover it.

"As a suspicion was always entertained that he was in the house, frequent domiciliary visits were made to search for him, but he fortunately escaped them all. His eldest sister, between whom and himself a particular affection had always subsisted, and who entertained in consequence a double share of anxiety for his safety, was the person on whom he principally relied for giving him timely notice to conceal himself in time of alarm; and she has many times passed the whole night at the window, to watch whether any one approached the house, afraid to lie down, lest, exhausted by fatigue, sleep should overtake her, and her brother be surprised unawares.

"In this situation he continued for seven months, the family all that time not daring to attempt removing him, as they well knew that a constant watch was kept upon the house. But the vigilance of the revolutionists beginning at length to abate, wearied with the many fruitless searches they had made, an opportunity was taken to convey him by night on board a Genoese vessel, the owner of which had agreed to carry him to Leghorn. He was covered over with a heap of cords, sacks, and rubbish of different kinds, and as soon as the entrance of the port was open in the morning, the vessel was put in motion. But at this very moment, when it was hoped all danger was over, a party of the national guards appeared, and calling on the mariners to stop, came on board to visit her. They asked a thousand questions of the master, and even kicked some of the cords about, but fortunately without discovering what they concealed; at length departing, they left the vessel to pursue its course, and the fugitive was finally landed in safety at the place of his destination. To provide the means of satisfying the exorbitant demands of the Genoese captain, the two sisters made a sacrifice of many little objects of value which they possessed in personal ornaments.

"The youngest son, whose name was equally on the list of the proscribed, saved himself by escaping to Paris, where, lost among the crowd, he remained unknown and unregarded till the death of Robespierre. He then returned to Marseilles, and resumed his former occupation.

"Very soon after the eldest son's departure, the father was menaced with imprisonment, perhaps with death, as having two sons in emigration; on which the youngest daughter presented herself before the municipality, entreating that her father might be

suffered to remain at liberty, and offering herself as a hostage that he would commit no act contrary to the interests of the republic. Her offer of becoming a prisoner was accepted, and she was conveyed to the convent of Ignorantins, which was set apart for confining the women who were arrested, and where 800 were then immured. But though she was detained, her father was not left at large; he was arrested a few days after, and sent with a number of proscribed to confinement in another convent. The prison of the father was at a different end of the town from that of the daughter, and both were equally removed from their own house. During eight months that elapsed from this period, to the conclusion of the reign of terror, the eldest daughter's daily occupation was to visit her father and sister in their respective prisons, which she was permitted to do, being always searched at her entrance, lest she should convey any thing which might assist their escape. Her anxiety for her sister's life was not very great, as few women were led to the scaffold; but she daily entered the prison of her father uncertain whether she might still find him, or whether he might not have been among the number who were daily immolated. While at home, her sole occupation was to endeavor to soothe and console her mother. How miserable, how painful, was such a state of existence! And yet, painful as it was, this family was ultimately among the number of the fortunate, since no member of it was cut off."

A.D. 1814.—When Napoleon opened the campaign on the 25th of January, he confided the command of the capital to his brother Joseph. His enemies were numerous and powerful. The English advanced on the south; 150,000 men, under Schwartzenberg, poured into France by way of Switzerland; a large army of Prussians, commanded by Blucher, arrived from Frankfort; and 100,000 Swedes and Germans penetrated into Belgium, under Bernadotte. Here was work cut out for even the genius of a Hannibal; and Bonaparte seemed to be duly roused by the perils which surrounded him. He redoubled his activity and energy, and never had his strategic calculations been more skilful. He was near destroying the two most formidable armies of his enemies by isolating them, and attacking them by turns. Wherever he did not command in person the allies triumphed; the English entered Bordeaux, which declared for the Bourbons; the Austrians occupied Lyons; and the united armies marched toward Paris.

Joseph received orders to defend Paris to the last extremity; the emperor depended upon him, and conceived the almost wildly brave project of cutting off the retreat of the allies, by marching rapidly behind them to St. Dizier. By this march he lost precious time; but by it, if he had been seconded, Napoleon might have saved his crown. The two grand armies of the allies had effected their junction, and drew near to the capital. To secure the success of the emperor's manœuvers, it ought to have been defended till his arrival; but timid counselors surrounded the regent, Maria Louisa, and persuaded her to retire to the Loire. In vain Talleyrand and Montalivet expressed a courageous opinion, and represented to the empress that the safety of France was in Paris: fear alone was listened to; Maria Louisa quitted the capital, and transported the regency to Blois. In the mean time Napoleon approached Paris by forced marches; but it was no longer time; Marshals Marmont and Mortier, on the 30th of March, fought a desperate battle under the walls of the city with forces very inferior to the allies'. Ignorant of the emperor's proximity, Joseph gave orders for a capitulation; he abandoned his post, and set out for Orleans. On the 31st of March, the allies entered Paris. Napoleon was hastening to the defense of his capital, when, on the 1st of April, he received this terrible news; he immediately fell back upon Fontainebleau, where his army took up a position. There he learned that the senate, guided by Talleyrand, declared Napoleon deposed from the throne, the hereditary right of his family abolished, and the French people and the army liberated from their oath of fidelity to him.

The victory of Paris cost the allies 9,000 men; the French lost 4,000 besides the prisoners and 109 cannon.

A.D. 1815.—When, after a series of the grossest blunders on the part of the Bourbons, Napoleon returned from Elba in 1815, and lost the battle of Waterloo, Davoust received the command of about 60,000 men for the defense of Paris. The city was difficult of access from the north and east, because the villages and heights were fortified, and well supplied with artillery. The Prussians, therefore crossed the Seine to attack Paris from Versailles, while the English remained in front of the fortified heights and villages. On this side the city is weakest, and might also be forced to surrender by intercepting supplies of provisions which came from Normandy. On the 30th of June the Prussians under Zeithen marched through Versailles, and after a short conflict succeeded in establishing themselves on the heights of Meudon, and in the village of Issy. A council of war held in Paris, almost unanimously determined that Paris was untenable; but in order to make a last attempt, Vandamme advanced on the morning of the 3d of July with 10,000 men, and at-

tacked the Prussians in Issy; but after several hours' fighting they were repulsed with the loss of 1,000 men. A bridge was begun to be erected at Argenteuil to establish the communication between the British and Prussian armies, and an English corps moved to the left bank of the Seine by the bridge Neuilly. Upon this the surrender of Paris was resolved on. The capitulation was conducted at St. Cloud, the same day. It was stipulated that the French army should, on the following day, commence the evacuation of the capital, with their arms, artillery, caissons and whole personal property; that within eight days, they should be entirely established to the south of the Loire; Montmartre was to be surrendered, July 5th, and all the barriers on the 6th. July 7th the Prussian army entered the barrier of the military school, and part of the English that of St. Denis. On the 8th, Louis XVIII., who had followed in the rear of the English army from Ghent, made his public entrance, escorted by the National Guard. The star of Napoleon had paled before the fortunate sun of the Bourbons. The battle of Waterloo had destroyed an emperor and elevated a king; the one was doomed to lonely exile on a rock-bound island; the other ascended the throne of one of the most magnificent kingdoms of Europe.

Revolution of July, A.D. 1830. — The several causes which led to this revolution, and to the consequent dethronement of Charles X., having been so ably treated by celebrated French and English historians, and besides it being impossible in the limits of a work like the present to enter into these details, we will content ourselves with merely glancing at one or two of the immediate causes.

The Chamber of Deputies was convened by the king on the 2d of March, 1830; in the usual address to the throne, the ministers headed by the Prince Polignac, counseled his majesty to adopt vigorous measures, to coerce the liberty, or rather the licentiousness of the press, and, with other important changes, so to alter the constitution of the Chambers, that the liberal element might not be so predominant. They were defeated in this address by a majority of forty, and on the 19th the king prorogued the session to the 1st September, intending in the mean time to dissolve the present Chamber. This measure excited great consternation among the liberal members, and the journals in their interest proceeded to attack the king and his ministers with the coarsest vituperations it was possible to conceive of. This was followed by the arrest and conviction of several leading journalists, and as the people espoused their cause, this only served to fan the flame of the popular discontent. On the 16th of May the king, with the advice of his ministers, issued a decree dissolving the Chambers, and appointing the time for the elections to be held.

After the elections had commenced the ministers gave up all hope of a majority in the new Chamber. The report, industriously circulated, that the king had in contemplation a *coup d'état*, tended greatly to swell the majorities of the Liberal party.

On the 25th July the king, by the advice of Prince Polignac and his colleagues, signed the famous "ordinances," which may be said to have been the immediate cause of the revolution which followed. The first of these ordinances destroyed the liberty of the press by prohibiting the publication of any journal or small pamphlet, without a license from the government, which might at any time be recalled. The second dissolved the new Chamber of Deputies on the ground that the intentions of the ministers were unfairly represented to the people; and the third entirely changed the principle of the representation of the people, and established the Chamber upon a different basis. There were several others, all affecting, either directly or indirectly, the rights of the people. The populace of Paris were thunderstruck at such an assumption of "doubtful powers" by the man who had sworn to maintain inviolate the charter by which his brother had ascended the throne; and a large body of men, representing the literature, talent, and wealth of France, openly denounced the measures, which, they maintained, were a breach of the letter and spirit of the charter which Louis XVIII. had given to them. During the 26th there was no attempt at insurrection made; but there was an ominous appearance in the groups of men who assembled at the cafés and club-houses, discussing in an animated voice the events of the last two days, and it was clear to those who had passed through the stormy days of 1789 that an outbreak of the people was at hand. Nor were they disappointed in their calculations; for on the next day (the 27th) matters were brought to a crisis. The opposition journals appeared without any license from government, and having in their columns the protest of some of the leading men of Paris, against the *coup d'état* of the ministers. This open defiance of the king was immediately followed by an order to seize the journals and close the printing-offices, which was effected with much difficulty by the gens-d'armes and police.

Marshal Marmont had been appointed by the king, commander of the garrison of Paris, and he had entered on his duties on the morning of the 27th; but he found, to his astonishment, that he had only 11,500 men

under his command, with twelve pieces of artillery, and six rounds of grape-shot to each gun. Of this small force only the guards, 4,600 strong, could be relied on in a conflict with the people. The king and his ministers reposed in fancied security at St. Cloud, and to Marmont was committed the more than herculean task of defending the city of Paris against an insurrection of the people, smarting under imaginary or real wrongs, and determined to redress their own grievances. The national guard, 40,000 strong, had been disbanded some time before, but they had been allowed to retain their arms, and they all, with very few exceptions, joined the ranks of the insurgents. Those who had no weapons broke open several armorers' shops in the city, and supplied themselves.

Marmont's plan for the defense of the city was similar to that adopted by Napoleon in 1795, in repelling the attack of the sections; he determined to concentrate his troops upon the defense of the Tuilleries, the Louvre, and the Plâce Carrousel, as an immense fortress in the center of the city. Three battalions of the guards were stationed in the Plâce Carrousel and in the Palais Royal; two in the Plâce Louis XV., with two guns, and one in the Rue Capucius, in front of the hôtel of the minister of foreign affairs; and three battalions of the line on the Boulevards from the Madeline to the Place of the Bastille. Finding that the insurgents were making rapid progress in the erection of barricades in some of the narrowest and most crowded districts, he sent out detachments to overturn them, and disperse the crowds. The first barricade, at the Rue St. Honoré, where it passed the Palais Royal, was carried by the troops, after one point-blank discharge, which killed one man and wounded several. The body of the dead man was carried off by his friends, who paraded it through the streets for the purpose of exciting their fellow-citizens to immediate action; the other barricades were carried with little difficulty, and the troops succeeded in restoring a degree of tranquillity to the city. The insurgents retired from the streets, but only to make vigorous preparations for renewing the conflict on the morrow; and the only measure of government was to proclaim Paris in a state of siege, a measure in itself calculated only to inflame the public mind, as it was not followed up by any reinforcements to Marmont's army, although there were 15,000 infantry and 3,400 cavalry of the guards stationed at a short distance from Paris.

Early on the next morning (the 28th) the people appeared in the Faubourg St. Antoine and St. Marceau, so well known in the worst days of the former revolution, armed with muskets, swords, bayonets, pickaxes, etc., gathering strength as they rolled onward through the Rue St. Denis, to the station occupied by the military. They were everywhere to be seen tearing up the pavement, overturning omnibusses, dragging furniture from the houses, and proceeding to erect barricades. Their operations continued almost unmolested, and with a degree of order and rapidity one would not expect to find in such an incongruous multitude. The arsenal was soon broken into and its contents distributed among the people; the powder manufactory des deux moulins, and the artillery dépôt of St. Thomas Aquinas shared the same fate. Emboldened by their successes they approached the Hôtel de Ville, which was carried without any resistance, as the garrison retired before any attack was made. Instantly the tri-color flag was displayed from its summit, and the tocsin sounded amid the deafening cheers and cries of the populace. The church of Nôtre Dame was next broken open, and the republican standard planted upon it, while at the same time the dismal clang of the tocsin recalled vividly to the minds of those who had witnessed it, the appalling commencement of the memorable 10th of August, 1792.

The government was soon awakened from their trance of fancied security. Four fifths of Paris was already in the hands of the insurgents, and it was high time that some measures should be adopted to stop their progress. Marmont accordingly divided his slender army into columns with orders to advance into the interior of the city, which was by this time wholly in the hands of the insurgents. The first column, commanded by General Talon, advanced along the quays preceded by two pieces of artillery, to clear that part of the city and re-take the Hôtel de Ville; he opened fire at the entrance of the Plâce de Grève, which was crowded with insurgents, and after a few discharges effectually cleared the square; he next attacked the Hôtel de Ville, which was almost immediately carried by the troops of the guard, but his success was of short duration, for the soldiers of the line refused to support their comrades, the officers breaking their swords and the men drawing their cartridges in the presence of the people. The scholars of the Polytechnic school now took the lead, and lent to the cause of insurrection not only the ardor and intrepidity of youth, but also their military skill. They formed in a body and soon re-filled the square, the troops taking refuge in the Hôtel de Ville from which they kept up a vigorous fire upon the people.

Meantime, the second column had advanced by the Boulevards toward the Place de la Bastille, where it was met by a torrent of people rolling to the eastward from the Faubourg

St. Antoine. These gave way after a few discharges, which killed a large number of people, but it was only to take refuge behind the barricades erected at no great distance, whence they poured a murderous fire upon the flank of the troops advancing in that direction. However, notwithstanding all the force arrayed against them, they succeeded in storming six of the barricades, but the ranks of the insurgents were momentarily increasing, and it was impossible to follow up their success, as almost all the houses on each side were occupied, and a steady fire was kept up which greatly thinned the ranks of the troops. They determined to retire, and taking advantage of a squadron of cuirassiers then passing through the Plâce de la Bastille, they succeeded in forcing their way across the center of Paris to the Plâce de la Grève, where they found General Talon making a desperate defense with his faithful guards, at the Hôtel de Ville. Cheers of "*Vive la ligne*," "*Vivent les freres et enfants du peuple*," greeted this corps on its arrival here, symptoms of wavering manifested themselves in their ranks, and to the great delight of the populace the 50th regiment refused to act, and took refuge in the court of the hôtel, where they delivered up their ammunition to General Talon, who was now left to prolong a hopeless defense.

The third column, composed almost entirely of Swiss, under the command of General Quinsonnus, was directed to march by the Rue St. Honoré to the Marché des Innocens, through the most densely populated parts of the city. He succeeded in storming all the barricades till he arrived at the Marché des Innocens, where the streets were so narrow and the houses so high, that a plunging fire could be kept on the soldiers, who were compelled to advance in single file; but, after losing a large number of men he succeeded in establishing himself in the square, from whence he could reply to the fire from the windows, which had caused him such heavy loss; and in a few minutes he had effectually silenced it. Determined to take advantage of his success, he sent a battalion with two pieces of artillery to clear the Rue St. Denis; it succeeded in doing so, though with a very heavy loss, the colonel himself being severely wounded. After remaining for several hours at the Porte St. Denis expecting assistance from the second column, who had taken refuge in the Hôtel de Ville, the colonel thought it expedient to retire, but as the Rue St. Denis was again in the hands of the insurgents, who had by this time erected a sufficient number of barricades to hold the street against the small force he could bring against them, the only way left open was by the Boulevards, where the felling of trees greatly impeded his progress. However, after great difficulty and considerable loss he succeeded in making his way back to the Plâce Vendôme.

The situation of Quinsonnus, left in the Marché des Innocens with his diminished force, was becoming every moment more critical. After four hours' incessant firing the ammunition of his troops gave out, there was no communication with the Tuilleries, as the streets leading in that direction were closed by barricades, and it was only by disguising one of the officers, that he succeeded in informing Marmont of his perilous position. The marshal had only one battalion at his disposal, and this he immediately dispatched to his assistance; with this reinforcement, Quinsonnus was able to cut his way back to the central position around the palace. Marmont issued orders for the concentration of all the troops on the Tuilleries; this movement was effected under cover of the darkness of the night.

While these signal successes were attending the arms of the populace, their leaders saw the necessity of organizing a provisional government, as the authority of the king was virtually at an end in Paris: with this view, a meeting was convened at the hôtel of M. Andry de Puyravan on the evening of the same day as that on which the above events transpired. The meeting was attended by almost all the liberal deputies, some of whom counseled moderation, and obedience to the king; who, they were persuaded, would recall the odious ordinances as soon as he found they were opposed by the people, and dismiss his ministry, who, by their acts had become obnoxious. But General Lafayette, whose age, and also whose experience in revolutionary matters entitled his voice to great weight, opposed any temporizing measures on the ground that it was too late, that arms had already been taken up, and that it should be decided by the fate of those arms.

These measures were adopted, though MM. Guizot, Villemair, and Thiers counseled more moderate ones. It now remained to appoint a provisional government, and General Lafayette, General Gérard, and the Duke de Choiseul, were appointed dictators by the street leaders, and proclamation issued bearing their names, but without their knowledge. As the office of dictator would be attended with considerable danger in case of the failure of the revolution, there was some doubt whether these gentlemen would accept it; it was therefore conferred upon General Delonny, who at once accepted it, and proceeded to install himself in the Hôtel de Ville which had been evacuated by the royal troops, from which he issued an edict concerning the pres-

ervation of the public monuments, taking care of the wounded, etc.

This rapid march of events created considerable consternation at the Palace of St. Cloud. The king immediately sent orders that the troops stationed in towns near Paris should repair at once to the support of Marmont, but Prince Polignac treated the whole matter very coolly, not believing there was any serious danger, although Marmont told him that the whole city was in the hands of the insurgents except the grounds around the Tuilleries where the royal guard was stationed.

Early on the morning of the 29th, 1,500 infantry, and 600 horse, arrived, but these did little more than compensate for the losses of the previous day. Marmont's total force to defend his position, which would evidently be assailed at day-break, was 5,000 effective men and eight guns. A number of the deputies met at the house of M. Lafitte, the banker, and agreed to make an effort to win Marmont over to their cause, which was in secret that of the Duke of Orleans. M. Arago was dispatched on this mission, but the marshal indignantly rejected his proposal, for, although he was convinced that longer defense was useless, yet he had been intrusted by his king with the defense of Paris, and he was determined to do his duty to the last.

When M. Arago returned to the deputies with Marmont's answer, their decision was at once taken: they determined to put themselves at the head of the movement, and hoist the tri-color flag, and thus close the door against all hope of accommodation, by declaring the king and his ministers public enemies. General Sebastiani alone protested against this, as it was a virtual dethronement of Charles X. Orders were immediately issued to prepare for an attack on Marmont's position at the Tuilleries. The military command of Paris was offered to Lafayette, and accepted. He more eagerly did so as he had learned that the greater number of the deputies had resolved to call the Duke of Orleans to the throne, while he himself wished for a republic.

In a short space of time, an immense armed multitude gathered in front of the Tuilleries, and occupied all the barracks adjoining, from which they kept up an unceasing fire upon the royal troops, but the soldiers of the line gave way, and opened their ranks so that the people rushed through the garden of the Tuilleries, broke open the doors and windows, and so carried the inner court of the Louvre; then, forcing their way through the interior, they penetrated into the gallery of the museum, from the windows of which they opened a plunging fire upon the Swiss soldiers in the Place Carrousel. These, finding themselves attacked at once in front and flank, were seized with a sudden panic, and they fled in wild disorder through the gardens of the palace. Marmont did all in his power to arrest the disorders of the retreating soldiers, and he succeeded in drawing them off with some degree of regularity. He was the last man who left the gardens. This success of the insurgents decided the fate of the king. The only other posts in possession of the royal troops—the Invalides and the barracks of Babylone—were evacuated; and the troops, after a severe conflict, succeeded in joining Marmont at the Champs Elysées. This universal triumph was darkened by a melancholy event, which cast a heroic and a tragic air over the last days of the monarchy. A hundred Swiss soldiers who had been stationed in a house at the junction of the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St. Honoré, had been forgotten: they were attacked by the multitude, and made a most gallant defense, but they were all cut to pieces, and perished to the last man, like their predecessors on the 10th August, 1789, in the defense of their king. Several Swiss, found in different parts of the city, were massacred, but with these exceptions they made a good use of their victory. However, men paraded through the apartments of the Tuilleries, and evinced their hatred of royalty by firing at the pictures, and destroying the furniture. The royal cellar, too, was emptied of its contents. The municipal authorities acted most praiseworthily in the vigorous efforts they used to preserve the public monuments from spoliation, and they were, with one or two exceptions, successful. The royal guard continued their retreat to the Bois de Boulogne, where all hostilities ceased, and Marmont galloped on to St. Cloud to lay the state of affairs before the king, directing his troops to continue their retreat thither. When he had related to the king the circumstances of the fall of the Louvre, and the final evacuation of Paris, Charles immediately called his cabinet together; some counselled bold measures; but he resolved to submit without any more bloodshed, and accordingly issued a decree revoking the ordinances, and dismissing his ministers. He appointed M. Montemarte president of the council, and General Gérard minister at war. The other members were equally liberal. It was with the greatest reluctance that the king prevailed upon M. Montemarte to accept this perilous office, but he at length accepted, and proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville to negotiate with the provisional government; but Lafayette's words were again uttered to him: "It is too late—the throne of Charles X. has melted away in blood." The popular party

now published a proclamation—the sentence of death against the French monarchy—which was received with vehement demonstrations of delight by the people.

At this crisis the Duke of Orleans arrived in Paris, and the king determined to make one more effort to preserve the throne of his ancestors for his grandson. The Orleans family had received many acts of kindness from the king; among others, he had restored to them their estates which had been confiscated to the crown; and for this and others favors the duke had professed himself unboundedly grateful to Charles X.

The king offered him the lieutenancy-general of the kingdom, in order to guard the crown during his minority for the Duke de Bordeaux, in whose favor the king and the Duke d'Angoulême offered to renounce it. The duke refused the offer, and this failure of the attempt to enlist the Duke of Orleans among the supporters of the royal cause, and the increasing pressure of the revolutionary forces, induced Marmont to enter into a sort of capitulation for the royal troops, in virtue of which hostilities were immediately to cease between them; and a proclamation to that effect was issued by him. The Duke d'Angoulême was aroused to the highest pitch of indignation. He openly accused Marmont of treachery, and in attempting to snatch from him his sword, wounded himself in the hand. Marmont was immediately put under arrest; but the king soon after ordered him to be set free, and restored his sword to him. The near approach of the revolutionary forces which were close to St. Cloud, induced the king to withdraw himself to Trianon, where he assembled a council of his former ministers, as M. de Montemarte had not yet returned from Paris, and had not been heard from for 24 hours. But while the council was still in session, the Duke d'Angoulême arrived with the disheartening intelligence that the regiments of the first line, posted at the bridge, had refused to fire upon the insurgents, who had consequently crossed the bridge, and were making preparations to advance against Trianon. On receipt of this intelligence, it was resolved to fall back at all points on Rambouillet, where the court arrived with the royal guard, still 12,000 strong, at midnight, in the deepest state of depression.

Charles arrived at Rambouillet fully determined to abdicate for himself in favor of his grandson; he saw that the people would no longer submit to his control. The Duke d'Angoulême was strongly opposed to the abdication of the king, preferring rather the chances of a conflict to constrain the people to submission. But on the following morning (August 1st), the king assembled his family around him, and announced his intention of abdicating in favor of his grandson, the Duke de Bordeaux, as his son, the Duke d'Angoulême, showed his sentiments, and renounced his right of succession to the throne. He dispatched a letter containing this resolution to the Duke of Orleans, and requiring him in the character of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, conferred on him by the revolutionary authorities, and confirmed by the king by royal appointment, to proclaim Henry V. to the throne. But the Duke of Orleans did not feel himself obliged to obey, and issued in its place an order that the revolutionary forces should prepare to the utmost to resist the king's wishes, and to march out of Paris on Rambouillet. At the same time Marshal Maison, Schonen, and Odillon Barrott, were sent forward to the king as deputies to impress upon him the necessity of an immediate and unqualified resignation for himself and his descendants, and every preparation was made to compel his embarkation for England.

The revolutionary army took up their line of march from Paris on the 3d of August. The advanced guard consisted of veterans and the national guard; the remainder consisted of militia, who, although poorly armed, were inflamed with an ardor which rendered them almost equal to regulars. The whole was under the command of General Pajol. When the three commissioners who preceded the army were admitted to the king, he asked them, "What do you wish with me?" The commissioners impressed upon him the necessity of his immediate resignation, with all his descendants, and added, that in case he should refuse, there was a sufficient force on its way from Paris to compel him to do so. Being assured of this, the king replied, "Enough! I consent to any thing to spare the life of my guards." With that he gave orders for the departure of the court for Cherbourg, to embark for England. On the 16th of August, 1830, Charles X., with those that attended him, embarked in the *Great Britain* packet-boat, and in melancholy silence the vessel plowed through the sea, steering for Scotland.

Thus fell the dynasty of the Bourbons—and fell, to all appearance, never again to be restored. The Duke of Orleans became Louis Philippe, King of the French, amid the transports of a people, who, eighteen years later, ignominiously expelled him from France.

The revolution of 1848, which gave Louis Napoleon, first the Presidency of the French Republic, and next the imperial throne of the French empire, is of so recent a date, that most of our readers are familiar with its details. Therefore, as we have already de-

voted more space to the narration of events which have transpired in Paris, which, after all, is the heart, life, and soul of France, than we can afford, we will content ourselves with simply referring to it.

PAOLI, A.D. 1777.—In September, 1777, the American troops under General Wayne, were surprised near Paoli, in Pennsylvania, by a greatly superior British force under General Gray, and defeated. On this occasion a number of the Americans were butchered in cold blood, after they had laid down their arms.

PARMA, A.D. 1734.—An indecisive battle was fought near Parma, in Italy, on the 29th of June, 1734, between the confederate armies of England, France, and Spain, and the army of the Emperor of Austria. Both parties claimed the victory.

PATAY, A.D. 1429.—Patay is a town of France, fourteen miles north-west of Orleans, and is celebrated for the victory gained there in 1429, by the French under Joan of Arc, over the English under Talbot. The battle was fought on the 10th of July, and resulted in the signal defeat of the English. The redoubted hero Sir John Fastolfe fled in the commencement of the action, and Talbot was made prisoner. The English lost in this battle 1,200 men. In consequence of this victory, Charles of France entered Rheims in triumph, and on the 17th of July in the same year was crowned; Joan of Arc, taking part in the ceremony, in full armor, and holding the sword of state. As soon as the ceremony was over, the Maid of Orleans threw herself upon her knees before the king, and embracing his feet, declared her mission accomplished, and with tears entreated that she might return to her former station. But Charles did not wish to lose the services of such a useful servant, and at his earnest request she consented to remain in the army. See *Orleans* and *Compeigne*.

PAVIA, A.D. 476.—Pavia "the city of a Hundred Towers," stands on the left bank of the Ticino, in Austrian Italy. It is surrounded by walls, and contains numerous public edifices; but its magnificence and fame belong to former ages; now, nothing remains but decay and paralysis.

Orestes having undertaken to dethrone Nepos, the Emperor of the West, raised an army, merely showed himself, and the weak monarch abandoned the diadem. The fortunate rebel encircled the head of his son Romulus Augustulus with it. The Roman empire of the West was in its last period of decay. Odoacer, at the head of an army of Goths, Heruli, Scyrri, and Thuringians, came to give it the last blow, and to reign over its vast wreck. Terror and confusion preceded him. All fled, all dispersed at his approach. The plains were deserted, the cities opened their gates to him. Orestes, too weak to withstand him, shut himself up in Pavia. Odoacer pursued him thither, carried the city by storm, made a frightful carnage, and set fire to the churches and houses. Orestes was taken and decapitated on the 28th of August, 476, the very day on which, one year before, he dragged Nepos from his throne. Augustulus, abandoned by every body, stripped himself of his dangerous dignity, and delivered up the purple to his conqueror, who, out of compassion for his age, left him his life, with a pension of six thousand golden pence, that is, about £3,300 sterling. Thus disappeared the empire of the West, after having subsisted 506 years from the battle of Actium, and 1,229 from the foundation of Rome. Scarcely was its fall perceived, scarcely a look was fixed upon its last moments; it might be compared to an old man who dies of caducity.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 572.—Albion, King of Lombards, entered Italy for the purpose of founding a state. Pavia alone ventured to oppose him. The new conqueror laid siege to it; and that city, after a vigorous resistance of three years, reduced to the last extremity, was forced to surrender at discretion. The conqueror, exasperated by the obstinacy of the defense, had resolved to put all the inhabitants to the sword, but their submission disarmed his vengeance. He entered Pavia, not as a conqueror, but as a pacific king; forbade murder, violation, or pillage, and made that important place the capital of his new empire.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 774.—Two centuries of profound peace had rendered Pavia one of the most flourishing cities of the universe, when it beheld the standards of Didier, King of the Lombards, floating at its gates. This grasping prince, jealous of the power of Pope Adrian, sacked every place belonging to the pontiff. The holy father fulminated horrible excommunications; but these arms were too weak to stop the usurper, and the pope had recourse to Charlemagne. That monarch crossed the Alps, combated the enemies of the court of Rome, and made such a carnage of them, that the field of battle took the name of *the Plain of the Dead*. Didier sought refuge in Pavia. He had provided that capital with every thing necessary for a long resistance. Charlemagne blockaded it, and left the command of his troops to his Uncle Bernard; he then took the road to Rome, where he was received as the liberator of the Holy See. After having made a sojourn there, he returned to his army before Pavia, and pressed the siege so vigorously, that it opened its gates after a heroic defense of six months, Didier, his wife and children, were made prisoners, and banished to Liége.

Thus finished the kingdom of the Lombards, which had subsisted 206 years. Charlemagne added to the titles of Emperor of the Franks and Patrician of the Romans, that of King of the Lombards.

Fourth Siege, A.D. 1525.—Francis I. of France, after a brilliant campaign, in which he drove back the imperialists from Provence to the Milanese, very unwisely employed his army in sieges, instead of pursuing his enemies with vigor to the other side of the Carnic Alps. Accumulating errors, he weakened an army of 40,000 men by dividing it; detaching from it a body of 10,000 soldiers upon an expedition into the kingdom of Naples. He thus left his enemy time to recover, and to remain master, by means of the armies he was able to raise in Germany and Naples.

After having taken Milan, he commenced the siege of Pavia. That city, well fortified, had for governor Antonio de Leva, a great captain, commanding a numerous and warlike garrison. The French monarch attacked the place with vigor, but he evinced indecision in his points of attack. The siege was protracted; Pavia was reduced to extremity; the garrison mutinied more than once for want of pay; the governor was even in dread of seeing the city delivered up to the French by his unruly troops; but his genius, equally firm and fertile in resources, contrived to keep them to their duty. Lannoi, viceroy of Naples for Charles V., was informed of the distresses of Pavia. The taking of that place might complete the disbanding of the imperial troops for want of money and subsistence; he felt that this was the moment to venture to attack his enemy, and to attempt an action, hazardous without doubt, but which might re-establish the affairs of Charles V. in Italy. He set out then, accompanied by the Marquis de Pescara and the constable de Bourbon. At his approach, the French monarch called a council; prudence would have commanded him to avoid an engagement, to raise the siege, and to refresh and enlarge his army: "Sire," said La Trémouille to him, "the true honor in war is to succeed. A defeat can never be justified by a battle; you risk your army, your person, and your kingdom, and you risk nothing by raising the siege." The monarch was deaf to the councils of wisdom; his romantic spirit fancied that his honor would be compromised. The Admiral Bonnevet promised so to dispose his troops that he should conquer his enemies, that the imperialists should not dare to attack him, and that Pavia should fall into his hands. The king followed this fatal and pernicious advice. The troops were nearly equal in numbers on both sides, each reckoning about 30,000 men. The imperialists first fell upon the rear guard of the French, placed at the castle and in the park of Mirabel. They expected to carry it if the king did not come to its assistance; and, if he did come, they should make him lose the advantage of the position in which he was fortified. What Lannoi anticipated, happened. Scarcely did the French monarch perceive the danger of his brother-in-law the Duke of Alençon, who commanded the rear guard, than, impatient to signalize himself, he rushed forward at the head of his cavalry, and fell upon the imperialists. His artillery, placed with much skill by Gaillon de Genouillac, and served with great spirit, fired at first with such success, that every volley carried away a file. The Spanish infantry, being unable to resist this terrible fire, precipitately broke their ranks, to seek shelter, in great disorder, in a hollow way. Such a brilliant commencement dazzled Francis; he forgot that he owed all his success to his artillery, believed himself already the conqueror, and came out from his lines. This inconsiderate movement placed the prince between his own artillery and the fugitives, and rendered his cannon useless. The face of the battle was changed in a moment; the viceroy advanced with the gend'armerie and a body of arquebusiers; the king was pressed on all sides. The French gend'armerie did not, in this battle, sustain its ancient reputation; it was beaten and almost destroyed by 2,000 Biscayans, of astonishing agility, who, separating by platoons of ten, twenty, or thirty men, attacked it with inconceivable celerity and address. They were seen, all at once, making a discharge, disappearing at the moment they should be in turn attacked, and re-appearing unexpectedly, again to disappear. It is said that Antonio de Leva had, for some time, trained these arquebusiers to fight thus in platoons, between the squadrons of the Spanish cavalry, and that he had borrowed the maneuver from the Greeks. A stratagem of Pescara's contributed still further to the success of the day. This general having approached the enemy's camp a little before the commencement of the battle, returned to his own to announce that the King of France had just published in his army a prohibition, under a capital punishment, to grant quarter to any Spaniard. This information, although false, produced so strong an impression upon his troops, that almost all the imperialists swore to spare the life of no Frenchman, and to die sooner than surrender. This oath rendered the Spaniards equally invincible in fight, and ferocious after victory. The French monarch sustained the powerful charges of the enemy like a hero. Francis of Lorraine, and Richard de la Pole, the last heir of the house of Suffolk, endeavored, with some companies of Lansquenets, to disengage him;

but they were killed, and the soldiers instantly turned their backs. Bonnevet perished fighting, and was regretted by nobody. Louis de la Trémouille shared the same fate; nearly 9,000 warriors, all gentlemen, were left lifeless on the field of battle. The *mêlee* was terrible around the king. Left almost alone in the midst of a host of enemies, he inspired terror in all who ventured to approach him. He had already immolated five of his assailants, when his horse was killed, the monarch fell, and a rush was made to seize him. Springing up, he recovered himself, and killed two more Spaniards. At this moment, Molac de Kercado, first gentleman of the chamber, perceived the peril of his master, and dispersed or killed all who stood in the way of his zeal. He placed himself before his exhausted sovereign, protected him with his sword, and checked the savage impetuosity of the Spanish soldiery; but Kercado fell while defending the king, who refused to surrender to any body but the viceroy of Naples: "Monsieur de Lannoi," said he, "there is the sword of a king who deserves consideration, since before parting with it, he has employed it in shedding the blood of several of your people, and who is not made prisoner by cowardice, but by a reverse of fortune." Lannoi fell on his knees, received the arms of the king with respect, and kissed his hand, while presenting him with another sword, saying, "I beg your majesty to accept of mine, which has spared the blood of many of your subjects. It is not becoming in an officer of the emperor to behold a king disarmed, although a prisoner." Francis was conducted, after the action, across the field of battle, to the place he was to be confined in. The imperialists made him observe that all the Swiss guards had fallen in their ranks, and that they lay dead close to one another. "If all my troops had done their duty," said he, much affected by this spectacle, "as well as these brave fellows, I should not be your prisoner, but you would be mine." Francis announced this defeat to his mother in the energetic words: "Madame, all is lost but honor."

While the king's wounds were being dressed, a Spanish soldier, approaching him respectfully, said: "Knowing we should have a battle, sire, I cast a golden bullet, which I destined for your majesty, and six silver ones for the principal officers of your army. The six have been used, but yours is left, because I could not find the opportunity I watched for. I implore of you, sire, to accept of it, and to keep it to form part of your ransom." The king took it, thanked the Spaniard, and praised his intelligence and generosity. The emperor issued a decree by which he forbade any rejoicings on account of the victory; but this moderation was only apparent. Francis was taken to Madrid. Charles assembled a council to consider how the captive king ought to be treated. "As your brother and your friend," replied the bishop of Osma, "he must be restored to liberty without any other condition than that of becoming your ally." Charles did not follow this wise counsel; he behaved toward the king like a Corsair with a rich prisoner. Francis recovered his liberty thirteen months after, by an onerous treaty, in which he gave up his claims to the Milanese, Genoa, and Asti. He was also to have ceded his rights to the Duchy of Burgundy, but when Lannoi came to demand that province in the name of the emperor, Francis, as his only reply, required him to be present at an audience of the deputies of Burgundy, who told the king that he had not the power to dismember a province of the French monarchy. Francis I. preserving a continual desire to avenge himself for the disgrace before Pavia, entered into all the leagues that were formed against Charles V. The emperor derived but little advantage from this event, the most decisive and glorious of his reign. A modern writer has discovered the reason of this. Money constitutes the sinews of war, and the emperor could not pay his troops. He assembled the cortes of Castile at Madrid, and all orders refused him assistance; the clergy, because they had no power to dispose of the goods consecrated to religion; the nobility would have derogated from their privilege, if they had paid a tribute; and the third estate, because, not having yet had in their power to pay a gratuitous gift which had been demanded of them of four hundred thousand ducats, it was impossible for them to furnish fresh sums. The emperor, although very much dissatisfied, pretended to find these reasons good, although they defeated all his designs. Napoleon, with that jealousy which he always professed to have for the honor of France, when master of Spain, caused the unfortunate king, Charles IV, to restore the sword and armor of Francis I., which were preserved at Madrid as a monument of this victory.

Pavia experienced something approaching to sieges in 1655, 1733, and 1745, but they furnish no details worth relating. In 1796, likewise it was captured without any trouble by Bonaparte, who on this occasion said: "If the blood of a single Frenchman had been shed, I would have caused a column to be erected over the ruins of the city, upon which should have been inscribed, HERE STOOD THE CITY OF PAVIA!"

PENSACOLA, A.D. 1814.—This place is the capital of Escambia co., Florida, and is situated on the west shore of Pensacola Bay, about twelve miles from the Gulf of

Mexico. In 1814 Pensacola was a Spanish city, and as the governor of the place held communication with the British, Jackson, the American general, resolved to take possession of the town. The governor refusing to give up the town, the Americans, on the 20th of November, advanced against it. At the entrance to the town two cannon were planted, which opened on the Americans as they advanced. These were speedily taken, and the Americans in a few minutes were masters of the place. The British in the town fled. Having thus chastised the Spanish governor, Jackson took up his march for New Orleans, against which a strong British force was approaching. See *Fort Boyer*.

PERMASIN, A.D. 1793.—On the 14th of September 1793, the French army, under General Moreau, commenced an attack upon the Prussian corps stationed at Permasin, on the Rhine, in Germany. The republican forces advanced with the utmost intrepidity to the attack; but when they reached the Prussian redoubt such a terrific fire of grape was hurled upon them that their advance was arrested. At the same time they were attacked in flank by the Duke of Brunswick, who with heavy and continuous discharges of artillery threw their ranks into disorder, and finally compelled them to retire with the loss of nearly four thousand men killed and wounded, and made prisoners; twenty-two pieces of cannon also fell into the hand of the allies.

PERSEPOLIS, B.C. 330.—Ever insatiable of glory, Alexander had laid siege to Persepolis, the capital of the Persian empire. At his approach the inhabitants deserted the city, and fled away into the deserts, and the conqueror entered without the least obstacle. The Macedonian soldiery, greedy of booty, pillaged the city, and destroyed the few inhabitants they met with. But Alexander stopped the carnage, and gave orders that the virtue of the women should be respected. Almost all of the treasures and magazines of the Persians were collected in Persepolis, which had been their capital from the time of Cyrus. The amount of wealth is so enormous, that a modern historian is afraid to repeat what the ancients have stated; it appears to be a subject for the imagination rather than of calculation or comparison. So rich a booty gave rise to the idea of celebrating this event by a festival. Tables were spread in the streets; the soldiers gave themselves up to rejoicings and the enjoyment of good cheer, while their prince presided at a grand banquet given to his officers and friends. Thaïs, an Athenian courtezan, the mistress of Ptolemy, who was afterward king of Egypt, had gained the privilege of being admitted to the royal table by her wit and gayety, and was accustomed to address the conqueror of Asia with the utmost freedom. When wine had sufficiently warmed the guests, Thaïs exclaimed, "Noble lord! thanks to your invincible courage, Greece is avenged; you are master of Persia, and we are quaffing the wines of Darius in the palace of the Persian kings. The pleasures I enjoy in this superb abode make amends for the fatigues I have endured while you subdued Asia. There is only one thing wanting to complete my felicity. Great prince, why will you not permit the women who have had the honor to follow your warriors, to make one glorious blaze of the dwelling of Xerxes, the barbarian who burned and destroyed my country? I should consider myself a thousand times too fortunate if I could myself set fire to it in your presence, and to let it be known to all ages, that a woman in the train of the great Alexander had more nobly avenged Greece than Miltiades or Themistocles had done!" The guests applauded this boastful appeal. The king rose from table with his head crowned with flowers, and seizing a blazing torch, rushed to the execution of the suggested sacrifice. The Macedonians, following the example of their king and Thaïs, spread themselves in all directions with their flaming brands, and soon produced an awful conflagration. But scarcely had the first flame cast its glare around, than Alexander became aware of his folly, and gave earnest orders for the extinguishing of the fire; but it was too late—the palace was consumed.

PETERWARDEN, A.D. 1716.—In the year 1716 a battle was fought between the Austrian army under Prince Eugene, and the Turks, near Peterwarden, on the Danube, in Sclavonia, in which the latter were defeated, and thus lost their last foothold in central Europe.

PEQUOT HILL, A.D. 1637.—This hill is eight miles north-west from New London, Conn., was the scene of a terrible conflict between the early English settlers in Connecticut and the Pequots, a tribe of Indians who scorned every overture of peace from the white men. On the contrary, they murdered and insulted the colonists at every opportunity. Aroused to action by the continued outrages of the Pequots, the settlers set sail from the Bay State to the number of 79 men, under Captain John Mason; and on the 21st of May, 1637, entered a harbor near Wickford, in the Narraganset bay. On Pequot Hill (now called), 700 Pequots with their wives and children occupied a strong position. The little village on the hill was defended by a slight pallisade work, which the Indians, in their ignorance of the strength

of the white man, considered a sufficient protection. As Captain Mason advanced through the country on his march of forty miles through the forest toward the Mystic river, his force was swelled by friendly Indians, until he counted 500 men under his command. On the evening of the 4th of June, Mason arrived in the vicinity of the enemy. The Pequots, all unconscious of his approach, were engaged in dancing, and the whole night was spent in revelry. The morning came, and the English with their allies, moved rapidly up the acclivity. Overcome by the fatigues of the night, the Indians were wrapped in sleep. The English broke through the feeble defenses of the Indian camp; the savages, aroused by the fierce barking of a dog, sprang to their arms and resisted valiantly. Like a huge cataract they poured down upon the assailants, and seemed on the point of overwhelming them by their very weight, when Mason shouted "We must burn them!" A dozen firebrands were thrown to windward upon the mat roofings of the Indian lodges. The fire spread from point to point, till the whole camp was in a blaze. The English surrounding the hill stood with pieces ready, watching like hunters for the first appearance of their prey. No sooner did the unfortunate Indians climb the pallisades, than they were pierced by the balls of the unerring marksmen; and when they attempted a sally, they fell beneath the broadswords of the enemy. The carnage was fearful. Six hundred Indians, men, women, and children, perished, most of them in the flames. The work of destruction was finished in an hour. Three hundred Pequots advanced at early dawn from their other fort, on the Pequot (Thames) and rushed upon the English. They were received by a well directed fire of musketry, which drove them back in disorder, and a fierce charge scattered them far and wide. The victory was won; and the conquerors marched in triumph to the English fort at Saybrook.

PERPIGNAN A.D. 1474.—Perpignan, in France, was taken in 1474, by the army of Louis XI., and in 1642 by Louis XIII. In 1793 a battle was fought near Perpignan between the French and the Spaniards, in which the latter were defeated. Philip the Bold died in this town in the year 1285.

PERTH.—Perth, in Scotland, was captured and its records carried off by Edward I. of England, in 1228; in 1644 it was taken by the troops of Montrose; and it capitulated to Oliver Cromwell in 1651. James I. of England was murdered in Perth in 1437.

PHARSALIA, B.C. 48.—The modern city of Satalge, in Thessaly, occupies the site of the famous ancient town of Pharsalia. On some eminences toward the east of the town, was fought a battle between the Romans, under Quintus Flaminus, and Macedonians, under Philip; but the celebrated battle of Pharsalia, in which Cæsar defeated Pompey, was fought on the plain immediately adjoining the city.

Pompey's army greatly exceeded that of Cæsar in point of numbers, especially in horse, archers, and slingers; and he trusted that by this part of his army he should prevail on the wings, and carry his attack to the flank, and even to the rear of the enemy. Having the Enipeus, a small river with steep banks, on his right, which sufficiently covered that flank, he drew all the cavalry, amounting to 7,000, with the archers and slingers, to his left, expecting that the event of the battle would be determined on this wing. He himself, therefore, took post, to second the operations of the cavalry, at the head of the two famous legions which he had called off from Cæsar at the beginning of the war. Scipio was posted in the center with the legions from Syria, having the great body of the infantry divided on his right and left. The right of the whole was covered by a Cilician legion, and the remains of the Spanish army which had joined Pompey under Afranius. The whole amounted to 100 cohorts, or about 45,000 foot, drawn up in a line of ten men deep.

Cæsar observing this disposition, formed his army in three divisions; the left was commanded by Antony, the right by Sylla, and the center by Cn. Domitius. The tenth legion was posted on the right, and the ninth on the left of the whole. He had eighty cohorts in the field; but these so incomplete as not to exceed above 21,000 men. He saw the disparity of his horse and irregulars on the right, having no more than 1,000 horse to oppose 7,000 of the enemy. In order to reinforce and sustain them, he draughted a cohort from each of the legions in the night to form a reserve, which he placed in the rear of his cavalry with orders to sustain them, or to repel the enemy's horse, when they should attempt, as he expected, to turn his flank. This body formed a fourth division of his army, not placed in the same line with the other divisions; but facing obliquely to the right, in order to receive the cavalry that was expected to turn the flank and fall obliquely on the rear. He himself passed along the front of the right wing, and earnestly entreated them not to engage till they got the signal from himself. He reminded them of his continual attention to the welfare of the army, desiring them to recollect with what earnestness he had endeavored to bring about a treaty, in order to save both armies to the republic, and how far he had always

been from any desire to shed the blood of his soldiers wantonly, Loud shouts testified the desire of his hearers to be led to battle. Pompey had directed the cavalry and archers assembled on his left to begin the attack; and instructed them to fall upon the flank and rear of Cæsar's infantry as soon as they had driven his cavalry from the field.

A solemn pause ensued. The two armies gazed at each other in sorrowful silence. Clothed in the same guise, armed with the same weapons, they did not appear like two hostile armies drawn up in battle array; but like two great divisions of one army. The trumpets sounded, and the notes on each side were alike; it seemed as if brother were about to contend against brother. At the sound of the trumpets, Cæsar's troops rushed forward; they had only space enough between them if both sides advanced to acquire that velocity with which they were usually shocked; but Pompey had ordered his men to stand firm in the expectation that the enemy's soldiers if they were made to run a double space in coming to the shock, would be disordered or out of breath. But Cæsar's veterans, suspecting the intention of this unusual method of receiving an enemy, made a full stop; and having drawn breath, came forward again with the usual rapidity. They were received with perfect order; but not with that resistance and equal force which motion alone could give. The action became general near about the same time along the whole front. Pompey's horse, as was expected, in the first charge, put Cæsar's cavalry to flight; and together with the archers and slingers were hastening to turn the flank of the enemy. But as soon as they opened their view to the rear, being surprised at the sight of a body of infantry, which was drawn up to receive them, and being, probably, from their confidence of victory negligent of order, in their attempts to recover it they were thrown into the utmost confusion, and although there was not any enemy in condition to pursue them, fled to the heights. The archers being thus deserted by the horse, were put to the sword. And Pompey's left, on which he expected the enemy could not resist him, being flanked by the cohorts who had defeated the cavalry, began to give way. Cæsar, in order to increase the impression he had made, brought forward fresh troops to the front of his own line; and while his reserve turned upon the flank, made a general charge, which the enemy no longer endeavored to withstand.

Pompey, on seeing the flight of his cavalry, an event he so little expected, either thought himself betrayed, or despairing the event of the day, put spurs to his horse and returned into camp. As he entered the prætorian gate, he called to the guards to stand to their arms, and to provide for the worst. "I go the rounds," he said, "and visit the posts." It is likely that surprise and mortification had unsettled his mind. He retired to his tent in the greatest dejection, and yet he awaited the issue. His army, meanwhile, being routed, fled in great confusion through the lanes of their own encampment. It was noon, and the victors as well as vanquished, were greatly fatigued; but Cæsar seldom left any refuge to a flying enemy, not even behind their intrenchments. He ordered Pompey's lines to be stormed; met with some little resistance from the guards that were placed on the parapet, but soon prevailed. The rout and the carnage continued through the streets and alleys of the camp, to the rear gate passages through which the vanquished crowded to recover the fields, and from which, without any attempt to rally, they continued their flight to the neighboring hills.

When Pompey's army went forth to battle, their tents were left standing, as in full confidence of victory, and the plate, furniture, and equipage of the officers were still displayed, as if intended for show.

Notwithstanding this circumstance, Cæsar had authority enough to restrain his troops from plunder, and continued the pursuit. Seeing crowds of the vanquished had occupied a hill in the rear of their camp, he made haste to surround them and cut off their further retreat. But they themselves, having observed that the place was destitute of water, abandoned it before they could be surrounded, and took the road to Larissa. Cæsar, having ordered part of the army to keep possession of the enemy's camp, another part to return to their own, he himself, with four legions, endeavored to intercept the fugitives on their way to Larissa. He had the advantage of the ground; so that after a hasty march of six miles, he got before them; and, having thrown himself in their way obliged them to halt. They took possession of a height over a stream of water, from which they hoped to be supplied. Night was fast approaching, and the pursuers were spent with fatigue; but Cæsar yet prevailed on his men to prevent the access of the enemy to the brook. When overwhelmed with fatigue and distress, these remains of the vanquished army, offered to capitulate; and while the treaty was in dependence, many among them, senators and persons of rank, withdrew in the night and made their escape; the rest surrendered at discretion. Persons of distinction who had been formerly prisoners, and who had been set at liberty, were now put to death. Some were spared at the intercession of their friends, to whom Cæsar permitted that each should save one

of the prisoners. The private men took oaths of fidelity to the victor, and were enlisted in his army. Cæsar, having ordered such of his men as had been on service all night, to be released from the camp, he himself marched the same day with a fresh body of Larissa.

In the famous battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar, by his own account, lost no more than 200 men, among whom were thirty centurions, officers of distinguished merit. Of Pompey's army, 15,000 were slain, and 24,000 made prisoners. One hundred and eighty stands of colors, and nineteen Roman eagles, and legionary standards, fell into the hands of the victors. Among the slain were many senators, and many of the equestrian order, the flower of the Roman nobility, who were the most likely to bear up the sinking fortunes of the commonwealth. Pompey, after his defeat, fled into Egypt, where he was shortly afterward murdered by the order of Ptolemy, the younger. His body was thrown naked on the strand, and exposed to the view of all those whose curiosity led them that way, till it was burned by his faithful freedman Philip. The battle of Pharsalia was fought on the 12th of May, 48 B.C.

PHILIPPI, 42 B.C.—Philippi is a ruined town of European Turkey, in Macedonia, ten miles south-east of Drama. The memorable battles between the troops of Octavius and Marc Antony, and those of Brutus and Cassius, took place in the month of October, B.C. 42, in a plain west of the town.

The army of Brutus and Cassius first took post at Philippi, on the declivity of the mountains, two miles from the town, on two separate eminences, about a mile asunder. Brutus commanded the right wing, Cassius the left. On their right was Philippi, covered by the mountains, on the left an impassable marsh, which reached about nine miles from their camp to the sea. Octavius and Antony took two separate stations in the plain, opposite those of the enemy. Octavius opposite to Brutus, and Antony to Cassius. The number of legions on both sides was equal; but those of Octavius and Antony were not complete. In cavalry they were unequal; that of Brutus and Cassius amounting to 20,000, while that of Octavius and Antony was no more than 13,000. Antony and Octavius, in order to force their antagonists to a battle, or to cut off their communication with their fleet which was in harbor at Neapolis, near where the marsh which covered the left of Cassius's camp terminated in the sea, formed a design to pierce the morass, and to seize upon the heights beyond it on the left of the camp of Cassius. In the work which they carried on for this purpose, they were covered by the reeds, which grew to a great height in the marsh; and in ten days, without being observed, by means of timbers, hurdles, and earth, which they sunk as they advanced, accomplished a passage, and sent in the night a party of their army to occupy the opposite heights, to make lodgments and to intercept the communication of their antagonists with Neapolis from which they received their daily supplies.

As soon as Brutus and Cassius perceived this advantage gained by the enemy, they took measures to recover it, and to re-open their own access to the sea. For this purpose, they, in their turn, traversed the marsh in a line which crossed the passage already made by the enemy, and pierced Octavius and Antony's highway with a deep and impassable ditch. Having in this manner cut off the enemy's parties that had passed the morass from any succors or supplies from their own main body, they were about to force them, when Octavius and Antony endeavored to recover their passage; and to divert the attention of the enemy from what they were doing in the marsh, drew forth their armies on the plain. While Octavius was still confined by sickness, his lieutenant, or next in command, took his place in this movement, and advanced toward the intrenchment of Brutus. The light troops began to skirmish on the ascent of the hills, and notwithstanding it was the resolution of both leaders in the republican army, not to hazard a battle, except in defense of their own intrenchments, the legions of Brutus, observing from their parapets what was passing between the advanced parties in front, were so animated or incensed as not to be restrained. They accordingly quitted their lines, attacked the wing which Octavius was supposed to command, drove them back to their ground, and continuing the pursuit, even forced them into their camp. Octavius himself, having been carried from his bed to a litter, narrowly escaped falling into the enemy's hands.

On the other wing, likewise, Antony had advanced toward the camp of Cassius; but as he was observed, at the same time, beginning to work in the morass, this movement of his army was considered no more than a feint to favor the other design. Cassius, to divert him from his operation in the marsh, drew forth his army likewise; and having greatly the advantage of the ground, did not suppose that the enemy in such circumstances would venture upon a general action. In this, however, he was disappointed. Antony, seeing Cassius expose his front, discontinued his work in the morass, mounted the height in his presence, forced him to retire, and even took and pillaged his camp, thus showing, in his turn, what are the effects of an impetuous attack upon an enemy who are disposed to

think themselves secure. These separate actions, or the preparations which were made for them, had filled up the greatest part of the day. It was already dusk, and the field, for the most part, was covered with clouds of dust, so that no one could see to a distance. Those who commanded on the right in both armies, having put those who were opposed to them to flight, thought that the event was decisive in their own favor. But Brutus and Antony being informed of what had passed on the other wings of their respective armies, neither attempted to keep the advantage he had gained. Disqualified by fatigue or surprise from renewing the contest, they passed each other on the plain, and hastened back to their former stations.

Cassius, after the rout of his division, with a few who adhered to him, had halted on an eminence, and sent Titinius to the right, with orders to learn the particulars of the day on that side. This officer, while yet in sight, was met by a party of horse emerging from the clouds of dust on the plain. This party had been sent by Brutus to learn the situation of his friends; but Cassius supposing them to be enemies, and believing that Titinius, whom he saw surrounded by them, was taken, he insolently, with that precipitant despair which on other occasions had proved so fatal to the cause of the republic, presented his breast to a slave to whom he had allotted, in case of any urgent extremity, the office of putting an end to his life. Titinius, upon his return, imputing this fatal calamity to his own neglect in not trying sooner to undeceive his general by proper signals, killed himself, and fell upon the body of his friend. Brutus, soon after, arrived at the same place, and seeing the dead body of Cassius, shed tears of vexation and sorrow over the effects of an action so rash and precipitant, and which deprived the republic and himself, in this extremity, of so necessary and so able a support.

After the death of Cassius, the surviving republican general seemed resolved not to hazard a battle. Antony and Octavius, for many days successively, drew out their army, but could not entice the enemy from their strong position. Brutus, to hasten the effects of the season, which was beginning to give the enemy great annoyance, turned the course of a river from the hills, and laid under water part of the plain on which they were encamped. The troops of Octavius and Antony began to suffer greatly for want of provisions, and a calamity befell them at sea which increased their distresses, and diminished their hopes of relief. On the same day on which the late battle was fought at Philippi, Domitius Calvinus had sailed from Brundusium, having on board of transports two legions, of which the Martia was one, with 2,000 men of the Prætorian bands, and a body of horse, convoyed by some galleys or ships of war. Being met at sea by the fleet of Brutus, consisting of 130 sail, under Marcus and Ahenobarbus, a few of the headmost and best sailing ships escaped; but the remainder being surrounded, had no resource but in the valor of the troops, who endeavored to defend themselves with their swords, grappling and lashing their transports to the ships of the enemy; but in this attempt, being galled with missiles from the armed galleys, particularly with burning darts, by which some of the transports were set on fire, the others to avoid the flames, were obliged to keep at a distance; and the greater part of them, suffering extremely, without being able to annoy the enemy, were sunk or destroyed. Calvinus, himself, having been five or six days at sea, escaped to Brundusium.

These tidings had their effect in both armies. In that of Brutus they inspired an unseasonable ardor, and a disposition to commit the cause of the party to the hazard of a battle; in that of Antony and Octavius, they impressed the necessity of a speedy decision. These leaders, to amuse their own troops, and to provoke the enemy, had seized, in the night, a post on the declivity below the ground which was lately occupied by Cassius. They were suffered to make a lodgment upon it by Brutus, who had not any apprehension that he could be annoyed from a situation that was so much lower than his own. From this new position they endeavored, by frequent alarms, and by exposing their own parties on the plain, to engage Brutus in a general action. Meanwhile the republican general, having secured his own communication with Neapolis, by a proper disposition of posts from his present encampment to the sea, and trusting that his enemies must, upon the approach of winter, be obliged to evacuate Macedonia, or to separate their army for the convenience of finding subsistence, persisted in his resolution to protract the war. His troops, however, could not be reconciled to this dilatory plan; they began to complain that a victorious army should be cooped up behind intrenchments to be insulted like women; and Brutus, in about 20 days after the former action, overcome by mere importunities, drew forth his army on the declivity before his camp; the enemy at the same time, according to their custom, were forming on the plain; and both sides foresaw the approach of a general engagement.

Historians prefix their accounts of the last action at Philippi, with a detail of forms and solemnities, which, on other occasions, they have either omitted to mention, or which

were not equally observed. As soon as the parole, or word for the day, was given out to the different divisions of the respective armies, a single trumpet sounded the signal of battle, and was followed by a numerous band, which played an air, while the legions were dressing their ranks, and while the men were trying and handling their arms.

Brutus, being on horseback, passed along the lines of his own army, and exhorted his men not to quit the advantage of the ground on which they stood by advancing too far to meet the enemy. "You have promised me a victory," he said; "you have forced me to snatch it now, rather than to wait for a more secure possession of it hereafter. It is your business to fulfil your own expectations and mine."

On the other side, Antony and Octavius were happy in having their fortunes, hitherto desperate, brought to the chance of a battle. They put their army in mind, that this was what all of them wished. "You are poor and distressed," they said, "but in the enemy's camp you will find an end to your sufferings, and the beginning of riches and plenty."

In these preparations, the day being far spent, and noon about three hours already past, the trumpets on both sides having sounded a general charge, made a sudden pause, and sounded again, while both armies being in motion, struck upon their bucklers, advanced with a mighty shout, and, under a shower of missiles, and weapons of every sort, closed with their swords. They continued long with all the fury that kindles in the use of short weapons, to struggle on the same spot. The places of those that fell in the first rank were continually supplied from the ranks behind them; and the place of action began to be encumbered with the heaps of the slain. No stratagem is said to have been practiced, or any accident to have happened to determine the fate of the day on either side; but after a severe contest, the army of Brutus began to give way, at first, slowly, and almost insensibly; but being pressed with growing violence, they were thrown into some confusion, and gave up the day without hope of recovery. In the disorder that followed, numbers, who had fled to the camp, finding the entrance obstructed by the crowds that struggled for admission, despaired of safety there, and passed on to the heights in its rear. Octavius advanced to the enemy's camp to secure, or to keep in awe those that had taken refuge within it. Antony pursued those who were dispersed on the heights, and, at the approach of night, made the necessary dispositions to prevent those who were within the intrenchment, or who were in the field, from rallying or assembling again; and employed detached bodies of horse all night to scour all the avenues in search of prisoners. Brutus himself being cut off from the camp, and closely followed, Lucilius, one of his company, to give him time to escape, affecting to personate his general, and falling behind, was taken, and conducted to Antony, who recognizing him, said to his captors, "You intended to bring me an enemy, but you have brought me a friend." Brutus, meanwhile, endeavored to reach the camp; but reflecting upon the improbability of rallying his dispersed troops in sufficient numbers to defend his lines against a victorious enemy, gave way to despair, and with Strato and several others, put an end to his own life. Brutus, at the time of his death, was about forty years of age. Of all the Romans, Brutus, next to Cato, is supposed to have been actuated by the purest motives of public virtue. On learning of the death of his formidable antagonist, Octavius ordered his head to be conveyed to Italy, and exposed on Cæsar's tomb. The part of the vanquished army which fled to the heights, being about 14,000 men, hearing of the death of the last of their leaders, surrendered themselves, and were equally divided between Antony and Octavius. Those who remained in the camp, or at any of the outposts of the army, likewise laid down their arms. Of the persons of rank who partook in the wreck of their party at Philippi, some escaped by sea, and joined Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, now the sole refuge of those who adhered to the commonwealth; others killed themselves, or in the late battle refused quarter, and fought till they were slain. Among the immediate consequences of the event at Philippi, was the death of Porcia the wife of Brutus, and the daughter of Cato, who destroyed herself by swallowing burning coals. The defeat of Brutus decided the fate of the Roman republic; by their decisive victory, Octavius and Antony had removed the last pillars of the commonwealth; and the cause of the republicans fell with the death of Brutus.—*Ferguson.*

PINKEY, A.D. 1547.—The battle of Pinkey took place in the vicinity of Musselburg, formerly Eskmouth, in Scotland, and derived its name from a nobleman's seat near the spot on which it was fought. This battle was fought on the 10th of September, 1547, between the English under the Duke of Somerset, and the Scots under the Earl of Arran. Early in September, Somerset, with 20,000 men, crossed the Tweed and directed his march upon Edinburg; while the English fleet of twenty-four galleys, and an equal number of store-ships, under Lord Clinton, crept along the shore without losing sight of the army. To meet this invasion the Earl of

Arran had dispatched the fire-cross from clan to clan, and had ordered every Scotchman to join his standard at Musselburg. The Scots flocked to the place of rendezvous in such numbers that the multitude became too numerous for any useful purpose, and having selected 30,000 men, Arran dismissed the rest to their homes. The two armies arrived within sight of each other on the 9th of September, and a bloody renconter took place between the Scottish and English cavalry at Falside in which each party lost about 1,000 men. The next morning Arran passed the Eske, a movement which led to the battle of Pinkey. The Scottish army was divided into three bodies, each of which, marching in close order, presented a dense forest of pikes. Arran commanded the main body, the Earl of Angus the vanguard, and Huntly the rear. Their cavalry was stationed on their left wing, strengthened by some Irish archers whom Argyle had brought over for their service. The Duke of Somerset was much pleased when he saw this movement of the enemy. He was confident that in a pitched battle the English were superior. He ranged his van on the left, farthest from the sea; and ordered them to remain on the high grounds on which he placed them till the enemy should approach; he placed his main battle and his rear toward the right, and beyond the van he posted Lord Grey at the head of the English men-at-arms, and ordered him to assail the Scottish van in flank, but not until they should be engaged in close fight with the van of the English. While the Scots were advancing on the plain, they were galled with the artillery from the English ships; the eldest son of Lord Graham was killed; the Irish archers were thrown into disorder, and even the other troops began to stagger, when Lord Grey, hoping to take advantage of the confusion, ordered his troops to charge the vanguard of the enemy in flank. He paid severely for his temerity. On advancing he found a slough and ditch in his way, and behind were ranged the enemy, on a fallow ground broken with ridges which lay across their front, and disordered the movements of the English horse. The Scots, with their long spears, received the feeble charge of the English horsemen, who were in a moment pierced, overthrown, and disordered. The bravest of them fell, their commander was wounded with a pike in the mouth, and the colors were nearly captured. Lord Edward Seymour had his horse killed under him. Somerset, meanwhile, assisted by Sir Ralph Sadler, and Sir Ralph Vane, employed himself with diligence and success in rallying the cavalry. Warwick displayed great presence of mind in maintaining the ranks of the foot, on which the horse had recoiled; he ordered Sir Peter Mentas, captain of the foot arquebussers, and Sir Peter Gawbaa, captain of some Italian and Spanish arquebussers, to advance, and assail the Scottish infantry. They marched to the slough, and discharged their pieces full in the face of the enemy; the ships galled the Scots from the flank; the artillery planted on a height infested them from the front; the English archers poured in a shower of arrows upon them, and the vanguard descending from the hill, advanced leisurely and in good order toward them. The Scots dismayed by all these circumstances, wavered, broke, and retreated. The retreat was soon changed into flight which was begun by the Irish archers. The panic of the van communicated itself to the main body, and passing thence to the rear, rendered the whole field a scene of terror, confusion, flight, and consternation. The English army perceived from the heights the condition of the Scots, and began the pursuit with loud shouts and acclamations, which added still more to the dismay of the vanquished. The cavalry in particular, eager to avenge the affront they had received in the beginning of the day, did the most bloody execution on the flying enemy, and from the field of battle to Edinburg, for the space of five miles, the whole ground was strewn with dead bodies. The priests, above all, and the monks, received no quarter; and the English made sport of slaughtering men, who, from their extreme zeal and animosity, had engaged in an enterprise so ill-befitting their profession. Few victories have been more decisive, or gained with smaller loss to the victors. There fell not 200 of the English; and according to the most moderate computation, over 10,000 of the Scots perished on the field of battle or in the flight.

PIRNA, A.D. 1756.—The battle of Pirna, in Saxony, was fought in the year 1756, between the army of Frederic II. (the Great) and the Saxons. The battle was hotly contested; but resulted finally in the defeat of the Saxons who were put to rout with great slaughter.

PLACENCIA, B.C. 219.—The modern city of Placenza, in north Italy, occupies the site of the ancient city of Placencia. In the vicinity of this town, in the year 219 B.C., an obstinate battle was fought between the army of Hannibal, and the Romans. The Romans were defeated.

PLAINS OF ABRAHAM. See *Quebec.*

PLATÆA, B.C. 479.—This city of ancient Greece, in Bœotia, is now wholly in ruins. It is situated at the northern foot of Mount Cithæron, about seven miles south-west from Thebes.

Mardonius, the Persian general, whom Xerxes had commanded to remain in Greece with

300,000 men, was on his return with his troops from Attica to Bœotia. Upon his arrival in Bœotia he encamped by the river Asopus. The Grecians followed him thither under command of Pausanias, king of Sparta, and of Aristides, general of the Athenians. The Persian army consisted of 300,000 men. That of the Grecians did not amount to 70,000; of which there were but 5,000 Spartans; but as these were accompanied by 35,000 helots, viz: seven for each Spartan, they made up together 40,000; the latter of these were light-armed troops. The Athenian forces consisted of but 8,000, and the troops of the allies made up the remainder. The right wing of the army was commanded by the Spartans, and the left by the Athenians. Mardonius, in order to try the Grecians, sent out his cavalry, in which he was strongest, to skirmish with them. They charged upon the Megarians who were encamped in the open country, and who, unable to stand against the superior numbers of the enemy, dispatched a messenger to Pausanias for assistance. Pausanias hearing their request, and seeing the camp of the Megarians darkened with the showers of darts and arrows, was at a loss what to do, for he knew that his heavy-armed Spartans were not fit to act against cavalry. But Aristides immediately made an offer of his Athenians to go to the assistance of the Megarians; and gave immediate orders to Olympiodorus, one of the most active of his officers, to advance with his select band of three hundred men, intermixed with archers. In a moment they ran to the attack of the Persians. Their approach was seen by Masistius, the general of the Persian horse, a man distinguished for his strength and noble mien. Putting spurs to his horse he dashed against them, followed by his troops. Like a thunder-bolt they dashed into the midst of the Athenians, who withstood the shock with great firmness, and a sharp conflict ensued, for both parties considered this skirmish as a specimen of the success of the whole battle. At last the horse of the Persian general was wounded, and threw his rider who, encumbered by the weight of his armor, could not rise. The Athenians almost fought with each other in their eagerness as to which should be the first who should slay him. But to slay him was a difficult task, for not only his body and his head, but his legs and arms were covered with plates of gold, brass, and iron. But the vizor of his helmet leaving part of his face exposed, one of the Athenians thrust a spear into his eye, and thus dispatched him. The Persians then left the body, and fled. The news of the death of Masistius filled the Persian camp with grief. They cut off their hair, and the manes of their horses and mules, and filled the air with their cries and groans. For ten days after this skirmish both sides forbore the combat, because the soothsayers equally assured both armies of victory if they stood upon the defensive, and threatened the aggressor with total defeat. But at length Mardonius, seeing but a few days' provisions left for his troops, and that the Grecian army daily increased in numbers by the arrival of reinforcements, became uneasy, and resolved to pass the river the next morning by break of day, and if possible to take the Greeks by surprise. But at midnight a man on horseback rode into the Grecian camp. He was hailed by a sentinel. "Call Aristides, the Athenian, hither," said he, and soon Aristides stood before him. "I am Alexander of Macedon," said the horseman, "and for the sake of the friendship I bear you, I have exposed myself to the greatest danger, that I may prevent you from being surprised by your enemy's. Mardonius will give you battle tomorrow; not that he is induced by any well-grounded hope or prospect of success, but his men are famishing. Although his soothsayers endeavor to divert him from doing so, yet necessity compels him either to hazard a battle, or to sit still and see his whole army starve to death before his eyes." Alexander then took a solemn promise of Aristides not to communicate the intelligence to any other person, except Pausanias, the commander-in-chief. Aristides immediately went to the tent of Pausanias, and laid the whole matter before him. Pausanias forthwith gave orders to the officers to prepare for battle. He changed his order of bettle by placing the Athenians on the right wing instead of the left which they before occupied. This he did in order to oppose the Athenians to the Persians who formed the left wing of the Persian army. But Mardonius upon learning this movement, made a little change in his army; the Athenians again moved from the right to the left; the Persians made a like movement, so that they still faced the Lacedæmonians, and in this manner the whole day passed without any action at all.

In the evening the Grecians held a council of war, in which they determined to decamp, and take possession of a place more commodious for water, because the springs of their present camp were disturbed and spoiled by the enemy's horse. After nightfall the Grecian army was put in motion; but the soldiers marched very unwillingly, and could not, without great difficulty, be kept together. At length they halted near the city of Platæa. As soon as Mardonius heard that the Grecians had decamped, he drew his army into order of battle, and pursued them with the hideous shouts and howls of his barbarian forces. They thought they were not going

SIEGE OF PLATÆA.

Page 482

to fight an enemy, but to strip and plunder a mass of flying fugitives. While in hot pursuit, the Persians encountered the Lacedæmonians, who were alone and separated from the main body of the Grecian army. They were about 50,000 strong. The encounter was exceedingly fierce; on both sides the men fought with the courage of lions, and the barbarians perceived that they were contending with men who had resolved to conquer or die on the field. The Athenians hastened to their assistance, but the Greeks who were on the side of the Persians, to the number of 50,000 men, went out to meet them, and prevented them from joining the Lacedæmonians. Aristides, with his brave men, bore up firmly against them, and withstood the attack. His 8,000 men of courage were more formidable than the 20,000 Grecian renegades who opposed him. The battle was thus divided into two parts, and the Lacedæmonians first broke through the Persian ranks. Now the barbarians fled before the vengeful swords of the Spartans. In vain did Mardonius ride through their ranks urging them back upon the enemy. He himself rode into the thickest of the fight, and with his own sword brought many a Spartan to the ground. But a stone from the hand of a Spartan named Arimnestus struck him on the head, and crushing through his helmet broke his skull, and he fell upon his horse a corpse.

The barbarians, flying to their camp, were pursued thither by the Spartans. Shortly afterward the Athenians routed the Thebans, killing 300 persons of the first distinction on the spot. But now they learned that the Persians had shut themselves up in their camp, which was strongly fortified. They suffered the flying Thebans to escape, and hastened to assist their allies in besieging the camp. They stormed and took the camp, and then the work of slaughter commenced. Out of 300,000 Persians only 40,000 escaped, and these men escaped only through the discretion of Artabazus, a Persian general, who foresaw by Mardonius's imprudent conduct that he would be defeated, and, after having distinguished himself in the engagement, made a timely retreat with the 40,000 men he commanded, and safely conveyed them into Asia. Of the Grecian army only 1,360 were slain, and of these only 52 were Athenians. The Lacedæmonians lost 91. This battle was fought on the 4th of Bœdromion, which day answers to the 19th of our September, and by it Greece was totally delivered forever from the continual alarms to which she was exposed on account of Persian invasions. From that time none of the princes of Persia dared to appear with a hostile force beyond the Hellespont.

B. C. 431.—The Peloponnesian War.—

The first act of hostilities by which the Peloponnesian war was begun, was committed by the Thebans, who besieged Platæa, then in alliance with Athens. The Thebans gained their entrance into the city through treachery; but the citizens fell upon them in the night, and killed them all, with the exception of about 200, who were taken prisoners; but shortly afterward they were all put to death. The Athenians, as soon as they heard of the action at Platæa, sent men and provisions thither, and cleared the city of all persons who were incapable of bearing arms.

B. C. 428. — This siege of Platæa is one of the most famous of antiquity, on account of the vigorous efforts of both parties, but especially for the glorious resistance made by the besieged, and their bold and industrious stratagem, by which several of them made their escape from the city, and from the fury of the enemy. The Lacedæmonians besieged this place in the beginning of the third campaign. As soon as they had encamped around the city, in order to lay waste the surrounding country, the Platæans sent deputies to Archidamus, the commander of the Lacedæmonians, to represent that he could not attack them with the slightest shadow of justice, because, that, after the battle of Platæe, Pausanias, the Grecian general, offering up a sacrifice, in their city, to Jupiter the Deliverer, in presence of all the allies, had given them their freedom, to reward their valor and zeal; and, therefore, they ought not to be disturbed in the enjoyment of their liberties, since it had been granted them by a Lacedæmonian. Archidamus answered that their demands would be very reasonable, had they not joined with the Athenians, the professed enemies to the liberties of Greece; but that, if they would disengage themselves from their present alliance, or at least remain neuter, they then should be left to the full enjoyment of their privileges. The deputies replied that they could not possibly come to any agreement without the cognizance of the Athenians, to whose city they had sent their wives and children. The Lacedæmonians permitted them to send thither. The Athenians, however, promised solemnly to send aid to the utmost of their power to the Platæans, and the latter resolved to suffer the last extremities, rather than surrender. Accordingly their deputies mounted the walls of the city, and informed the Lacedæmonians that they could not comply with their desires.

This was no sooner heard than Archidamus called the gods to bear witness, that he did not first infringe the alliance, and was not the cause of the calamities which might befall the Platæans, for having refused the

just and reasonable conditions offered them. He then aroused his army to action.

He first of all surrounded the city with a circumvallation of trees, which were laid lengthways, very close together, with their boughs interwoven, and turned toward the city, to prevent any person going out of it. He afterward set up a platform to set the batteries on, in hopes that, as so many hands were employed, they should soon take the city. He therefore caused trees to be felled on Mount Cithæron, and interwove them with fascines, in order to support the terrace on all sides: he then threw into it wood, earth, and stones, in short every thing that could help to fill it up. The whole army worked day and night, incessantly, during seventy days; one half of the soldiers reposing themselves, while the other half were at work. The besieged, observing that the work began to rise, threw up a wooden wall upon the walls of the city opposite to the platform, in order that they might always out-top the besiegers. They filled the hollow of the wooden wall with the bricks they took from the rubbish of the neighboring houses, which they had pulled down for that purpose. The wooden case was designed to keep the wall from falling as it was carrying up. It was covered on the outside with hides, both raw and dry, to defend the workmen from missive weapons, and to prevent the wood from being fired by the enemy. This work, within, was raised to a great height, and the platform, without, was raised with equal expedition. But the besieged made a hole in the opposite wall, in order to carry off the earth that sustained the platform; but they were perceived by the besiegers who put baskets of reeds, filled with mortar, in the place of the earth which had been removed, because they could not be so easily carried off. The besieged, therefore, finding their first stratagem defeated, made a mine underground as far as the platform, in order to work under cover, and to remove from it the earth and other materials of which it was composed, and which they passed from hand to hand as far as the city. These operations long escaped the discovery of the besiegers. At length, however, they found that their work did not go on forward; and that the more earth they laid on, the lower it sunk. But the besieged were apprehensive that, as they were so few in number, they should not be able long to hold out against such numerous besiegers, and had recourse to another project. They desisted from carrying up the great pile which was to counterwork the platform, and beginning at each end of their wall where it was low, they ran another wall in the form of a crescent along the inside of the city, that if the great wall should be taken this might afterward hold out. The enemy would then be under the necessity of throwing up a a second platform against it, and that thus the further they advanced their difficulties would be doubled, and the siege be carried on with increase of danger.

In the mean time, the besiegers having completed their platform, set up their battering machines, and played away against the wall. One of these engines was worked so dexteriously from the platform against the great pile within, that it shook it from top to bottom, and threw the Platæans into great consternation, although it did not discourage them. They employed every art that their imagination could suggest against the enemy's batteries. They prevented the effects of the battering-rams by ropes, the lower ends of which were formed into nooses with which they caught the heads of the machines and thus turned aside their strokes. They also employed another artifice: the two ends of a great beam were made fast by long iron chains to two large pieces of timber, supported at due distance from the wall in the nature of a balance; so that whenever the enemy plied their machine, the besieged lifted up this beam, and let it fall on the head of the battering-ram, which quite deadened its force, and consequently made it of no effect. Upon this the besiegers determined to try whether it was not possible to set the town on fire, and burn it down, as it was not large, by help of a brisk gale of wind. Procuring for this purpose a quantity of faggots, they tossed them from the platform into the void space between the wall and the inner fortification. As many hands were employed in this business, they soon filled it up, and then proceeded to toss more of them into the other parts of the city lying beyond, as far as they could, by the advantage which the eminence gave them. Upon these they threw fiery balls made of sulphur and pitch, which ignited the faggots, and soon kindled such a flame as before this time no one had ever seen kindled by the hand of man. This invention was very nearly carrying the city, which had baffled all the others, for the Platæans could not make head at once against the fire and the enemy in several parts of the town, and, had the weather favored the besiegers, as they had hoped it would, it would certainly have been taken; but as history informs us, a heavy rain suddenly fell, attended with claps of thunder, and extinguished the flames. The last effort of the besiegers having been defeated as successfully as all the rest, they now turned the siege into a blockade, and surrounded the city with a brick wall strengthened on each side by a deep ditch. The whole army was

engaged successively in this work, and when it was finished, they left a guard over half of it; the Bœotians offering to guard the rest, and the Lacedæmonians returned to Sparta in the latter part of October. There were now in Platæa only 400 inhabitants, and eighty Athenians with 110 women to dress their food, all the rest having been sent to Athens before the siege.

During the winter the Platæans, finding themselves much distressed by the failure of their provisions, giving up all hope of succor from the Athenians, and quite destitute of all other means of preservation, formed a project now in concert with those Athenians who were shut up with them in blockade; "first of all to march out of the town in company, and to compass their escape, if possible, over the works of the enemy. But half of them, struck with the greatness of the danger, and the boldness of the enterprise, refused to share in the attempt. But the others, to the number of 220, resolutely adhered to attempt an escape through the enemy."

The works of the besiegers was composed of two circular walls; one toward Platæa, and the other outward, to prevent any attack from Athens. The walls were at the distance of sixteen feet one from the other; and this intermediate space of sixteen feet was built into distinct lodgments for the guards. These lodgments, however, standing thick together, gave to the whole work the appearance of one thick center wall, with battlements on both sides. At every ten battlements were lofty turrets of the same breadth with the whole work, reaching from the face of the inward wall to that of the outward; so that there was no passage by the sides of a turret, but the communication lay open through the middle of them all. By night when the weather was rainy, the guards quitted the battlements, and sheltering themselves in the turrets, as near at hand, and covered over head, they there continued their watch. Such was the work by which the Platæans were entirely surrounded. On each side of this work was a deep ditch, the earth of which had been employed in making the bricks of the wall. The besieged first ascertained the height of the wall, by counting the rows of bricks which composed it. This they did at different times, and employed several men for the purpose, in order that they might not mistake the calculation. This was the easier, because as the wall stood at a small distance, every part of it was distinctly visible. They then made ladders of a proper length. When every thing was ready, the enterprising body, taking advantage of a dark night, tempestuous with wind and rain, marched out of the city. Thæanetus and Eumolpidas, the authors of the project, were now the conductors. After crossing the first ditch, they approached quite up to the wall of the enemy, unperceived by the guards. The darkness of the night prevented their being seen, and the noise they made was drowned in the loudness of the storm. They advanced also at a considerable distance from one another, to prevent any discovery from the mutual clashing of their arms. They were further armed in the most compact manner, and wore a covering only on the left foot, to keep them from sliding so easily into the mire. The bearers of the ladders marched first, and applied them to the walls, at a space between the turrets, where they knew no guards were posted, because it rained. That instant, twelve men, armed only with a breastplate, and a dagger, mounted the ladders, and marched directly to the turrets, six on each side. They were followed by soldiers armed only with javelins, that they might mount the easier. Behind them followed their companions bearing the bucklers of those before them, ready to deliver them into their hands, should they be obliged to charge. When most of them had reached the top of the wall, they were discovered by the falling of a tile, which one of their comrades in seizing upon the parapet to keep himself steady, had dislodged and thrown down. The alarm was immediately given from the towers, and the whole camp hastened to the wall; but the darkness was so intense, that the besiegers could not discover the cause of the outcry. At this crisis, the Platæans who were left behind in the city, sallied forth and assaulted the besiegers' works, in a quarter opposite to that where their friends were attempting to pass. The besiegers were thus thrown into a state of the utmost perplexity and confusion; each was afraid to quit his post to run to the place of alarm, for he did not know how soon it would be attacked. But a body of 300 men who were kept as a reserve for any unforeseen accident that might occur, hastened to the spot whence the noise proceeded. Torches were immediately elevated on the side of the wall toward Thebes, to show the Thebans that the besiegers needed assistance. But the Platæans who were in the city, also lighted torches, and elevated them in various quarters at the same time, and thus rendered the besiegers' signal useless.

In the mean time, those Platæans who had first mounted the walls, possessed themselves of the two towers which flanked the intervals where the ladders were planted, and having killed the guards, they posted themselves there to defend the passage, and keep off the besiegers. They defended their position with so much energy, that none of the enemy were able to reach them. Two lad-

ders were then placed against the two towers, and a large number of the Platæans mounted them to discharge their arrows upon those of the enemy who were advancing to the wall, as well as those who were hastening from the neighboring towers. Their companions now had time to set up several ladders, and to throw down the parapet, that those Platæans who had not yet gained the summit of the wall might come up with greater ease. As fast as they came up, they went down on the other side, and drew up near the ditch on the outside to shoot at those of the enemy who appeared. After they had passed over, the men who were in the towers descended, and hastily followed their comrades to the ditch. At that instant the guard of 300, with torches appeared, to intercept their passage. But as the Platæans could see their enemies by the light of their torches, better than they themselves could be seen, they took sure aim, and finally succeeded in forcing their way through the ditch, though not without great difficulty and toil. For the water in the ditch was frozen, and the ice was not of sufficient thickness to bear their weight. Having succeeded in gaining the opposite side of the ditch, they took their way toward Thebes, the better to conceal their retreat, because it was not likely that they would flee toward the city of the enemy. In fact the besiegers were deceived, for the fugitives soon saw them hastily pursuing them with torches on the road which led to Athens. The Platæans continued on the road toward Thebes for about half a mile, and then flew to the mountains. After which they turned their steps toward Athens, where 212 out of 220 who had quitted Platææ, arrived in safety. The rest had returned to the besieged city, through fear, except one, an archer who was taken by the enemy while crossing the ditch. The besiegers after having pursued the fugitives to no purpose, returned to their camp. In the mean time, the Platæans who remained in the city, having been informed by those who returned, that their companions had been slain, sent a herald to demand the dead bodies for burial; but on being informed of the true state of the affair the herald withdrew.

During the following summer the Platæans who remained in the blockaded city, becoming in absolute want of provisions, and unable to make the least defense, surrendered upon condition that they should not be punished till they had been tried by the due forms of justice. Five commissioners were sent from Sparta for this purpose, and these, without charging the Platæans with any crime, merely asked them whether they had done the Lacedæmonians and the allies any service during the war. The Platæans were both embarrassed and surprised at this question. They well knew that it had been suggested by their inveterate enemies the Thebans, who had vowed their destruction. They therefore reminded the Lacedæmonians of the services they had done for Greece in general, both at the battle of Artemisium, and that of Platæa. They declared that they had only joined the Athenians to protect themselves from the hostilities of the Thebans, against whom they had implored the assistance of the Lacedæmonians to no purpose. They intreated the Lacedæmonians to remember their former bravery and former services, and they concluded by saying, "We may venture to say that our interest is inseparable from your glory; you can not deliver up your ancient friends and benefactors to the unjust hatred of the Thebans, without overwhelming yourselves with eternal infamy."

To these just remonstrances, however, the Lacedæmonians paid no attention. They adhered entirely to their first question, "Have you done us any service during the war?" and making them pass, one after another as they severally answered, "No," they were immediately butchered. Not one escaped. About 200 Platæans were thus killed, and twenty-five Athenians who were with them met with the same fate. In the following year Platæa was entirely destroyed by the Thebans, into whose hands the Lacedæmonians had committed this ill-fated city.

PLATTSBURG, A.D. 1814.—Plattsburg, the capital of Clinton co., N. Y., is situated on both sides of the Saranac river, at its entrance into Cumberland Bay, on Lake Champlain, about one hundred and sixty miles north-east from Albany.

In the third year of the second war between the United States and England, Sir George Prevost, governor-general and commander-in-chief of the British forces in Canada, made preparations in Lower Canada to invade the territories of the United States on Lake Champlain. A body of fourteen thousand men was collected on the frontier of Lower Canada, with a formidable train of artillery, and commanded, under Prevost, by several generals and officers who had acquired durable renown in the Peninsular campaigns. "If any thing could have added to the well-founded expectations entertained by this noble force," writes a British historian, "it was the circumstance of its being in great part composed of the veterans who had served with Wellington in Spain and France." With this magnificent army Prevost invaded the country, and advanced toward Plattsburg, which was occupied by three thousand American troops under General Macomb. The British force crossed the Canada line at Champlain, twenty-four miles

north of Plattsburg. Prevost left a detachment of one thousand men at Chazy, fourteen miles, and another detachment of the same strength at Cumberland Head, six miles from Plattsburg, and with twelve thousand troops arrived before Plattsburg on the 6th of September, 1814. During the spring and summer both the English and the Americans had constructed a fleet on Lake Champlain, and these were now ready for active operations. The American fleet consisted of four vessels and ten galleys, and was commanded by Commodore McDonough; the British fleet was commanded by Captain Downie, and consisted of four large vessels and thirteen galleys. The American fleet mounted 86 guns and carried 850 men; that of the British mounted 96 guns and carried about 1,000 men. The American fleet, which, early in the season, lay in Otter Bay, was got into the lake, and sailed for the Bay of Plattsburg, to assist Macomb in the defense of the town. On the 20th of September McDonough anchored his fleet just within the mouth of the bay, nearly opposite where the Saranac empties into it. A large shoal and an island lay between him and the main land, effectually blocking the approach of an enemy on that side. Prevost, meanwhile, was busily engaged in erecting his batteries before Plattsburg, and by the 10th of September they were all completed; but still the English general did not deem it expedient to make the attack till the fleet should arrive. At length, on the morning of the 11th, the British fleet hove in sight. The American vessels were immediately cleared for action, and the British squadron, under easy sail, advanced one after another round Cumberland Head, and hauling up to the wind, waited the approach of the galleys. It was a bright Sabbath morning; but the inhabitants of Plattsburg and vicinity deserted their churches, and thought only of the fearful drama which was so soon to be enacted. What a gorgeous spectacle was presented to the eyes of the beholders on that day. Lying calmly at anchor in the bay were the four American ships, the *Eagle*, the *Saratoga*, the *Ticonderoga*, and the *Preble*, with their attendant galleys; while the four English ships, the *Chubb*, the *Linnet*, the *Confiance*, and the *Finch*, were lying with flapping sails, between Cumberland Head and the American fleet awaiting the arrival of their galleys.* Prevost's army, with banners flying and music sounding, was drawn up in battle array before Plattsburg, where three thousand Americans were awaiting with beating hearts the signal for battle.

As the British fleet approached, McDonough displayed his flag. On it was inscribed, "Impressed seamen call on every man to do his duty." The American seamen hailed the motto with loud cheers. McDonough's vessels were anchored in a line running north and south; his galleys formed a second line in the rear; the English ships advanced from the south-east, with bows on. The *Eagle*, which lay nearest the shore, opened her broadsides on the enemy; the *Saratoga*, however, reserved her fire. The British ship *Confiance* boldly advanced. When she came within range McDonough himself sighted a long twenty-four pounder, and fired into her. The ball swept the deck from stem to stern, killing many of her men, and dashing her wheel into fragments. Upon this every American vessel opened its fire. The *Confiance*, which was greatly superior to any single vessel in the American flotilla, did not return a shot, but held steadily on in spite of the tempest of balls which went crashing through her rigging and spars, which fell in showers under the well-directed shots of the American fleet. Having arrived within two cable-lengths of the *Saratoga*, she let go her anchors, and brought her broadsides to bear on the enemy. Instantly she appeared a sheet of flame; all her guns were discharged at once into the *Saratoga*. The effect of this broadside was terrible; nearly half of the crew of the *Saratoga* were struck down, and, for a moment, the seamen were completely stunned. The Americans, however, soon recovered from the effects of the blow, and springing to their guns, poured broadside after broadside into the *Confiance* with fatal effect. The battle now raged fearfully. The decks of the *Saratoga* and *Confiance* were strewn with the dead and dying. Captain Downie was killed, and Commodore McDonough slightly wounded. At length when reduced to a perfect wreck, the *Confiance* surrendered; and with her defeat the battle, which had lasted two hours and a half, was terminated. The other vessels struck their flags; but the galleys took to their sweeps and escaped. The Americans lost in this fight 110 killed and wounded. Of these all but 20 fell on board the *Saratoga* and *Eagle*. The English loss was never fully ascertained. It is supposed, however, to have been nearly double.

While this desperate conflict was raging on the lake, the British batteries on the shore were pouring their discharges fast and furious into the town. At length, finding the cannonade produced no effect, the British general resolved to carry the place by assault. The British advanced in three columns; but

* American—1, *Eagle*, mounted 7 guns; 2, *Saratoga* (flag ship), mounted 26 guns; 3, *Ticonderoga*, mounted 17 guns; 4, *Preble*, mounted 7 guns. English—1, *Chubb*, mounted 11 guns; 2, *Linnet*, mounted 16 guns; 3, *Confiance* (flag ship), mounted 37 guns; 4, *Finch*, mounted 11 guns.

they were received by the Americans with such a furious fire of musketry and artillery, that they were obliged to fall back to their intrenchments, leaving the ground behind them strewn with dead and wounded, and when they saw the flags of the British fleet strike successively to the Americans, they were so much disheartened that they diminished their fire, and at nightfall it ceased entirely. Sir George Prevost now ordered a retreat, and that army of 12,000 men, "in great part composed of the veterans who had served with Wellington in Spain and France," ignominiously fled before Macomb's gallant little army of 3,000. Macomb would have pursued, but a furious storm of wind and rain arose, and the British were allowed to retire unmolested. Prevost lost 250 in killed and wounded. So hasty was his flight that he abandoned his wounded, commending them to the humanity of the victors, and continued his retreat toward the St. Lawrence.

POICTIERS, A.D. 1356.—Poictiers is situated on the Clain, in France, 58 miles southwest of Tours. It is inclosed by ancient walls. For three centuries Poictiers was attached to the English crown. The famous battle of Poictiers was fought on the 19th of September, 1356, between the English under Edward, Prince of Wales, called the Black Prince, and the French under king John, of France.

The Black Prince, with an army of 12,000 men, of whom about 4,000 were Englishmen, had penetrated into the very heart of France. The King of France, provoked at the insult offered him by this incursion, collected an army of above 60,000 men, and advanced by hasty marches to intercept his enemy. The French army came within sight of the English at Maupertuis, five miles from Poictiers, on the 17th of September, and the Prince of Wales saw that he must hazard a battle. He accordingly prepared for battle with all the courage of a young hero, and with all the prudence of the oldest and most experienced commander.

But the utmost prudence and courage would have proved insufficient to save him in this extremity had the King of France known how to make use of his present advantages. His great superiority in numbers enabled him to surround his enemy; and by intercepting all provisions, which were already become scarce in the English camp, to reduce this small army, without a blow, to the necessity of surrending at discretion. But such was the impatient valor of the French nobility, and so much had their thoughts been bent on overtaking the English as their sole object, that this idea never struck any of the commanders; and they immediately took measures for the assault, as for a certain victory. While the French army was drawn up in battle array, they were stopped by the appearance of the Cardinal of Perigord; who, having learned the approach of the two armies to each other, had hastened, by interposing his good offices, to prevent any further effusion of Christian blood. By John's permission, he carried proposals to the Prince of Wales; and found him so sensible of the bad posture of his affairs, that an accommodation seemed not impracticable. Edward told him, that he would agree to any terms consistent with his own honor, and that of England; and he offered to purchase a retreat, by ceding all the conquests which he had made during this and the former campaign, and by stipulating not to serve against France during the course of seven years. But John, imagining that he had now got into his hands a sufficient pledge for the restitution of Calais, then in the possession of the English, required that Edward should surrender himself prisoner with a hundred of his attendants; and offered on these terms a safe retreat to the English army. The prince rejected the proposal with disdain; and declared that, whatever fortune might attend him, England should never be obliged to pay the price of his ransom. This resolute answer cut off all hopes of accommodation; but as the day was already spent in negotiating, the battle was delayed till the next morning.

The Cardinal of Perigord bore a great attachment to the French interest; but the most determined enemy could not, by any expedient, have done a greater prejudice to John's affairs, than he did by this delay. The Prince of Wales had leisure, during the night, to strengthen, by new intrenchments, the post which he had before so judiciously chosen; and he contrived an ambush of 300 men-at-arms, and as many archers, whom he put under the command of the Captal de Buche, and ordered to make a circuit, that they might fall on the flank or rear of the French army during the engagement. The van of his army was commanded by the Earl of Warwick, the rear by the Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk, the main body by the prince in person. The Lords Chandos, Audeley, and many other brave and experienced commanders, were at the head of the different corps of his army.

John also arranged his forces in three divisions; the first commanded by the Duke of Orleans, the king's brother; the second by the dauphin, attended by his two younger brothers; the third by the king himself, who had by his side Philip, his fourth son and favorite, then about fourteen years of age. There was no reaching the English army, but through a narrow lane, covered on each side by hedges; and in order to open this passage,

the Marshals Andreken and Clermont, were ordered to advance with a separate detachment of men-at-arms. While they marched along the lane, a body of English archers, who lined the hedges, plied them on each side with arrows; and being very near them, yet placed in perfect safety, they coolly took their aim against the enemy, and slaughtered them with impunity. The French detachment, much discouraged by the unequal combat, and diminished in their number, arrived at the end of the lane, where they met on the open ground the Prince of Wales, himself, at the head of a chosen body, ready for their reception. They were discomfited and overthrown; Clermont was slain, and Andreken unhorsed and made prisoner; and the remainder of the detachment, who were still in the lane, and exposed to the shot of the enemy, without being able to make resistance, recoiled upon their own army, and put every thing into disorder. In this critical moment, the Captal de Buche, unexpectedly appeared, and attacked in flank the dauphin's line, which fell into some confusion. Landas, Bodenai, and St. Yevant, to whom the care of that young prince and his brothers had been committed, too anxious for their charge, or for their own safety, carried them off the field, and set the example of flight, which was followed by that whole division. The Duke of Orleans seized with a like panic, and imagining all was lost, thought no longer of fighting, but carried off his division by a retreat, which sooned turned into a flight. Lord Chandos called out to the prince, that the day was won; and encouraged him to attack the division under King John, which, though more numerous than the whole English army, were somewhat dismayed at the precipitant retreat of their companions.

"Sir," said Sir John Chandos to the prince, "the field is won—let us mount, and charge the French king. I know him for an intrepid knight who will never flee from an enemy. It may be a bloody attempt, but please God and St. George, he shall be our prisoner." The advice was approved, and the army advanced to the moor which had become the theater of battle.

The Duke of Athens, Constable of France, was the first to throw himself in their way; his shout of "Mountjoy and St. Denis!" was answered by the national cry of "St. George for Guienne!" and in a few minutes the duke, with the greater part of his followers, were slain. The German cavalry next charged the English; but were easily dispersed with the loss of the three earls, their commanders. Lastly, John himself, animated by despair, led up his division on foot, and fought for honor, when it was evidently too late to fight for victory. John maintained the unequal contest with the most heroic valor. But at length, after receiving two wounds in the face, he was beaten to the ground, and was surrounded by a host of adversaries, each of whom was anxious to secure so noble a prize. A young knight, bursting through the crowd, bent his knee, and requested him to surrender or he would lose his life. He asked for his cousin, the Prince of Wales. "He is not here," replied the knight, "but surrender to me and I will conduct you to him." "But who are you?" inquired the king. "Denis de Morbecque," he replied, "a knight of Artois, but compelled to serve the King of England because I have been banished from France." John surrendered to him, and his son Philip was made prisoner at the same time. Thus ended the battle of Poictiers. Edward's treatment of the conquered king stands forth in golden relief on the page of history. John, in captivity, received the honors of a king; and all the English and Gascon knights imitated the generous example of their prince. Edward conducted his prisoner to Bordeaux, whence he concluded a two years' truce to France, and conducted his prisoner into England. On the 5th of May, 1357, a great assemblage of people of all ranks and stations gathered at Southwark to welcome the conqueror. John was clad in royal attire, and mounted on a white steed, distinguished by the richness of its caparisons. The conqueror rode by his side in a meaner attire, and on the back of a black pony. In this situation, more glorious than all the parade of a Roman triumph, he passed through the streets of London, and presented the King of France to his father, Edward III., King of England. Edward received the royal prisoner with the same courtesy as if he had been a neighboring potentate that had voluntarily come to pay him a friendly visit. By a treaty ratified between Edward and John in 1359, the latter was set at liberty, and he returned to France the same year.

PORTO NOVO, A.D. 1782.—In the year 1782, a battle was fought near Porto Novo, in India, between the troops of Hyder Ali and the British force under Sir Eyre Coote, in which the former were defeated.

PORTSMOUTH, A.D. 1377.—About the year 1377 a battle was fought near Portsmouth, in England, between the English and French. The French, in 1377, landed at Portsmouth, in an attempt to invade England. They were vigorously attacked by the British, who, after an obstinate conflict, succeeded in driving back the invaders with great loss; but not before the French had succeeded in burning a large part of the town.

PRAGA.—Praga is situated directly op-

posite Warsaw, in Poland, on the Vistula, which is here crossed by a bridge. In the year 1656, a battle took place here between the army of Gustavus of Sweden and the Poles, in which the latter were defeated; and a bloody battle also took place near this town, in the latter part of the month of February, 1831, between the forces of the Emperor of Russia, under Diebitch, and the Polish insurgents, under General Radziwil. The battle commenced on the morning of the 24th of February, and continued with the utmost obstinacy and various success for two days. The Poles were at length defeated with a loss of about 4,000 men, and retired into Warsaw. The Russian loss was nearly 5,000 men, killed and wounded. See *Warsaw*.

PRAGUE, A.D. 1741.—In the year 1741, Prague, one of the most ancient and interesting cities of Europe, was taken by the French; under its walls in 1744 a battle was fought between the Austrians and the Prussians, under Frederic the Great, who won a complete victory, but was soon afterward obliged to evacuate the city. Since then it has belonged to Austria.

PRESTONPANS, A.D. 1745.—Near this village, in Scotland, was fought on the 21st of September, 1745, a battle between the royal army of England, under Sir John Cope, consisting of about 2,100 regular troops, and the Highlanders, under Charles the Pretender. The battle was short; nearly at the first fire the royalists were struck with a panic, and throwing away their arms, fled in wild terror. The Highlanders pursued eagerly, slaughtering the fugitives almost without resistance.

PRINCETON, A.D. 1777.—Princeton is a pleasantly situated town in Mercer county, New Jersey, forty miles north-east of Philadelphia. Here, on the 3d of January, 1777, was fought a battle between the American army under General Washington, and the British army commanded by Colonel Mawhood.

The situation of the American army, after the action of Assunpink, or Trenton bridge, was extremely critical. If Washington maintained his position on the south side of the Assunpink, it was certain that he would be attacked by a superior force, with the probable result of the destruction of his little army. Fires having been lighted immediately after dark, a council of war was convened. Washington, by the advice of General St. Clair, Colonel Reed, and others, "formed the bold and judicious design of abandoning the Delaware and marching silently in the night, by a circuitous route, along the left flank of the British army, into their rear at Princeton, where he knew they could not be very strong. After beating them there, he proposed to make a rapid move to Brunswick, where their baggage and principal magazines lay under a weak guard."

The more effectually to mask the movement (says General Wilkinson, in his memoirs), Washington ordered the guards to be doubled, a strong fatigue party to be set at work on the intrenchment across the road near the mill, within distinct hearing of the enemy, the baggage to be sent to Burlington, the troops to be silently filed off by detachments, and the neighboring fences to be used as fuel by the guards to keep up blazing fires until toward day, when they had orders to retire. The night, though cloudless, was dark, and, though calm, exceedingly cold, and the movement was so cautiously conducted as to elude the vigilance of the enemy. Taking the lower road by Sandtown, across the Quaker bridge, the Americans reached Stony creek, which having crossed, they came to a small wood south of the Friends' meeting-house in the vicinity of Princeton, a little before sunrise. Here the main column wheeled to the right, and turning the south-east corner of the wood, marched diretly for Princeton. General Mercer, having under him Captains Stone, Fleming, Neal and others, with about 350 men, were detached to take possession of the bridge on the old Trenton road, for the double purpose of intercepting fugitives from Princeton, and to cover the rear of the army against Lord Cornwallis, from Trenton.

The morning was bright, serene, and extremely cold, with a hoar-frost, which bespangled every object. A brigade of the enemy under Lieutenant-Colonel Mawhood, consisting of the 17th, 40th, and 55th regiments, with three troops of dragoons, had quartered at Princeton the preceding night. The 17th regiment on their march to join Lord Cornwallis at Trenton, had passed the bridge over Stony creek before they discovered the Americans. Colonel Mawhood immediately repassed the bridge, when he first discovered General Mercer's detachment marching up the creek at a distance of about 500 yards from the bridge. Both parties then endeavored to get possession of the high ground on their right. The Americans reached the house and orchard of William Clark, but perceiving the British line advancing on the opposite side of the height, and a worm fence between them, they pushed through the orchard, and anticipated the enemy about forty paces. The first fire was delivered by General Mercer, which the enemy returned with a volley, and instantly charged. The Americans being armed only with rifles, were forced, after the third fire, to abandon the fence, and fled in disorder.

On hearing the firing, General Washington directed the Pennsylvania militia to support General Mercer, and in person led them on with two pieces of artillery, under Captain William Moulder, who formed in battery on the right of Thomas Clark's house. The enemy had pursued the detachment of General Mercer as far as the brow of the declivity, when they discovered for the first time the American army. They thereupon halted, and brought up their artillery. Encouraged by the irresolution of the militia, they attempted to carry Captain Moulder's battery; but being galled by his grape-shot, and perceiving Hitchcock's and another continental regiment advancing from the rear of the American column, they, after a few long shot with the militia, retreated over the fields up the north side of Stony brook. This action, from the first discharge of firearms to the retreat of the enemy, did not last more than fifteen or twenty minutes. They left their artillery on the ground, which the Americans, for want of horses, could not carry off. The 55th and 40th regiments of the enemy made some show of resistance at the deep ravine, a short distance south of the village of Princeton, and at the college, into which they precipitated themselves on the approach of the Americans. It was, however, soon abandoned, and many of them made prisoners. In this engagement upward of 100 of the enemy were killed, among whom was Captain Leslie, whose loss they much regreted, and nearly 300 taken prisoners. The numerical loss of the Americans was inconsiderable, not exceeding thirty, fourteen only being buried in the field; but it was of great magnitude in worth and talents—Colonels Haslet and Potter, Major Morris, Captains Shippen, Fleming, and Neal, were officers of much promise.

In the death of General Mercer, the Americans lost a chief who, for talents, education, integrity, and patriotism, was qualified to fill the highest trusts of the country. "The manner in which he was wounded," says General Wilkinson, "is an evidence of the excess to which the common soldiery are liable, in the heat of action, particularly when irritated by the loss of favorite officers. Being obstructed, when advancing, by a post and rail fence, in front of the orchard it may be presumed, the general dismounted voluntarily; for he was on foot when the troops gave way. In exerting himself to rally them, he was thrown into the rear; and, perceiving he could not escape, he turned about, somewhere near William Clark's barn, and surrendered, but was instantly knocked down and bayoneted thirteen times; when feigning to be dead, one of his murderers exclaimed, '*D—n him! he's dead—let us leave him.*' After the retreat of the enemy, he was conveyed to the house of Thomas Clark, to whom he gave this account, and languished till the 12th, when he expired."

The following, relative to the conflict at Princeton, was derived from persons living in Princeton; one of whom was an eye-witness of some of the scenes described. Mr. Joseph Clark states that General Mercer was knocked down about fifty yards from his barn; and, after the battle, was assisted by his two aids, into the house of Thomas Clark—a new house then just erected, which is still standing, now owned and occupied by Mr. John Clark, about one and a quarter miles from the college, and about one fourth of a mile from the house of Mr. Thomas Clark. The late Miss Sarah Clark, of the society of Friends, with a colored woman for an assistant, took care of General Mercer, while he lived; and after his death his body was taken to Philadelphia, where, after laying in state, it was interred with military honors. The killed were buried about 200 yards north of Mr. Joseph Clark's barn, in a kind of driftway. Their bodies, frozen stiff, with their clothing mostly stripped off by the American soldiers, were piled into a wagon and thus carried to the grave.

The British being routed, the greater part retreated back to Princeton, about a mile and a quarter distant, where they had for some time previously occupied the college, and the large brick Presbyterian church, as barracks. Washington pushed on to Princeton, placed a few cannon a short distance from those buildings, and commenced firing upon them. The first ball is said to have entered the prayer-hall, a room used as a chapel in the college, and to have passed through the head of the portrait of George II., suspended on the wall. After a few discharges, Captain James Moore, one of the militia, a daring officer (late of Princeton), aided by a few men, burst open a door of the building, and demanded their surrender; which they instantly complied with. In the building were a number of invalid soldiers; but Washington, having no time to spare, left those unable to travel, on their parole of honor, and hurried off with the rest toward Brunswick. On reaching Kingston, about three miles distant, a consultation of general officers was hastily held on horseback; when a wish was generally expressed, to move on to New Brunswick, fall on the British troops, and secure the large supplies there laid up for their winter's consumption. But the American troops had, besides the action in the morning, been fighting at Trenton the day previous, and marching all night over rough and frozen roads: not half of them had been able to obtain breakfast or dinner; many

were destitute of either shoes or stockings, and the whole were worn down with fatigue. Under these circumstances, Washington was reluctantly compelled to file off to the left, toward Rocky Hill. By going down the valley of the Millstone, he would avoid the army under Cornwallis, then in hot pursuit, from Trenton. Although the prize at Brunswick was rich and tempting, yet the danger of being held at bay there till the overwhelming force of Cornwallis, rapidly approaching in his rear, should overtake his worn-out troops, prevented him from making the attempt. Cornwallis arrived at Kingston shortly after the Americans had left; but, supposing they were still on the road to Brunswick, he pushed on through Kingston, and over little Rocky Hill, on the main road to Brunswick, which, from rocks and frozen ground, was almost impassable. Here his baggage-wagons broke down; but such was his anxiety to reach Brunswick, he pressed on, leaving them in charge of a guard of 200 or 300 men, to bring them on the next morning. A small company of fifteen or twenty militia, from the neighborhood, having learned the situation of this baggage, soon after dark assembled and arranged themselves among the trees, in a semicircular form, around where the soldiers lay guarding their wagons. On a concerted signal, they set up a tremendous shout, and commenced firing. The British were taken completely by surprise; and having found, by experience of the last ten days, that when they supposed their enemies were the farthest off, they were nearest at hand, and their fears magnifying the number of their assailants, they hastily drove off what few wagons were in a traveling condition, and left the rest a prize to the militia-men, who took them the next morning to the American camp. Here they were opened, and found to contain what proved the most acceptable of all articles to the American troops—namely, woolen clothing.

About the close of the action at Princeton, Washington detached a small party to destroy the bridge over Stony brook, at Worth's mills, on the road from Princeton to Trenton. This party had scarcely half completed their work, before the British troops from Trenton made their appearance on a hill a short distance west of the dwelling of Mr. Worth, and commenced firing on them. The Americans, however, pushed on their work with renewed vigor, until the cannon-balls began to strike around them, by which time they had thrown off the loose planks into the stream, and then hastily retreated. The baggage and artillery of the British troops were detained at the bridge nearly an hour before it could be made passable. The troops, however, were ordered to dash through the stream (then swollen and filled with running ice, and about breast high), and press forward as rapidly as possible toward New Brunswick. The officer who commanded the detachment ordered to destroy the bridge, is said to have been Major, (afterward Col.) John Kelly, of Pennsylvania, who died about the year 1835. After the British appeared in sight, it was necessary that some part of the bridge should be cut away, which was an extremely hazardous service under the fire of the enemy. Major Kelly, disdaining to order another to do what some might say he would not do himself, bravely took the axe and commenced cutting off the logs on which the planks of the bridge were laid. Several balls struck into the last log he was chopping, and on which he stood, when it broke down sooner than he expected, and he fell with it into the swollen stream. His men not believing it possible for him to escape, immediately fled. Major Kelly, by great exertion, got out of the water and followed them; but being unarmed and encumbered with frozen clothing, he was taken prisoner by a British soldier.

On the near approach of the British troops to Princeton, their advance division was suddenly brought to a stand by the discharge of a large 32-pounder. This piece, now in the central part of the college grounds, formerly belonged to the British; which Washington was unable to take with him when he left Princeton, on account of its carriage being broken. It was left on a temporary breast-work in the vicinity of the present residence of Dr. Samuel Miller, near the west end of the town; and was loaded by two or three persons, and pointed toward the British army. As their advance guard was coming up the rising ground, within 300 or 400 yards, it was discharged, which brought them instantly to a halt. The enemy, supposing that Washington had determined to make a stand under cover of the town, sent out their reconnoitering parties of horsemen, and in the mean time cautiously approached the breast-work with their main body, determined to carry it by storm. By these movements they were delayed nearly an hour; and when arrived at the breast-work and the town, were astonished to find them destitute of defenders.

PUENTE NACIONAL, A.D. 1847.—On the 11th of August, 1847, an engagement took place at Puente Nacional, a village of Mexico, between a body of American troops and a party of Mexicans; the latter were defeated. The Americans lost 11 men killed and 40 wounded.

PULTOWA, A.D. 1709.—Pultowa, or Poltava, as it is also written, is situated on the

river Vorskla, in Russia. It is built on an eminence, and is inclosed by planted walks on the site of its former ramparts.

The history of Charles XII's conquests and reverses possesses all the interest of a romance. He was born at Stockholm on the 27th of June, 1682. He checked the designs of Denmark, defeated the Russians in a great battle, on the 30th November, 1700, at Narva, after which he gained possession of Poland. His next great enterprise was the invasion of Russia, but the tide of fortune turned against him, and he was defeated by Peter the Great in the decisive battle of Pultowa, on the 9th of July, 1709. Voltaire, in the following extract, has given us a most vivid account of the battle and his retreat.

It was on the 9th of July, 1709, that the decisive battle of Pultowa was fought between the two most famous monarchs that were then in the world. Charles XII., illustrious for nine years of victories; Peter Alexiowitz for nine years of pains taken to form troops equal to those of Sweden; the one glorious for having civilized his own; the other fighting for glory alone; Alexiowitz scorning to fly danger, and never making war but from interested views; the Swedish monarch, liberal from an innate greatness of soul; the Muscovite never granting favors, but in order to serve some particular people; the former a prince of uncommon sobriety and continence, naturally magnanimous and never cruel but once; the latter not having yet worn off the roughness of his education, nor the barbarity of his country, as much the object of terror to his subjects as of admiration to strangers, and too prone to excesses, which even shortened his days. Charles had the title of "Invincible," of which a single moment might deprive him; the neighboring nations had already given Peter Alexiowitz the name of "Great," which, as he did not owe to his victories, he could not forfeit by a defeat.

In order to form a distinct idea of this battle, and the place where it was fought, we must figure to ourselves Pultowa on the north, the camp of the King of Sweden on the south, stretching a little to the east, his baggage about a mile behind him, and the river of Pultowa on the north of the town, running from east to west.

The czar had passed the river about a mile from Pultowa, toward the west, and was beginning to form his camp.

At break of day the Swedes appeared before the trenches with four iron cannons for their whole artillery; the rest were left in the camp, with about 3,000 men, and 4,000 remained with the baggage; so that the Swedish army, which advanced against the enemy, consisted of about 21,000 men, of which about 16,000 only were regular troops.

The Generals Renschild, Roos, Levenhaupt, Slipenbak, Hoorne, Sparree, Hamilton, the Prince of Wirtemberg, the king's relation, and some others who had most of them seen the battle of Narva, put the subaltern officers in mind of the day when 8,000 Swedes defeated an army of 80,000 Muscovites in their intrenchments. The officers exhorted the soldiers by the same motive, and as they advanced they all encouraged one another.

Charles, carried in a litter at the head of his infantry, conducted the march. A large body of horse advanced by his order to attack that of the enemy; and the battle began with this engagement, at half-past four in the morning. The enemy's horse was posted toward the west on the right side of the Russian camp. Prince Menzikoff and Count Gollowin having received them at certain distances between the redoubt lined with cannon, General Slipenbak, at the head of the Swedes, rushed upon them. All those who have served in the Swedish troops are sensible that it is almost impossible to withstand the fury of their first attack. The Muscovite squadrons broke and routed. The czar ran up to rally them in person; his hat was pierced with a musket-ball; Menzikoff had three horses killed under him, and the Swedes cried out victory.

Charles did not doubt but the battle was gained. About midnight he sent General Creutz, with 5,000 horse or dragoons, to take the enemy in flank, while he attacked them in front; but as his ill-fortune would have it, Creutz mistook his way, and did not make his appearance. The czar, who thought he was ruined, had time to rally his cavalry, and in his turn fell upon that of the king, which, not being supported by the detachment of Creutz, was likewise broken. Slipenbak was taken prisoner in this engagement. At the same time 72 pieces of cannon played from the camp upon the cavalry; and the Russian foot, opening their lines, advanced to attack Charles's infantry.

After this the czar detached Menzikoff to go and take post between Pultowa and the Swedes. Prince Menzikoff executed his master's orders with dexterity and expedition. He not only cut off the communication between the Swedish army and the camp before Pultowa, but having met with a *corps de reserve*, he surrounded them and cut them to pieces. If Menzikoff performed this exploit of his own accord, Russia is indebted to him for its preservation; if it was by the orders of the czar, he was an adversary worthy of Charles XII. Meanwhile the Russian infantry came out of their lines, and advanced into the plain in order of battle. On the

other hand, the Swedish cavalry rallied within a quarter of a league from the enemy; and the king, assisted by Field-marshal Renschild, made the necessary dispositions for a general engagement.

He ranged the few troops that were left him in two lines, the infantry occupying the center, and the cavalry forming the two wings. The czar disposed his army in the same manner. He had the advantage of numbers, and of 72 pieces of cannon, while the Swedes had no more than four to oppose to him, and began to be in want of powder.

The Emperor of Muscovy was in the center of his army, having then only the title of major-general, and seemed to obey General Sheremetoff. But he rode from rank to rank in the character of emperor, mounted on a Turkish horse, which had been given him in a present by the Grand Seignior, animating the captains and soldiers, and promising rewards to them all.

At nine o'clock in the morning the battle was renewed. One of the first discharges of the Russian cannon carried off the two horses of Charles's litter. He caused two others to be immediately put to it. A second discharge broke the litter in pieces, and overturned the king. Of 24 Drabants who mutually relieved each other in carrying him, 21 were killed. The Swedes, struck with consternation, began to stagger; and the cannon of the enemy continuing to mow them down, the first line fell back upon the second, and the second began to fly. In this last action it was only a single line of 10,000 Russian infantry that routed the Swedish army; so much were matters now changed!

All the Swedish writers allege, that they would have gained the battle, if they had not committed some great blunders; but all the officers affirm, that it was a great blunder to give battle at all, and a still greater to shut themselves up in a desert country, against the advice of the most prudent generals, in opposition to a warlike enemy, three times stronger than Charles, both in number of men, and in many resources from which the Swedes were entirely cut off. The remembrance of Narva was the chief cause of Charles's misfortune at Pultowa.

The Prince of Wirtemberg, General Renschild, and several principal officers, were already made prisoners; the camp before Pultowa was stormed, and all was thrown into a confusion which it was impossible to rectify. Count Piper, with some officers of the chancery, had left the camp, and neither knew what to do, or what was become of the king; but ran about from one corner of the field to another. A major, called Bere, offered to conduct them to the baggage; but the clouds of dust and smoke which covered the plain, and the dissipation of mind so natural amid such a desolation, brought them straight to the counterscarp of the town, where they were all made prisoners by the garrison.

The king scorned to fly, and was unable to defend himself. General Poniatowsky happened to be near him at that instant;—he was a colonel of Stanislaus's guards, a man of extraordinary merit, and had been induced, from his extraordinary attachment to the person of Charles, to follow him into the Ukraine without any post in the army. He was a man, who, in all the occurrences of life, and amid those dangers, when others would at most have displayed their courage, always took his measures with dispatch, prudence, and success. He made a sign to two Drabants, who took the king under the arm, and placed him on his horse, notwithstanding the exquisite pain of his wounds.

Poniatowsky, though he had no command in the army, became on this occasion a general through necessity, and drew up 500 horse near the king's person; some of them Drabants, others officers, and a few private troopers. This body being assembled, and animated by the misfortunes of their prince, forced their way through more than ten Russian regiments, and conducted Charles through the midst of the enemy for the space of a league, to the baggage of the Swedish army.

Charles, being closely pursued in his flight, had his horse killed under him; and Colonel Gieta, though wounded and spent with the loss of blood, gave him his. Thus, in the course of the flight, they twice put this conqueror on horseback, though he had not been able to mount a horse during the engagement.

This surprising retreat was of great consequence in such distressful circumstances; but he was obliged to fly to a still greater distance. They found out Piper's coach among the baggage; for the king had never used one since he left Stockholm: they put him into his vehicle, and fled toward the Boristhenes with great precipitation. The king, who, from the time of his being set on horseback, till his arrival at the baggage, had not spoke a single word, at length inquired, what was become of Count Piper? They told him he was taken prisoner, with all the officers of the chancery. "And General Renschild and the Duke of Wirtemberg?" added the king. "Yes," said Poniatowsky. "Prisoners to the Russians," resumed Charles, shrugging up his shoulders. "Come, then, let us rather go to the Turks." They could not perceive, however, the least mark of dejection in his countenance; and had any one seen him at that time without knowing his situation,

he never would have suspected that he was *wounded* and *conquered*.

While he was getting off, the Russians seized his artillery in the camp before Pultowa, his baggage, and his military chest, in which they found six millions in specie, the spoils of Poland and Saxony; 9,000 men, partly Swedes and partly Cossacks, were killed in the battle, and about 6,000 taken prisoners. There still remained about 16,000 men, including the Swedes, Poles, and Cossacks, who fled toward the Boristhenes, under the conduct of General Levenhaupt. He marched one way with his fugitive troops, and the king took another with some of his horse. The coach in which he rode broke down by the way, and they again set him on horseback; and, to complete his misfortune, he wandered all night in the wood; where, his courage being no longer able to support his exhausted spirits, the pain of his wound became more intolerable through fatigue, and his horse falling under him through excessive weariness, he lay some hours at the foot of a tree, in danger of being surprised every moment by the conquerors, who were searching for him on all sides.

At last, on the 9th or 10th of July, at night, he found himself on the banks of the Boristhenes. Levenhaupt had just arrived with the shattered remains of his army. It was with an equal mixture of joy and sorrow that the Swedes again beheld their king, whom they thought to be dead. The enemy was approaching. The Swedes had neither a bridge to pass the river, nor time to make one, nor powder to defend themselves, nor provisions to support an army, which had eat nothing for two days. But the remains of this army were Swedes, and the conquered king was Charles XII. Most of the officers imagined that they were to halt there for the Russians, without flinching; and that they would either conquer or die on the banks of the Boristhenes. Charles would undoubtedly have taken this resolution, had he not been exhausted with weakness. His wound was now come to a suppuration, attended with a fever; and it has been remarked, that men of the greatest intrepidity, when seized with the fever that is common in a suppuration, lose that impulse to valor which, like all other virtues, requires the direction of a clear head. Charles was no longer himself. This, at least, is what I have been well assured of, and what indeed is extremely probable. They carried him along like a sick person in a state of insensibility. Happily there was left a sorry calash, which by chance they had brought along with them; this they put on board a little boat; and the king and General Mazeppa embarked in another. The latter had saved several coffers of money; but the current being rapid, and a violent wind beginning to blow, the Cossack threw more than three fourths of his treasures into the river to lighten the boat. Mullem, the king's chancellor, and Count Poniatowsky, a man more necessary to the king than ever, on account of his admirable dexterity in finding expedients for all difficulties, crossed over in some barks with some officers. 300 troopers of the king's guards, and a great number of Poles and Cossacks, trusting to the goodness of their horses, ventured to pass the river by swimming. Their troop, keeping close together, resisted the current, and broke the waves; but all those who attempted to pass separately a little below were carried down by the stream, and sunk in the river. Of all the foot who attempted to pass, there was not a single man that reached the other side.

While the shattered remains of the army were in this extremity, Prince Menzikoff came up with 10,000 horsemen, having each a foot-soldier behind him. The carcases of the Swedes who had died by the way of their wounds, fatigue, and hunger, shewed Prince Menzikoff but too plainly the road which the fugitive army had taken. The Prince sent a trumpet to the Swedish general to offer him a capitulation. Four general officers were presently dispatched by Levenhaupt to receive the commands of the conqueror. Before that day, 16,000 soldiers of King Charles would have attacked the whole forces of the Russian empire, and would have perished to a man rather than surrender; but, after the loss of a battle, and the flight of two days, deprived of the presence of their prince, who was himself constrained to fly, the strength of every soldier being exhausted, and their courage no longer supported by the least prospect of relief, the love of life overcame their natural intrepidity. Colonel Troutfetre alone, observing the Muscovites approach, began to advance with one Swedish battalion to attack them, hoping by this means to induce the rest of the troops to follow his example. But Levenhaupt was obliged to oppose this unavailing ardor. The capitulation was settled, and the whole army were made prisoners of war. Some soldiers, reduced to despair at the thoughts of falling into the hands of the Muscovites, threw themselves into the Boristhenes. Two officers of the regiment commanded by the brave Troutfetre killed themselves, and the rest were made slaves. They all filed off in presence of Prince Menzikoff, laying their arms at his feet, as 30,000 Muscovites had done nine years before at those of the King of Sweden, at Narva. But whereas the king sent back all the Russians, whom he did not fear, the czar retained the Swedes that were taken in Pultowa.

These unhappy creatures were afterward dispersed through the czar's dominions, particularly in Siberia, a vast province in great Tartary, which extends eastward to the frontiers of the Chinese empire. In this barbarous country, where even the use of bread was unknown, the Swedes, who were become ingenious through necessity, exercised the trades and employments of which they had the least notion. All the distinctions which fortune makes among men were then banished. The officer, who could not follow any trade, was obliged to cleave and carry wood for the soldier, now turned tailor, clothier, joiner, mason, or goldsmith, and who got a subsistence by his labors. Some of the officers became painters, and others architects; some of them taught the languages and mathematics. They even established some public schools, which in time became so useful and famous that the citizens of Moscow sent their children thither for education.

Count Piper, the King of Sweden's first minister, was for a long time confined in prison at Petersburg. The czar was persuaded, as well as the rest of Europe, that this minister had sold his master the Duke of Marlborough, and drawn on Muscovy the arms of Sweden, which might have given peace to Europe; for which reason he rendered his confinement the more severe. Piper died in Muscovy a few years after, little assisted by his own family, which lived in opulence at Stockholm, and vainly lamented by his sovereign, who would never condescend to offer a ransom for his minister, which he feared the czar would not accept of; for no cartel of exchange had ever been settled between them.

The Emperor of Muscovy, elated with a joy which he was at no pains to conceal, received upon the field of battle the prisoners, whom they brought to him in crowds; and asked every moment, "Where, then, is my brother Charles?"

He did the Swedish generals the honor of inviting them to dine with him. Among other questions which he put to them, he asked General Renschild what might be the number of his master's troops before the battle! Renschild answered, that the king always kept the muster-roll himself, and would never show it to any one; but that, for his own part, he imagined the whole might be about 30,000, of which 18,000 were Swedes, and the rest Cossacks. The czar seemed to be surprised, and asked how they durst venture to penetrate into so distant a country, and lay siege to Pultowa with such a handful of men. "We were not always consulted," replied the Swedish general, "but, like faithful servants, we obeyed our master's orders, without ever presuming to contradict them." The czar, upon receiving this answer, turned about to some of his courtiers, who were formerly suspected of having engaged in a conspiracy against him: "Ah!" says he, "see how a king should be served;" and then taking a glass of wine, "To the health," says he, "of my masters in the art of war." Renschild asked him who were the persons whom he honored with so high a title? "You, gentlemen, the Swedish generals," replied the czar. "Your majesty, then," resumed the count, "is very ungrateful, to treat your masters with so much severity." After dinner the czar caused their swords to be restored to all the general officers, and behaved to them like a prince who had a mind to give his subjects a lesson of generosity and politeness, with which he was well acquainted. But this same prince, who treated the Swedish generals with so much humanity, caused all the Cossacks that fell into his hands to be broke upon the wheel.

Thus the Swedish army, which left Saxony in such a triumphant manner, was no more. One half of them had perished with hunger, and the other half were either massacred or made slaves. Charles XII. had lost in one day the fruit of nine years' labor, and of almost a hundred battles. He made his escape in a wretched calash, attended by Major-General Hord, who was dangerously wounded. The rest of his little troop followed, some on foot, some on horseback, and others in wagons, through a desert, where neither huts, tents, men, beasts, nor roads were to be seen. Every thing was wanting, even water itself. It was now the beginning of July; the country lay in the forty-seventh degree of latitude; the dry sand of the desert rendered the heat of the sun the more insupportable; the horses fell by the way, and the men were ready to die with thirst. A brook of muddy water which they found toward evening was all they met with; they filled some bottles with this water, which saved the lives of the king's little troop. After a march of five days, he at last found himself on the banks of the river Aypanis, now called Bogh by the barbarians, who have spoiled not only the general face, but even the very names of those countries, which once flourished so nobly in the possession of the Greek colonies. This river joins the Boristhenes some miles lower, and falls along with it into the Black Sea.

On the other side of the Bogh, toward the south, stands the little town of Oczakow, a frontier of the Turkish empire. The inhabitants, seeing a body of soldiers approach, to whose dress and language they were entire strangers, refused to carry them over the river, without an order from Mehemet Pasha, governor of Oczakow. The king sent an

express to the governor, demanding a passage; but the Turk, not knowing what to do, in a country where one false step frequently costs a man his life, durst not venture to take any thing upon himself, without having first obtained permission of the seraskier of the province, who resided at Bender, in Besarabia. While they were waiting for this permission, the Russians, who had made the king's army prisoners, had crossed the Boristhenes, and were approaching to take him also. At last the pasha of Oczakow sent word to the king, that he would furnish him with one small boat to transport himself and two or three attendants. In this extremity the Swedes took by force what they could not obtain by gentle means; some of them went over to the further side in a small skiff, seized on some boats, and brought them to the hither side of the river; and happy was it for them that they did so; for the masters of the Turkish bark, fearing they should lose such a favorable opportunity of getting a good freight, came in crowds to offer their services. At that very instant arrived the favorable answer of the seraskier of Bender, and the king had the mortification to see 500 of his men seized by the enemy, whose insulting bravadoes he even heard. The Pasha of Oczakow, by means of an interpreter, asked his pardon for the delays which had occasioned the loss of 500 men, and humbly entreated him not to complain of it to the grand seignior. Charles promised him that he would not; but at the same time gave him a severe reprimand, as if he had been speaking to one of his own subjects.

The commander of Bender, who was likewise seraskier, a title which answers to that of general, and pasha of the province, which signifies governor and intendant, forthwith sent an aga to compliment the king, and to offer him a magnificent tent, with provisions, baggage, wagons, and all the conveniences, officers, and attendants, necessary to conduct him to Bender in a splendid manner; for it is the custom of the Turks, not only to defray the charges of embassadors to the place of their residence, but likewise to supply, with great liberality, the necessities of those princes who take refuge with them, during the time of their stay.— *Voltaire.*

PULTUSK, A.D. 1703.—Pultusk is built on an island in the river Narew, in Poland, sixty miles nearly north-east of Plock.

In the year 1703, Charles XII., King of Sweden, marched against the Saxon army with an army of 10,000 men. The Saxons were commanded by General Stenau, and were 10,000 strong. Stenau avoided the Swedish army, and retired toward Prussia to the north-west of Warsaw. The river Bug separated the two armies. On the 1st of May, 1703, Charles overtook the Saxons at Pultusk. So great was the terror of his army that one half of the Saxon troops fled at his approach, without waiting for the battle. General Stenau with two regiments, kept his ground for a moment, but was soon hurried along in the general flight of his army, which was dispersed before it was vanquished. The Swedes took about 1,000 prisoners, and killed over 600 of the enemy, having more difficulty in pursuing than in defeating them.

A.D. 1806.—In 1806, on the 26th of December, a battle was fought near Pultusk, between the French and the Russians.

An open and cultivated plain lies to the south and east of the town of Pultusk, a succession of thickets surround this plain on every side, with the exception of that of the town; and on the inside of them the ground rises to a semicircular ridge, and then slopes down to the town on one side, while the forest is on the other; so that, until this barrier is surmounted, to get even a glimpse of the buildings is impossible. Here the Russian army was drawn up in two lines—their left resting on the town of Pultusk, their right on the wood of Moszyn, which skirted the plain; the artillery was placed in advance, while in front of the whole army was placed an immense number of Cossacks, so that the enemy could not even discover the force or composition of those they were to attack. The left was commanded by Sacken, the right by Count Osterman Tolstoy; a copsewood in front of the right, was occupied by Barclay de Tolly, with twelve battalions, and ten squadrons; while Benningsen was stationed in the center. Lannes, the commander of the French forces, consisting of about 35,000 men, resolved to force the enemy in this position, and accordingly on the morning of the 26th of December, advanced to the attack. The woods occupied by the Russian light troops were forced by the French voltigeurs, not without an obstinate resistance, however; Lannes, encouragad by this success, surmounted the ridge, and advanced into the open plain, when instantly the Cossacks dispersed to the right and left, and displayed to view the Russian army in two lines, in admirable order, with 220 guns placed along its front. Lannes was astonished, but not panic-stricken by this sight; he still pressed forward, and as his divisions successively cleared the thickets, and reached the top of the ridge, they deployed into line. This was done with admirable discipline, being performed under the fire of the Russian cannon, to which they had as yet none to oppose. It was attended with dreadful loss, and by the time the line was formed sufficient for a general charge, the ground was covered with dead bodies. They charged with very little success; the

soil being soft, was cut up by the passage of so many horses and carriages, and in many places the mud was up to the knees of the French soldiers, the snow at intervals, obscured the heavens, the gunners could not discover the enemy's range; while the Russian batteries in light and darkness sent their fatal storm of grape and round-shot through their ranks. In spite, however, of all these obstacles, the French advanced with great intrepidity to the attack, and after a little time the arrival of their batteries rendered the fire more equal. The first line commanded by Suchet, slowly gained ground on the right, where the division of Barclay was stationed, but Benningsen seeing his danger, soon reinforced him with fresh troops; a battalion of the French infantry was routed and cut to pieces by the cavalry of the enemy, and the disorder was such, that Lannes was obliged to advance in person to restore the confused troops. By this movement, the Russians were arrested in that direction, their victorious columns being also charged in flank, were compelled to give ground, and resume their old position in front of Pultusk. Suchet had, meanwhile, commenced an attack on the post in the woods occupied by Barclay de Tolly. After a severe contest, the Russians were forced back; but being reinforced from the town, they again recovered their former position, and drove the French in disorder out of the wood. Lannes at the head of the 34th regiment, immediately flew to their rescue, and in some degree restored the combat, but Barclay kept his post, and threatened the extreme left of the enemy. The Russian reserve was now brought up, and after a terrible struggle, which lasted until long after nightfall, the combatants were separated by a frightful storm. Neither party were victorious, but the Russians remained masters of the battle-field till midnight, and then crossed the Narew by the bridge of Pultusk, and retreated in the most orderly manner; the republican army also retreated to such a distance, that the next day the Cossacks could discover no traces of them within eight miles of the scene of action. The losses on both sides were great; the French loss amounting to 6,000 men, the Russian to nearly 6,000, and the twelve guns which were lost in the morning were never regained.

PUNÁ, A.D. 1531.—Puná, an island which lies in the mouth of the river Guayaquil, in Peru, is about 24 miles in length, and at the widest part 16 in breadth.

The thirst for gold alone, seemed to impel the Spanish navigators of the sixteenth century to extend their discoveries on the western continent. Dazzled by the successes of Cortez in Mexico, many adventurers set forth on exploring expeditions in the New World, and among these was Francisco Pizarro the discoverer and afterward the conqueror of Peru. Having received from the crown of Spain the right of discovery and conquest in the province of Peru, or New Castile as the country was then called, Pizarro, with 180 men, set sail in three vessels from the bay of Panama, on his voyage of conquest to Peru. He had provided himself with 27 horses; and his men were armed with muskets, swords and long pikes or lances. Without molestation the little army, sometimes by land and sometimes by water, proceeded on their way, until they landed on the island of Puná, in the mouth of the river now called the Guayaquil, a short distance from the Tumbez, which Pizarro considered as the gate of the Peruvian empire. During his march Pizarro had been reinforced until they numbered about 200 men. The Spaniards were hospitably received by the inhabitants of Puná; and Pizarro determined to make the island his quarters until the reinforcements he expected should arrive. The inhabitants of Tumbez, which city Pizarro had visited during a former expedition; upon hearing of the arrival of the Spaniards, came over to the island in considerable numbers to visit their old friends. But the inhabitants of Puná and the citizens of Tumez, were on terms of enmity with each other. The islanders had long opposed the arms of the Peruvian incas, and, though finally conquered, yet they were still at feud and often at open war with the people of Tumbez. Under these circumstances no one can wonder that they received the visit of their detested rivals with much dissatisfaction. Pizarro's suspicions were aroused against the islanders, not only by their conduct, but by his interpreters, who assured him that they were plotting his destruction as well as that of their new visitors. Being informed that a number of the chieftains were assembled together to take measures for the carrying out of their design, he surrounded the place of meeting with a number of his soldiers, and caused the insurgents to be arrested. Satisfied of their guilt, Pizarro placed the prisoners in the hands of the citizens of Tumbez, who butchered them on the spot. The news of this outrage spread through the island like wild-fire. The natives with one accord rushed to arms, and with yells of defiance and rage, fell on the Spanish camp with barbaric fury. They numbered several thousand warriors, and to all appearances the army of the Spaniards was doomed to certain destruction. But with muskets presented, and lances firmly set, the little army awaited the coming of the enemy. In one body the Indians rushed toward the Spaniards, darkening the air with missiles and

shouting forth their terrible battle-cry. But the Spaniards met their charge with rapid and well-directed thrusts of the lance, and brisk discharges of musketry, which checked them in their career. Then like a bolt from the bow, the Spanish horse sprung forward into the midst of the enemy, trampling them under foot, and throwing them into the utmost disorder. Stunned by the deafening reports of the musketry, and appalled by the terrible havoc committed by the Spanish cavalry, the Indians for a moment remained inactive. Then, with cries of terror and dismay, they scattered in every direction, and sought shelter in the labyrinths of the forests. In this engagement the Spaniards lost only four men killed, but many were seriously wounded.—*Prescott.*

PYRAMIDS, A.D. 1798.—The battle of the Pyramids occurred on the 21st of July, 1798. The French army was commanded by Napoleon, and that of the Mamelukes by Mourad Bey. The latter had collected all his forces, numbering some 6,000 Mamelukes, and double that number of Fellahs, Arabs, and Copts, and had encamped in the village of Embabeh, on the left bank of the Nile. The place was fortified by rude field-works, and forty pieces of cannon, but in consequence of the guns not being mounted, they could fire in only one direction. A large sandy plain lay between their camp and the Pyramids, and on this was stationed above 8,000 of the finest horsemen in the world, with their right resting on the village, and their left stretching toward the Pyramids. A few thousand Arabs, whose business it was to rob the vanquished of either party, filled up the space, quite to the foot of these great monuments.

Napoleon, by means of his telescope, soon ascertained that the enemy's cannon were stationary, and could only fire in one direction, and accordingly moved his army to the right, in order to be out of the direction of their guns entirely. The columns began their march; Dessaix commanded the one in front, next Regnier and Dugua, and those in the rear were headed by Vial and Bon. The French general seemed inspired with more than usual ardor; the army shared his enthusiasm, as they marched on toward the huge and indestructable masses of stone which formed the Pyramids. Napoleon, with his usual sagacity, had taken extraordinary precautions to insure success against the formidable army of the desert. The divisions were drawn up in hollow squares, six deep, the generals and baggage in the center, and the artillery at the angles. When they were in mass, the two sides advanced in column; those in front and rear moved forward in their ranks, but as soon as they were charged, the whole were to halt, and face outward on every side. When they were to charge, themselves, the three front ranks were to break off and form the attacking column, those in the rear remaining behind still in square, but only three deep, to constitute the reserve. The French general was confident of the result of these operations, if the infantry were steady; his only fear was that his soldiers, accustomed to charge, would give way to their impetuosity too soon, and not have the necessary firmness which this kind of warfare required. Mourad Bey no sooner perceived the lateral movement of the French army, than with great promptness he resolved to attack their columns while in the act of completing it. An extraordinary movement was observed in the Mameluke line, and 7,000 men detached themselves from the remainder of the army, and bore down upon the French columns. When this immense body of horse came rushing at full gallop upon the squares of infantry, it was a terrible sight, and one to fill the bravest heart with terror. The horsemen, admirably mounted, and dressed with great magnificence, filled the air with their shouts. The glittering of spears and cimeters dazzled the sight, while the earth seemed shaken by the thunder of the horses' feet. The French soldiers seemed struck with awe, but stood firm, and waited, with their pieces ready, the order to fire. The division under Dessaix was delayed, by being entangled in a wood of palm-trees, and was not completely formed, when the swiftest of the enemy came upon them; consequently, they were partly broken, and thirty or forty of the bravest of the assailants penetrated, and died in the midst of the square at the feet of the officers; but before the mass arrived, the movement was completed, and a rapid fire of musketry and grape drove them from the front, around the sides of the column. With the greatest intrepidity they forced their way through the space between Dessaix's and Regnier's divisions, and riding round both squares, strove to find an entrance; but an incessant fire from every front cut them down as fast as they rushed in at the opening. This unexpected resistance made them furious; they dashed their horses against the ramparts of bayonets, and threw their pistols at the heads of the grenadiers, while many whose horses had been killed crept along on the ground, and with their cimeters, cut off the legs of those occupying the front ranks.

In vain thousands followed, and rode round the flaming walls of steel; the fire was incessant, and multitudes perished; at last the survivors, in despair, fled toward the camp which they had lately left. Here they

were charged in flank by Napoleon, at the head of Dagua's division, while Vial and Bon, on the extreme left, stormed the intrenchment. The utmost confusion now prevailed in the camp, the horsemen, driven back in disorder, trampled under foot the infantry, who, panic-struck at the rout of the Mamelukes, on whom their hopes depended, abandoned their ranks, and fled to their boats to escape to the other side of the Nile. The desperation of the Mamelukes was such, that seeing no means of escape, they fell upon the approaching columns, at the right, with their wings extended in order of attack, but with inconceivable rapidity they formed in a square, repulsed them with great slaughter, and drove them back in the direction of the Pyramids. The intrenched camp fell into the hands of the victors, with all its artillery, stores, and baggage. Many thousands of the Mamelukes were drowned or killed, and of those who had appeared in such splendor in the morning, not more than 2,500 escaped with Mourad Bey into Upper Egypt. The French hardly lost 200 men in the action, and several days were employed after the battle in stripping the killed of their magnificent apparel, or fishing up the rich spoils from the banks of the Nile.

PYRENEES.—The Pyrenees, renowned in ancient and modern history, is a chain of mountains which separates France from Spain, and which, in its largest extent, stretches from Cape Creux in Spain on the Mediterranean, near the frontier of France, westward to the coast of Galicia, a distance of nearly 650 miles. It is more usual, however, to confine the term to that portion of the chain which separates Spain from France.

The Pyrenees, which seem to have been known to the Greeks, under the name of Πυρήνη, are connected with many important historical events. Hannibal crossed them on his way to Italy, at the beginning of the second Punic war.* Julius Cæsar also traversed them with his army when marching into Spain against Pompey. Charlemagne carried his victorious arms over these mountains, and added Spain to the empire of the Franks.† Edward the Black Prince led his army over one of the western passes, while fighting in defense of Peter the Cruel, against Henry of Trastamare; and these mountains have obtained a more recent celebrity from having been the scene of several obstinate struggles between the French and English at the close of the Peninsular War.

After the battle of Vittoria (fought June 21st, 1813), Napoleon sent Soult to supersede Jourdan, with instructions to drive the allies across the Ebro. The allies mustered in all 72,000 combatants of the Anglo-Portuguese army, of whom 7,000 were cavalry, besides 25,000 Spaniards. The entire French army consisted of about 70,000 men. Both armies occupied a line about forty miles in length from the sea on the left to the pass of Roncesvalles, on the extreme right. The British were posted on the high grounds, and occupied passes in the mountains difficult of access, yet the columns had the disadvantage of being separated from each other by inaccessible ridges, and could only communicate with, or receive support from each other, by a round-about march of some days in the rear. The French were grouped in the plain, from which access was easy from any one part of the line to the other, and could at pleasure throw the weight of their force against the weakest part of the allied line, and overwhelm it by a vehement irruption with superior forces, before succor could by possibility be obtained.

Having concentrated his troops, and selected his point of attack, Soult, at daybreak on the 25th of July, with 35,000 combatants ascended the French side of the pass of Roncesvalles, while D'Erlon, with the center, 20,000 strong, threatened the British center by Puerta de Mayor, at the head of the valley of Basten; and Villatte with the remainder of the army remained in observation on the Bidassoa. Soult's object in this measure was to accumulate forces on Wellington's right, more rapidly than the English general could collect forces to oppose him; to relieve Pampeluna which was occupied by 6,000 French troops, who had been thrown into that fortress by the army during its retreat from Vittoria, and which was blockaded by the British army under O'Donnell; and then turning to his own right, descend upon St. Sebastian, which was also blockaded by the British. While he was performing this part of his plan, his center and right were to force the allied positions in their front. To facilitate these operations, great efforts had been made in the preceding days to smooth the ascent to the pass of Roncesvalles, and 300 bullocks were in readiness to assist in dragging the guns up the long and toilsome ascent. Sixty pieces of artillery accompanied the center and left, and the troops each carried provisions for four days' consumption. At daybreak on the 25th, Clausen with three divisions suddenly commenced an attack upon the British and Spaniards who occupied an elevated position 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, and on the summit of a craggy ridge of rock at Altobiscar, commanding the higher parts of the pass of Roncesvalles. The steep ascent soon rung with louder notes than the bugles of Charlemagne, for the British troops, undismayed by the multitude of assailants, made a vigorous resistance: the

* See Saguntum. † See Roncesvalles.

musketry pealed sharp and long among the rocks, and the advancing columns, fell fast beneath the deadly fire which issued from above the clouds. But the French, electrified by the presence of Soult, and burning to efface the recollection of their recent defeat, advanced with the utmost intrepidity, and toiled far up the steep, and finally forced the allies to abandon the strong position of the Altobiscar, and retreat toward the general rendezvous of the troops in that quarter, in the valley of Zubiri.

While the pass of Roncesvalles was thus forced on the allied right, the Puerta de Maya in the center had also been the scene of a sanguinary conflict. D'Erlon had, early in the morning, put himself in motion on the same day, to attack that pass at the head of the valley of Bastan, and thus pour down another road on the British blockading force at Pampeluna. Hill was there with the second division, and the ground at the summit of the pass was exceedingly strong, consisting of an elevated valley three miles broad, flanked by lofty rocks and ridges on either side, and presenting scenery of the grandest description. The better to conceal his real intentions, Count d'Erlon, early on the morning of the 25th, made some demonstrations against the small passes of Espegne and Lareta, which lie to the right of that of Mayor, and were guarded by the Portuguese; and under cover of these movements, he brought forward his main body, long concealed from view by the great wood leading direct from Urdax up the pass, and they were near the summit before they were perceived.

The alarm-guns were instantly fired; the pickets were driven in with heavy loss, and the light companies slowly retired, firing quickly as they fell back, with the utmost steadiness. Breathless with running up the Spanish side, from the bivouacs a little below the summit, the British regiments now came up. A fierce fight ensued. The French rushing up the rocky acclivity, were met by the enemy with the utmost gallantry. The cries of the combatants; the sharp ringing volleys of musketry, and the screams of the wounded, resounded through that rock-inclosed avenue with tenfold effect. The French pushed the enemy back to the last ridge of the pass, and the English were about to abandon the crest of the mountain altogether; but Barnes with a fresh brigade came up from Echallar, and thus reinforced, the English drove the French back to the first summit of the range. But like a returning wave the French troops again rushed upon the enemy, and driving them back finally remained in possession of the important pass. Thus far the most brilliant success had attended Soult's operations; he had won the two principal passes leading to Pampeluna, and final success seemed inevitable.

On the morning of the 26th, Soult's march was retarded by a thick fog which hung on the higher parts of the mountains; he at length, however, got into motion, and descended the valley in pursuit of the British, who were retreating to Zubiri. The next day the British continued their retreat toward Pampeluna, and took up a position at Sauroren, about four miles in front of that division. The garrison of Pampeluna meanwhile taking advantage of the alarm created in the rear of the allies by the retreat of the army, made a sortie; O'Donnell, who commanded the blockading force, immediately spiked his guns, and destroyed his magazines, to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands; and he would have raised the blockade entirely had not Don Carlos d'Espana come up at the moment with his corps, and restored some sort of order in the besieging force.

Wellington was on his way from St. Sebastian when he received intelligence of Soult's irruption, and he immediately ordered Graham to raise the siege of St. Sebastian, embark the stores and guns, and hasten with all his disposable force to the support of Giron, in a defensive position previously selected for battle on the southern side of the Bidassoa. These orders were punctually executed; and, meanwhile, Wellington set out on horseback with the utmost speed to join Picton's and Cole's divisions in their position in front of Pampeluna. As he entered the village of Sauroren, he saw Clausen's division moving along the crest of the mountain opposite, which made an alteration of his dispositions advisable. He immediately dispatched Lord Fitzroy Somerset (afterward Lord Raglan), with the necessary orders to his generals, and spurred his horse up the ascent to join the British troops. When he arrived at their position, he and Soult were so near that their features, with the aid of a telescope, were visible to each other. The French general resolved to attack the British position the next day; and although a sharp fire of musketry along the front of the line, commenced at six o'clock in the evening, no important operation took place on either side until the following morning.

Early on the morning of the 28th, the allied army having received considerable reinforcements during the night, were under arms. The position which they occupied was very strong. Their troops were drawn up in two lines; the first on the summit of the ridge of Oricain, stretched in the form of a convex semicircle, from the village of that name on the left, to Zaboldica on the right, and was about two miles in length, covered

on the right flank by the river Guy, and on the left by the torrent Lanz. On this ridge the guns of which commanded the roads down the valleys on either side, stood a British division under Cole; while another division was drawn up across the Lanz in the valley on the left, and entirely blocked up the approach to Pampeluna in that direction. The Spaniards under Murillo held in strength the crest of the ridge on the extreme left, above the Estreiba, the valley where the river Lanz flows. The second line was posted on a still more rugged ridge, which runs entirely across the valley, and is cleft asunder by two narrow openings, through the left of which the Lanz makes its way between overhanging rocks, while through the one on the right the Guy descends; and these two streams, uniting in the rear of the ridge, form the Arga river, which, a mile further on, washes the ramparts of Pampeluna. On this strong ground, the front of which is uncommonly bold and abrupt toward the north, Picton's division was placed; his right in front of Huarte—which village lies immediately behind the opening through which the Guy flows—his left, communicating with the Spaniards under O'Donnell, who had been hurried up from the lines before Pampeluna, stretched on the heights across the gap formed by the Lanz, and in front of the village of Villaba.

The rocks on which the first line stood, consisted of huge piles, standing one above the other, like the ruins of gigantic castles, half gone to ruin; and none but the troops inured to the perils of the Peninsular warfare, would have thought of assailing them. But Soult's men were equal to the task. Having minutely surveyed the ground, he resolved upon an attack. Both armies were nearly equal, each being about 30,000 strong. Of the allies 10,000, however, were Spaniards; but the great strength of the position compensated for the inferiority in the quality of these troops. About mid-day on the 28th of July (the anniversary of the battle of Talavera) the French tirailleurs with the most admirable gallantry began to swarm up the steep; while Clausen's division, in the valley of Lanz, burning with ardor, poured down the sides of the stream in one impetuous mass, even before the signal for attack was given. But just as it had turned Cole's left, and was preparing to double upon his rear, a Portuguese brigade appeared on the heights on its right flank, while the broad lines of the English uniforms emerging from behind the same ridge, stood in battle array in its front! Time there was none either for deliberation or retreat. The British in front opened a heavy fire on the head of the column; the Portuguese on the right poured in their shot on the one flank, while two British brigades, descending from their rocky fastness on the left, smote the other with redoubled fury. Thus fiercely assailed at once in front and both flanks by an enemy heretofore invisible, the French columns recoiled, still bravely combating, and strewed their numerous slain along their line of retreat.

While this bloody action was going on upon the British left, in the valley of Lanz, a conflict of unequaled severity was raging along the top of the ridge in the center and right. With surpassing valor Clausen's other divisions rushed up the steep face of the mountain, and, undismayed by a plunging fire, which in many cases swept off half their battalions, worked their toilsome way up to the top. In some instances their extraordinary gallantry met with deserved but temporary success. The Portuguese caçadores shrunk from the terrible encounter on the summit, and the French established themselves for a few minutes on their part, on the left of the ridge; but Ross's brigade, instantly advancing, charged them with a loud shout, and hurled them down the steep. Again they returned, however, reinforced, to the charge. Another Portuguese regiment on Ross's right having given way, the French penetrated in that opening, and that brigade was compelled to give ground. Instantly the assailants stood on his position on the summit; the line began to deploy to a considerable breadth on either side, and the crest of the mountain, enveloped in cloud and flame, seemed already won. In this extremity Wellington ordered up Byng's brigade, which advanced in double-quick time; two regiments were brought down from the higher ground in the center; and thus strengthened the British with indescribable fury charged the crowded masses of the enemy on the summit, and the whole were rolled in wild confusion over the rocks. Meanwhile Reille's division, on the left of Clausen's division, had environed the right of the position above the Guy stream, where Murillo's Spaniards were placed, and mounting fiercely the hill-side, dislodged them from their ground. A Portuguese battalion gallantly advancing, took its place in their room on the left of the British regiment, which waited in stern silence until the French set their feet on the broad summit; but when their glittering arms appeared over the brow of the mountain, the charging cry was heard, the crowded mass was broken to pieces, and a tempest of bullets followed its flight. Four times this assault was renewed, and the French officers were seen to pull up their tired men by the belts, so fierce and resolute were they to win. But their efforts were fruitless. The allies, posted in a favorable position, hurled back the French

with ease; and at length, with thinned ranks and weary limbs, the assailants were obliged to retire. The French general now saw that the position of his enemy was too strong to be forced. He therefore relinquished his design of relieving Pampeluna, and resolved to throw the weight of his forces towards St. Sebastian and raise the siege of that fortress. During the night after that battle, Wellington was reinforced by the arrival of General Hill's three divisions; and having now over fifty thousand men, determined to assume the offensive. An indecisive battle was fought the next day, and both armies spent the night of the 29th on the field of battle; but Soult, finding himself pressed by superior numbers, the next day retreated with all possible expedition, up the valleys of Lanz and Guy, and closely pursued by the enemy, with whom he fought as he retreated, finally, on the 1st of August reached the French side of the Pyrenees. The French lost in this vain attempt, 20,000 men. The allies lost 7,096 men, of whom 4,756 were British soldiers.

The two armies, after Soult's retreat to the French side of the mountains, occupied nearly the same position that they had held before the irruption took place. The first object which occupied the attention of the British general, after the defeat of Soult's irruption, was the renewal of the siege of St. Sebastian, which had been so rudely interrupted.

QUAKER HILL, A.D. 1778.—On the 29th of August, 1778, an engagement took place between the American patriot army under General Sullivan, and the British under General Pigot, near Quaker Hill, about twelve miles from Newport, Rhode Island. The American army consisted of about 5,000 men; and that of the English was of about the same strength; but only about 1,200 on either side were engaged. The action commenced at nine o'clock in the morning, and continued until three in the afternoon, when the British were forced to retire. The Americans lost thirty killed, 132 wounded, and forty-four missing. The British lost in killed and wounded 210, and twelve missing.

QUATRE BRAS, A.D. 1815.—The little village of Quatre Bras ("four arms,") in Belgium, ten miles from the village of Waterloo, was the theater of an action between the French and English on the 16th of June, 1815, two days before the battle of Waterloo. See *Waterloo.*

QUEBEC, A. D. 1759.—On the north bank of the river St. Lawrence, 340 miles from its mouth, stands the city of Quebec, the capital of the two Canadas, and one of the most beautiful and populous places in the British North American provinces. The city consists of an Upper and Lower Town, the former within fortified walls, upon the top and declivities of a high peninsula; the latter occupying a narrow beach at the margin of the water. Upon the heights is a level plateau, called the plains of Abraham. The river St. Charles enters the St. Lawrence a little north of the city.

In July, in the year 1759, Quebec was strongly garrisoned by French regulars, and Montcalm, with the main body of the French army, occupied a fortified camp along the north bank of the St. Lawrence, between the St. Charles and Montmorenci rivers. William Pitt, the great statesman of England, had conceived the magnificent scheme of putting an end to French dominion in America by conquering all Canada. General Amherst was appointed commander-in-chief in place of Abercombie, and early in the spring of 1759, he found himself at the head of 20,000 provincial troops. A large land and sea force was also sent from England to cooperate with the Americans; and Amherst at once made preparations to carry the war forward to a successful termination. A strong naval and land force under General Wolfe was to ascend the St. Lawrence and attack Quebec; a second force under Amherst was to expel the French from Lake Champlain, and fall upon Montreal, after which he was to join Wolfe at Quebec, and a third expedition under General Prideaux was to attack fort Niagara, and then to proceed with all possible speed down lake Ontario to Montreal. In the month of June Wolfe, with 8,000 troops under convoy of twenty-two line of battle ships, and as many frigates and other armed vessels, under Admiral Saunders, left Louisburg, on the St. Lawrence, and arrived on the 26th at the Isle of Orleans, a few miles below Quebec. Wolfe disembarked on the island on the 27th of June. The two armies were within sound of each others' arms; and the scene presented must have been indeed magnificent. The island of Orleans, with its emerald surface dotted with the tents of Wolfe's encampment; the placid waters of the St. Lawrence reflecting the sails of the British fleet; the army of Montcalm stretching between

two rivers, with its center at Beauport, and the city of Quebec reposing in tranquillity at the extreme verge of the horizon, all formed a picture worthy of an artist's pencil. Montcalm's army consisted in all of about 5,000 men, a small force indeed when compared with the army and fleet of Wolfe. On the 30th of July, a British detachment of about 2,000 men, took possession of Point Levi, opposite Quebec. The river at this point is about a mile in width; and the English, by the discharge of red-hot balls and shells, almost destroyed the Lower Town. But the citadel which stands in the Upper Town, crossing Cape Diamond, was beyond their reach, and every approach from the river was so strongly protected that an assault was impracticable.

Wolfe was eager for battle, and seeing that the eastern bank of the Montmorenci was more elevated than the ground occupied by Montcalm, resolved to remove his army thither, and on the 9th of July he crossed the river with the troops of generals Townshend and Murray from Orleans Island and encamped on the east shore of the Montmorenci, directly opposite the left flank of the French army. The river Montmorenci is a very rapid stream; precipitating itself through rocky gorges in impassable eddies and rapids. A ford was formed three miles in the interior; but the opposite shore was high, woody, and strongly fortified. The vigilant Montcalm had not left a spot for miles along the line of the river unprotected. Wolfe now proceeded to reconnoiter the shore above the town. With six ships he sailed along the strongly protected bank, from the Montmorenci to the St. Charles; passed the high cliff of Cape Diamond, and coasted along the bluff precipice which extends beyond the citadel, and saw everywhere a place strongly protected by nature and art; inaccessible heights, crowned with cannon; and intrenchments and floating batteries guarded every approach. He attempted however to land at St. Michael's Cove three miles above the city; but the enemy prevented him from so doing by planting a mortar and some cannon to play on the ships. On the 28th of July, the French sent down an immense raft of five stages, to destroy the British fleet; but they proved ineffective. Meanwhile Wolfe returned to his camp on the Montmorenci. Weary with inactivity he resolved on an engagement. Three hundred yards above its mouth, the Montmorenci plunges over a rocky precipice, and then flows calmly and smoothly toward the St. Lawrence. Near the junction of the two rivers, the Montmorenci at certain hours, is very shallow, and may be crossed on foot. Wolfe decided that Murray and Townshend, with about 4,000 men, should ford the Montmorenci at this place, at the proper hour, while Monckton's troops should cross the St. Lawrence from Point Levi in boats.

Battle of Montmorenci.—The signal was given, and the British troops were put in motion. The boats rapidly advanced toward the Canadian shore; but some of them grounded on a ledge of rocks which extends into the river. The French poured forth incessant discharges of shot and shell upon the enemy; and in the midst of this iron tempest, Wolfe, with a number of naval officers, calmly selected a landing-place. The seamen meanwhile were busily engaged in getting off the grounded boats. At length 13 companies of grenadiers effected a landing, and without waiting for the arrival of Murray and Townshend, who were fording the river, rushed furiously toward the French intrenchments; but they were received by such a terrific discharge of musketry and artillery, that they were thrown back in the utmost disorder, and could not again be rallied. Wolfe saw the impossibility of success, and ordered a retreat, and the British returned to their camps on the east shore of the Montmorenci, and at Point Levi, having lost in this fruitless attack, nearly 500 men, while the enemy was uninjured. Eight weeks elapsed and the British troops had yet obtained no decided advantage. Wolfe burning with impatience, and filled with anxiety and care, sickened beneath his load of trouble, and at the beginning of September lay prostrate in his tent. Yet his mind was active, and he called a council of war at his bedside, and on the suggestion of Townshend it was decided to scale the heights of Abraham, above the town, and assail the place on its weakest side. Wolfe acquiesced in his proposal, and prepared to carry it into effect. Attended by the admiral, Wolfe, feeble as he was, examined in person the citadel once more; and the camp on the Montmorenci was removed to Point Levi, as a preparatory movement. Having secured the posts on Orleans Island, and opposite Quebec, on the 5th and 6th of September Wolfe marched with the army from Point Levi, and embarked them in transports. On the 7th, 8th and 9th, Admiral Holmes, with the ships ascended the river to amuse De Bougainville, who had been sent up the St. Lawrence with about 1,500 men to watch the movements of the enemy, and succeeded in allaying the suspicions of that officer. In fact Montcalm, and the whole French army with the citizens of Quebec, believed that the worst dangers of the siege were over. Meanwhile Wolfe made dilligent preparations to attack the place. He applied himself closely to the examination of the north shore above Quebec.

"Nature has given me good eyes as well as a warmth of temper to follow first impressions," wrote Wolfe on the 1st of December, 1758, and on this occasion he used his eyes to a good purpose. He himself discovered the cove which now is called by his name, and he saw the ravine which breaks the steepness of the rocky shore, and which although narrow, nevertheless wound up to the summit, and was, as he discovered by counting the tents, protected only by about 100 men. This ravine is now called *Wolfe's Ravine.* He resolved to land at this point; push up with his men through the ravine, in the face of the troops who guarded it, and take the enemy by surprise. On the evening of the 12th of September, having made all his preparations, Wolfe with his troops ascended the river in several vessels of the fleet to a point some distance above the ravine. At midnight the troops embarked in flat boats, and with muffled oars stole down the river, to the mouth of the ravine, which is about a mile and a half above the city. The ships silently dropped down with the tide, and reached the cove in time to cover the landing of the troops. Wolfe and his men leaped to the shore; the light infantry landed a short distance below him, and the whole force clambered up to the top of the cliff, some through the ravine, and some up the very face of the precipice, clinging, as they went, to the roots and boughs of the trees that covered the declivity. By daybreak Wolfe's entire force had gained the summit of the rock, and stood on the Plains of Abraham in battle array. The news of this bold movement on the part of the enemy filled Montcalm with astonishment. He at first believed it to be but a small party come to burn the houses and retire; but he soon received reliable information and resolved to give battle at once. He immediately marched from his encampment with his whole army and crossing the St. Charles river, confronted the British army at about ten o'clock in the morning of the same day.

The Battle of the Plains of Abraham.—The ground between the two armies was crossed by ravines and rail fences. The British troops were all regulars, and filled with enthusiasm: and proud of their morning's achievement panted with the desire to engage the enemy. Montcalm's army consisted chiefly of militia; only about 2,000 were regular troops. The French had two pieces of cannon; the English two. The battle commenced with a sharp cannonade from both parties, which lasted about an hour. Montcalm now resolved to gain the left flank of the enemy and crowd him down the high bank of the river. Accordingly he called De Bougainville to his aid, and sent messenger after messenger, for De Vandreuil, who with 1,500 men remained at the camp, with orders to join him before he was driven from the ground. Wolfe saw through Montcalm's intention, and covered his left flank with the regiment of Amherst under Townshend, and a detachment of the royal Americans. Montcalm waited anxiously for De Vandreuil; he came not, and the French general led his army impetuously to the attack. The English reserved their fire until the enemy was within forty yards of their line; then with regularity and precision they delivered volley after volley of musketry, which checked the progress of the Canadians and threw them into disorder. Montcalm flew from rank to rank, urging his men on to the fight. Although grievously wounded he maintained his place in their front, encouraging them both by words and example. The gallant though unpracticed Canadians, bewildered by the carnage which was committed on their ranks, wavered; they saw the brave De Lennezergues, the second in command, fall dead from his horse, and terror was rapidly spreading through their ranks. Wolfe placing himself at the head of the 28th and Louisburg grenadiers, led them forward to a bayonet charge. Like a hurricane they dashed upon the affrighted Canadians scattering them in all directions; but before they fled, the Canadians had delivered their fire with terrible effect: the British officers Barre, and Carlton, were severely wounded, and Wolfe himself received a musket-ball in his wrist. The British pressed forward, and Wolfe was again wounded; and at the very moment of victory he received a third ball in the breast, and fell, mortally wounded. "Support me," he exclaimed to an officer near him; "let not my brave fellows see me drop." They carried him to the rear. "They run, they run!" cried an officer who was holding his loved commander in his arms. "Who run?" inquired Wolfe. "The French are giving way in every quarter," replied the officer. "What!" said Wolfe, and his eye lighted for an instant, "do they run already?" Then after murmuring a few words of directions as to the pursuit, he fell back in the arms of his friend and with the exclamation, "I die content," expired. General Monckton was shot through the lungs, and the command devolved upon Townshend. This general recalled the army from the pursuit and declined to engage with De Bougainville, who now appeared in view with fresh troops. Montcalm was struck twice during the action; first at the beginning of the battle, and next and mortally while attempting to rally a body of fugitives in a copse near St. John's gate. On being informed by the surgeon that he could not live, he cried, "I am glad of it; how long shall I survive?"

"Ten or twelve hours, at the furthest," was the reply. "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Townshend now prepared to besiege the city; and De Vandreuil, on whom now the command of the army fell, wrote to De Ramsay at Quebec, not to wait for an assault, but surrender, as soon as his provisions were exhausted. The citizens fearing a famine, and dreading the horrors of an assault, urged a surrender; and on the 18th of September, five days after the battle, Quebec, with its fortifications, people, stores, and shipping, was surrendered to the English. The English lost in the battle of the Plains of Abraham, 600 in killed and wounded; the French lost 500 killed, and 1,000 made prisoners including the wounded. The French although disheartened by the loss of Quebec, were not conquered; they still held Montreal, and had a large land and naval force above Quebec.

Siege of 1760.—Early in the year 1760, Vandreuil, the French Governor-General of Canada, sent De Levi, Montcalm's successor, with about 10,000 men, to besiege Quebec. Quebec was garrisoned by about 7,000 British troops, under the command of General Murray. De Levi, with a fleet of six vessels, besides his land army, went down the St. Lawrence, and arrived within a few miles of Quebec, on the 28th of April. Murray went out to meet him, and on the same day the two armies came in collision at Sillery wood, three miles above Quebec. The British troops rushed precipitately on the vanguard of the French, who received them with so much ardor that they fell back. In danger of being surrounded by the enemy, Murray was compelled to retreat to the city, abandoning "his very fine train of artillery," and losing 1,000 men. The French lost about 300 men. De Levi laid siege to Quebec, and the English garrison, reduced by death during the winter, sickness, and the disastrous battle, was reduced to about 2,000 effective men. The condition of the garrison was becoming perilous, when it was rescued by the foresight of Pitt, who, at his bidding, was on its way to Quebec. On the 18th of May the fleet approached in the St. Lawrence, and De Levi at once raised the siege, and fled to Montreal. In June Pitt thus wrote to his wife, the sister of Lord Temple and George Grenville: "Join, my love, with me in most humble and grateful thanks to the Almighty. The siege of Quebec was raised on the 17th of May, with every happy circumstance. The enemy left their camp standing, and abandoned forty pieces of cannon. Swanton arrived there in the *Vanguard* on the 15th, and destroyed all the French shipping, six or seven in number. Happy, happy day! My joy and hurry are inexpressible."

The fall of Montreal, which occurred in 1760, completed the conquest of Canada, and Quebec remained in the firm possession of the British.

Siege of 1775.—The American patriots had cordially invited the Canadians to join them in their efforts for liberty; but their proffers of friendship were repulsed, and the Americans could not but consider the Canadians as positive supporters of the cause of the king. The Americans, therefore, in 1775, resolved to take possession of Canada, and prevent its being used by the British as a place of rendezvous and supply. To carry this resolution into effect, a body of New York and New England troops, under Schuyler and Montgomery, were ordered to proceed to Montreal and Quebec, by the way of Lake Champlain; and Colonel Benedict Arnold, with about 1,000 men, was to march through the wilderness by the Kennebec and Chaudiere rivers, and join Montgomery before the walls of Quebec. Arnold left Cambridge early in September, 1775, and after enduring incredible hardships in his long and weary march through the deep forests, arrived at Point Levi, opposite Quebec, on the 9th of November. Arnold was well acquainted with the localities in and around Quebec, having visited the place several times in earlier life, and many of the inhabitants were his personal friends. The people of Quebec were filled with astonishment and fear at the sudden appearance of the American army in the vicinity of their city; the drums beat to arms, and the whole town was in a state of tumult. Arnold found means to apprise his friends in the city of his instructions, and was upon the point of crossing the river, when a violent tempest of wind and snow arose, and he was compelled to await till it abated. Meanwhile, the garrison of the city was reinforced by troops from Sorel, and a frigate (the *Lizzard*), with a sloop, was placed in the river to intercept the Americans, should they attempt a passage. The wind at length abated; and on the night of the 13th of November, the Americans, leaving 150 at Point Levi, embarked in thirty or forty birch canoes, and crossed the river, and rendezvoused at Wolfe's Cove. Arnold immediately led his men up the rugged path, which Wolfe had trodden sixteen years before, and at daybreak stood on the plains of Abraham. His whole force consisted of only 750 men; and after having vainly endeavored to draw out the garrison by hostile displays on the heights, he sent a flag to McLean, the commander of the garrison, and summoned him to surrender. McLean, however, not only refused to admit the message, but ordered his men to fire upon the bearers. Arnold, at the same time, was informed that Carlton

and his troops, who had escaped the discomfiture of Montreal, was coming down the river, and finding that nearly all his cartridges were spoiled, and hearing also that the garrison meditated a sortie, felt constrained to retire. He retreated to Point-aux-Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec, to await the arrival of Montgomery.

On the 1st of December, Montgomery arrived with his troops at Point-aux-Trembles, and the united forces amounted to about 900 men. The next day they started for Quebec, and arrived in sight of the city on the 5th. Meanwhile Carlton had arrived at Quebec, and the garrison thus augmented was considerably stronger in point of numbers than the American army. The English, however, considered the Americans much stronger. On the morning of the 6th, Montgomery sent a letter to Carlton, by a flag, demanding an immediate surrender. The governor ordered his troops to fire upon the bearer. Montgomery then resorted to the agency of an inhabitant to bear a second letter to Carlton; in which after magnifying his own strength, the weakness of the garrison, and the impossibility of defense, he demanded an immediate surrender, threatening an assault, and all the calamities which an irritated and victorious soldiery are apt to inflict upon places taken by storm. Carlton imagined the American army much larger than it really was, yet he was not easily frightened. Like Arnold, Montgomery had friends in the town, but, overawed by the presence of the British troops, they dared not do anything in favor of the besiegers. The Americans finding that all attempts to persuade Carlton to surrender were fruitless, resolved to annoy the people into submission, by continual and harassing attacks on the city, and accordingingly endeavored to throw shells over the walls. These attempts proved unavailing, and Montgomery then erected a six gun battery upon some heaps of ice and snow within 700 paces of the walls, and opened a fire from it; but his pieces were too light to be of service, and for three weeks the Americans remained before the walls without gaining any advantage. At length a council of war was called, and a general assault on the town at several points was decided upon. Accordingly at two o'clock on the morning of the 31st of December the troops were ordered to parade in three divisions. The New York militia and a portion of Easton's militia, were under the immediate command of Montgomery; the Cambridge detachments, Captain Morgan's riflemen, and Colonel Lamb's artillery corps, with one piece, were commanded by Arnold; and the third division, which consisted of the troops of Livingston and Brown, paraded under their respective commanders. Montgomery resolved to assail the town at four points. The troops of Livingston and Brown were to distract the attention of the enemy by feigned attacks on the Upper Town, from the Plains of Abraham, the one against the St. Louis and St. John's gates, and the other against the Diamond Bastion, while his own division and that of Arnold, should assail the Lower Town on opposite sides. Montgomery was well aware that if he should carry the Lower Town, the conquest of the other part of the place, would still be difficult; but he hoped that the inhabitants, on finding the enemy in possession of so much of their property, would force Carlton to surrender. The month of December, 1775, departed in a howling storm of wind and snow, and in the midst of this blinding tempest the American army advanced toward the city. The first division under Montgomery descended from the Plains of Abraham, to Wolfe's Cove, and advanced upon the bank of the river. The lofty heights and the grim guns of Cape Diamond frowned over their heads; and the whirling tempest beat fiercely upon their breasts, and piled huge snow-drifts in their path. The second division under Arnold advanced around the north side of the place on the river St. Charles. Montgomery and Arnold were to meet at Mountain-street, and the united forces were to assail Prescott gate. The columns of Brown and Livingston, impeded by the snow and other obstacles, were prevented from executing their feints. Montgomery and his men arrived at a point, under Cape Diamond, called Pres-de-Ville. Here the huge cliff on which stands the bastion, advances abruptly toward the river; and the narrow path between the rocky wall and the water was defended by a battery, in charge of a captain of Canadian militia, with thirty-eight men. The guns were manned by nine British seamen, under Captain Barnsfare. The Americans cautiously approached the battery; the enemy remained inactive. Montgomery halted to reconnoiter. The silence of the British caused him to believe that his approach was unobserved; but Barnsfare had seen through the gloom of the storm, the advance of the enemy, and was prepared to receive them. Montgomery sprang forward with the thrilling exhortation, "Men of New York, you will not fear to follow where your general leads. March on!" The Americans followed their gallant commander, rushing over heaps of ice and snow, and through the blinding storm which beat fast and furious in their faces.

Captain Barnsfare reserved his fire until the Americans had arrived within about forty yards of his battery, then he gave the signal,

the match was applied, and a terrific tempest of grape-shot swept through the American column, committing fearful havoc. Montgomery and both his aides, Captains Macpherson and Cheeseman, were killed on the spot, and a number of privates were also slain. The rest, appalled at the death of their general, shrunk back, and fled in wild disorder back to Wolfe's Cove. Colonel Campbell here assumed the command, but made no further attempts to join the troops of Arnold. Meanwhile, Arnold at the head of his men was slowly working his way along the St. Charles, through immense drifts of snow, toward the city. He finally reached the narrow street called *Sault au Matelot*, when his progress was checked by a battery of two guns, which the besieged had erected under a high projecting rock. The battery was well manned. The Americans halted for a moment and then Arnold led his men forward at a rapid pace. The besieged appearing upon the walls, poured incessant volleys of musketry on the assailants, and a musket-ball struck Arnold in the knee, injuring him so seriously that he was completely disabled, and was carried back to the hospital. Morgan now assumed the command, and for more than an hour the Americans stood against the tempest of bullets and grape-shot which was hurled upon them from the battery and the walls. At length by a bold charge they carried the first battery, and rushed on the second, which commanded the streets of St. Peter and *Sault au Matelot*. The day began to break, and as the Americans approached the barrier they encountered a detachment of the enemy who had sallied out from the battery under Captain Anderson. The English officer summoned Morgan to lay down his arms. Morgan replied by leveling a musket and shooting the officer dead. The English retired within the barrier and a fierce conflict which lasted nearly three hours ensued. The Americans, assailed in front, flank, and rear by musketry from the battery, walls, and houses, suffered fearfully. At length the besiegers took shelter from the fire of the enemy in the neighboring houses, and a brisk fire was maintained through the windows by the Canadians and English who occupied other houses in the vicinity. The Americans at length drove back the enemy and carried the second barrier, and were preparing to rush into the town, when Carlton detached a large body of troops from the garrison, and sent them through Palace gate to attack the besiegers in the rear. Captain Dearborn with some American troops was posted near Palace gate. Suddenly the gates were flung open, and the British poured forth in overwhelming numbers on the Americans. Dearborn being entirely surrounded, was forced to surrender. Morgan with his riflemen was pressing forward into the town when he heard the news of Dearborn's surrender and Montgomery's defeat and death, and finding his retreat cut off on every side, he yielded and surrendered himself and troops as prisoners of war. The remainder of Morgan's division effected their escape and retreated to their camp. The Americans on this occasion lost in killed and wounded one hundred and sixty men. The British loss was only about twenty killed and wounded. Arnold, after the death of Montgomery, took the command of the army, and feeling unsafe under the walls of the city, retreated about three miles above the place, and took up a fortified position. He here assumed the attitude of a blockade, scouring the country, and cutting off supplies for the city in the hopes of bringing the enemy to terms. Carlton, on his part, feeling secure within the walls, and trusting in the hope of success, remained peaceably within the city, waiting for a more favorable season, and reinforcements from England. The belligerents remained in this relative position until the 1st of April 1776, when Arnold was joined by General Wooster and his troops from Montreal. Wooster, being senior in rank, took command, and the whole army now amounted to near three thousand men. Eight hundred of these, however, were sick with the small-pox. Wooster made immediate preparations to renew the siege. A battery was erected on the Plains of Abraham, and a cannonade was opened on the place. But all the efforts of the besiegers were fruitless, and Carlton having received reinforcements under Burgoyne, the Americans hastily raised the siege and retreated toward the Sorel, leaving the stores and sick behind them. Burgoyne followed them, and they were finally driven out of Canada.

QUEENSTOWN, A.D. 1812.—Queenstown is situated on the north bank of the Niagara river, in Lower Canada, directly opposite Lewiston, about seven miles below the Niagara Falls.

On the 13th of October, 1812, a battle occurred on Queenstown heights, between the American army under General Stephen Van Rensselaer, and the British under the command of General Sir Isaac Brock. The American army consisted of about 1,200 men; the British army numbered more than 2,500 men, besides hordes of Chippewa Indians. Early on the morning of the 13th, Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, with 300 militia, and Colonel Chrysler, with 300 regular troops, made preparations to cross the river from Lewiston. The British troops occupied a strong position on Queenstown heights, and while the Americans were crossing the

river, they were assailed by a terrific and incessant fire from the British batteries. As there was not a sufficient number of boats to convey all the troops over at once, the Americans were obliged to cross in detachments. Colonel Van Rensselaer at length, with about 100 men, effected a landing. These troops were led up the bank, where they halted to await the arrival of the others who were landing every moment, a few boat-loads at a time. It was now daybreak, and the British turned their fire upon this detachment, which, so much exposed, suffered greatly. In a few moments every commissioned officer was either killed or wounded. Colonel Van Rensselaer, being himself wounded in four places. He resolved, however to storm the heights, and ordered Captains Ogilvie and Wool to advance with the little band. The Americans rushed impetuously up the hill, and carried the heights and the enemy's works. The British retired into a strong stone house, whence they made an unsuccessful attempt to regain the ground they had lost. General Brock in person, attempted to rally his troops, and while endeavoring to lead on the grenadiers of the 49th, fell mortally wounded. On the fall of their leader, the British fled in dismay. At this time, Colonel Winfield Scott with one piece of artillery, and about 600 men, of whom 350 were regular troops, crossed over. The British also received a reinforcement of troops from Fort George, and 500 Chippewa Indians. Thus reinforced, the British far outnumbered the Americans, and the militia remaining at Lewiston cowardly refused to cross over to the assistance of their friends. Like the billows of a tempestuous ocean, the British columns rushed upon the American army, which stood in their midst like a wave-beaten rock, firm and unyielding. For eleven hours that little band contended against their foes, but at length they were compelled to surrender. The Americans lost on this occasion, about ninety killed, and 900 wounded, missing, and prisoners. The British did not suffer so much; but they met with an irreparable loss in the death of their gallant commander, General Brock. The behavior of some of the American militia during this day was disgraceful. Several hundred who had crossed over were found concealed along the shores, and were dragged out of their hiding-places by the heels by the British soldiers after the surrender.

RAAB, A.D. 1809.—Raab is a town in Hungary, and is situated on the river Raab, at its confluence with an arm of the Danube. The battle of Raab was fought on the 14th of June, 1809, between the French and the Austrians. The Austrian army consisted of about 40,000 men, and was commanded by the Archduke John. This army was posted upon the high grounds in front of the village of Raab. Their right rested on the village of Szabadhegi, and the heights bearing the same name, their left was covered by a morass; their center ran through the farm of Kismeyger: numerous light horse were dispersed along the front of the line, while a thousand picked troops occupied a square stone house, still further in advance of the center, which was loopholed, and strengthened by a few works, besides a deep rivulet, which formed a sort of natural fosse to the post. In this position, the Archduke John resolved to await the attack of the French, who, under Eugene Beauharnois were now approaching from the west. Prince Eugene resolved to attack the enemy on the 14th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Marengo. At ten o'clock in the morning of that day, the French army advanced to the struggle. Their left was commanded by Baraguay D'Hilliers; their center by Gremier, and their right was composed of the light infantry of Montbrun, and the heavy dragoons under Grouchy. Practhod, with several divisions, was in reserve behind the left and center. Eugene formed his troops in colums of divisions of echelon, the right in advance; but before the action had become serious, that order was abandoned by the rapid advance of the center and left, and the battle became general in parallel lines. The French army consisted of about 30,000 men. The troops of Serras first came into action. They attacked fiercely the square building in front of the Austrian position. The Austrians were speedily driven within their stronghold, but not before inflicting considerable loss on the assailants. Meanwhile, Durutte with a chosen division of infantry had advanced toward the village of Kismeyger, in the rear of the square house. But he was met by the fire of a battery of twelve pieces, under cover of which the Austrians made an onset, which for a moment checked the advance of the French.

Meanwhile, the Austrians in the square building maintained a furious fire through the loopholes upon the French, who were unable to dislodge them.

Baraguay d'Hilliers with his Italian division on the left, attacked the village of Szabadhey,

but were checked by the murderous fire which issued from that village.

Eugene saw that the decisive moment had arrived, and hastened to the spot. He instantly addressed a few words to the discomfited Italians, exhorting them to remember their victories and their glory; and brought forward the reserves under General Pacthod, to their support. The Italians returned to the charge, the center and right of the enemy were forced, and the village of Szabadhegi carried. Upon this the Archduke John brought up his reserve, consisting of the flower of the army. The French reserves and the Italians, overpowered by numbers, were driven from the village; again and again the French renewed the fight, and for a third time they were obliged to fall back. But at length the French returned to the charge for a final effort, and drove back the enemy, and threw their whole center and right wing into irretrievable confusion. In the mean time a furious combat was going on on the Austrian left, between the troops of Montbrun and Grouchy, and the whole weight of the Hungarian cavalry. This formidable body of horse, 7,000 strong, in the first instance overwhelmed Montbrun, with his division, who had advanced to the support of Colbert's brigade which was endeavoring to turn the square from a house in front which still prolonged its defense; but Grouchy came up with his terrible cuirassiers, and charged the Hungarians with such vigor that they were driven back so far as to leave the defenders of the house entirely to their own resources.

"Though thus left in the middle, as it were, of the French army, Hammel and the heroic defenders of the farm-house abated nothing of their resolution. Irritated at this prolonged opposition, Serras combined a new attack; he himself with his whole division, assailed it on one side, while Roussel, with a fresh brigade, recommenced the attack in front. Nothing could resist this last attack; surrounded on all sides, the walls of the building were carried by escalade, the doors cut down with redoubled strokes of the hatchet, and an infuriated soldiery rushed into the building. A frightful scene ensued. In the tumult the building took fire; the flames spread with extraordinary rapidity, and, amid the death-struggle between the French and Austrians, the roof fell in with a tremendous crash, and all within, friends and foes, perished. This decisive success established Eugene in a solid manner in the village of Kismeyger and center of the enemy, who now fought only to secure his retreat. It was conducted in disorder, and the archduke sought refuge under the cannon of Kosnour, abandoning the intrenched camp of Raab, which was immediately evacuated by some battalions of Hungarian troops by whom it was occupied. In this battle the Austrians lost about 6,000 men. The French lost about 2,000. Raab was shortly afterward besieged in due form, by the French under Lauriston, with heavy cannon drawn from the arsenal of Vienna, and on the 24th of June, taken, with its garrison of 2,000 men, and 18 guns.

RABASTENS.—This city of France suffered greatly during the religious wars which have ravaged that country at various periods. But it was reserved for Mouluc to complete the sufferings of the people of this unfortunate town. In revenge for a wound which he had received in the face, which obliged him ever afterward to wear a mask, he caused a general massacre of its inhabitants, regardless of age or sex; cast about 60 Protestant deputies headlong from a tower, and laid the town in ashes.

RAGAN, B.C. 625.—A great battle was fought between the Medes and Assyrians in the plain of Ragan, in Persia, about the year 625 B.C. Phraortes, the King of the Medes, was defeated; his chariots were overthrown, his cavalry put to flight, and his whole army thrown into disorder. Nebuchadnezzar taking advantage of the defeat and confusion of the Medes, entered their country; took their cities, and pushed on his conquests even to Ecbatana, which he took by storm, and gave over to be pillaged by his soldiers. The unfortunate Phraortes who had escaped into the mountains of Ragan, where he at last fell into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar, who cruelly caused him to be shot to death with darts. The mountains of Ragan are supposed to have been those now called Mazunderan near Teheran, the modern capital of Persia.

RAISIN, RIVER. See *Frenchtown*.

RAJDEER, A.D. 1818.—Rajdeer, in Hindoostan, was besieged in 1818, by the British. The place is strongly situated on a steep mountain, and is accessible only by one narrow path cut through the rocks and well protected by gates, yet, though plentifully supplied with provisions and water, the garrison evacuated the place at the first sound of the besiegers' cannon, and the British troops entered the place without losing a single man.

RAMALES, A.D. 1837.—Ramales in Spain was, in 1837, a scene of an obstinate and protracted struggle between the Carlists under General Maroto, and the troops of General Espartero. Maroto held the town, and the neighboring fort of Guardamino, and received the assaults of the enemy with the utmost coolness. The Carlists fought with dogged courage; but at length were obliged by the superior force and arms of the assailants, to

evacuate the place. But before leaving the town they set fire to the buildings and Ramales was reduced to a heap of ruins, in which condition it still remains.

RAMILLIES, A.D. 1706.—The village of Ramillies in Belgium, is famous in history from being the scene of the battle fought on the 23d of May, 1706, between the English, and the allies, under the Duke of Marlborough, on the one side, and the French under Marshal Villenoi, on the other. The French army consisted of about 80,000 men, being superior in numbers to that of the allies. The latter, however, owing as it is alleged, to the bad dispositions and incapacity of Villenoi, gained an easy as well as a complete victory. The French lost about 8,000 men, killed and wounded, and nearly 7,000 prisoners, including 600 officers, with all their artillery and baggage. The allies lost about 3,000 men. The Duke of Marlborough, whose gallantry was as conspicuous as his great talents as a general, had a horse shot under him in the action; and the head of Colonel Brierfield, who was assisting the duke to remount, was carried off by a canon-ball! This victory accelerated the fall of Louvain, Brussels, and other important places, and the British parliament rewarded the victor by settling the honors which had been conferred on himself upon the male and female issues of his daughters.

RAMSOUR'S MILLS, A.D. 1780.—Early in June, 1780, General Rutherford was stationed, with about 500 American militia, in the vicinity of Charlotte, North Carolina. Intelligence having reached him that the Tories were assembling beyond the Catawba in Tryon county, he called upon the militia of the adjoining country, to collect for the dispersion of those men. The Tories' place of rendezvous was at Ramsour's Mills, in the present county of Lincoln, on the south fork of the Catawba. Having received intelligence that the British under Lord Rawdon had returned toward Camden, Rutherford marched toward Ramsour's Mills. The force of the Tories amounted to about 1,300 men, and was commanded by Colonel John Moore, and Major Welch. On the 18th of June, Rutherford, having concentrated the militia of the neighboring towns, advanced to the Catawba; and on the 19th, crossed that river at Tuckesege Ford. He sent a messenger to Colonel Locke, of Rowan, ordering him to join his forces at a point on the Catawba sixteen miles from Ramsour's. Locke, with 400 militia, was encamped on the 19th of June, on Mountain Creek, higher up on the Catawba, about sixteen miles from Ramsour's. On the arrival of Rutherford's messenger, he called a council of his officers, and it was decided that it was not prudent to form a junction with that general's forces; but that a decided blow should be struck at once. It was resolved therefore, to attack the Tories without delay. Colonel Johnson was sent to apprise Rutherford of the state of affairs. He arrived at Rutherford's camp late in the same night. On the evening of the 19th Colonel Locke and his troops commenced their march, and arrived within a mile of the enemy's camp early the following morning. The Tories occupied a lofty eminence, about 300 paces from Ramsour's Mills, and half a mile from the present village of Lincolnton. The slope of the hill was almost entirely devoid of trees; and the position of the Tories was most advantageous, for, occupying an elevated ground which commanded the surrounding country, they could fire without impediment upon an approaching foe in any direction. Three mounted companies of the patriots, under Captains Falls, McDowell, and Brandon, led on to the attack, followed closely by the footmen who were under the immediate command of Colonel Locke. The patriots rushed up the hill with the utmost impetuosity. The Tories were taken by surprise. Their pickets fired, and immediately retreated to the camp. The Tories soon recovered from their confusion, and poured such a terrible fire upon the assailants that they were compelled to retire. Rallied by their officers at the foot of the hill, the patriots again advanced to the attack, and the action became general. It was a fierce and cruel fight. Children of the same soil were opposed in deadly conflict to each other. There was no martial pomp on either side; the soldiers of both parties were clothed in citizen's guise. They fought in stern silence with that animosity for which civil war alone is distinguished. Brother against brother, neighbor against neighbor, regardless of the calls of mercy, and thinking only of mutual destruction.

The patriots under Captain Hardin gained the right flank of the Tories, while the action in the center was at its height, and fell fiercely on the enemy in that quarter. The troops were so close that they beat each other with the butts of their guns. After a desperate resistance the Tories were driven from their position and the patriots took possession of the heights. The Tories rallied at the foot of the hill; and fearing an immediate attack, Locke dispatched messengers to urge Rutherford forward. They met him within six miles of Ramsour's, advancing with all possible speed. A body of horse under Major Davie, started forward at full gallop, followed by Colonel Davidson's foot. Arriving within six miles of the scene of action they received intelligence that the Tories had retreated. Rutherford marched to the height and there

encamped. The fight had been brief but bloody. Seventy men were stretched dead upon the plain. Side by side lay the Tories and Whigs, clothed in the same raiment, and it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. It is thought that an equal number was slain on both sides. Fifty Tories were made prisoners. The next day the battle field presented a sad spectacle. Hundreds of the relatives of the slain were congregated on the plain, filling the air with pitiable lamentations as they recognized the bodies of fathers, husbands, sons and brothers. May God preserve our country from such another day!

RANSBECK, A.D. 1143.—The battle of Ransbeck, (a village of Belgium), was fought in 1143, between the soldiers of the lords of Deist Beribeck, Wesermael, and Wemmel, and the troops of those of Gimberghen and Mechlin. The prize for which they fought was the territory of Godfrey III. The battle was bloody and obstinate but at length resulted in the defeat of the lords of Gimberghen and Mechlin.

RAPHIA, B.C. 217.—In the year 217 B.C. Ptolemy, King of Egypt, caused his army of 70,000 foot, 5,000 horse, and 73 elephants to advance toward Pelusium. Placing himself at the head of these forces, he marched through the deserts which divide Egypt from Palestine, and encamped at Raphia, between Rhinacorura and Gaza, at which latter city the armies met. The army of Antiochus, King of Syria, was somewhat more numerous than the other. His forces consisted of 72,000 foot, 6,000 horse, and 102 elephants. He at first encamped within ten furlongs, and soon after, within five of the enemy. The two armies thus remained almost within sight of each other for a considerable length of time, and continual skirmishes took place between individuals who wished to distinguish themselves, and the parties who went to fetch water, or to forage. At length the two kings determined to decide their quarrel, and drew up their armies in battle array. They both rode along the lines of their troops to cheer and animate them to the utmost. Ptolemy's wife and sister Arsinoë, not only exhorted the soldiers before the battle to behave manfully, but she remained with her husband throughout the whole engagement. The right wing of the Syrians charged down upon the enemy's left like a hurricane, carrying every thing before them. The Egyptians turned and fled, and the Syrians, flushed with victory, warmly pursued the fugitives; but in the mean time the right wing of the Egyptian army had successfully charged upon the left wing of the enemy, and Ptolemy, perceiving that their center was uncovered, dashed upon it, and before Antiochus could come to its relief, it was broken, and his men were flying in disorder over the plain. In vain did he endeavor to rally his men; the overwhelming numbers of the Egyptians; the fearful slaughter which had already been committed upon their ranks, appalled them, and Antiochus was obliged to provide for his own retreat. He returned to Raphia with a loss of 10,000 men killed, and 4,000 taken prisoners. Shortly afterward, finding that it would now be impossible for him to maintain himself in that country against Ptolemy, he returned to Antioch with the balance of his army. The battle of Raphia was fought at the same time with that in which Hannibal defeated Flaminus the consul, on the banks of the lake Thrasymenus in Etruria.

RATISBON, A.D. 1809.—In the year 1809. Ratisbon, on the Danube, in Bavaria, was taken from the French by the Austrians, who having been defeated by Napoleon at the battle of Echmuhl, sought shelter within its walls, closely pressed by their victorious enemies. Alison thus describes the capture of Ratisbon by the French emperor:

"No sooner did Napoleon discover that the Archduke Charles had withdrawn the bulk of his forces during the night, than he moved forward the whole cavalry to attack the rear guard, drawn up in front of Ratisbon. Notwithstanding all their efforts, the Austrian generals could not prevent great confusion occurring as the host of the carriages withdrew into the town; and nearly a thousand brave horsemen there sacrificed themselves for the safety of the army. The screen of cavalry which was drawn up around the bridge of boats happily concealed its existence from the enemy till the troops were all over; but the pontoons themselves were burned or fell into the hands of the victors. At length the rear guard was all withdrawn within the walls of Ratisbon, the gates closed, and the ramparts lined with infantry.

"Napoleon arrived on the spot at noon on the 23d of April, the day after the battle of Echmuhl, and in his anxiety to press the assault, approached so near the walls that a musket-ball struck him on the right foot, and occasioned a considerable contusion. The pain obliged him to dismount from his horse; the report spread that the emperor was wounded, and instantly the soldiers broke from their ranks, and leaving their muskets, their guns, their horses, crowded round their beloved chief. Regardless of the cannon-balls which fell in the dense group, 15,000 men of all arms hastened to the spot, every one forgetting his own danger in the intense anxiety concerning their general's welfare. After a few moments, the wound was found so inconsiderable that the emperor again

mounted his horse; a rapturous cheer from the warlike multitude announced the joyful event to the army, and soon the rolling of the drums, and the clang of trumpets recalled the soldiers in all directions to their arms.

"This perilous incident retarded only for a few minutes the progress of the attack. Lannes, who directed the operations, perceiving a large house, which rested against the ramparts, pointed several guns against the walls, which speedily reduced them to ruins, and formed a sort of breach, by which access might be obtained to the summit. A heavy fire, however, was kept up from the rampart, which rendered the crossing of the glacis highly dangerous, and for a long time no soldiers could be found who would incur the hazard. Impatient of delay, Marshal Lannes seized a scaling-ladder, and himself ran forward over the perilous space, swept in every part by the enemy's balls. Animated by this example, the troops rushed on, cleared the glacis, leaped into the ditch, and crowding up the breach formed by the ruined house, forced their way into the house. Labedoyere, reserved for a melancholy fate in future times,* was the first man who was seen on the summit. The troops now followed rapidly into the town; the gates attacked in flank were seized and opened, and the streets filled with a ferocious multitude of assailants. Still the Hungarian grenadiers maintained their resistance. Slowly retiring toward the bridge, they kept up an incessant discharge upon their pursuers; the houses took fire in the conflict; the ammunition-wagons were only rescued from the flames by the united efforts of friends and foes, and after losing half their number in the desperate strife they reached the barricades of the bridge, where the cannonade of artillery from the opposite side was so violent as to render all further pursuit impossible. The French head-quarters were established for the night in the convent of Prull, under the walls; in the course of it the bridge was evacuated, and next day the Austrian rear guard was discovered beyond Stadt-am-Hoff, covering the retreat of the army to the woody heights of the Bohmervald."

The advantages gained by these brilliant operations to Napoleon were very great. Twelve days had only elapsed since he left Paris, and already he had combatted the Austrians on four successive days, and had taken a multitude of prisoners, over a hundred pieces of cannon, six hundred ammunition-wagons, two pontoon trains, and an incalculable quantity of baggage. Over 30,000 Austrians had fallen or had been made prisoners, and the spirit of the vanquished so thoroughly broken as to render them incapable of engaging in active operations. The French had lost between 15,000 and 20,000 men; but what was such a loss when compared to the brilliant path he had opened before him. The road to Vienna lay open to the conqueror. "If ever," says Alison, "the words of Cæsar, 'Veni, vidi, vici,' were applicable to a modern conqueror, they might have been used by Napoleon on this occasion."

* Ney and Labedoyere were tried for treason, declared guilty, and put to death by the allied powers after the fall of Napoleon.—Ed.

RAVENNA, A. D. 488. — Theodoric besieged Odoacer in Ravenna, a city of central Italy; but, too weak to carry the city by force, he resolved to reduce it by famine. Ravenna, being well supplied with provisions, and its port being accessible to light barks, the siege was protracted to two years and a half. Odoacer made frequent sorties by night, and never returned without having signalized his courage. Theodoric, master of all the neighboring country, at length succeeded in closing the port. Famine then began to be sensibly felt; a bushel of wheat was worth six pieces of gold (more than three pounds sterling); and the inhabitants were reduced to the extremity of eating every thing that could be converted into aliment. Odoacer, obliged to treat with his rival, contented himself with sharing with Theodoric the title of king. On the 5th of March, 491, the King of the Goths entered Ravenna. Such was, in Italy, the foundation of the kingdom of the Ostrogoths, which only subsisted 60 years. Odoacer was treated for some time with all the respect due to his dignity, but that prince, worthy of a better fate, was massacred soon after, with his son Silœnes, by Theodoric himself, in the midst of a banquet.

Second Siege, A.D. 550.—Belisarius, after having deprived Vitiges of the greater part of the places which that prince possessed in Italy, besieged him in Ravenna, which he soon reduced to a state of famine. It was here Belisarius was so near losing his life by an arrow, which was intercepted by a devoted follower, who sacrificed himself to save his master. The city was on the point of surrendering, when two senators arrived from Constantinople, charged with a message from Justinian to his victorious general, directing him to make peace with the King of the Goths. Belisarius was indignant at being thus deprived of the honor of conquering Italy. Under different pretexts he amused the senators, and pressed the siege more closely. Belisarius is one of the fine characters of history upon whom the young imagination loves to dwell. He was of the stamp of Plutarch's heroes; he was brave, magnanimous, good; and after being eminently successful, was as

eminently unfortunate, not from any falling off in himself, but from his master's weakness and ingratitude. Such being our feeling for Belisarius, we experience regret in being told that, in his eagerness to take Ravenna, he condescended to practices we think unworthy of such a man: he poisoned the waters; circulated, by means of miscreants, reports in Ravenna disadvantageous to Vitiges; and contrived to have the city granaries set on fire by an incendiary. These may come within the line of the proverb, "All is fair in war;" but there is nothing heroic in them; they would have become Justinian better than his really great general. The Goths, believing themselves betrayed by their prince, offered not only to give up the city, but even proposed to Belisarius to become their king. Although this extraordinary man might have accepted the crown without dishonor, he only affected to listen to it that he might the more speedily terminate the war. Embassadors came from Vitiges with offers of surrendering on any terms he would please to impose. Belisarius entered Ravenna, secured the person of Vitiges, and sent him and his treasures to the emperor.—*Robson.*

RED BANK, A.D. 1777.—The village of Red Bank is situated on the east bank of the Delaware, in Gloucester co., N. J., about five miles below Philadelphia.

Soon after open war commenced between the colonies and England, the Americans turned their attention to the mouth of the Delaware river. To prevent a British fleet from capturing Philadelphia, extensive fortifications were erected at various eligible points along the river shores. On a low reedy island, where the beach was only a few feet above tide, stood Fort Mifflin, a strong fortress built of earth, stones, and huge logs.

On the Jersey shore, just opposite, was Fort Mercer, a similarly constructed fortification, armed with heavy cannon. Further down the river were other works, while under the lee of small islands, floating batteries commanded the river in every direction. Nor was this all; for in the main channel the Americans sunk huge *chevaux-de-frize,* or frames of timber filled with stones and logs. Upon these defenses, principally, the patriots relied for the protection of the city of Philadelphia.

Soon after the battle of Brandywine, Sir William Howe, with a large fleet of frigates and store-ships, appeared in the mouth of the Delaware river, and opened fire upon the first line of batteries. Being able to bring many heavy guns to bear upon the American works, Howe soon silenced them, and taking advantage of a strong wind, sailed in one night nearly to the sunken obstruction near Billing's Island. Under cover of a heavy fire from the ships, the British labored to break a passage through the *cheveaux-de-frize.* By great exertions, a channel eight feet deep, and just wide enough for a little frigate, was delved out, and six vessels sailed through. Meantime, the British army, which had defeated Washington at Brandywine, rapidly neared Philadelphia, and, in fact, received stores from the six ships that broke through the sunken obstructions. With a determination to destroy Forts Mercer and Mifflin, Howe sent Donop, with 1,200 picked men, to make an attack by land, while the fleet assaulted a large flotilla of American batteries, galleys, gunboats, and schooners, which caused the British much annoyance. The fleet was also to bombard Fort Mifflin.

Fort Mercer, commonly called Red Bank, was garrisoned by a regiment of Rhode Island troops under Colonel Greene, and Fort Mifflin by two regiments of Marylanders under Colonel Smith. Colonel Donop, with his brigade, left the British camp on the morning of October 21, and the first night rested at Haddonsfield, New Jersey, for several hours. Getting under arms about midnight, they marched briskly across the country, and at four o'clock on the morning of the 22d, came within cannon-shot of the fort. They were discovered by the sentry about daylight, slowly forming in the edge of a belt of forest. The garrison was instantly under arms, and preparations made to fight until the last. Although Colonel Greene had only 400 men, he declared that Fort Mercer should never be surrendered. With only 14 pieces of cannon, the brave officer, heartily supported by his gallant men, hastily made ready for battle.

Soon a stir was observed in the British ranks, and an officer, riding up to the intrenchments, protected by a white flag, made a proclamation: "The King of England orders his rebellious subjects to lay down their arms, and they are warned that if they stand battle, no quarters whatever will be given!" To this insulting message, Colonel Greene replied: "We ask no quarters, neither will we give any!" The officer retired, and very soon a party of artillerists commenced the erection of a battery within easy cannon-shot of the fort. The works of Fort Mercer consisted of a strong citadel, loopholed, and supplied with strong embrasures for cannon. The citadel was surrounded by ramparts, flanked with batteries; there was also a ditch and abatis. Besides these defenses, a strong masked battery occupied an angle of the ramparts, its guns completely raking the abatis and approaches.

The battery being finished, a rapid fire was commenced on the American works. The patriots replied for a time, but gradually

slackened, and the men withdrew in small parties to the citadel, leaving a company to manage the masked battery. Colonel Donop, believing the enemy's guns dismounted and the men dismayed, ordered an assault from his whole force, in two columns of 600 men each. The column which first advanced cleared the outworks with loud shouts of derision, under the impression that the Americans had abandoned the whole fortress; but their dreadful mistake was soon evident. As the Hessian soldiers climbed upon the rampart in great numbers, a vivid fire from cannon and musketry opened upon them from the citadel. It is said that nearly 100 men fell at the first volley. A storm of grape and chain-shot swept the glacis, while from every loop-hole they poured a stream of musket-balls.

As the enemy staggered back astonished and dismayed, the masked battery suddenly opened, and at point-blank range cut down the disorganized enemy, and the glacis was covered with dead and dying. The column of Colonel Donop assaulted the south side of the works just at this instant, charging at the head of his men. Donop led them over the abatis, across the ditch, and even upon the fort. Here Donop fell badly wounded, and his soldiers, unable to endure the terrible carnage made at every volley from the citadel, turned and fled. As they wheeled, Colonel Mingetode, the second in command, received a mortal wound. The Hessians, panic-struck, fled at once, nor did they for a moment halt until several miles from the scene of defeat. Under the ramparts of Fort Mercer they left over four hundred dead and wounded men, while the fort only numbered eight men killed and twenty-eight wounded.

As a party of Americans, under the orders of a French engineer, were removing the wounded, a faint voice from among the heap of slain and mangled men called out, "whoever you are, draw me hence!" It was the voice of Colonel Donop. He was taken to a neighboring house and kindly cared for, but his wounds defied human skill. In three days he died. A few hours before his death he said: "It is finishing a noble career early (he was thirty-seven), but I die a victim of my ambition and the avarice of my sovereign!" The attack on Fort Mifflin by the fleet began at the moment of Donop's assault. For several hours a severe cannonade was kept up by six British frigates, upon the American fleet and fortifications. It was returned by the Americans in such a skillful and rapid manner, that very soon two of the frigates were set on fire by hot shot, and two others badly crippled. Finally the English commander abandoned the attack, and retired beyond cannon-shot.

A handsome monument commemorating the battle of Red Bank, was erected in 1829, near the site of Fort Mercer. About the 10th of November, the British made a grand attack upon Fort Mifflin, which, after a long resistance, was destroyed and evacuated by the American forces. Its destruction cost the English a very heavy loss of men and material.—*Richard Everett.*

RED SEA, B.C. 1491.—The first encampment of the children of Israel during their departure from out the land of Egypt was on the edge of a wilderness, on the verge of the Red Sea. Pharaoh was pursuing them with a force which he deemed adequate to compel their return or effect their destruction. They might easily have secured their escape in the fastnesses of the wilderness; but Moses, who acted solely under divine instruction, led them into a defile between the mountains so that they were inclosed on all sides. The people murmured at this piece of bad management, as it appeared to them, and tauntingly asked him if he had brought them hither because there were no graves in Egypt. But God had instructed Moses to draw them into this awkward position that Pharaoh might be incited to pursue them. The proud Pharaoh led his mighty hosts toward the feeble band of fugitives and threatened to annihilate them; but Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and immediately the waters separated, and a dry and commodious passage was afforded. The children of Israel passed over in safety, protected on either side by walls of water. The Egyptian forces eagerly pursued them; but ere they had reached the middle of the sea Moses again stretched forth his rod, and the waters closed, and Pharaoh with all his forces, chariots, and horses were buried beneath the foaming waters.

RENCHEN, A.D. 1796.—On the 28th of June, 1796, a battle was fought near Renchen, in Baden, between the French under Moreau, and the Austrians. The former were victorious, and Moreau and his army entered Swabia.

RENNES, A.D. 1357.—Rennes, a beautiful and ancient town of France, was besieged in the year 1357, by the English under the Duke of Lancaster; but the French made such a spirited resistance that the English were compelled to raise the siege.

RESACA DE LA PALMA, A.D. 1846.—This noted battle-field is on the route from Point Isabel to Matamoras, about four miles north of the latter place, in Mexico.

After the battle of Palo Alto, General Taylor pushed forward his army with all speed to relieve the American camp opposite Matamoras, which he had left in charge of Major Brown, and which was closely besieged by

the Mexicans. The American army consisted of about 2,000 men, and the road to Major Brown's camp was obstructed by a Mexican army consisting of nearly 6,000 men. General Taylor at length, on the 9th of May, encountered the enemy within four miles of the fortified American camp, posted in and near a ravine called Resaca de la Palma. The position of the Mexicans was strong, and with their overwhelming numbers they expected to crush the enemy with ease; but the undaunted valor of the Americans overcame all obstacles. Captain McCall with the advance pushed forward, gallantly, and received the first fire of the Americans without wavering. Lieutenant Ridgely, who now commanded the lamented Ringgold's battery, was ordered to the front with his pieces, and Captain Walker, with the Texan volunteers, was sent to point out the enemy's position. Ridgely moved forward in the very face of the Mexican battery, and opened his guns upon the enemy. The Mexicans replied briskly, and for some time a fierce cannonade was maintained on both sides at the distance of about one hundred paces. The Mexican cavalry and infantry made frequent and fierce charges upon Ridgely's flanks, but were repulsed invariably with great slaughter.

Meanwhile, the battle on the left and right of the road was rapidly increasing in warmth. The Americans steadily advanced on their two wings; but their efforts were retarded by the effectual resistance made by the Mexicans to the attempts of Lieutenant Ridgely in the center. Ridgely worked his pieces incessantly; but the Mexican gunners replied with a coolness and precision which prevented him from making any sensible impression on their position. Taylor saw that unless the Mexican battery in the center was silenced, all further efforts were useless; and ordered Colonel May, with his dragoons to charge the battery. "Sir," said Taylor, "your command has done nothing yet—you must take that battery." "Men," said the gallant colonel, "we must take that battery. Follow!" and like a whirlwind, that stalwart body of horse, headed by their brave leader, whose long hair streaming back from his head in the wind, served as their banner, dashed though the ravine, in the midst of a tempest of shot hurled upon them from the opposing battery, and with wild hurrahs urged their horses over the enemy's guns. So wild was their career, that the impetus carried them some distance in the rear of the battery; and when May halted he could rally but six of his men. With these, however, he dashed upon the Mexican gunners, who had regained their pieces, and drove them off. General La Vega, who stood by the side of a cannon, which he was about to discharge, finding himself abandoned by his men, surrendered himself a prisoner to Colonel May. The dragoons cut their way back through the Mexican lines. The following graphic description of May's gallant charge is related by a participant:

"At Resaca de la Palma, our troops stood anxiously waiting for the signal to be given, and never had I looked upon men upon whose countenances were more clearly expressed a fixed determination to win. The lips of some were pale with excitement, and their eyes wore that fixed expression which betokens mischief; others with shut teeth, would quietly laugh, and catch a tighter grip of the rein, or seat themselves with care and firmness in the saddle, while quiet words of confidence and encouragement were passed from each to his neighbor. All at once, May rode to the front of his troop—every rein and saber was tightly grasped. Raising himself, and pointing at the battery, he shouted, 'Men follow!' There was now a clattering of hoofs, and a rattling of saber-sheaths; the fire of the enemy's guns was partly drawn by Lieutenant Ridgely, and the next moment we were sweeping like the wind upon the ravine. I was in a squad of about nine men, who were separated by a shower of grape from the battery, and we were in advance, May leading. He turned his horse opposite the breastwork, in front of the guns, and with another shout 'to follow,' leaped over them. Several of the horses did follow, but mine, being new, and not well trained, refused; two others bolted, and their riders started down the ravine to turn the breastwork, where the rest of the troops had entered. I made another attempt to clear the guns, with my horse, turning him around feeling all the time secure at thinking the guns discharged. I put his breast toward them, and gave him spur, but he again balked: so, turning his head down the ravine, I too started to ride round the breastwork.

"As I came down, a lancer dashed at me with lance in rest. With my saber I parried his thrust, only receiving a slight flesh-wound from its point in the arm, which felt at the time like the prick of a pin. The lancer turned and fled; at that moment a ball passed through my horse on the left side and shattered my right leg. The shot killed the horse instantly, and he fell upon my left leg, fastening me by his weight to the earth. There I lay, right in the midst of the action, where carnage was riding riot, and every moment the shot, from our own and the Mexican guns, tearing up the earth around me. I tried to raise my horse, so as to extricate my leg, but I had already grown so weak with my wound that I was unable, and, from the mere attempt, I fell back ex-

hausted. To add to my horror, a horse which was careering about, riderless, within a few yards of me, received a wound, and he commenced struggling and rearing with pain. Two or three times he came near falling on me, but at length, with a scream of agony and a bound, he fell dead—his body touching my own fallen steed. What I had been in momentary dread of, now occurred—my wounded limb, which was lying across the horse received another ball in the ankle.

"I now felt disposed to give up; and, exhausted through pain and excitement, a film gathered over my eyes, which I thought was the precursor of dissolution. From this hopeless state I was aroused by a wounded Mexican, calling out to me, '*Bueno Americana*,' and turning my eyes toward the spot, I saw that he was holding a certificate and calling to me. The tide of action now rolled away from me, and hope again sprang up. The Mexican uniforms began to disappear from the chapparal, and squadrons of our troops passed in sight, apparently in pursuit. While I was thus nursing the prospect of escape, I beheld, not far from me, a villainous-looking ranchero, armed with an American serjeant's short-sword, dispatching a wounded American soldier, whose body he robbed; the next he came to was a Mexican, whom he served the same way, and thus I looked on while he murderously slew four. I drew an undischarged pistol from my holsters, and, laying myself along my horse's neck, watched him, expecting to be the next victim; but something frightened him from his vulture-like business, and he fled in another direction.

"I need not say that had he visited me I should have taken one more shot at the enemy, and would have died content had I succeeded in making such an assassin bite the dust. Two hours after, I had the pleasure of shaking some of my comrades by the hand, who were picking up the wounded. They lifted my Mexican friend, too, and I am pleased to say he, as well as myself, lives to fight over again the sanguinary fray of Resaca de la Palma."

As soon as May had captured the battery in the center, Ridgely pushed forward his pieces to the edge of the ravine. The Mexican infantry poured a volley of musketry upon him; and their cavalry made a furious charge; but one discharge of cannister hurled them back. The battle now became warm and bloody. The Mexicans with the coolness of veterans rallied in the ravine; the Americans rushed upon them, and a general conflict ensued. Our space will not permit us to enter into a detailed account of all the movements of the various troops; suffice it to say the Mexicans, after making a most obstinate resistance, finally gave way. Their retreat became a perfect rout; the Mexicans fled in terror toward Matamoras. The Americans pursued; and the sight of the fugitives and the sound of cannon gradually approaching the American camp, assured its gallant defenders that succor had arrived. In this battle the Americans lost 121 men, in killed and wounded. The Mexicans lost about 500 men, killed and wounded, and 100 prisoners, and eight pieces of artillery, with a great quantity of ammunition, three standards, and a large number of pack mules fell into the hands of the victors. The joy of the Americans was damped by the death of Major Brown, who with his small force had heroically withstood a cannonade and bombardment of 160 hours. He died on the 9th of May, from the effects of a wound inflicted by the bursting of a shell. The post opposite Matamoras, was now called Fort Brown, in honor of the gallant commander, who had fallen in its defense.

RHEIMS, A.D. 1359.—Rheims is an ancient city of France, situated on the Vesle, twenty-five miles north-west of Châlons. In 1359, the troops of Edward III. of England, invested the city of Rheims; but they were so obstinately resisted by the besieged that they were obliged to raise the siege, and abandon the attempt. In 1814 the Russians gained possession of the city of Rheims, but soon after they were attacked by the army of Napoleon, and driven from the city with immense slaughter.

RHODES, B.C. 352.—The beautiful island of Rhodes, in the Mediteranean, with all its delightful mythological associations, its roses and its splendid scenery, has not escaped the horrors of war; it has been besiged several times, and in all instances in connection with great names and great events.

The city of Rhodes it situated at the north-east extremity of the island.

Mausolus, King of Caria, subdued Rhodes. After his death, the Rhodians revolted, and besieged Artemisia, his widow, in Halicarnassus. The king and queen are rendered immortal in the European word *mausoleum*, derived from the splendid monument so called, one of the seven wonders of the world, which she built to his memory. She gave prizes to poets for panegyrics written to commemorate his virtues; but still further did her grief carry her—she resolved to give him a yet more extraordinary tomb. Having collected his ashes left by the burning of his body, and caused the bones to be beaten in a mortar, she mingled some of the powder every day in her drink, till she had consumed it all, meaning by this to make her own body the sepulcher of her husband. Notwithstanding her active, energetic spirit, her grief

proved too strong for her, and she died lamenting him, two years after his decease.

This princess ordered the inhabitants of Halicarnassus to meet the Rhodians with open arms, as if they meant to deliver up their city to them. The deceived Rhodians landed their men, and left their ships empty, for the purpose of entering the place. In the mean time Artemisia ordered out her own galleys, which seized the fleet of the enemy, and, having thus deprived them of the means of retreat, she surrounded the Rhodians and made a general slaughter of them. This intrepid queen then sailed toward Rhodes. The citizens, perceiving their vessels coming home crowned with flowers, admitted the Carian fleet into the port, amid cries and exclamations of joy. Their surprise may be supposed when they recognized their unwelcome visitors. Artemisia insisted upon having the authors of the revolt put to death, and returned home in triumph. We can not leave this remarkable princess without mentioning the extraordinary part she played in the immortal battle of Salamis. She, from her country, was of course against the Greeks, and, with her vessels, formed part of the fleet of Xerxes. She strongly advised Xerxes to avoid a naval engagement; the Greeks, she said, were more accustomed to the sea than the Persians were, and would have a great advantage upon that element. Although her advice was not listened to, she did her duty so nobly in the fight, that Xerxes exclaimed—"That if the men appeared like women before the Greeks, the women fought like heroes." In order to escape the Greeks, who pursued her warmly, she hoisted a Greek flag, and to complete the deception, attacked a Persian vessel commanded by Clamasithymus, King of Calydna, her personal enemy, and sunk it. After this, the Greeks, believing her to be of their party, offered her no more molestation.

Second Siege, B.C. 303.—Upon the death of Alexander of Macedon, his dominions were divided among his generals. Of these, Antigonus, by force of arms, attained great power throughout the country, and Seleucus, Ptolemy, Lysimachus, and Cassander, four Macedonian princes, jealous of the rapidly increasing strength of Antigonus, formed a conspiracy against him, and united their armies for the purpose of crushing him. Demetrius, the son of Antigonus, invariably accompanied his father in his expeditions, and when Antigonus had arrived at an age which incapacitated him for active service, he made use of his son, who from the experience he had already acquired, transacted the most important affairs with great ability. The war between Antigonus and the Rhodians, was occasioned by their alliance with Ptolemy, and the king, determined to punish them for their temerity in refusing to aid him in his war against that prince, sent Demetrius with a fleet and army, to reduce them to his obedience. The Rhodians, who foresaw the impending storm, had sent to all the princes their allies, and to Ptolemy in particular, to implore their assistance. They represented to Ptolemy that their attachment to his interest had drawn upon them the danger to which they were then exposed. The preparations on both sides were immense. Demetrius arrived before Rhodes with a numerous fleet. It consisted of 200 ships of war of various dimensions, and more than 170 transports, which carried about 40,000 men, without including the cavalry. He had likewise near 1,000 small vessels loaded with provisions, and other necessary accommodation for an army. Demetrius upon his arrival landed in order to take a view of the most commodious situation for assaulting the place.

He also sent out parties to lay the country waste on all sides, and at the same time caused another body of his troops to cut down the trees, and demolish the houses in the parts adjacent to Rhodes, and then employed them as materials to fortify his camp with a triple pallisade. The Rhodians on their part prepared for a vigorous defense. They dismissed from the city all such persons as were useless. The number of those who remained, and were capable of bearing arms, amounted to about 6,000 citizens and 1,000 strangers. Among the latter were many of the most illustrious captains of the countries in alliance with the Rhodians. Liberty and the rights of denizens, were promised to such slaves as should distinguish themselves by their bravery, and the public engaged to pay the masters the full price for each of them. It was likewise publicly announced that the citizens would bestow an honorable interment on those who should lose their lives in any engagements, and would provide for the subsistence of their parents, wives, and children, and that when the sons should be of an age capable of bearing arms, they should be presented with a complete suit of armor, on the public theater, at the great solemnity of the Bacchanalia. This decree kindled an incredible ardor among all classes. The rich came in crowds with money to defray the expenses of the siege; the workmen redoubled their industry in making heavy and light machines for casting arrows, darts, beams, and stones, called catapults and balistas, and other weapons. The laborers repaired the breaches in the walls; while others supplied them with stone. In short the whole city was full of bustle and activity; every man from the highest to the lowest,

strove with emulation to distinguish himself on this occasion.

It had been mutually agreed upon, between Demetrius and the Rhodians, that 100 drachmas (about $125) should be paid as a ransom for every prisoner, and one half that sum for every slave, who should be taken prisoner by either party during the continuance of hostilities. This siege affords the only example to be found in antiquity, of the establishment of a cartel for the exchange of prisoners.

The besieged first sent out their galleys against a small fleet of sutlers and merchants who were bringing a supply of provisions to the enemy. The Rhodians sunk a great number of their vessels, burned several, and carried into the city such of the prisoners as were in a condition to pay their ransom. They gained a considerable sum of money by this expedition. Demetrius began to attack from the sea, in order to make himself master of the port and the towers which defended the entrance. He caused two tortoises, or sheds of wood constructed so as to shelter the soldiers, to be erected on two flat-bottomed vessels, joined together, in order to cover the men from the enormous masses of stones and beams, as well as the flights of darts and arrows which the besieged discharged from the towers and walls. He also caused two towers to be erected of greater height than those which defended the entrance into the port, and in these he placed machines for battering the latter with stones, heavy beams, and darts. Each of these towers were then placed upon two ships strongly bound together. He also caused a kind of floating barricado to be erected in front of the tortoises and towers on a long beam of timber, four feet thick, through which stakes, armed at the ends with large irons, were driven. These stakes were disposed horizontally, with their spikes projecting forward, in order to prevent the Rhodian vessels from shattering the work with their beaks. Then selecting one of his largest galleys he erected on one of its sides a rampart of planks, which he pierced with loopholes. In this galley he placed his best archers and slingers, and furnished them with a multitude of bows, cross-bows, slings, and catapults, with other engines for shooting in order to gall the workmen of the city employed in raising and repairing the walls of the port. The Rhodians, seeing the besiegers turning all their efforts against the harbor, were no less industrious in defending it. They raised two machines upon an adjoining eminence, and planted three more on large ships at the mouth of the little harbor. Both the eminence and the ships were provided with troops of archers and slingers, who had an abundant supply of arrows, darts, and stones of all kinds. The ships in the great harbor, were also manned and armed. When Demetrius advanced with his ships and all his armament, to begin the attack on the ports, a violent tempest arose, and he was obliged to suspend his operations for that day; but about night the wind went down, and the sea became calm. Demetrius again advanced, and made himself master of a neighboring eminence, about 500 paces from the wall of the ports, and posted there 400 men, who fortified themselves with pallisades. The next morning Demetrius caused his batteries to advance with the sound of trumpets, and the shouts of his whole army, and fiercely attacked the Rhodians who guarded the mole which covered the port. A great many of the Rhodians were slain, but the besiegers were at length repulsed, after a loss nearly equal on both sides, and were obliged to retire from the port with their ships and machines, to be out of reach of the enemy's arrows. The besieged, who had learned to their cost what advantage might be taken of the darkness of the night, caused several fire-ships to sail out of the port during the night, in order to burn the tortoises and wooden towers which the enemy had erected; but as unfortunately they were not able to force the floating barricado, which protected the machines, they were obliged to return into the port.

The Rhodians lost some of their fire-ships in this expedition; but the mariners saved themselves by swimming. The next day the prince made a general attack against the port and the walls of the city, amid the sound of trumpets, and the shouts of his whole army. The Rhodians sustained the attack with incredible vigor, and for eight days they continually repulsed every assault made by the enemy. Deeds of surprising valor were performed on both sides. The besiegers discharged great stones from the eminence they had seized, against the walls and towers of the port, that the latter trembled with the shocks, and several breaches were made in the walls. They advanced with great fury against those who defended the mole, which guarded the entrance to the port; but the Rhodians, feeling the importance of that post, discharged such a quantity of stones and arrows upon the enemy that they were obliged to retire in confusion, after losing a great number of their men. The ardor of the besiegers was not diminished by this repulse. They began to escalade by sea and land at the same time, and employed the besieged so effectually that they scarce knew to what quarter to run for the defense of the place. Many of the Macedonian officers gained the walls, where, covered by wounds, and overwhelmed with enemies, they were

taken prisoners. Both parties fought with a desperation and valor unparalleled; but at length Demetrius saw fit to retreat in order to repair his engines, which were almost entirely destroyed by so many attacks, as well as the vessels that carried them. In the interval of his absence, the Rhodians buried their dead, and worked industriously in repairing the breaches of the walls. Seven days after his departure, Demetrius returned to renew the siege, with the determination of taking the post at all hazards. Upon his arrival he caused a great quantity of lighted torches, flaming straw, and arrows to be discharged into the harbor in order to set fire to the vessels, while his engines battered the mole without intermission. The besieged with difficulty extinguished the flames, after which they caused three of their largest ships to sail out of the port, under the command of Exacestes, one of their bravest officers, with orders to attack the enemy, and destroy and sink, if possible, the vessels on which the towers and tortoises were placed. These orders were executed with extraordinary expedition and address. They shattered the floating barricade, and driving the beaks of their galleys violently into the sides of the enemy's barks, on which the machines were erected, they sunk two of them, but the third was towed along by the galleys, and joined the main fleet. The Rhodians, animated to the highest degree by their success, blindly attacked the whole fleet of the enemy. But overwhelmed by the superiority of numbers, Exacestes, with the officers who commanded under him and their ship, fell into the hands of the enemy. The other two Rhodian galleys regained the port, after sustaining many dangers, and most of the men also arrived there by swimming. In spite of this last repulse, Demetrius determined to make another attack. He caused a machine to be built of thrice the size of those he had lately lost. But, at the very instant the machine was ready to be worked against the port, a violent storm arose, and sunk it to the bottom of the sea, with the vessels on which it had been raised. In the mean time, the Rhodians had, after several repulses, regained the eminence, which the enemy had carried at the first onset, and the 200 troops that Demetrius had stationed there were taken prisoners. The Rhodians shortly afterward received a reinforcement of 1,000 men —500 from Crassus, a city of Crete, and 500 whom Ptolemy sent from Egypt.

Demetrius now determined to attack the city by land. He was mortified and galled by his many repulses, and now resolved to employ such means as would insure him success. He therefore prepared materials of every kind, and formed an engine of greater size and power than any instrument of war that had ever been invented before. This machine was called *helepolis*. It stood on a square base, seventy-five feet wide on each side. The machine itself was an assemblage of large square beams, riveted together with iron, and the whole mass rested upon eight wheels of great solidity and strength. The felloes of these wheels were three feet thick, and strengthened with large iron plates. In order to vary and facilitate the movements of the machine, casters had been placed under it, by which the machine was made movable in any direction. From each corner of the square arose a large column of wood. These columns inclined toward each other. The machine was composed of nine stories, whose dimensions gradually lessened in the ascent. The first story was supported by forty-three cross-beams, and the last by no more than nine. Three sides of the machine were rendered fire-proof by a coating of iron plates. Each story was furnished in front with loop-holes, corresponding in shape and dimensions, with the nature of arrows and beams that were to be shot from the machine. Over each window was a kind of curtain of leather, stuffed with wool, which could be let down at pleasure to break the force of such weapons as the enemy might direct against the machine. Each story had two large staircases, one for the ascent, and one for the descent of the men. This enormous machine was propelled over the ground by 3,400 of the most powerful and vigorous men of the entire Macedonian army. But it was constructed in all its parts with so much art that its movement was comparatively easy. Demetrius also caused a great number of other machines, large and small, for discharging arrows, stones, and pieces of timber, and for battering the walls of the city, to be made. He likewise leveled the ground over which the machines were to move, to the distance of one hundred fathoms. Thirty thousand men were employed in these works, which consequently were completed with astonishing expedition. The Rhodians, in the mean time, were not indolent. They raised a counter-wall on the track of ground where Demetrius intended to batter the walls of the city with the helepolis, and made other preparations to repel his assaults. While the Macedonians were busily engaged in making their machines, the Rhodians sent out a fleet of nine of their best ships of war, which scoured the sea, and returned with very rich booty, and a great number of prisoners, having captured many of the enemy's ships. Shortly afterward, Demetrius ordered a general assault against the walls of the city. The helepolis was moved to a situation where the city might be battered with

the greatest effect. Each story of this formidable machine was furnished with catapultas and cross-bows, proportioned in their size to the dimensions of the room. The helepolis was supported on two of its sides by four small machines called tortoises, to protect those who should either enter the helepolis, or issue out of it to execute various orders. On the two other sides was a battering-ram of prodigious size, consisting of a piece of timber, one hundred and sixty-eight feet long, armed with iron terminating in a point, and as strong as the beak of a galley. These engines were mounted on wheels, and were driven forward to batter the walls during the attack, with incredible force, by nearly 1,000 men.

Every thing being ready, Demetrius gave the signal for the assault. The trumpets sounded, and the place was at once attacked both by sea and land. The battering-rams were applied with tremendous power; the walls shaking and trembling before their frequent blows. In the heat of the attack, embassadors arrived from the Cnidians, and earnestly solicited Demetrius to suspend the assault, giving him hopes, at the same time, that they should prevail upon the Rhodians to submit to an honorable capitulation. A suspension of arms was accordingly granted; but the Rhodians refusing to capitulate on the conditions offered them, the attack was resumed with so much fury, that a large tower, built with square stones, and the wall that flanked it, were battered down. The Rhodians fought like tigers in the breach, and repulsed their enemies with great slaughter. In this conjuncture, the besieged received 800,000 bushels of grain from several of their allies, notwithstanding all the efforts made by the enemy's fleet to intercept the vessels which brought this supply. This unexpected arrival of provisions was received by the citizens with joy, for their stock was almost exhausted. Inspired with new hopes and courage, they resolved not to surrender till the last extremity. The Rhodians now attempted to fire the enemy's machines, and with this view, ordered a numerous troop of soldiers to march out of the city with torches, and kindling wood of all kinds. The troops advanced to the batteries, and set them on fire. At the same time myriads of arrows were shot from the wall to support the detachment against those who should endeavor to extinguish the flames. The besiegers lost great numbers of men on this occasion, being in the obscurity of night unable to avoid the volleys of arrows discharged upon them. The endeavors of the Rhodians, however, to burn the machines, proved fruitless, for as fast as they set fire to them, the enemy quenched the flames with water. But Demetrius, apprehensive that his machines might be consumed, caused them to be speedily removed. Curious to know the number of machines, employed by the enemy, Demetrius caused all the arrows which had been shot from the place in the attack that night, to be gathered up. These were counted, and upon a proper computation, he found that the Rhodians must have used more than 800 large machines, for discharging heavy masses, and about 1,500 for arrows. The prince was struck with consternation at this number, as he had not imagined that the city had made such formidable preparations.

The besieged opened a large and deep ditch behind the breach, to obstruct the passage of the enemy into the city. They then raised a substantial wall, in the form of a crescent, along the ditch; which would cost the besiegers a new attack. At the same time they sent a squadron of their best sailing vessels to sea. These ships took a great number of vessels laden with provisions and ammunition, for Demetrius, and brought them into the port. Shortly afterward a numerous fleet of small vessels freighted with corn and other necessaries, sent by Ptolemy with 1,500 men, arrived. Demetrius, whose imagination was fruitful of expedients for success in his projects, detached 1,500 of his best soldiers, under the command of Alcimus and Mancius, with orders to enter the breach at midnight, and force the intrenchments behind it. They were then to possess themselves of the posts adjacent to the theater, where they would be in a condition to maintain their ground, if they could but once make themselves masters of it. In order to facilitate the execution of so important and dangerous an expedition, and amuse the enemy with false attacks, he, at the same time, caused all the trumpets to sound a charge, and the city to be attacked on all sides, by land and sea, that the besiegers finding sufficient employment, in all parts, the 1,500 men might have an opportunity of forcing the intrenchments which covered the breach, and afterward of seizing all the advantageous posts about the theater. This feint had all the success the prince expected. With a general shout, and amid the sound of trumpets, and the clang of arms, his forces rushed against the walls of the city on all sides. The detachment commanded by Alcimus entered the breach; vigorously attacking and repulsing those who defended the ditch, and the crescent-shaped wall, and finally after killing a great number of their enemies, they seized upon the posts adjacent to the theater, where they maintained their position. The officers of the city quickly advanced at the head of a chosen body of their troops against the enemy, which had advanced as far as the

theater; but in the obscurity of the night they were unable to dislodge them from their advantageous posts. At the dawn of day the besiegers without the walls of the city, gave a general shout, to animate the courage of those who maintained their position within.

This terrible cry inspired the populace, women and children, with horror and fear. But the besieged, roused to fury by the tears and complaints of the women and children, rushed with such vigor upon the Macedonians, near the theater, that they, after having seen Alcimus and Mancius slain on the spot, were obliged to abandon their post. The Rhodians pursued them eagerly, and a fierce and bloody struggle ensued; the Macedonians defended themselves with the desperation of despair; but at length, overwhelmed with numbers, they surrendered themselves prisoners, after the greater part of them had been cut to pieces. The ardor of Demetrius was rather augmented than abated by this check, and he was making the necessary preparations for a new assault, when he received letters from his father Antigonus, directing him, by all means, to conclude a peace with the Rhodians. The Rhodians on their part were very desirous of an accommodation, provided it could be effected on honorable conditions. They therefore listened with pleasure to the proposals of peace made to them, and a treaty was concluded upon the following terms:—That the republic of Rhodes, and all its citizens, should retain the enjoyment of their rights, privileges, and liberty, without being subjected to any power whatsoever. The alliance they had formerly made with Antigonus should be renewed and maintained, with the obligations to take up arms for him in any war in which he should be engaged, provided it was not against Ptolemy. The city was also to deliver 100 hostages, to be chosen by Demetrius, for the effectual performance of the articles stipulated between them. When these hostages were given, the army decamped from before Rhodes, after having besieged it a year. Demetrius, now reconciled with the Rhodians, and desirous before his departure to give them a proof of his friendship, presented them with all the machines of war he had employed in the seige. These the Rhodians afterward sold for 300 talents (about $330,000), which they employed, with an additional sum of their own, in making the famous Colossus, which was reputed one of the seven wonders of the world.

Third Siege, A.D. 1521.—Rhodes, like the rest of Greece, submitted to the empire of the Romans, and, when that had been annihilated by the barbarians, it passed under the yoke of the all-conquering Mahometans. In 1308, Foulques de Villard, grand master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, formed the project of conquering this island, in order to make it the head-quarters of his Order. Seconded by several of the sovereigns of Europe, he landed on the isle, beat the Saracens and the Greeks in several encounters, and after four years of fatigue and danger, made himself master of Rhodes. The knights placed the isle in a formidable state of defense, and under their auspices, it became happy and flourishing. These precautions were quite necessary, for Greeks, Saracens, and Turks were continually attempting to gain footing in this beautiful place. Mahomet the Second, the great conqueror of Constantinople, wished to besiege it; but his generals were beaten, and he himself died, while proceeding on this expedition. The glory of taking Rhodes was reserved for Soliman the Second, whose troops approached the isle in 1521. Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, grand master of the Knights of St. John, reigned there at that time: he was an intrepid, courageous, skillful captain, of great experience, and fertile in resources. He had, at most, 6,000 warriors to oppose to 200,000 men. But, like their leader, these warriors were filled with the most heroic valor, and preferred death to slavery. Rhodes was invested, and the trenches were opened out of the reach of the cannon. When the Turks ventured nearer, and erected a battery, their works were speedily destroyed by the artillery of the place. The frequent sorties of the knights filled up their works. The discouragement became so general among the Turks, that Soliman was obliged to show himself to his troops, and animate their operations by his presence.

What had been written to him of the ill-behavior of his soldiers, and what he learned of their cowardice on his arrival, determined him to make them appear before him disarmed, and to surround them by the troops he had brought with him. "If I had," said he, in a haughty, contemptuous tone, and casting terrible glances on all around him, "if I had to address soldiers, I would have permitted you to appear before me with your arms; but as I am reduced to the necessity of speaking to wretched slaves, more weak and more timid than women, it is not just that men so base should dishoner the marks of valor. I should like to know if, when you landed in the isle, you flattered yourselves that these crusaders would be still more cowardly than yourselves, and that they would servilely hold out their hands for the irons with which it would please you to load them? To undeceive you, please to learn that in the persons of these knights, we have to fight with the most intrepid among the

Christians, and most thirsting for Mussulman blood. It is their courage that has excited ours; in attacking them I have thought I had met with an enterprise and perils worthy of my valor. Is it to you, then, base and effeminate troops, that I am to look for a conquest; you who fly from an enemy before you have seen him, and who would already have deserted, if the sea which surrounds you had not presented an insurmountable obstacle? Before experiencing such a disgrace, I will inflict such severe justice upon all cowards, that their punishment shall restrain within their duty such as might be tempted to imitate them." Scarcely had Soliman ceased to speak, than the soldiers drew their swords, as if to massacre those of their comrades who had excited the indignation of the Sultan.

These unfortunate wretches, who saw death suspended over their heads, implored with loud cries the mercy of their sultan. Their commander, as agreed upon with him, supported their prayers. "Well," said Soliman to Peri, the general, "I suspend, to your prayers, the punishment of the guilty; it remains for them to find pardon on the bastions and bulwarks of the enemy." This mixture of severity and clemency affected all hearts; the greatest perils appeared to be beneath the valor of the soldiers who had been the most discouraged. Officers and soldiers, to efface the least traces of their murmurs, hastened to signalize themselves under the eye of their master; and that armed multitude, till that time to be little dreaded, became at length most formidable. The soldiers and pioneers pushed on the trenches without relaxation; they worked day and night; the grand master, finding them supported by large detachments, did not think it prudent to continue the sorties, in which he lost more by the death of one knight, than Soliman did by that of fifty janizaries. Thus the infidels, having nothing to fear but from the fire of the place, behaved with so much spirit that they carried their works up to the counterscarp; and, to render their lines more solid, they covered them without with posts and planks, bound well together. The batteries were then increased, and continued incessantly playing against the city, but without success, for their balls scarcely grazed the parapets of the walls. They were warned of this by a Jew, who served them as a spy in Rhodes. They immediately changed their batteries, which from that time fired more effectively. Seeing that the place might be said to be covered and buried under its fortifications, the Turks resolved to build two cavaliers of a greater height than its works, which should command the city and its boulevards. Soldiers and pioneers, by order of the general, brought, during several days, earth and stones, which they placed between the gates of Spain and Auvergne, opposite to the bastion of Italy. These two points lay open to the cannon of the place; thousands of men perished here; but such loses were deemed nothing. At length two seeming hills appeared to rise up, higher by twelve feet than the walls, and which completely commanded them. The German post was the first attacked. The Turks pointed their cannon toward the walls, and it was thought impossible they could stand against these destructive machines. The grand master went to the spot, and ordered the wall to be supported within by earth, beams, posts, and fascines; and, as the artillery placed over the gate of his palace, on an elevated spot, bore directly upon the infidels, the Christian cannoneers poured their shot upon them, and knocked to pieces their bastions and their parapets. New ones were obliged to be constructed; the cannon of the city battered them down immediately, while the Turkish artillery, on the contrary, badly served and pointed, fired over the walls, without doing any injury. Disheartened by the little effect produced by their batteries, the sultan's officers transported them against the tower of St. Nicholas. They played upon it with twelve guns; but they had the mortification to see their cannon dismounted and their batteries ruined by those of the tower. To guard against this effect of the skill of the Christian cannoneers, they resolved to fire only by night, and during the day they buried their cannon under the gabions in the sand; on the approach of darkness, they were placed upon the platform. More than 500 balls were fired against the point of the wall looking toward the west, and brought it down into the ditch. The Turks congratulated themselves upon the success of this nocturnal battery, and felt certain of carrying the fort at the first assault; they were astonished, however, to see behind the ruins a new wall, terraced with its parapets, and bristling with artillery which prevented all approach to it. Soliman caused all the principal bastions of the place to be attacked, and the Ottoman cannon, which battered them day and night during a whole month, did them considerable damage. The numbers of knights and citizens in Rhodes began to diminish fast. They were in want of powder; the grand master caused some to be made, and hopes were entertained that this feeble succor would enable them to hold out for a long time against the Mahometan emperor. Up to this time, the war had only been carried on by artillery; and although that of the Turks, in the multitude of fiery mouths and abundance of powder, was very superior, they were not yet masters of an inch of

ground in the bastions or advanced works of the place, The retirades and intrenchments dug by the knights, supplied the places of the battered-down walls. These new works could only be taken by assault; and to mount to it, it was necessary to attempt the descent of the ditch, or to fill it up. Soliman having an immense number of pioneers in his army, formed several detachments of them, with orders to throw earth and stones into the ditch. But the knights, by means of casemates, removed, by night, all the rubbish the Turks had brought during the day. Other Turkish pioneers were employed in digging mines in five different places, each one of which led to the bastion opposite to it. Some of these were detected by the vigilance of the famous De Martinengere, to whom is due the invaluable invention of discovering, by means of stretched skins, where mining is being carried on. The Turks had worked with so much address, that the different branches of these mines went from one to another, and all, to produce the greater effect, ended at the same place. Two of these mines sprang, one after the other, under the English bastion. Their explosion was so violent, that they threw down more than six toises of the wall, the ruins of which filled up the ditch. The breach was so large and so easy, that several battalions flew to the assault, with loud cries, saber in hand. They at once gained the top of the bastion, and planted seven flags, and would have rendered themselves masters of it, if they had not met with a traverse behind it, which stopped them. The knights, recovered from the astonishment caused by the fearful noise of the exploded mine, rushed to the bastion, and charged the Turks with muskets, grenades, and stones.

The grand master, at the moment of the explosion of this volcano, was in a neighboring church, imploring, at the foot of the altar, the aid of God. He judged, by the horrible noise he heard, that the explosion of the mine would be followed by an assault. He arose at the very moment the priests, to commence the office, were chanting this preliminary prayer—*Deus, in adjutorium meum intende!* (Lord, come to my help!) "I accept the augury," cried the pious general; and turning toward some knights who accompanied him, "Come, my brothers," said he, "let us change the sacrifice of our praises into that of our lives, and let us die, if it be necessary, in defense of our holy faith." As he spoke, pike in hand, he advanced with a menacing air. He mounted the bastion, met the Turks, and struck down and killed all who came in his way or resisted him. He tore down the enemy's ensigns, and regained the bastions in a moment. Mustapha, Soliman's general, rallied the fugitives and led them back toward the enemy, by dint of blows as well as menaces. He marched forward himself with the greatest audacity. The combat was renewed, and the *mêlée* became bloody. Steel and fire were equally employed on both parts; they slaughtered each other hand to hand, or at a distance, by musket-shots or sword-cuts. They even proceeded to struggle body to body, and the stronger or more adroit killed his enemy with dagger-thrusts. The Turks, at once exposed to arquebusses, stones, grenades, and fire-pots, at length abandoned the breach and turned their backs. In vain their chief, by menaces and promises, endeavor to reanimate their valor. They do not listen to him. All fly, all disperse, and Mustapha himself turns unwillingly from the foe, after having lost more than 3,000 men. It was with such inveteracy that the superiority was contested up to the 24th of September, when Soliman issued the order for a general assault.

At daybreak the Mahometans, divided into four bodies, or rather four armies, advanced on four sides boldly toward the breach, in spite of the thunders which poured from the place, in spite of a deluge of balls, arrows, darts, and stones. Nothing could stop them. The knights crowded to the point of conflict; they repulsed the assailants; they precipitated them from the walls; they overthrew the ladders. The infidels returned to the charge with more impetuosity than ever, but all their efforts were useless: the knights were invincible. The priests, monks, old men, and even the children, all insist upon taking their share of the peril, and at length repulse the enemy. The women do not yield in exertions to the pioneers, or in courage to the soldiers. Many lost their lives in defending their husbands. A Greek woman, exceedingly handsome, the mistress of an officer who commanded in a bastion, and who was just killed, frantic at the death of her lover, and resolved not to outlive him, after having tenderly embraced two young children she had had by him, and imprinted the sign of the cross upon their brow—"It is better, my children," said she, with the tears streaming from her eyes, "it is better for you to die by my hands than by those of our pitiless enemies, or that you should be reserved for infamous pleasures, more cruel than death." Frantic with grief and rage, she seized a knife, slaughtered them, and threw their bodies into the fire; then clothing herself in the garments of her lover, stained with his blood, with his saber in her hand, she rushed to the breach, killed the first Turk who opposed her, wounded several others, and died fighting with the bravery of a hero. The ill success of so many assaults rendered

Soliman furious. He ordered Mustapha to be shot with arrows, and several other captains would have undergone the same fate if they had not persuaded him that he might still succeed in his undertaking. Incessant combats and attacks were carried on up to the middle of winter. At length the Ottomans triumphed; Rhodes, almost entirely destroyed, had no means of resistance left. Most of the knights had been killed in defending the fortifications. The grand master, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, seeing with the deepest grief that all his resources were exhausted, felt that it would be madness to resist longer. He resolved to surrender; but his persuasion that he who makes the first proposals loses an advantage, made him positively determine to wait till the Turks should propose capitulation. His project succeeded. Deceived by the continued brave defense, the Turks were ignorant of the real state of the place, and offered the besiegers more honorable conditions than they might have expected. This famous isle which had been for nearly three centuries the bulwark of Christianity, was wrested from the few surviving defenders, the wreck of a society of heroes. As soon as the capitulation was signed, Soliman entered the city for the purpose of expressing to L'Isle-Adam his admiration of his noble defense. After a long conversation the conqueror retired, saying, "Although I came here alone, do not imagine I was without an escort; I had the parole of the grand master and the faith of his knights, a security stronger than a whole army." Soliman did not abuse his victory. He treated the grand master generously; he visited him, pitied him, and consoled him as that last of a race of heroes deserved.

RIMINI, B.C. 49. — Cæsar, forgetting his virtues in order to sacrifice every thing to his ambition, prepared to march against his country. But this was not done without a mental struggle. When he arrived on the banks of the Rubicon, he was a prey to a thousand conflicting thoughts; he stopped all at once, and turning to his friends, said: "We have it still in our power to retract; but if we cross this rivulet, the enterprise must be carried out by force of arms." According to Suetonius, there appeared at that moment a man of extraordinary height, playing upon a rustic flute, and the soldiers flocked round him to listen to him. This wonderful man, seizing a trumpet, applied it to his mouth, and sounding a charge, crossed the river. This was most likely a *ruse* of Cæsar's to encourage his troops; be that as it may, he immediately cried out—"Forward! let us go whither the voice of the gods and the injustice of our enemies call us;—the die is cast!" And he crossed the Rubicon. The short siege and the capture of Rimini were the consequences of this determination, followed by the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, which annihilated the liberties of Rome.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 538.—Vitiges, King of the Ostrogoths, appeared before Rimini, and laid siege to it. He brought toward the walls an enormous tower, at the top of which was a large drawbridge, to be let down when within reach of the parapets. The inhabitants were in a terrible fright; but the commander rendered the tower useless by having the ditch widened during the night; and by a spirited and unexpected attack upon the enemy's camp, he raised as much dread among them as the machine had created in Rimini. Some of the bravest of the Goths fell in this sortie, and their leader turned the siege into a blockade. The arrival of Belisarius compelled him to abandon the enterprise altogether.—*Robson.*

RIMNIK, A.D. 1789.—In 1789 a battle took place at Rimnik in Wallachia, between the allied armies of Russia and Austria, under General Suwarrow, and the Turks, in which the latter were defeated.

RIO SECO, A.D. 1808. — The battle of Rio Seco, in Spain, was fought on the 14th of July, 1808, between the French army under Marshal Bessières, and the Spanish army under Generals Blake and Cuesta. The French army consisted of 12,000 men; the Spanish army was 30,000 strong. Yet, in spite of their great inferiority of numbers, the French troops, after a brief but bloody battle, defeated the Spaniards, and put them to rout, with great slaughter. The Spaniards on this occasion lost 6,000 men in killed and wounded. The French lost about 1,800. The town of Rio Seco was taken in the pursuit, and sacked and plundered with merciless severity by the victors.

RIO TABASCO—BATTLE OF, A.D. 1519.—On the 10th of February 1519, Hernando Cortez set sail from the Havana in Cuba, with a fleet of eleven vessels, for the beautiful and wealthy country in the west, which the Spanish navigator Grivalja had discovered the year before. This country was Mexico, and the glowing accounts and rich products which Grivalja brought with him to Cuba from the newly-discovered country excited the cupidity of the Spaniards in the highest degree. In every town and settlement, Mexico, its wealth, resources and beauty was the theme of discourse in all circles.

The fleet of Cortez had been fitted out jointly by himself and Velasquez, the Spanish governor of Cuba, who resided at St. Jago. A few days before the ships were fully equiped for the voyage, however, Velasquez

becoming jealous of the rapidly-increasing popularity of Cortez, resolved to deprive him of the command of the expedition. But Cortez soon heard of the intended movement on the part of the governor, and determined to put to sea before it could be put into operation. Great was the astonishment of the worthy governor when one morning he was aroused from his bed by the news that the fleet which he thought was so ill prepared for the voyage, had left its moorings and was busily getting under way. But neither his astonishment nor his rage could avail. He arrived at the quay only in time to receive a parting salutation from the commander of the fleet.

From St. Jago Cortez proceeded to Macaca where he laid in such stores as he could obtain from the royal farms; and thence sailed to Trinidad, a town on the southern coast of Cuba. Having landed here he erected a standard in front of his quarters, and issued a proclamation offering liberal sums to volunteers. Among many others who joined him at this place were about one hundred of Grivalja's men who had just returned from their voyage, and were anxious to return to the country which, from their own experience, they knew to be rich in gold and silver. Many cavaliers of family and distinction also joined the expedition; among them Pedro de Alvarado and his brother Christoval de Olid, Alonso de Avila, Juan Valesques de Leon, a relative of the governor, Alonso Hernandes de Puertocarrero, and Gonzalo de Sandoval, may be mentioned as those who took the most important part in the conquest. From Trinidad Cortez proceeded to Havana where he again erected his standard and invited the citizens to volunteer. Here he caused all his large guns, arquebusses, and cross-bows to be examined and put in order, and had the jackets of his soldiers thickly quilted with cotton, as a defense against the Indian arrows from which the troops in the former expedition had greviously suffered. He distributed his men into eleven companies, placing each under the command of an experienced officer.

His standard was of gold-embroidered velvet, black, and bearing in the center a red cross surrounded by blue and white flames. It bore, in Latin, the following inscription: "Friends, let us follow the cross, and under this sign, if we have faith we shall conquer."

Having fully completed his preparations he set sail, directing his course toward Cape St. Antonio. After arriving at the cape he mustered his forces and found that they consisted of eight hundred and sixty-three men, of whom one hundred and ten were mariners, five hundred and thirty-three were soldiers, and two hundred, Cuban Indians. His artillery force consisted of ten heavy guns, and four falconets, and he was provided with a sufficient amount of ammunition. His cavalry was only sixteen strong.

On the 18th of February 1519, the fleet weighed anchor, and sailed for the coast of Yucatan. Upon his arrival in Yucatan, Cortez fell in with a number of Spaniards who had been taken prisoners by the Indians during Grivalja's visit. Among them was Jerome de Aguilar, who had learned the Indian language during his imprisonment, and therefore was of great use to the Spanish commander in the capacity of interpreter.

The Spanish fleet continued on its course along the coast of Yucatan, and soon arrived at the mouth of the river Tabasco. Along the shores of that river Grivalja had driven a lucrative traffic with the Indians, and Cortez determined to ascend the river and visit the town on its banks before he visited the Aztec territories. The water being too shallow to allow the passage of his ships, Cortez and his soldiers, leaving a number of men to guard them while they lay at anchor, embarked in small boats and proceeded up the river. The banks were lined with mangrove trees, behind whose closely interlocked shoots and branches the forms of the natives were seen gesticulating wildly and threateningly. They did not make any active demonstration, however, until the Spaniards had arrived at an open place, where they congregated in great numbers. Cortez, deeming it important to land that evening, withdrew to an island in the vicinity, with the determination to effect a landing on the following morning.

At daybreak the Spaniards made preparations to land on the main shore. The Indians had received large reinforcements during the night, and stood upon the opposite banks, a dense mass of armed men, apparently prepared to fight to the last to repel the intruders. The Spanish commander detached Alonso de Avila with a hundred men to land at a point lower down the stream, near a thick grove of palms. From this point a road led to Tabasco. De Avila was instructed to march immediately on Tabasco, and assail the place in flank while Cortez himself was to assail it in front.

Cortez now embarked with the balance of his army, and crossed the river in the face of the enemy. As he approached the hostile shore he proclaimed through his interpreter to the Indians that all he desired was a free passage for himself and his men, and that should blood be spilt the sin would be their own. The natives replied with a shower of arrows, accompanied by shouts of derision and defiance.

Embarking in their canoes, the Indians advanced to meet the enemy. The Spaniards brought their boats close alongside of

the canoes, and grappling them, closed in a fierce struggle. The water was but waist-deep, and the combatants leaping from their boats fought in the water with desperate valor. But in spite of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, the Spaniards forced them back, and effected a landing on the opposite shore. The retreating natives were here supported by their countrymen who showered down arrows, darts, and pieces of burning wood upon the heads of the Spaniards. The conflict between the invaders and the natives upon the banks was hot and bloody. The natives, eager to push the enemy down the slippery banks, fought with the utmost ferocity, the Spaniards equally eager to ascend the bank, strove with the enemy with the greatest resolution, and for a season victory seemed to hang in a balance. At length with one tremendous effort, the Spaniards drove back the natives and gained the land, and having formed, opened a sharp fire from their small-arms and cross-bows. At the first rattle of the fire-arms, the natives astounded by the unexpected and apparently supernatural sound, and bewildered by the repeated flashes of fire from the weapons of their enemy, retreated hastily, and sought refuge behind a breast-work of timber thrown across the road. The Spaniards stormed these works at the first assault, and chased the retreating natives to the town. Here the Tabascans established themselves behind their pallisades. At this moment Avila arrived, and the natives finding themselves threatened on two sides, precipitately retreated and abandoned the place to the invaders. But having taken the precaution to remove their families and effects, in season, nothing fell into the hands of the victors, save some provisions and a very little gold.

Cortez, upon finding himself master of the town, took formal possession of it in the name of the crown of Castile.—*Prescott.*

RIVAS, A.D. 1855.—The town of Rivas in Nicaragua, is situated on the east shore of Lake Nicaragua, about seven miles west from Virgin Bay.

The first battle of Rivas was fought on the 29th of June, 1855, between the forces of General William Walker, and the Nicaraguans under General Boscha. Walker's army consisted of 158 men, of whom 58 were natives of the United States. The Nicaraguan army consisted of 480 men. Before entering into an account of the battles of Rivas we will review briefly the immediate cause of the revolution in Nicaragua, of which they formed a portion. In the year 1855 the Constituent Assembly of Nicaragua met, and formed a new national Constitution, and, without making known its contents to the people, passed a decree, that it should go into effect on a certain day. Meanwhile, the day for an election of a President arrived, and Chamorro their President, again offered himself as a candidate for the office. The liberal or democratic party presented as their candidate against Chamorro, Castellon a republican democrat of the purest order. A two-third vote was essential to an election; and as neither party could obtain a sufficiency of votes to elect their candidate, Chamorro claimed the seat by default of election. Shortly after this he caused Castellon and a number of his political friends to be cast into prison—and this outrage was followed by another of still greater magnitude. The Supreme Court was suppressed; and this last act of lawless despotism deeply affected the pulse of the whole country, and ripened the democratic feeling into resistance. Castellon and his friends, were banished. They sought refuge in Honduras, and while there they conceived the noble and heroic design of liberating their native land from the thraldom of her aristocratic tyrants. They were aided in the prosecution of their design by Cabañas, President of Honduras, who furnished them as far as he was able, with money and arms. Having called together the political refugees in Honduras, Castellon bravely led them back to Nicaragua, and proclaimed revolution for the sake of democratic liberty.

Success attended them at every step, and they advanced against Leon, Castellon's native city, with every evidence of triumph; their numbers increased hourly, and the heart of every patriot in the land beat light with the hope of freedom. The patriot army was commanded by Muñoz and Jerez, Castellon's companions in exile. Castellon was named Provisional Director of the republic, which office he held until the day of his death, September 6th, 1855. Chamoros was defeated in two hotly contested battles, in which some 2,000 men participated, and was finally driven to the city of Grenada, where he fortified himself so strongly that the patriots failed to dislodge him after a siege of nine months. For six months after Castellon had entered the country, the patriots were in possession of all Nicaragua, except the city of Grenada; but the want of success at this place gradually disheartened the people. The cause of the revolutionists commenced declining, and the priesthood, a powerful auxiliary in Central American warfare, using their influence in favor of Chamorro, his party became strengthened; and by a series of powerful sallies, he not only defeated the besiegers, and obliged them to raise the siege, but obtained possession successively of Masalla, Managua and Rivas; and finally regained the entire State, with the exception of the towns of Leon, Chinandega, and Realejo, with the

northern sea-coast, and the Bay of Fonseca. Chamorro, at this crisis, died; but his chiefs took up the quarrel, and the war raged furiously, but indecisively, until the arrival of General Walker, whose indomitable character soon wrought a change in the aspect of affairs. Castellon had called this officer, of whose courage and experience he was well informed, to the assistance of the liberals, offering him, in case of success, a grant of 52,000 acres of land. Walker had accepted the proposal, and set sail from San Francisco with a number of men well armed with rifles, revolvers, and knives. Walker and his troops arrived in Nicaragua on the 11th of June, 1855, and after some delay, they were formally enlisted in the army of Nicaragua, as did also all Americans residing in the country. General Walker received orders to proceed to Rivas and occupy the place. The first battle of Rivas took place immediately on his arrival in the vicinity of that place.

For several hours the firing on both sides was incessant; the Americans plied their rifles with deadly effect: not a shot was thrown away. But early in the action, the natives, who formed a portion of Walker's force, and were under the command of Colonel Mendez, became panic-stricken, and fled into the woods. The Americans now were left to contend with a force nearly eight times their own number. They fought with the utmost coolness, firing rapidly and accurately. Walker, however, finding his little band exposed to such great odds, ordered them to storm a large building which was occupied by a great number of the enemy. The Chamorrostas made but a slight resistance, and the Americans took possession of the house. There they were less exposed, and they could pick off at their leisure such of the enemy as were brave enough to approach within range. The natives retired and held a council of war, in which it was decided that the only method of dislodging the Americans, was to burn the building. Great rewards were offered to any one who should succeed in firing the house; and several of the natives made the attempt, but the unerring rifles of the Americans laid them in the dust; and it was not until after numbers had been slain, and the night had set in, that, favored by the darkness, they succeeded in setting fire to the building. The Americans finding it impossible to hold the building longer, burst out of the house, and charging through the enemy with the utmost fury, fought their way out of the town. They retreated slowly and in good order, checking every advance of the pursuers with deadly volleys, until they had effected their escape. The army retreated three miles toward Virgin Bay, and encamped for the night. The enemy did not pursue them beyond the limits of the town. In this battle Walker lost 22 men killed and wounded. The natives lost 180 men killed and wounded. "The effect of this battle," says the historian of the Central American War, "though immediately disastrous to the American cause, was to inspire the Nicaraguans with a dread and respect of General Walker's prowess, and a proper idea of the indomitable bravery of our riflemen. From that time forth it became generally known that in battle, to appear within 300 yards of our marksmen was to die; and officers were the certain mark of the American sharp-shooters."*

The battle of Rivas was followed by that of Virgin Bay, in which the democratic party, with the aid of the rifles of the Americans, was victorious. Grenada shortly afterward fell into the hands of Walker and his confederates, and with its surrender fell all the hopes of the legitimists. On the 23d of October, 1855, a treaty of peace was formed between the belligerent parties, and a new government was organized. Thus, four months after General Walker's entrance into the country, peace was restored, and the two parties seemed united by the strongest desire to maintain it.

Second Battle of Rivas.—Although General Walker had succeeded in restoring peace to Nicaragua, the efforts of the new government to establish friendly commerce with the other Central American States met with no success. By Costa Rica, especially, were their offers received by the most unequivocal indications of hostility. On the 10th of February, 1856, Colonel Louis Schelessinger was sent by the Nicaraguan government as a commissioner to the republic of Costa Rica. The mission was eminently peaceable, being simply to inquire the causes why Costa Rica had failed or refused to hold intercourse with the existing government of Nicaragua, and, if possible, to bring about a more favorable condition of affairs between the two States. This commission was received with contempt and insults by Costa Rica, and Colonel Schlessinger and suite were driven ignominiously from the country. General Walker, with his usual promptitude, resolved to resent this outrage; and shortly afterward war was declared between Costa Rica and Nicaragua. This was followed by an order from General Walker to Colonel Schelessenger, directing that officer to prepare to march into Costa Rica.

Meanwhile, the government of Costa Rica was making active preparations for the approaching contest. The president on the 27th of March, 1856, issued a decree calling out 9,000 of the militia, and on the 29th another proclamation was issued which de-

* Wm. V. Wells.

nied the authority of the so-called provisional government of Nicaragua. A loan of $100,000 was asked for, and the whole sum was immediately subscribed. The Costa Rican army were marched to Punta Arenas, whence they embarked for Liberia, accompanied by President Mora in person. Colonel Schlessinger with about 200 hundred men, on the 13th of March, marched from Virgin Bay for Guancaste. On the morning of the 19th he reached the hacienda of Santa Rosa, about twelve miles from Guanacaste. Here, at at about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th, he was suddenly attacked by the Costa Ricans. Colonel Schlessinger proved himself incapable of the trust reposed in him by his government. The Costa Ricans had scarcely made their appearance ere this redoubtable hero fled in the utmost terror, followed by a great portion of his army. Two companies of Americans alone maintained their ground; but, deserted by their commander and opposed by an overwhelming force, they were obliged to retire. The company under Lieutenant Higgins, were the only Nicaraguan troops that fired a volley during the action. They had entered the battle with forty-four men, and left the field with twenty-two, and were the last to leave the ground. The Nicaraguans lost, in the battle and flight, forty-three men killed and missing, among whom nineteen were captured by the Costa Ricans and summarily executed.

Elated with their easy victory, the Costa Ricans resolved to invade Nicaragua, and drive the Americans from Central America. The entire Costa Rican army consisted of about 3,000 men, and was commanded by Baron Bulow, a German officer of considerable distinctien. The invading army marched to San-Juan-del-Sud, and thence continued their advance through the country, devastating towns and butchering all Americans that came in their path. The defeat of Schlessinger seems to have paralyzed for a time the courage of the Nicaraguans, for with a single exception the advance of the invaders was not opposed. On the 10th of March, Lieutenant Green, with fifteen Americans, encountered about 200 Costa Ricans, eighteen miles above the mouth of the Serapiqui. A skirmish ensued in which the Americans were victorious, putting the enemy to flight with a loss of twenty-seven men killed. The Americans lost only one man killed and two wounded. On the 7th of March the main body of the Costa Rican army arrived at Rivas, and took undisputed possession of the place. No sooner had General Walker, who was at Grenada, received intelligence of the occupation of Rivas by the Costa Ricans, than he made preparations to expel them; and so speedily were his measures effected, that in one day after the receipt of the news, the Nicaraguan army was on its march for Rivas. The army consisted of about 500 men, of whom 100 were natives, and was commanded by General Walker in person. This little band embarked in a lake steamer at daylight on the 8th of April, and, arriving at San Carlos, it was resolved to attack the invaders immediately. The troops were disembarked to the southward of Rivas, and on the 10th, encamped within nine miles of the city. Walker here learned that the enemy's force amounted to no less than 2,700 men. The march was resumed early on the following morning; the army advancing by the road leading from Virgin Bay, instead of the usual route from Granada. The troops without halting, were assigned their respective positions, and instructed as to appropriate points of attack. The battalion under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Sanders, was ordered to enter by the street leading along the west side of the plaza, and the east side was to be charged by the force under command of Colonel Fry.

With a whoop and a yell, a rush was made for the plaza, and as the troops were discovered by the enemy ascending the eminence which concealed the approach to the city, they were saluted with a volley of musketry, which gave evidence of a firm and obstinate resistance. On both sides of the plaza a brisk and incessant fire was maintained by the Costa Ricans, but the fearless and undaunted forces of the democracy charged them with such vigor, that in a few minutes the assailants were in the entire possession of the plaza. The Costa Ricans, shunning an open fight, precipitately betook themselves to the barricades and fortified houses, and from these places of protection and concealment, kept up an unremitting fire. Their cannon was also brought into play, and galled the assailants with constant discharges. General Walker saw that until the cannon was silenced his advance would be effectually checked. The determination was instantly formed and carried into execution by Lieutenant-Colonel Sanders of taking the piece from the enemy. The order to charge was given, and the gallant Sanders, followed by his brave men, rushed into the face of the impending danger, and with the loss of four men succeeded in capturing the cannon. It was immediately brought and stationed at the south-east corner of the plaza, and placed under the control of Captain McArdle, an experienced and intrepid artillerist. The ammunition belonging to it was also seized, and a few minutes only elapsed before the weapon that was destined for the destruction of the democratic forces, was pouring a fatal fire upon the discomfited Costa Ricans.

Chagrined and enraged at the loss of their gun, they made several bold attempts to regain the piece; but its thundering voice, rapidly followed by the deadly discharges of the Mississippi rifles, drove them back to their hiding-places. In the mean time, fifteen or twenty American riflemen had stationed themselves on the roof of a building whence they could plainly discover a large body of the enemy in the back streets. A continuous fire was maintained by these men, and at least a hundred Costa Ricans fell before their unerring aim.

The battle now became too hot for the Costa Ricans, and 300 of them in a body retreated rapidly in the direction of San Juan del Sud. At about 12 o'clock, however, the Costa Ricans in the town were reinforced by a body of 250 men from Virgin Bay. Captain Waters of the rangers, who held possession of the tower surmounting the unfinished cathedral on the north side of the plaza, immediately communicated to General Walker information of their approach, and a body of men was sent to protect that portion of the town. Meanwhile, Captain Waters and his rangers, from their advantageous position, opened upon them with their rifles, and did most signal execution. The intention of the enemy of completely surrounding the city, and hemming the democratic forces in the plaza, was thwarted; but not without a long and fierce fire from all four of the corners of the plaza.

The north-west corner was held by Colonel Don Bruno Natzmer, and Major O'Neil, with their commands, and over 100 dead bodies of the enemy gave signal proof of the gallantry and skill of these officers and their troops. The south-west corner was in charge of Captains Rudler and Mason with their companies, and that, with the exception of the position held by Lieutenant-Colonel Sanders, was the end from which the greatest danger was to be apprehended. These brave officers and their trusty men maintained their ground with a firmness and courage deserving of the highest commendation. From these corners of the plaza, a constant fire was maintained from 8 o'clock in the morning till noon. Four hours of unremitting service in the field, following a tedious march of more than two days, had necessarily the effect of burdening the energies of the soldiers with irresistible fatigue. The Costa Ricans, also, seemed to become weary of the fight, and little firing for an hour was done on either side, except by sharp-shooters, adventuring chances at a long distance. This temporary cessation of hostilities by the Costa Ricans, was, however, a *ruse*, for the purpose of secretly possessing themselves of the building on the north-east corner of the plaza, whence, unharmed, they could pour a destructive fire upon the American troops stationed in every direction upon the plaza. This stratagem was discovered by Lieutenant Gray, and volunteers were solicited from among the troops to make a desperate charge and rout the enemy from their close approximation to the position they coveted.

Ten true and fearless men, armed with rifles and Colt's revolvers, were all that were required, and instantly, the requisite number, fully equiped for the perilous expedition, were ready to engage the foe. This number was composed of officers, among whom were Captains Hueston and Salter, of General Walker's staff; Colonel Kewen; Major Rogers; Major Webber; Captains Breckenridge, and Mahon; and Lieutenants Winters, Stith, and Gray. A few privates also volunteered, increasing the number to thirteen. Crossing the street under the fire of the enemy, they pressed through the corner building, which was the object coveted by the Costa Ricans, to the far end of the corridor, which was partially barricaded by an adobe wall or breastwork. From that position they cautiously surveyed the approaching enemy, and hastily determining the plan of operation, the order to charge was given, and with a shout and a bound, they rushed in the direction of the picket fence, behind which the Costa Ricans were cautiously making progress. The shout was immediately answered by a volley of thirty muskets; but as the attack was so sudden, the disconcerted foe were unable to aim with precision, and the only damage effected, was a single wound inflicted upon the head of Captain Breckenridge. The Americans gained the fence without loss, and thence opened a brisk fire upon the retreating enemy. The Costa Ricans fled for protection behind a neighboring building, whence, with more security, they could prevent pursuit. It was necessary, however, that they should be driven entirely from that vicinity, and in order to gain a position to effect that object, the Americans were obliged to cross a street swept by the enemy's fire.

It was a hazardous experiment, as the opposing force numbered more than 100 men; but nothing daunted, the gallant thirteen essayed the perilous adventure; and, although the bullets whistled in fearful proximity to them, not a man was killed or wounded. The position they sought, was gained, and then in earnest the crack of the rifle became the death-knell of the foe. The Costa Ricans, with great obstinacy, sought to maintain their ground, and returned the fire with zeal and eagerness. In this conflict, Captain Hueston fell mortally wounded. The remaining twelve, maddened to fury by the death of

BATTLE OF RIVAS.

their comrade, fired so fast and furious, that in a few minutes thirty of the enemy were slain, and unable to sustain the fearful storm, the Costa Ricans were compelled again to relinquish their position, and seek greater security elsewhere.

They retreated precipitately; and were hotly pursued by the assailants. Fortifying themselves behind a broken adobe wall, they again turned upon their pursuers, and opened a determined fire. In this assault, Lieutenant Gray was slightly wounded. To drive the Costa Ricans from the wall, and obtain possession of it was the object and determination of the pursuers. The enemy perceiving this, again sought safety in flight. With the loss of eight or ten more of their number, they succeeded in reaching the building from behind, where they again sought to repulse the advance of the Americans. In the further prosecution of the pursuit, Lieutenant Gray and a private were slain. The Costa Ricans, closely pursued, finally made good their retreat, and little execution was afterwards effected. The fight on the plaza had almost entirely ceased. During the remainder of the day, and until late at night, there was no firing, except from a few of the enemy, who throughout the conflict maintained their concealment, and with Minié rifles menaced every visible inimical object. The possessors of these weapons were evidently Englishmen and Germans who had long experience in the use of that deadly weapon.

The battle of Rivas—the second one fought in that city by General Walker—was warmly contested; and General Walker, unwilling to make targets of his men for an enemy whom he could not draw into open conflict, withdrew his troops, and returned to Grenada, to prepare for a final attack upon the invaders, and drive them out of the country. The Americans lost in this battle 30 men killed and 30 wounded. The Costa Ricans lost 600 men killed outright and a large number, wounded and missing. The second battle of Rivas was fought on the 11th of April, 1856, and eighteen days afterward, the Costa Rican army, having lost by killed, wounded, and by the cholera, nearly one half of its number evacuated Rivas, and retreated into Costa Rica.

The invasion and the retreat of the Costa Ricans at Rivas was soon followed by the abdication and flight of President Rivas, who deserted the cause of General Walker, and by this action aggravated the disorder of the country, and menaced it with violent civil and political eruptions. The treachery of the chief officer of the government was imitated by a majority of the ministers of state. Salazar, the master-spirit of the treasonable factions, was captured by General Walker, and after a trial was found guilty of treason, and executed.

The execution of Salazar aroused the ire of the Nicaraguan leaders, who sought the sympathy and aid of the neighboring States of Central America, with the design of expelling the Americans from the country. The disaffected Nicaraguans succeeded in effecting an offensive and defensive league with Guatemala and San Salvador, and a contribution of force was levied from each of those States, to unite in waging a war of extermination against the Americans in Nicaragua.

The negotiation of the Rivas faction resulted in the forced levy of 1,000 troops from Guatemala, and 400 from San Salvador, to which was added 600 from Leon, the head-quarters of the disaffected, and a few hundred legitimists, or Chamoristas, from the different towns and haciendas of Nicaragua. The whole number of the allied force amounted to about 2,500 men, all of whom were concentrated in Leon, to meet the exigency of an attack upon that place by General Walker. It was evidently the intention of the allies to intrench themselves within the city of Leon. But maladies of the most alarming character broke out among the troops, and they were compelled to evacuate Leon, and proceed to the more inland and healthy atmosphere of Nicaragua. There they were again attacked by fevers, and again they were obliged to abandon their position. They marched toward Massaya, an Indian village about twelve miles from Grenada, which presented many advantages over any of their former quarters.

When the allies abandoned Managua, the town of Massaya was occupied by an American garrison of 300 men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel McIntosh. General Walker, who was at Grenada, having received intelligence of the movements of the enemy, ordered McIntosh to make no opposition to the entrance of the allies into Massaya, but to relinquish it, and fall back immediately upon Grenada. This order was promptly obeyed, and the allies, on the 2d of October, were safely intrenched within the fortifications of Massaya. They did not attempt an immediate attack on Grenada, but contented themselves by endeavoring to cut off all supplies of provisions intended for the Americans in Grenada. Walker finally resolved to be no longer annoyed by the allies, and determined to prosecute a war which he would have avoided, if it could have been done with honor, and which was forced upon him. The command of General Hornsby, which was garrisoned at San Jorge, near Rivas, was ordered to Grenada, and preparations were instantly in progress for opening the campaign. The battles of

Massaya, fought on the 12th, and of Grenada on the 13th of October, 1856, in both of which Walker was victorious, followed. The allies were scattered in all directions, and the cause of Walker's party seemed triumphant.

This seems to be the state of affairs in Nicaragua, as this work goes to press. From the recency of the events, and the difficulty of obtaining impartial information regarding the conduct and intention of General Walker, and his men in Nicaragua, we can vouch for the authenticity of the above account no further than to state that it is compiled from the most reliable sources of information within our reach.

RIVOLI, A.D. 1797.—On the 14th of January, 1797, was fought between the French and Austrians the battle of Rivoli, in Italy. The French were victorious, and on this occasion Massena received the title of Duke of Rivoli. The whole Austrian force under Alvinzi had concentrated near Rivoli for the purpose of entirely routing the French if they attempted to cross the Adige. Napoleon, through some treachery of the Austrians, ascertained their intentions and resolved to attack them; therefore, with the whole center of his army he went to the support of Joubert, who was then struggling with a much superior force. At two o'clock in the morning he arrived on the plain of Rivoli. The weather was clear and beautiful. The light of an unclouded moon gave the fir-clad mountains the appearance of silver, while the northern horizon was illuminated by the fires of the Austrian encampment, and from the neighboring heights he could discover the lights of nearly forty thousand men. The Austrians had divided their forces into five columns, the principal one under Quasdanovich, composed of all the artillery, horse, and a large body of grenadiers, took the road on the right, and were to ascend the plateau by the winding path which led to its summit. Three other divisions of foot received orders to climb the mountain in front, and when the action on the high road took place they were to descend upon the republicans; while a fifth, under Lusignan, were to wind around the base of the plain, gain the road in the rear, and thus cut of their retreat to Verona. This was a great plan, and would have succeeded admirably had the French been commanded by any one except Napoleon.

In opposition to this great force of the Austrians Napoleon had only thirty thousand men; but his position was more favorable, being an upland, elevated among the mountains, which would occasion much fatigue to his enemies to reach it; and he had sixty pieces of cannon and a large body of horse in an excellent condition. He at once perceived that it was of the greatest importance to maintain his position on the plain, as by so doing he could prevent the enemy from uniting, and overthrow them separately. By the light of the moon he arranged his whole force with great precision on the summit. On the 14th of January, at nine o'clock, the action commenced by the Austrians attacking the French left. After resisting manfully, the regiments were broken and fled in confusion, upon which Napoleon rode in haste to the village of Rivoli, where Massena, who had marched all night, was resting from his fatigue, led his division to the front, and by a bold charge restored the combat in that quarter. This check had compelled Joubert, who was on the right, to give way. The divisions in front pressed down upon the plain, while at the same moment the head of the column of grenadiers appeared at the top of the windings of the high road, having with the utmost difficulty forced the perilous ascent, and their horse and artillery began to debouch upon the level surface at its summit. The division under Lusignan had wound, unperceived, round the flanks of the French, and at this time appeared directly in their rear, and the Austrian soldiers, deeming the destruction of the republicans certain, gave loud cheers on all sides and clapped their hands as they took their ground in succession. The French army, attacked in front, flank, and rear at the same time, their retreat being also cut off, saw no way of escape from the bayonets of their enemies but in the precipices of the Alps. The presence of mind of Napoleon did not forsake him at this perilous moment. In order to gain time he sent a flag of truce to Alvinzi, proposing a suspension of arms for half an hour, as he had some propositions to make in consequence of dispatches from Paris. The Austrian general immediately fell into the snare; the suspension was agreed to, and the march of the imperialists was stopped at the very moment when victory was surely theirs. Junot repaired to the Austrian head-quarters, when, after a conference of an hour he returned without having come to any terms, of course. But Napoleon had gained time to face the danger, all he wished at this critical period, and was now on the defensive. Joubert, with the light infantry, was sent to the extreme right to oppose Quasdanovich, while Leclerc and Lasalle, with the horse and flying artillery, hurried to the menaced point, and another regiment of foot was sent against Lusignan. Napoleon, far from being disconcerted, spoke to the soldiers in a confident tone, and assured them of success. The head of Quasdanovich's division, which had so bravely accomplished the ascent, re-

ceived in front by a terrible fire of grape-shot, charged on one flank by Lasalle's horse, and exposed on the other to the musketry of Joubert, broke, and hurried backward down the steep. The fugitives, rushing headlong into the column that was ascending, threw it into the most dire confusion, cavalry, infantry, and cannon struggled together under a terrible fire from the batteries of the French, while at the same time some ammunition-wagons blew up, and all was a scene of frightful disorder. As soon as the plateau was safe from this flank attack Napoleon fell upon the troops which had descended from the heights, and that heroic band, being destitute of artillery, and also deprived of the aid which they expected from the troops in flank, soon gave way and fled to the mountains where most of them were made prisoners. The division under Lusignan had been successful, and reached the heights in rear of the army in time to witness the destruction of the three divisions in the mountains. Then they gave up all hope. The French troops were speedily directed against this column, now separated from all support, and depressed by the ruin which it beheld in other parts of the army. For some time they maintained their position, but the fire of fifteen pieces of heavy artillery, to which they had nothing to oppose, at length compelled them to retreat, and they had not proceeded far when they encountered the division under Massena, which had been held in reserve and was now approaching. The consternation produced was so great that the whole column laid down their arms, while Quasdanovich, left entirely to his own resources, retired up the valley of the Adige, and the remainder of the center divisions sought refuge behind the rocky stream of Jasso.

ROCHELLE, LA, A.D. 1372.—The English having made themselves masters of La Rochelle, the inhabitants of that important city did not endure the yoke without impatience. They were only restrained by their fear of the military who garrisoned the castle, which dominated over both the port and the city. Jean Candocier, Mayor of La Rochelle, proposed gaining possession of it by a stratagem. "We shall easily do so, and to our honor," said he, "for Philip Monsel (the English commander) is not over cunning." Candocier invited Monsel to dine with him, and took the opportunity of showing him an order which desired him, in his quality of mayor, to review the garrison and the armed burgesses. This order was a fiction. The English commander, like most warriors of the time, could neither read nor write. Candocier showed the order openly, and read it with a confidence that might have imposed upon any one. On the day appointed for the review, Monsel marched all his garrison out of the castle, with the exception of about twelve men. Scarcely had he passed the fortifications, than a body of armed citizens, placed in ambuscade behind an old wall, got between him and the citadel, while a body of 200 men met him, in good order, in front. The English, finding themselves surrounded, yielded at discretion. The inhabitants then summoned the few left in the citadel to place it immediately in their power. Their number was so small that they complied without hesitation. Charles V. rewarded the Rochellois with great privileges.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1573.—During the various religious wars in France, the reformers had no more formidable rampart or place of refuge than La Rochelle. Readers not well acquainted with French history, and accustomed to look upon France as one kingdom ruled by a despotic king, can form no idea of the real state of that country quite up to the middle of the reign of Louis XIV. In all the provinces of France there were strongly-fortified cities, mostly attached to the governments of these provinces. It was the object of princes of the blood and of the high nobles to obtain a government; after that, upon receiving offense at court, or taking umbrage at even an imaginary insult, they would retire to their fortified city, and set even royalty at defiance. La Rochelle, Sedan, and some other cities, were the great rallying-points of the Huguenots, and, in them, the power of the monarchs was merely nominal. In 1573, they were besieged in La Rochelle by the Duke of Anjou, afterward the infamous Henry III., the most inveterate enemy they ever had to encounter. The massacre of St. Bartholomew has fixed an indelible stain upon the reign of Charles IX.; but more of its horrors were due to this, his successor, than to him. Henry of Anjou was more after Catherine de Medici's own heart than her second son Charles. This prince could boast of having in his army the flower of the French nobility. In the course of eight months they gave nine general assaults, and formed more than twenty useless attacks. An English fleet endeavored to throw succors into the city, but it was repulsed, and forced to renounce the enterprise. The Rochellois, notwithstanding, continued to signalize their valor by the most intrepid resistance. The Duke of Anjou, returning from visiting a mine, passed by a place within gun-shot of the city. A soldier, recognizing him, took a deliberate aim at him, and would have ridded the world of a monster, but for the intervention of his squire, Hubert Devins, who, seeing the danger of the prince, rushed forward, and received the ball instead of him. He was cured of his wound, and lived a long

time to enjoy the glory of such an action. Upon the duke being chosen King of Poland, a general assault was given; but it succeeded no better than its predecessors. The prince, who had already lost more than 24,000 men, then resolved to terminate the siege by making peace. The conduct of the royalists during the siege was the height of extravagance, injustice, and ferocity: "They sported there with the lives of men," says Matthieu the historian; "and I have heard those say who were near the Duke of Anjou, that to pass away the time, when they were at a loss what to do, they sent soldiers to the breach." It is not to be wondered at that an enterprise so conducted should have had a bad end, and that the Rochellois, pretending to submit, to save the honor of the court, should have really remained masters of their city. Near the counterscarp, there was a mill, called Lebrande, of which Captain Normand had obtained the proprietorship, upon condition that he should have it guarded. He thought at first of fortifying it; but finding he could not put it in a state of defense, he satisfied himself with keeping a few soldiers in it in the daytime, who retired at night, with the exception of one sentinel. Strozzi, one of the Catholic generals, who fancied he could derive some advantage from this mill, fixed upon a moonlight night to attack it with a detachment and two culverins. A soldier from the Isle of Rhé, named Barbot, sole defender of this bad post, stood his ground, fired, with incredible celerity, many arquebus-shots at the assailants, and, by varying the inflexions of his voice, made them believe that he had a considerable number of comrades. Captain Normand kept encouraging him from the top of a cavalier, speaking as if there were an entire company in the mill, and telling them to hold out bravely, and they should soon have assistance. Barbot's artillery being exhausted, he came forward and demanded quarter for himself and his comrades; and, the defense having been so respectable, it was granted. He immediately laid down his arms, and revealed the whole garrison in his own person. Strozzi, enraged at what he ought to have thought heroic, wanted to have him hung for his act of gallantry; but Biron, who was more moderate, satisfied himself with condemning him to the galleys. These men prided themselves upon fighting in a religious cause, and in civilized times; the pagans of old Greece or Rome would not have punished such a man at all. The soldier was fortunate enough to escape by flight a punishment he did not deserve.*

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1627.—We come now to the most important siege of La Rochelle, a siege which is likewise the great event of the life of so remarkable a man as the Cardinal de Richelieu.

Cardinal de Richelieu, who governed France and its king, being very desirous to signalize his ministry by the conquest of La Rochelle, ordered the siege of it to be prepared. In the year 1627, an army 23,000 men, with Louis XIII. at their head, presented itself before this last asylum of the Protestants. The warlike cardinal conducted all the operations in the name of the king. The city was vast, well fortified, well situated, provided with numerous artillery, full of munitions of all kinds, and defended by inhabitants animated by religious zeal. They elected as mayor, governor, and general of their city, Jean Guiton, a man of great firmness and valor. He was scarcely clothed with these important but perilous dignities, than he assembled the inhabitants, and drawing a poniard, said: "I will be your mayor, since you insist upon my being so, but only upon condition that I may be permitted to plunge this poniard into the heart of the first man who shall speak of surrendering. I consent that it shall be employed in the same manner upon me, if I should propose to capitulate; and I require that this poniard shall remain for that purpose upon the table of the chamber in which we assemble." Richelieu in the mean time continued his works for the blockade of the place. A circumvallation of three leagues was formed, protected by thirteen forts, flanked with redoubts, and bristling with artillery. But the great object was to close the ports, in order to exclude succor. Piles were sunk to embarrass the entrance; a chain of immense force was stretched across the mouth; but all these means proved useless.

At length the cardinal resolved to make a dyke. Everybody, as is usual in such cases, exclaimed against the project as absurd. Louis Métézau and Jean Tiriot alone ventured to undertake the execution of it, and they were kindly set down by their cotemporaries as madmen. It was necessary to form a canal of 740 toises in width, in a place where the current of the sea was very strong. Long posts were sunk in the sea, at twelve feet distance from each other, from the point of Coreille to Fort Louis: other posts, quite as strong, connected them crosswise. Immense dry stones were thrown into the intervals, to which the slime and mud acted as cement. This dyke was so elevated, that in the highest tides the soldiers were dry upon it; its thickness was proof against cannon. It was, toward the bottom, about twelve toises wide, and only about four at the top, so that it resembled a glacis. At each extremity a fort was built; an opening

* This anecdote is evidently the foundation of an amusing scene in Dumas's "Three Musketeers," and proves the truth of the proverb, "that truth is even more strange than fiction."

was left in the middle to allow passage for the tides; but, in order to prevent the enemy's vessels from entering by this opening, forty vessels, filled with hewn stones, were sunk, and a vast number of huge piles were driven. This great and wonderful work, which required the incessant labor of six months, was defended by several batteries erected on firm ground, and by 200 vessels of all sizes, well armed, which lined the shore. The advantage of this dyke was soon perceived: La Rochelle, which till then had received all its munitions and provisions by sea, became destitute in a very short time. The English made two attempts to deliver or revictual the place, but were obliged to renounce their undertaking. After a year's blockade, the Rochellois, for some time reduced to subsist upon grass, herbs, and shell-fish, began to be carried off in great numbers by famine. Twelve thousand men had already perished; whole houses were filled with dead bodies. One day the mayor met a person, attenuated by famine. "He has but one breath of life left," said some one to him. "Are you surprised at this?" replied he; "you and I must soon come to that, if we are not relieved." "But," added another, "hunger carries off so many daily, that we shall soon have no inhabitants left." "Well," rejoined the brave old man, "never mind, so long as there is one left to keep the gates shut." They really had "but one breath of life left," when on the 28th of October, 1628, they were compelled to capitulate. The royal troops took possession on the 30th, and on the 1st of November the king made his public entrance. The fortifications were demolished, the ditches filled up, the inhabitants disarmed and made taxable; *echevinage* and the corporation of the city were abolished forever. For nearly two hundred years, La Rochelle had scarcely acknowledged any sovereigns but its magistrates. This conquest cost Louis 40,000,000 of francs, but not so many lives as might have been expected.—*Robson.*

ROME.—In our account of the early sieges of Rome, notwithstanding our conviction that many of the events related of them are apocryphal, we shall adhere to the version which was the delight of our boyhood.

First Siege, b.c. 747.—From the way in which what is called Rome, as a nation was got together, it was naturally in a constant state of warfare. The spirit in which it was founded pervaded and ruled over it to its fall: it was at all times a nation of the sword; and when that sword was blunted by having conquered the known world, its conquests all crumbled away: when Rome ceased to be an aggressor, she instantly ceased to be great. Rome, of course, commenced this aggressive career with wars upon her neighbors, a cause for quarrel being quickly and easily found where every thing was to be gained and little to be lost. Thus, the rape of the Sabine women produced the first siege of the nascent city—a violation not only of the laws of nations, but of the laws of even the rudest state of nature, created its first enemies. The Sabines of Cures, animated by a warm desire for vengeance, presented themselves before Rome; their design was to blockade it, when chance rendered them masters of the citadel by the treachery of Tarpeia. She covenanted, as her reward for betraying the capital, for what they wore on their arms, meaning their ornamental bracelets; but they, disgusted with her action, threw their bucklers upon her and smothered her. After her, the rock from which criminals were precipitated was called the Tarpeian—a proof that there was at least some foundation for that now disputed legend. The two peoples then came to close action, and victory remained long undecided: the Romans gave way at the first charge, but were rallied by the voice of Romulus, and recommenced the fight with obstinacy and success. The carnage was about to become horrible, when the Sabine women, for whose honor so much blood was being spilt, threw themselves between the combatants, with disheveled hair, holding in their arms the fruits of their forced marriages, and uttering piercing cries. Their voices, their tears, their supplicating posture, relaxed the fury of the fight, and calmed the animosity of the combatants; the Sabine women became mediators between their relations and their husbands. Peace was made on the condition that the two people should from that time be one, and that the two kings should reign together.

Second Siege, b.c. 507.—Tarquin the Superb, not being able to recover by artifice the throne from which he had been expelled, sought to employ force. He had the address to interest several neighboring nations in his cause;—when they had a chance of success, Rome had always plenty of enemies around her. Porsenna, King of Clusium, then the most powerful monarch of Italy, raised a numerous army in his defense, and laid siege to Rome. In an assault, the two consuls were wounded, and the consequently disordered Romans could not withstand their opponents. The Etruscans attacked a bridge, the capture of which must lead to that of the city; but Horatius, surnamed Cocles from having lost an eye, alone opposed himself to the troops of Porsenna, while his companions broke down the bridge behind him. When they had completed the work, he threw himself into the Tiber and swam ashore.

The King of Clusium, having failed in his

attempt, undertook to reduce the place by famine; but the bold action of a young Roman soon made him change his design. Mutius Scævola, animated by the same spirit that had governed Cocles, was determined to relieve his country from this dreaded enemy. He went to the Clusian camp, disguised as an Etruscan, entered the king's tent, and meeting with that prince's secretary superbly dressed, poniarded him instead of Porsenna. He was arrested, led before the king, and strictly interrogated, while the instruments of torture were ostentatiously displayed in his sight. Mutius, with a haughty air, and without being the least intimidated by their menaces, exclaimed, "*I am a Roman; I know how to suffer; I know how to die!*" At the same time, as if he wished to punish the hand which had so ill served him, he held it in the flame of a brazier till it was consumed, looking all the while at Porsenna with a firm and stern glance. "There are thirty of us," said he, "all sworn to rid Rome of her implacable enemy, and all will not make such a mistake as I have." The king, astonished at the intrepid coolness of the young Roman, concluded a treaty of peace, which delivered Rome from the most formidable enemy she had had to encounter. Among the hostages given by the Romans was Cloelia, a Roman maiden, possessed of courage beyond her sex or age. She persuaded her companions to escape by swimming across the Tiber. They succeeded, in spite of the numerous arrows discharged upon them in their passage. The boldness of the action met with high praise in Rome; but they were sent back to Porsenna, that public faith might not be violated. That prince, however, was so much pleased with such virtuous spirit that he restored the generous maidens to freedom, and made his alliance still more close with a city that could produce heroines as well as heroes.

Third Siege, b.c. 488.—Caius Marcius Coriolanus, exiled from Rome by the seditious tribunes, and by his own indomitable pride, so far forgot all patriotic feelings as to engage the Volscians to make war against his country. The Volscians, proud of the assistance of such a distinguished hero, made him their general; he took the field with vengeance in his heart. After a great number of victories, he marched straight to Rome, for the purpose of laying siege to it. So bold a design threw the patricians and the people equally into a state of the greatest alarm. Hatred gave way to fear; deputies were sent to Coriolanus, who received them with all the haughtiness of an enemy determined on making his will the law. The Roman generals, instead of boldly meeting him in the field, exhorted him to grant them peace; they conjured him to have pity on his country, and forget the injuries offered to him by the populace, who were already sufficiently punished by the evils he had inflicted upon them. But they brought back nothing but the stern reply, "that they must restore to the Volscians all they had taken from them, and grant them the right of citizenship." Other deputies were dismissed in the same manner. The courage of these Romans, so proud and so intrepid, appeared to have passed with Coriolanus over to the side of the Volscians. Obedience to the laws was at an end; military discipline was neglected; they took counsel of nothing but their fear. At length, after many tumultuous deliberations, the ministers of religion were sent to endeavor to bend the will of the angry compatriot. Priests, clothed in their sacred habiliments, advanced with mournful steps to the camp of the Volscians, and the most venerable among them implored Coriolanus to give peace to his country, and, in the name of the gods, to have compassion on the Romans, his fellow-citizens and brothers; but they found him equally stern and inflexible. When the people saw the holy priests return without success, they indeed supposed the republic lost. They filled the temples, they embraced the altars of the gods, and gathered in clusters about the city, uttering cries and lamentations; Rome presented a picture of profound grief and debasement. Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, and Volumnia, his wife, saved their unhappy country. They presented themselves before him, and conjured him by all that he held most sacred, to spare a city which had given him birth, and which still contained his mother, his wife, and his children. His mother was a woman of great spirit—a Roman, almost a Spartan mother. She had, from his boyhood, stimulated him to the performance of noble and heroic deeds; she might be called the parent of his glory as well as of his vigorous person. Coriolanus loved his mother tenderly, almost idolized her, and could not resist her tears. He raised the siege, and delivered Rome from the greatest alarm it had ever experienced.

Fourth Siege, b.c. 387.—A colony of Gauls, confined for room in their own country, entered upper Italy, under the command of Brennus, 387 years before Christ, and laid siege to Clusium, in Tuscany. Accustomed already to command as a master in Italy, Rome sent three embassadors to Brennus, to inform him that that city was under the protection of the Roman republic. Offended by the rude reply of the Gauls, the embassadors retired indignantly, but violated the rights of nations by entering Clusium, and assisting in the defense of it. Brennus, highly irritated, demanded satisfaction, and Rome refused to

give it. He marched directly against that already superb city. The two armies met on the banks of the river Allia, within half a league of Rome. The Romans, being the less in numbers, extended their ranks in order not to be surrounded, and by that means weakened their center. The Gauls, perceiving this, fell with fury on the cohorts of the center, broke through them, and attacked the wings, whose flanks this opening left exposed. Already conquered by the terror inspired by this bold maneuver, which bespoke a people accustomed to military tactics, the wings of the Roman army took to flight without drawing sword, and the main body, bewildered by the general rout which ensued, took refuge in Veii, instead of regaining Rome, which offered them the nearest asylum. Thousands of Romans fell under the sword of the Gauls; and if these people had marched straight to the city, instead of lingering to share the spoil, the Roman name would have been at an end.* They remained three days engaged in distributing the spoil, and three days saved Rome, whither the fugitives bore the news of the disaster the army and the consuls had sustained. They rendered the republic aware of what it had to expect from the victorious Gauls. The Senate, in the general alarm, took advantage of the time the barbarians employed in rejoicings for their victory. Not finding a sufficient force to defend the city, they threw all the men capable of bearing arms into the capital, and sent away all useless mouths; the old men, women, and children took refuge in the nearest cities. There only remained in Rome a few pontiffs and ancient senators, who, not being willing to survive either their country or its glory, generously devoted themselves to death, to appease, according to their belief, the anger of the infernal gods. These venerable men, in order to preserve to the last sigh the marks of a dignity which they believed would expire with them, put on their sacred vestments or their consular robes, placed themselves at the doors of their houses, in their ivory chairs, and awaited with firmness the decree which Destiny was about to pronounce on Rome. Brennus arrived three days after his victory. Surprised at finding the gates open, the walls without defense, and the houses without inhabitants, he suspected some ambush or stratagem. The continued silence and calm at length re-assured him. He placed his points of guard; then, while spreading his troops through the quarters of the city, the first objects that met his eyes were the venerable old men who had devoted themselves to death. Their splendid habits, their white beards, their air of grandeur and firmness, their silence even, astonished Brennus, and inspired a religious fear in his army. A Gaul, less touched with this august spectacle, and more daring than the rest, ventured to pluck innocently the beard of an ancient senator. The spirited old man dealt him a heavy blow with his ivory staff on the head. The irritated soldier killed the senator, and this became the signal for slaughter; all were massacred in their chairs, and the inhabitants who had not escaped were put to the sword. Brennus attacked the capital, but he was repulsed with loss. Despairing of taking it by force, he had recourse to blockade, to reduce it by famine. In order to avenge himself for the resistance offered by the Romans, he set fire to the city; and soon Rome presented nothing but its hills surrounded with smoking ruins.

The Gauls, inflated with their success, believed the whole country to be in a state of terror, and they preserved neither order nor discipline; some wandered about the neighborhood for the purpose of plunder, while others spent both days and nights in drinking. They thought the whole people shut up in the Capitol, but Rome found an avenger in Camillus. This great man, exiled by his ungrateful fellow-citizens, had retired to Ardea. He prevailed upon the young men of that city to follow him. In concert with the magistrates, he marched out on a dark night, fell upon the Gauls stupefied with wine, made a horrible slaughter, and thus raised the depressed courage of his fellow-citizens. They flocked in crowds to his standard, and, looking upon Camillus as their only resource, they chose him as their leader. But he refused to do any thing without the order of the Senate, and the people shut up in the Capitol. It was almost impossible to gain access to them. A young Roman, however, had the hardihood to undertake this perilous enterprise, and succeeded. Camillus, declared dictator, collected an army of more than 40,000 men, who believed themselves invincible under so able a general.

The Gauls, meanwhile, perceived the traces left by the young man, and Brennus endeavored, during the night, to surprise the Capitol by the same path. After many efforts, a few succeeded in gaining the summit of the rock, and were already on the point of scaling the walls; the sentinel was asleep, and nothing seemed to oppose them. Some geese consecrated to Juno, were awakened by the noise made by the enemy, and began to cry, as they do when disturbed. Manlius, a person of consular rank, flew to the spot, encountered the Gauls, and hurled two of them from the rock. The Romans were roused, and the enemy driven back;

* In this terrible engagement nearly 40,000 Romans were slain.

most of them either fell, or were thrown from the precipice, and very few of the party engaged regained their camp. The sleeply sentinel was precipitated from the Capitol, and Manlius was highly rewarded. Much irritated at his defeat, Brennus pressed the place still more closely, to augment the famine, which had begun to be felt even in his camp, since Camillus had made himself master of the open country. An accommodation was soon proposed; it was agreed that Brennus should receive a thousand pounds' weight of gold, on condition of his raising the siege, and leaving the lands of the republic. The gold was brought, but when it was weighed, the Gauls made use of false weights. The Romans complained of this; but Brennus, laughing at their remonstrances, threw his sword and baldric into the scale which counterpoised the gold, adding raillery to injustice. At that very moment, Camillus reached the capital, and advanced with a strong escort toward the place of conference. Upon learning what had passed, "Take back this gold to the Capitol," said he to the Roman deputies; "and you, Gauls," added he, "retire with your weights and scales; it is with steel only, that Romans should redeem their country." The parties soon proceeded to blows; Camillus brought up his troops, and a furious charge ensued. The Romans, maddened by the sight of their ruined country, made incredible efforts. The Gauls could not withstand them; they were broken, and fled on all sides. Brennus rallied them, raised the siege, and encamped a few miles from Rome. Camillus followed him with characteristic ardor, attacked him afresh, and defeated him. Most of the Gauls were either killed on the field of battle, or massacred in detail by the inhabitants of the neighboring villages; so that, it is said, a single one did not remain to carry back to his country the news of their defeat.

Fifth Siege, b.c. 211.—This siege belongs to a very interesting period in the Roman history; it occurred in the course of what are called the Punic wars, which were the contests of two of the most powerful states then in existence, for supremacy. Rome and Carthage were like two suns; they had become too powerful for both to retain their splendor in one hemisphere. They were really the noblest conflicts in which Rome was engaged; there was a rivalry in generals and soldiers worthy of being sustained by the great republic; and though Rome was in the end the conqueror, and her generals were great, it is doubtful whether she can exhibit in her annals so perfect a captain as Hannibal. The Carthaginians suffer, in the opinion of posterity, in another way; the Romans were not only the victors, but the historians; Punic bad faith is proverbial in the Roman language, but we strongly suspect that a Carthaginian Polybius or Livy would have found as many sins against the laws of nations committed by one party as the other. The man was the painter, and not the lion.

After various and great successes, Hannibal, to terrify the Romans, presented himself before their city. The consuls, who had received orders to watch that the republic should receive no injury, felt it their duty to encounter him. When they were on the point of engaging, a violent storm compelled both parties to retire; and the same thing occurred several times; so that Hannibal, believing that he saw in this event something supernatural, said, according to Livy, that sometimes fortune and sometimes his will was always wanting to make him master of Rome. That which still more surprised him was, that while he was encamped at one of the gates of the city, the Romans sent an army out of one of the other gates into Spain; and that the very field in which he was encamped was sold at the same time, without that circumstance having diminished the value of it. In order to avenge himself, he put up to auction the goldsmiths' shops which were around the most public places in Rome, and then retired.

Sixth Siege, b.c. 87.—War being declared against Mithridates, King of Pontus, was the signal of discord between Marius and Sylla. These two rivals, whose animosity knew no bounds, demanded at the same time the command of the army. Sylla obtained it from the Senate, and immediately went to place himself at the head of his troops. Marius took advantage of his absence, and, with the assistance of the tribune Sulpicius, he so excited the people against the nobles that Sylla was deprived of his command which was conferred upon him. Sylla, far from obeying the sentence of the people, marched straight to Rome with his army, consisting of 40,000 men. This was the first time, since Coriolanus, that this great city had been besieged by one of its own citizens. Destitute of every thing, its only defense being a few soldiers got together in haste by Marius, it did not make a long resistance. Sylla entered as an enemy; the multitude mounted upon the roofs of the houses, armed with any thing they could lay hold of, and poured such a shower of stones and tiles upon the heads of his soldiers that they could not advance. Sylla, forgetful of what he owed to his country and to himself, cried out to his men to set fire to the houses; and, arming himself with a blazing brand, gave them the example. Marius, too weak to contend with his rival, abandoned to him the center of the empire. The conqueror affected great mod-

eration, prevented the pillage of his country, reformed the government, raised the authority of the Senate upon the ruins of that of the people, put to death Sulpicius, with ten other senators, partisans of his rival, and embarked for Asia.

This second absence replunged Rome into fresh misfortunes; the faction of the people, of which Marius was the soul, excited by Cinna, took courage again. This consul, having won over some tribunes, caused so much trouble, that he was driven from the city and deprived of the consulate; but he succeeded in gaining to his quarrel a large army encamped in the Campania, and almost all the peoples of Italy. Marius, who had taken refuge in Africa, recrossed the sea, and came to join Cinna; he was immediately declared proconsul. It was proposed to give him fasces and lictors, but he rejected them: "Such honors," said he, "would not become a banished man." His party held a council, and it was determined to go and attack Rome: Sylla had set them the example.

Rome, always victorious against external enemies, but always weak against domestic attacks, saw herself besieged by four armies, commanded by Marius, Cinna, Sertorius, and Carbo. Masters of all the passages, they subjected the city to famine, and reduced its inhabitants to extremity. Pompeius Strabo came at last, but too late, to the succor of his country with an army. Rome, in a state of consternation, and seeing herself on the verge of ruin, sent deputies to the enemies to invite them to enter the city. A council was held. Marius and Cinna, after having marked out their victims, gave the city up to all the horrors of war. A multitude of virtuous Romans were immolated to the vengeance of the two leaders; Marius inundated his country with the purest blood of the republic. Birth and riches were unpardonable crimes; a nod of this tyrant's head was an order for death. This ferocious and barbarous man, after having exercised the most horrible cruelties, died a short time after this victory, in the middle of Rome itself, of which he had been the preserver and the executioner.

Seventh Siege, A.D. 408.—Alaric, King of the Goths, entered Italy, and advanced toward Rome to lay siege to it. On his route, a pious solitary came to throw himself at his feet, imploring him with tears to spare that city, which had become the center of the Christian world. "Father," replied the prince, "it is not my will that leads me on; I incessantly hear a voice in my ears, which cries—'On, Alaric, on! and sack Rome!'" He reduced it to the most frightful extremity, by closing every passage for provisions, and by making himself master of the navigation of the Tiber. Pestilence was soon added to famine. Rome was nothing but one vast cemetery: it became necessary to treat with the King of the Goths.

The deputies of Rome declared that the Roman people were willing to accept peace upon reasonable conditions; but rather than its glory should be stained, they would give battle. "Very good!" replied Alaric, with a loud laugh; "it is never so easy to cut the hay as when the grass is thickest!" They were forced to lay aside their ancient pride, and submit to circumstances. The conqueror ordered them to bring to him all the gold, silver, valuable furniture, and foreign slaves that were in the city. "And what will you leave, then, to the inhabitants?" asked the deputies. "Life!" replied Alaric. After long contestations, it was agreed that Rome should pay 5,000 pounds' weight of gold, 30,000 pounds' weight of silver, 4,000 silken tunics, 3,000 skins colored scarlet, 3,000 pounds' weight of spices, and, as hostages, give up the children of the most noble citizens. When these conditions were complied with, the King of the Goths raised the siege.

Eighth Siege, A.D. 410.—Two years after, Alaric, constantly provoked to vengeance by the perfidies of the Romans, presented himself again before the capital, and besieged Rome very closely. The siege was long, but very few circumstances relating to it have been preserved. On the 24th of August, the Gothic prince entered the city, of which some traitors had opened the gates to him during the night. Rome was sacked by the furious soldiery; its wealth, its valuable furniture, its public edifices, its temples, its private houses, became the prey of the flames. The blood of the citizens inundated the streets and public places; the women were dishonored, and then immolated upon the bodies of their slaughtered husbands and fathers; children were destroyed upon the bosoms of their mothers. Heaven seemed to arm itself in concert with the Goths to punish Rome: lightning reduced to dust what the flames had spared.

The Goths, however, respected the churches; these holy places were an inviolable asylum for all who sought refuge in them.

After the taking of Naples in 538, Belisarius shut himself up in Rome, and prepared to sustain a siege, if Vitiges would undertake to attack him. The new monarch, at the head of 150,000 men, marched toward the capital of Italy, asking of every one he fell in with on his route, whether Belisarius were still in Rome. "Prince, be satisfied on that point," replied a priest; "the only part of the military art Belisarius is ignorant of, is flight." This general had constructed a fort upon a bridge, at a mile from Rome, and had provid-

ed it with a sufficient garrison; but these base cowards, seized with fear at the approach of the Goths, took to flight, and dispersed themselves over the Campania. The next day, at dawn, Vitiges crossed the bridge with a great part of his army. As he advanced, he met Belisarius, who, at the head of 1,000 horse, had come to reconnoiter; his surprise was excessive at seeing the enemy; but without being daunted by their numbers, he halted, and received them at the head of his little troop. Here the valor and exploits of Belisarius approach the marvelous: in the hottest of the *mêlée*, the brave leader of the Romans was recognized by some deserters, who cried out from several quarters at once: "At the bay horse, comrades!—aim at the bay horse!" Assailed on all sides, he became a mark for every arrow. Inflamed with a generous courage, he drove off some, overthrew others, and cut down all that impeded his passage. The Romans, seeing the danger of their general, flew to his aid, surrounded him, warded off every blow directed against him, and made him a rampart of their bucklers and their bodies. The terrified Goths turned bridle, and were pursued to the camp; the rest of the army, however, stopped the career of the conquerors, and forced them to fly in their turn to a neighboring height, where they rallied. The combat was then renewed; and the Romans, too inferior in numbers, would scarcely have effected a retreat, but for the heroic valor of an officer named Valentinus. This new Cocles alone withstood the Gothic cavalry, and gave time to his comrades to regain the city; but the inhabitants shut the gates against them. In vain Belisarius shouted his name, and pressed to be admitted; the inhabitants were persuaded that he had perished in the fight, and could not otherwise recognize his countenance, from the blood and dust which disfigured it; they therefore paid no regard to his orders. In this extremity, Belisarius reanimated his little band, and turned with fury upon the enemy, who were close at his heels. The Goths, imagining that he was at the head of fresh troops from the city, stopped their pursuit, turned their horses' heads, and regained their camp. Belisarius re-entered the city in triumph, where he was received with transports of the most lively joy. Rome believed itself from that time safe from all reverses, beneath the ægis of this intrepid general. In this combat the Goths lost the *élite* of their cavalry.

On the eighteenth day of the siege, at sunrise, the Goths, led on by Vitiges, marched toward the gate Salaria. At the sight of their machines, Belisarius broke into a loud laugh, while the inhabitants were frozen with fear. The Goths had reached the bank of the ditch, when the Roman general, seizing a bow, took aim at a Gothic commander covered with a cuirass, and pierced him quite through the neck. This act was highly applauded by his troops, whose triumph was doubled by a second aim as fortunate as the first. Belisarius then commanded his soldiers to make a general discharge at the oxen which drew the machines. In an instant they were covered and transpierced with an iron shower. The astonished and discomfited Goths were forced to terminate their attack.

Although the attempts of Vitiges seemed generally to fail, he was on the point of taking Rome, to the north of the mole or tomb of Adrian, since called the castle of St. Angelo. It was necessary for the Goths to possess themselves of this place, to cross the Tiber. In spite of the arrows of the Romans, they had applied their ladders and begun to ascend, when the defenders of the mole bethought themselves of breaking off the numerous marble statues with which this monument was ornamented, and rolled the fragments upon the heads of the besiegers, who, beaten from their ladders by these enormous masses, were constrained to abandon their enterprise.

The next day, Belisarius dismissed all useless mouths from the city; he enrolled a great number of artisans; he changed the locks and bolts of the city gates twice a month; and caused instruments to be played upon the walls during the night. A Goth, remarkable for his height and famous for his exploits, covered with his cuirass, and with his helmet on his head, advanced from the ranks opposite the gate Salaria, and setting his back against a tree, kept up a continuous discharge of arrows at the battlements. An immense javelin, launched from a balist, pierced him through cuirass, body and all, and penetrating half its length into the tree, nailed this redoubtable warrior to it. A Massagete horseman named Chorsamantes, one of Belisarius's guards, accompanied by a few Romans, was pursuing a body of sixty horse on the plains of Nero. His companions having turned rein, in order not to approach too near to the enemy's camp, he continued the pursuit alone. The Goths seeing him thus deserted, turned round upon him: he killed the boldest of them, charged the others, and put them to flight. Chorsamantes pursued them to their intrenchments, and, more fortunate than prudent, he regained Rome in safety, and was received with loud acclamations. Some time after, having been wounded in a renconter, he swore to avenge himself, and kept his word. He went out alone, and made his way to the camp of the Goths. They took him for a deserter; but when they saw him shooting at them, twenty horsemen

came out for the purpose of cutting him in pieces. He at first met them with the greatest audacity, and even checked them; but soon, environed on all parts, furious at the aspect of peril, and always the more redoubtable from the numbers of his enemies, he fell, covered with wounds, upon a heap of men and horses he had slain.

In a severe combat which was afterward fought, the Goths were repulsed with loss. Rutilus, a Roman officer, pierced by a dart, which was half-buried in his head, as if insensible to the pain, continued the pursuit of the enemy. He died the moment the dart was extracted. Another officer, named Azzes, returned from a charge with an arrow sticking close to his right eye. A skillful leech, named Theoclistes, cured him. Tragàn, the commander of a body of troops, while endeavoring to break through a battalion of Goths, received an arrow in his eye; the wood broke off at the moment of striking, and fell, but the steel, being quite buried, remained in the wound, without giving Tragàn much pain. Five days afterward, the steel began to reappear, pierced through the cicatrice, and fell out apparently of itself. Tarmut, a barbarian captain, an ally of the Romans, being left almost alone on the field of battle, was assailed by a crowd of enemies; but, armed with two javelins, he laid at his feet all who ventured to approach him. At length, covered with wounds, he was near sinking from weakness, when he saw his brother Ennes, chief of the Isaurians, approach with a troop of horse, and throw himself between him and his assailants. Reanimated by this unhoped-for succor, he recovered sufficient strength to gain the city, still armed with his two javelins. He only survived this astonishing effort of courage two days. Such were the principal exploits during the siege of Rome by Vitiges, who was obliged to raise it, after a year and nine days of useless attempts. Sixty-nine battles were fought, all very bloody, and almost all to the advantage of the Romans: they cost the King of the Goths more than the half of his numerous army. Belisarius had but a small force; Rome might have been taken easily: it had yielded to much weaker armies, but Belisarius was in Rome, and that great general, fertile in resources, was alone worth whole legions.

Ninth Siege, A.D. 544.—In the year 544, Totila, King of the Goths, and master of part of Italy, formed the blockade of Rome, and kept the passages so well, that no provisions could be got in, either by land or sea. He stopped the entrance by the Tiber at a place where its bed was narrowest, by means of extraordinary long beams of timber, laid from one bank to the other, upon which he raised, at the two extremities, towers of wood, which were filled with soldiers. The famine soon became so horrible, that wheat was sold at seven pieces of gold per bushel, which is nearly 90 shillings of our money, and bran at about a quarter of the sum; an ox, taken in a sortie, was sold at an unheard-of price. Fortunate was the man who could fall in with a dead horse, and take undisputed possession of it! Dogs, rats, and the most impure animals, soon became exquisite and eagerly-purchased dainties. Most of the citizens supported themselves upon nettles and wild herbs, which they tore from the foot of the walls and ruined buildings. Rome seemed to be only inhabited by pale, fleshless, livid phantoms, who either fell dead in the streets, or killed themselves.

That which was most frightful in this extremity of misery, was the fact that the leaders themselves were the cause of the public want; they devoured the citizens by their sordid avarice. The immense masses of wheat, which they had been a long time collecting, were only distributed at their weight in gold; and very shortly most of the wealth of Rome was concentrated among monsters, worthy of the severest punishment.

Belisarius, whose generous spirit mourned over the misfortunes of Rome, attempted all sorts of means to succor the unfortunate capital. He caused a large number of barks to be constructed, furnished with boarding all around, to protect the soldiers from the arrows of the enemy. These boards were pierced at certain distances, to afford facility for launching their own bolts and arrows. He caused these barks to be laden with great quantities of provisions, placed himself at the head of them, and, leading with some fire-boats, he ascended the Tiber, and set fire to one of the enemy's towers. But his enterprise not being seconded, he could not succeed in throwing provisions into the city; grief at his failure produced a sickness which brought him to the brink of the grave. Some Isaurian soldiers, who guarded the gate Asinaria, having slipped along the ramparts in the night, by means of a cord, came and offered Totila to give up the city to him. The king having assured himself of their fidelity, and of the possibility of the enterprise, sent with them four of the bravest and strongest Goths, who, having got into the city, opened a gate and admitted the besiegers. Bessus, who commanded in the place, fled away with his troops at the first alarm. In the house of this governor were found heaps of gold and silver, the fruits of his cruel monopolies.

At daybreak the King of the Goths repaired to the church of St. Peter, to return thanks to God for his success. The deacon Pelagius, who awaited him at the entrance

of the holy temple, prostrated himself humbly before him, and implored him to save the lives of the inhabitants. Totila, who knew how to pardon as well as to conquer, granted the sacred minister what he asked, and forbade his soldiers, under the strongest penalties, to shed the blood of any one. When this order was given, the Goths had already slain 20 soldiers and 60 citizens. These were the only victims of the brutality of the victors; but if he spared the lives of the inhabitants, he deprived them of all means to support them. Rome was abandoned to pillage for several days, and nothing was left to the citizens but the bare walls of their houses. Senators, formerly opulent and proud, were seen covered with miserable rags, reduced to beg their bread from door to door, and live upon the alms they received from the barbarians.

Totila was preparing to demolish Rome; he had already leveled a third of the walls, and was about to set fire to the most superb edifices of the city, when he received a letter from Belisarius, which diverted him from his design. "To found cities," said this great man, "to maintain flourishing cities, is to serve society and immortalize ourselves; to overthrow and destroy them, is to declare ourselves the enemies of mankind, and dishonor ourselves forever. By the agreement of all peoples, the city into which you have entered, in consequence of your victory, is the greatest and most magnificent under heaven. It is not the work of a single man, or a single army. During more than thirteen centuries, a long line of kings, consuls, and emperors have disputed the glory of embellishing it, and the superb edifices it presents to your eyes are so many monuments which consecrate their memories; to destroy them is to outrage the past centuries, of which they eternize the remembrance, and to deprive future ages of a magnificent spectacle. My lord, reflect that fortune must declare itself in favor of you or my master. If you remain the conqueror, how you will regret having destroyed your most splendid conquest! If you should succumb, the treatment you have inflicted upon Rome will serve as a rule by which Justinian will treat you. The eyes of the universe are upon you; it awaits the part you are about to take, to accord you the title which will be forever attached to the name of Totila." Persuaded by this eloquent appeal, the King of the Goths contented himself with depopulating the city of Rome, in which he did not leave a single inhabitant.

Forty days after the retreat of Totila, Belisarius transported himself to Rome, with the design of repeopling that famous city, and repairing its ruins. He soon put it in a state to sustain a new siege. Upon learning this the King of the Goths quickly returned, and during three days made several attacks upon the city; but Belisarius repulsed them all, and forced him to retire with great loss.

Tenth Siege, A.D. 549.—In 549, Totila, without being discouraged by his defeat, once more laid siege to the capital of Italy. Diogenes, who commanded there, had had wheat sown within the inclosure of the walls, which might have supported the garrison some time. But the city was again betrayed by the Isaurians. The soldiers of that nation, dissatisfied with not having received their pay for some years, and having learned that their companions had been magnificently rewarded by Totila, resolved to follow their example. They agreed with the King of the Goths to open the gate confided to their guard, which perfidy they executed at the time appointed. Totila caused his trumpets to be sounded at the side opposite to that by which he entered the city. The garrison immediately hastened where the danger seemed most pressing, and by this artifice the Goths met with no resistance. The commander of the Roman cavalry, named Paul, of Cilicia, seeing that the city was taken, shut himself up, with 400 horse, in the mausoleum of Adrian, and took possession of the bridge which leads to the church of St. Peter. He was attacked by the Goths, whose efforts he so warmly repulsed, that Totila determined to reduce his party by famine. This intrepid little band remained a day and a night without taking food, and then determined to die with honor. After taking a last farewell, and embracing each other, they opened the gates with a determination to fall upon the enemy like desperate men, when Totila proposed moderate and honorable conditions to them. They accepted them, and all took arms under his banner. Totila, become master of Rome a second time, restored it to its pristine splendor, and re-established as many of the citizens as could be found. Narses, the general of the empire, having conquered and killed Totila, retook Rome, which opposed but a feeble resistance.

Eleventh Siege, A.D. 1084.—"The long quarrel of the throne and mitre had been recently kindled by the zeal and ambition of the haughty Gregory VII. Henry III., King of Germany and Italy, and afterward emperor of the West, and the pope had degraded each other; and each had seated a rival on the temporal or spiritual throne of his antagonist. After the defeat and death of his Swabian rebel, Henry descended into Italy to assume the imperial crown, and to drive from the Vatican the tyrant of the Church. But the Roman people adhered to the cause of Gregory: their resolution was fortified by supplies of men and money from

Apulia; and the city was thrice ineffectually besieged by the King of Germany. In the fourth year he corrupted, it is said, with Byzantine gold, the nobles of Rome. The gates, the bridges, and fifty hostages were delivered into his hands; the anti-pope, Clement III., was consecrated in the Lateran; the grateful pontiff crowned his protector in the Vatican, and the emperor fixed his residence in the Capitol, as the successor of Augustus and Charlemagne. The ruins of the Sceptigonium were still defended by the nephew of Gregory; the pope himself was invested in the castle of St. Angelo, and his last hope was in the courage and fidelity of his Norman vassal. Their friendship had been interrupted by some reciprocal injuries and complaints; but on this pressing occasion, Guiscard was urged by the obligation of his oath, by his interest — more potent than oaths—by the love of fame, and his enmity to the two emperors. Unfurling the holy banner, he resolved to fly to the relief of the prince of the apostles; the most numerous of his armies, 30,000 foot and 6,000 horse, was instantly assembled, and his march from Salerno to Rome was animated by the public applause and the promise of the divine favor. Henry, invincible in 66 battles, trembled at his approach; recollecting some indispensable affairs that required his presence in Lombardy, he exhorted the Romans to persevere in their allegiance, and hastily retired, three days before the entrance of the Normans. In less than three years, the son of Tancred of Hauteville enjoyed the glory of delivering the pope, and of compelling the two emperors of the East and West to fly before his victorious arms. But the triumph of Robert was clouded by the calamities of Rome. By the aid of the friends of Gregory, the walls had been perforated or scaled, but the imperial faction was still powerful and active; on the third day the people rose in a furious tumult, and a hasty word of the conqueror, in his defense or revenge, was the signal of fire and pillage. The Saracens of Sicily, the subjects of Roger, and the auxiliaries of his brother, embraced this fair occasion of rifling and profaning the holy city of the Christians; and many thousands of the citizens, in the sight and by the allies of their spiritual father, were exposed to violation, captivity, or death; and a spacious quarter of the city, from the Lateran to the Colosseum, was consumed by the flames, and devoted to perpetual solitude."*

Twelfth Siege, A.D. 1527.—The emperor Charles V., irritated against the pope, Clement VII., his mortal enemy, charged the Duke of Bourbon, in 1527, to seek every means in his power to avenge him upon the pontiff. The duke was a renegade Frenchman, of considerable military skill, and a restless disposition. He had quarreled with his master, Francis I., and was deemed of so much consequence as to be countenanced by Francis's rival, Charles V., and to be intrusted with the highest military command he could confer. The duke was at the head of 14,000 men, who loved and adored him, and who swore, Brantôme says, "to follow him wherever he went, were it to the devil." Followed by these troops, he marched toward Rome, and immediately laid siege to it. The soldiers, animated by the desire of pillage, mounted to the assault with incredible energy, Bourbon encouraging them by his example. But as this prince, with characteristic ambition, was endeavoring to be the first upon the ramparts, he was killed by a musket-shot. The fall of the general, so far from relaxing the valor of his soldiers, excited their vengeance; they rushed more fiercely to the assault of the walls, they mowed down their defenders like grass, quickly made themselves masters of Rome, and committed the most frightful ravages.

This superb city, taken so many times by the barbarians, was never pillaged with more fury than it was by the hands of Christians. The pope took refuge in the castle of St Angelo, and was besieged with such rancor, that a woman was hung for passing up to him a basket of lettuce by a cord suspended from the castle. Cardinal Pulci, who was shut up with the pope, made an attempt to escape, which cost him his life. He had scarcely left the castle when he fell from his horse; his foot hung in the stirrup, and the animal dragged him at speed over the bridge of the castle. After being blockaded for a month, and reduced to great want of provisions, the pope was forced to capitulate with the Prince of Orange, who had succeeded the Duke of Bourbon in the command of the imperial troops. He agreed to pay 400,000 ducats, and to place himself at the disposal of the emperor. Charles V. affected regret at the detention of the pontiff.

Eight days before this event, a man dressed as a hermit, of about sixty years of age, went through the streets of Rome, about midnight, sounding a handbell, and pronouncing with a loud voice the following words: "The anger of God will soon fall upon this city!" The pope obtained nothing from the examination he made of this man; the severest tortures could draw no more from him than this terrifying oracle: "The anger of God will soon fall upon this city!" When the Prince of Orange became master of the city, he liberated him from prison, and offered him a considerable sum of money. He, however, refused reward, three days after disappeared, and was never again heard of.

* Gibbon.

The imperial army left Rome, loaded with a booty of more than 18,000,000 of crowns, every private soldier having an immense sum. The obsequies of the Duke of Bourbon were celebrated with great pomp, and his body was conveyed to Gaeta.

Thirteenth Siege, a.d. 1796–1799. — The temporal power of the popes had long ceased to be an object of jealousy for Christian princes; the small extent of their states, the respect which was entertained for their ministry, and their abstinence from military enterprises, preserved peace in a city which had formerly, and for many centuries, made the world tremble with the terror of its arms. Louis XIV. and Louis XV. had satisfied themselves with seizing the Venaissian county, to punish the popes for some affronts offered to their crowns; and the pontiffs, conscious of their weakness, had acknowledged their errors and disavowed the acts of their ministers. But it was not thus when the French Revolution broke out. Pius VI., irritated at seeing at once both his annates and the Venaissian county wrested from his hands, entered into the league of the kings against France. In no city were the French more hated than in Rome. Basseville, the French envoy, was massacred in a riot, which the government of the pope had allowed to be got up with more than suspected negligence. The troops of the pope were preparing to unite themselves with those of the other powers of Italy, when Bonaparte was seen to enter that country, in 1796, as a conqueror. His victories seemed to foretell the destruction of the Holy See. Republican enthusiasm was awakened on the banks of the Tiber; nothing was talked of but rebuilding the Capitol, and founding a new Roman republic.

The French general had conquered the duchy of Urbino, Romagna, and the march of Ancona. The terrified pope sued for peace; Bonaparte granted him at first a truce and then a peace. The pope yielded to the republic the legations of Bologna and Ferrara, which the French had already conquered, and all the shores of the Adriatic gulf, from the mouths of the Po to Ancona. A month after the pope weakly allowed some of his subjects to take up arms, in consequence of a supposed reverse suffered by Bonaparte. The latter contented himself with chastising some villages of Ferrara, which had excited the revolt. A third time Bonaparte pardoned him, and the pardon was ratified by the French Directory; Joseph Bonaparte was appointed embassador to Rome. Party spirit was however, too strong; the apparent moderation of the French could not bring the court of Rome to pacific sentiments. Its hatred against France was kept alive by the Queen of Naples, who threw open the ports of the Mediterranean to the English. In addition to this, a long hesitation to acknowledge the Cisalpine republic; then the nomination of General Provera to command the army of the pope, and a course of proceedings which announced the intention, but which did not give the means, of entering into a fresh war; the French embassador forced the pope to declare himself in a positive manner. Every thing seemed appeased; there was a calm; but it was such a one as precedes the eruption of a volcano. On the 28th of December, 1797, a fresh seditious movement broke out in Rome. Some men assembled round the house of the embassador, uttering revolutionary cries. Scarcely had they preluded by a few acts of apparent insurrection, when the troops of the pope came up, dispersed the rioters, and pursued them into the palace of the embassador, whither their fear had driven them. Joseph Bonaparte insisted on his residence being respected, and promised to give up the guilty; but he was answered by a shower of balls, by which his windows were broken to pieces. He interposed everywhere between those who struck and those who were stricken. One of his friends, the Adjutant-general Duphot, who was to have married his sister-in-law the next day, was an object of his greatest care; but he was assassinated close to his side; his inanimate body was stabbed by the ruffians in a hundred places; the French had great difficulty in rescuing it from the hands of these furious men. The court of Rome offered the French embassador all kinds of reparation; but the latter thought it not prudent or dignified to remain longer in a palace which had been so shamefully violated, where he and his whole family had been insulted, and whose floors were still stained with the blood of his friend. Cardinal Doria in vain had recourse to the Spanish ambassador to pacify him; the whole French legation quitted Rome. The Consistory believed, in this peril, that the court of Naples would keep its word, and would hasten to send its promised succors; but it received nothing but an excuse, to amuse or appease the French government, till the Neapolitan army was on its march. The Directory, however was inflexible; a month had scarcely passed away when a French army, led by General Alexander Berthier, was at the gates of Rome, and had taken possession of the castle of St. Angelo. On the 17th of February, 1798, the anniversary of the pope's election, an insurrection broke out in the capital. His palace was invested, but respect checked the insurgents at the entrance. They met with resistance nowhere. They abstained from violence or insult toward the pope, but they declared Rome

free; they claimed for themselves the honor of being of the blood of the Catos and Scipios. A deputation arrived at the French camp; General Berthier mounted the steps of the Capitol, and saluted a new Roman republic; but the Romans had no longer the virtues of their fathers; nothing can bear less resemblance to another than modern Romans do to ancient Romans. Consuls, tribunes, and popular laws were once more to be seen in Rome; and their decrees wanted nothing but to be applied to a people who entertained a love of the republic. Its reign was short and tempestuous. While Bonaparte was in Egypt, the King of Naples supposed the time most fit for an outbreak of the Italian states, to liberate themselves from the domination of the French. He marched at the head of 70,000 Neapolitans, the real command of whom was intrusted to the Austrian general Mack, and entered the Roman territory. The French army which occupied it, only consisted of 16,000 men, disseminated over all the points. Championnet, who commanded them, thought it best to retire to upper Italy. The King of Sicily and General Mack entered Rome on the 25th of November, 1798; Championnet gathered together his army and stood his ground. Mack, after several days of hesitation, ventured to attack him on the other side of the Tiber. The French, though vastly inferior in numbers, repulsed the Neapolitans; in three days they made 11,000 prisoners. Mack beheld his columns flying in the greatest disorder, and being unable to rally them, abandoned the capital of the Christian world, covered himself with the Teverone, and was pursued by the French, who possessed themselves successively of Capua and Naples. This occupation lasted but a short time; the French under Schérer being beaten in upper Italy, abandoned Naples and Rome, to defend themselves against the Austrians and Russians. Ferdinand went back to Naples, and occupied Rome till it returned to its obedience to Pius VII.

Rome has since that time been more than once humbled by the French; but as nothing like a siege has taken place, the events of its further history do not fall within our plan.—*Robson's Great Sieges.*

ROMORANTIN, A.D. 1356. — However insignificant in itself, this siege commands a place in our record, as being the first in which cannon were employed. England's favorite hero, the Black Prince, having entered Sologne with hostile intentions, laid siege to Romorantin. The English were repulsed in their first assault; but were not disheartened. They continued their attacks, but still in vain, till some engineers advised an experiment to be made with the newly-discovered gunpowder. They planted some batteries of cannon so as to enable them to throw into the place a number of inflammable missiles. By this means they set fire to some buildings in the lower court of the castle. The conflagration soon extended to one of the towers. The besieged were then constrained to surrender to the conqueror, and were made prisoners of war. This is the first time that mention is made in history of artillery being employed for besieging places. It was ten years after the battle of Crecy, at which, it is said, cannon were first used in the field.

RONCESVALLES, A.D. 778.—In a gorge of the Pyrenees, on the frontier of Spain, in Navarre, stands the little village of Roncesvalles, which tradition says, witnessed in 778, the defeat and destruction of the rear guard of Charlemagne the Great, on his retreat from Spain; and the death of Roland the Brave, a celebrated hero of the romances of chivalry, and one of the knights of Charlemagne, of whom it is represented he was a nephew. The troops of Charlemagne were attacked as they were passing through the pass of Roncesvalles, by the Saracens and the mountaineers (the Gascons), and were defeated with great slaughter. With Roland the flower of the Frankish chivalry fell. Roland has formed the theme of a multitude of romances. His adventures are contained in the fabulous chronicle of Turpin, and the old French romances relating to Charlemagne and his knights. The celebrated epics of Boiardo (Orlando Innamorato) and Ariasto, (Orlando Furioso), relate to him and his heroic deeds.

RONCQ, A.D 1794.—In 1794 an engagement took place near Roncq in France, between the French and the Austrians, in which the latter were defeated.

RONDA, A.D. 1485.—Ronda, an ancient city of Spain, was the capital of the Moorish chief Aboo-Melik, in the fourteenth century. It remained in the possession of the Moors until 1485, when Ferdinand, King of Spain, finally took it by an attack so sudden and unexpected, that the Moors made but little resistance.

ROSSBACH, A.D. 1757. — Rossbach, in Prussian Saxony, is celebrated in modern history, for being the scene of the victory gained on the 5th of November, 1757, by Frederic the Great, over the French and imperialists. The Prussians lost but few men, while the allies suffered greatly.

ROUEN, A.D. 1204.—Rouen, a city of France, has been besieged several times. In the ninth century it was taken and pillaged by the Normans, who made it their capital. After the Norman conquest it became attached to the crown of England. In 1203, Prince Arthur of Brittany, was put to death

by John, King of England, and in 1204 Philip Augustus, to avenge the death of Prince Arthur, laid siege to Rouen and took the city.

In 1417 it was retaken by the English, who finally lost it in 1449, eighteen years after they had disgraced themselves by their inhuman sacrifice of Joan of Arc.

SAALFELD, A.D. 1806.—Saalfeld, a town of central Germany, is memorable for the battle fought in its vicinity on the 10th of October, 1806, between the republican army of France, and the Prussians.

The republican army was commanded by Lannes and Augereau, and numbered some 25,000 men. The Prussian forces, with Prince Louis Frederic at their head, consisted of only eleven battalions, eighteen squadrons of hussars, and eighteen pieces of cannon. Not expecting any attack from the enemy, he had neglected to concentrate his troops, and now was obliged to contend with a far superior force. Lannes had disposed his army on the heights near Saalfeld, and had raised their enthusiasm to the highest degree by reading to them a proclamation from Napoleon. Prince Louis was stationed at Rudolstadt, to cover the cross march of Prince Hohenlohe, who was striving to reach the point of rendezvous assigned him by his commander-in-chief. Notwithstanding every thing seemed to conspire against the prince, he resolved to hold firm during the day, in order to gain time for the evacuation of the magazines which were collected close in his rear at Saalfeld. The increasing numbers of the French army around him—the turning of his right flank by Suchet, with a powerful body of light troops, which rendered his position no longer tenable, did not drive him from the ground; and when the attack commenced, the Prussians were entirely surrounded. Yet they made a gallant resistance, and thus enabled the artillery and chariots to leave Saalfeld in safety. When Prince Louis returned from the town, he found his soldiers still on the ground, but fast dropping off, by the murderous fire of the French. The ravages of the enemy soon converted their retreat into a rout, and the prince himself, while fighting bravely with the rear guard, and trying to restore order, was surrounded by the hussars, who not knowing his rank, ordered him to surrender, or he would be a dead man. The answer was a blow from his saber, which merely wounded his adversary, who in an instant, inflicted a blow which laid the prince dead at his feet. In this encounter the Prussians lost 1,200 prisoners, besides 800 killed and wounded, and thirty pieces of cannon.

SACILE, A.D. 1809.—Sacile, in Austrian Italy, was, on the 16th of April, 1809, the scene of a battle between the Austrians under the Archduke John, and the French under Prince Eugene Beauharnais, in which, after a desperate struggle, the latter were defeated.

SACKETT'S HARBOR, A.D. 1813.—This town is in Jefferson county, New York, and is situated on the shore of Black river bay, about eight miles east from Lake Ontario. It has one of the finest harbors on the lake; which is divided by a tongue of land extending from the lower part of the village into an outer and inner harbor.

During the war of 1812, Sackett's Harbor was the principal naval establishment of the Americans on Lake Ontario. Yet by the greatest negligence this important place was protected by a garrison of only about 500 men. These troops consisted of 250 dragoons, under Lieutenant-Colonel Backus; Lieutenant Fanning's artillery, 200 invalid soldiers, and a few seamen. In the middle of May, the British made preparations to assail Sackett's Harbor by water and land. The British squadron under Sir James Yeo, having 1,000 land troops under the command of Sir James Prevost, set sail from Kingston, and appeared off Sackett's Harbor on the 28th of May. The place was thrown into a state of intense excitement. Alarm-guns were fired, and the militia from the adjoining country was called in. General Brown assumed the command of the whole American force, which with the militia, amounted to nearly 1,000 effective men. A breastwork was hastily constructed on the only spot where the enemy could effect a landing, and the militia were posted behind it. The regulars were stationed in a line near the barracks, and public buildings; Lieutenant Chauncey with his men defended the stores at Navy Point, and Fanning with the artillery occupied the fortress. At daybreak on the 29th, the British troops embarked in boats, and advanced rapidly toward the shore. Brown ordered the militia to reserve their fire till the boats were within pistol shot. The silence was unbroken, save by the monotonous sound of the oars, as the British boats advanced. They arrived within a proper distance, and the Americans poured forth a volley of musketry upon them, which checked their advance. The British returned the fire from their boats; the American militia were seized with a panic, and broke

and fled in disorder. General Brown succeeded in rallying about ninety of the fugitives, and posted them on a line with the regulars. And this line, only 600 strong, was about to contend with a force of 1,000 of the most experienced troops of England. The British having landed, advanced in good order toward the enemy. A warm conflict ensued. The Americans gradually gave way before the superior force of the enemy, contesting every inch of soil. At length, they threw themselves into the barracks, and protected by its walls, poured forth an incessant and destructive fire upon the assailants. The British replied with equal vigor, and seemed on the point of a victory, when Brown succeeded in rallying the fugitive militia, and led them by a circuitous route along the edge of the forest, as if intending to seize the boats and cut of the retreat of the British. This stratagem produced the desired effect; and the assailants rushed for their boats, leaving their dead and wounded behind. The fugitives regained their vessels, and the whole fleet withdrew to the Canadian shore. In this engagement the Americans lost about 100 in killed and wounded. Among the slain was Lieut. Col. Backus, and Lieutenant Fanning was severely wounded. The British lost about 450 men, killed and wounded.

SAGAN, A.D. 1759.—In the year 1759, a battle was fought at Sagan, a town of Prussia, between the Prussians and the Russians, in which the former were defeated with a considerable loss.

SAGUNTUM, B.C. 219. — Murviedro, a fortified city of Spain, occupies the site of the ancient city of Saguntum. The siege of Saguntum by Hannibal was a direct infringement of the treaty made between the Romans and Carthaginians, which stipulated that the Carthaginians in their operations in Spain, should not pass the river Iberus, nor molest the city of Saguntum. The siege of Saguntum was the origin of the Second Punic War. Hannibal had been reared by his father Hamilcar in the hatred of the Romans, and he had already formed a design for the invasion of Italy, in the hope of overthrowing the mighty rival of Carthage; and that he might not leave to the Romans a place of arms, and a powerful ally in Spain, after he had left that country, determined to occupy or destroy Saguntum.

The Saguntines had sent a deputation to Rome, asking aid against the Carthaginians; and the Romans paid no further regard to the representatives, than to send deputies into Spain with orders to observe the posture of affairs, and to inform the Carthaginian general, of the terms of the treaty. The answer which was given to these commissioners gave sufficient evidence of an approaching war; and it appears that, before the Roman commissioners could have made their report, the siege of Saguntum had actually been commenced by Hannibal.

The Carthaginian general was anxious to reduce Saguntum before any succors could arrive from Italy, or before any force could be collected against him, so as to fix the theater of the war in Spain. He pressed the siege, therefore, with great impetuosity, exposing his person in every assault, and exciting by his own example, with the pickaxe and spade, the parties at work in making his approaches. Though abundantly cautious not to expose himself on slight occasions, or from a mere ostentation of courage, yet in this siege, which was the foundation of his hopes, and the necessary prelude to the further progress of his enterprise, he declined no fatigues, and shunned no danger. The valor of the besieged, however, who exerted their every efforts to prolong the siege, in hopes of relief from Rome, detained the besiegers about eight months before Saguntum; and was at last deprived of great part of its spoils by the desperate resolution of the citizens, who chose rather to perish, with all their effects, rather than fall into the enemy's hands. The booty, however, which he saved from this wreck, enabled him by his liberalities, to gain the affection of his army, and to provide for the execution of his design against Italy.

War was now declared between Rome and Carthage, and Hannibal having made his dispositions for the safety of Africa and Spain, prepared for the execution of his favorite scheme, the invasion of Italy. He was in his twenty-eighth year when he entered upon this arduous and dangerous undertaking; an undertaking which, with the conduct of it, has raised his reputation for enterprise and ability to an equal, if not a higher pitch, than that of any other military leader. The Romans, a few years before, had raised an army of nearly 800,000 men, experienced soldiers, who were ready to assemble in any numbers, for any service; the march from Spain into Italy lay across tremendous mountains, and through the territories of fierce and barbarous nations; and in all things his path was beset with impediments such as few generals have surmounted.

He collected for this expedition 90,000 foot, and 12,000 horse. In his march to the Iberus, he met with no interruption. Thence to the Pyrenees, being opposed by the natives, he forced his way through their country; but being apprehensive of some inconvenience from such an enemy in his rear, he stationed Hanno, his brother, with 10,000 horse, and 1,000 foot, to observe their motions and keep them in awe, and this added to the desertion of some of his allies, and losses in combats

with the barbarians, reduced his force to 50,000 foot and 9,000 horse, with thirty-seven elephants.

This celebrated march took place 219 years before Christ: in the year of Rome, 534, and in the consulate of Publius Cornelius Scipio, and Tiberius Sempronius Longus. The Romans, as usual on such occasions, raised two consular armies, and proposed, by immediate armaments directed to Spain and Africa, to fix the scene of war in the enemy's country.

Sempronius assembled an army and a fleet in the ports of Sicily, and had orders to pass into Africa. Scipio embarked with some legions for Spain, and, touching on the coast of Gaul, first learned that a Carthaginian army was marching by land into Italy. This intelligence determined him to land his troops at Marseilles, and to send out a detachment of horse to observe the country, and to procure further and more particular information of the enemy.

Hannibal had arrived on the Rhone at some distance above its separation into two channels, and about four days' march from the sea. In order to effect the passage of the river, he instantly collected all the boats that could be found on its extensive navigation. At the same time, the natives assembled in great numbers to dispute his passage. This caused a delay in crossing the river, but finally he succeeded in passing a body of troops to the opposite side, further up the river, who got in the rear of the Gaulish forces. The Gauls, attacked in front by Hannibal, and in the rear by the Carthaginian detachment, gave way without resistance, and were speedily routed. Hannibal, having thus lodged himself on the eastern banks of the Rhone, in a few days, without further interruption, passed the river with his elephants, baggage, and the remainder of his army.

Shortly afterward, Hannibal received information that a Roman army had arrived on the coast, and was disembarked at Marseilles. To gain further and more certain information of this enemy, he, nearly at the same time that Scipio had sent a detachment with the same intention, directed a party of horse to scour the country. These parties encountered each other, and after a smart engagement, returned to their respective armies, with certain accounts of the vicinity of an enemy.

Scipio hastened his march, anxious to fix the scene of the war in Gaul; and Hannibal, equally intent on removing, it if possible, into Italy, advanced with the utmost dispatch. In order to keep clear of the enemy, Hannibal directed his march at a distance from the sea-coast, and took his march along the bank of the Rhone. After marching four days from the place where he had passed the river, he came to its confluence with another which was probably the Isere. Here he found two brothers contending for the throne of their father, and gained a useful ally by espousing the cause of the elder. Being, in return for this service, supplied with arms, shoes, and other necessaries, and attended by the prince himself, who, with a numerous body, covered his rear, he continued his march during ten days, probably on the Isere; and about a hundred miles above the place where he had crossed the Rhone, began to make his way over the summit of the Alps, a labor which consumed fifteen days.

Harassed by the natives, who had occupied every post which could obstruct his march, and who assailed him from the heights, endeavoring to overwhelm his men in the gorges of the mountains, or to force them over the precipices, Hannibal gradually forced his way up toward the summit, tunneling such precipices as could not be surmounted, and hewing a path for his army with its train of elephants, with a perseverance and skill which has cast a halo of renown around his name.

Near to the summit of the ridge, at which he finally arrived by a continual ascent of many days, he had his way to form on the sides of frozen mountains, and through masses of perennial ice, which were covered with snow. Many of his men and horses, coming from a warm climate, perished by the cold, and his army, having struggled during so long a time with extremes, to which it was little accustomed, was reduced, when he descended the Pyrenees, to 20,000 foot and 6,000 horse.

The Roman consul, meanwhile, had, in search of his enemy, directed his march to the Rhone. Arriving at the point where Hannibal had crossed that river, he became satisfied that any further attempt to pursue him in this direction would only carry himself away from what was to be the scene of the war, and from the ground he must occupy in the defense of Italy. He, therefore, without loss of time, returned to his ships, sent his brother Cneius Scipio into Spain, with a greater part of the army, and he himself set sail for Pisa, where he landed, and put himself at the head of the legions which he found in that quarter. With these forces he passed the Po, and arrived at the Ticinus, when Hannibal came down into the plain country, at some distance below Turin.

We have thus given, under the head of the siege with which the third Punic war commenced, a brief description of the most arduous march ever undertaken by a military commander. The battles of the Trebia, Thrasymenus,

and finally the memorable conflict of Nero and Asdrubal followed; and Hannibal, after successfully contending with almost insurmountable difficulties, and having kept his footing in Italy for more than fifteen years, was finally recalled to Africa, where his brilliant career was closed in his unfortunate battle with the army of Scipio at Zama.

Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, is a fortress built upon the summit of a steep and rocky hill, at the bottom of which stands the modern town of Murviedro. The waters of the Mediterranean, in the days of Hannibal, approached to within a mile of its eastern walls; but at present they are five miles distant, a proof how much the sea has retired along that coast in the interval. Many remains of its former grandeur are still to be found by the curious antiquary, although its greatness has so much declined that the modern city contains but 6,000 inhabitants, and occupies only a corner of the ample circuit of the ancient walls. The modern fortress, which bears the name of San Fernando de Saguntum, stands on the summit of a mountain, round the base of which the ancient city was clustered, and consisted, when it was besieged by the French in 1811, of two redoubts, armed with seventeen pieces of cannon. The fortress was occupied by a Spanish garrison of 3,000 men. On the 28th of September, 1811, the French troops under Marshal Suchet took possession of the town of Murviedro, without resistance, and immediately invested the fortress. The French engineers, by means of their telescopes, discovered two old breaches in the walls, which were as yet only barricaded with wood, though the Spanish governor, Adrian, was endeavoring to erect a curtain of masonry behind them. Before this could be completed however, the French made a sudden assault; but they were received with such a spirited resistance that they were obliged to retire. Suchet now saw the necessity of making approaches in form. To do this it was necessary to reduce the little fort of Oropesa, which commanded in a narnow defile, the road by which alone artillery could be brought up from the great French arsenal at Tortosa. It was attacked, accordingly, and taken on the 11th of October by a Neapolitan division.

Suchet, meanwhile, marched against and defeated a considerable body of guerillas under Don Carlos O'Donnell, which had assembled in his rear; and, having brought up the heavy stores and cannon from Tortosa, the siege of Saguntum was renewed with vigor. A practicable breach having been made in the walls, a second assault was made on the 18th of October. But the French were again repulsed.

General Blake, commander of the Spanish forces in Valencia, was determined to save Saguntum, if possible. He accordingly made preparations for battle, and with an army of 22,000 foot, 2,500 horse, and thirty-six guns, set out from the city of Valencia on the evening of the 24th of October, and marched directly for the French position, under the walls of Saguntum. Suchet, on receiving intelligence of this movement, resolved to march out to meet the enemy before he arrived at the ground where he designed to give battle. With this intention the French general withdrew from the siege about 10,000 men, with thirty guns, and took up a position in a pass about three miles broad, which extends from the heights of Vale de Jesus, and Sancti Spiritus, to the sea, and through which the Spaniards were obliged to pass in approaching Saguntum from Valencia.

At eight o'clock on the following morning, General Blake attacked the French army at all points. The French, confident of victory, received the enemy with cool valor; and finally, after a brief struggle, the Spaniards were utterly defeated. General Blake seeing the day lost, returned toward Valencia; and Suchet, after assuring himself of his victory, returned to Saguntum. On the same day of the battle, the garrison of Saguntum capitulated. They had lost in the siege 500 men. This important victory gave the French general a firm footing in the kingdom of Valencia. He was master of an intrenched camp, with a fortified town inclosed within its limits, and the sea and harbor gave him unlimited means of obtaining reinforcements and supplies.

In the battle of Saguntum the army of General Blake lost 3,500 men killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. Suchet lost nearly 1,000 men. The siege of Saguntum was speedily followed by the siege and fall of the city of Valencia, and the complete subjugation, by the French, of the whole province.

ST. ALBANS, A.D. 1455.—The first battle of St. Albans, in England, was fought between the Yorkists, under the Duke of York, and the Lancasterians, under King Henry VI., on the 22d of May, 1455; and resulted in the defeat of the latter with the loss of about eighty men. Henry was wounded in the neck, the Duke of Buckingham in the face, the Earl of Stafford in the arm—all of them with arrows. The battle seems to have been won by the archers of the Yorkists. The Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Lord Clifford, were slain, and as soon as they fell, their men threw down their arms and fled. Henry VI. was made prisoner.

The second battle of St. Albans was fought on the 17th of February, 1461, between the

Yorkists, under the Earl of Warwick, and the Lancasterians, under Queen Margaret. The Yorkists were totally defeated with great loss. There fell on both sides, in this battle, about 2,000 men. By this victory the Lancasterians released Henry VI. from the hands of the Yorkists, the latter being obliged to abandon their royal prisoner in their flight.

ST. DIZIER. — St. Dizier, a town of France, on the Marne, was in the year 1544 besieged by the Emperor Charles V., of France; and on the 27th of June, 1814, a battle was fought near this place between the French army and the allies, in which the latter were signally defeated.

SAINT-FLORENT, A.D. 1793. — Saint-Florent, a fortified sea-port town of Corsica, was besieged in 1793 by the British. The French garrison made a long and obstinate resistance; but, after a long and arduous siege, it was finally taken by the besiegers.

SAINT JACOB, A.D. 1444.—A civil war desolated Switzerland in the year 1444; the tie which held the Helvetian republic together seemed about to be broken; Zurich saw at the feet of her walls the troops of seven cantons. Suddenly an immense army of foreigners, commanded by the Dauphin of France, afterward Louis XI., made its appearance on the frontiers of the country, and besieged the city of Basle. Menaced by these troops, greedy for blood and carnage, the citizens, in haste, informed the nearest troops of the confederacy of it, and demanded prompt assistance, and recalled within its walls 150 volunteers from Waldenbourg and Liestal, which Seevogel had conducted to the siege of Farnsbourg. From 4,000 Swiss who were besieging that castle, defended by a numerous nobility, 1,200 were detached under the command of officers from every canton, who received an order to drive back the French army and enter Basle. They were of the bravest of the little army which encompassed Farnsbourg. Though by no means ignorant of the peril that awaited them, they marched with the same buoyancy as if going to certain triumph. On the way, they met two monks of Neuchatel, who endeavored to represent to them the folly of so small a company pretending to oppose such an immense army as that of the Dauphin's: but one of the knights of the party, who by his grave and noble carriage appeared to have authority, responded: "If it must be so, and if we are unable to force a passage through their ranks, we will give our souls to God and our bodies to the enemy." After this energetic response, the two monks continued their route so much the more grieved to leave this joyous and lively band (as they called it), to run to their death, as they perceived among them 50 of their fellow-citizens of Neuchatel, under command of the knight, Albert de Fessot. These brave soldiers had not forgotten that one of the articles of the Convention of Sempach bore this clause—"that every Swiss shall sacrifice, if necessary, his life to his country," and that the chiefs had but lately renewed that obligation at Zug, in the name of all. At break of day, near the village of Prattelen, this little troop, already fatigued by a rapid march of three hours, met the Count of Dammartin with 8,000 horse. Neither that chief nor his brave officers could prevent his troops from abandoning the field of battle; they retreated toward Muttenz upon another body of 10,000 men. Then commenced a second battle, longer and more obstinate than the first, but much more glorious for the Swiss, whose strength and courage seemed to increase with the danger, and who attacked the enemy without waiting for the orders of their chiefs, or for a moment's repose. Disconcerted by this intrepidity, the French, who were broken at every point where they resisted, and forced to recross the river Birs, thought themselves only safe when in their own camp and under the eyes of the Dauphin, who could scarcely believe that his men had fled, much less that the number of the victors was so small. Here, content with his first efforts, would the soldier halt who battled for a tyrant; but the Swiss who fights for his country, his home, and his laws, thinks that the justness of his cause insures to him the event, and looks forward either to a complete victory or a glorious death. In vain did the chiefs of these warriors endeavor to stop them on the banks of the river; in vain did a messenger from Basle represent to them that an entrance into the city was impossible; their fiery courage brooked neither order nor counsel; though they had left 200 of their companions, dead or dying on the field of battle, and not fearing 40,000 of the enemy who awaited their approach on the opposite side of the river, they compelled their officers to place themselves at their head, and marched toward the bridge of Saint Jacob, which was defended by a battery and 8,000 men. Neither this corps, although continually reinforced by fresh troops, nor the artillery which thundered upon them, and against which they could oppose only their bodies and their pikes, compelled them to flight. With the hope, however, of obtaining a more ready passage, they threw themselves into the Birs, forded it with a rapidity irresistible, and covered with wounds, weakened by hunger and fatigue, and drenched with water, reached the opposite shore, which soon became the scene of their exploits. The Dauphin, accustomed to conquer, could scarce credit what he saw—a handful of men attacking an army with the same ardor as if

they were equally matched. He caused them to be attacked upon all sides, and charged them himself at the head of a column, and, after having seen some of his bravest officers fall at his side, he succeeded in dividing the Swiss into two bodies Five hundred of these brave heroes, carrying all before them, and gaining the side of Basle, threw themselves into the hospital of Saint Jaques, whose high walls seemed to promise a longer and more useful defense. The other half found themselves inclosed in a little island in the Birs: there, pierced with arrows, bruised by stones thrown upon them from the bridge, and thundered against by the artillery, they dearly sold their lives. Accustomed to fight hand to hand, and being without the necessary arms to resist an enemy who attacked them from a distance, some snatched the bows from the expiring Frenchmen, and threw them to their companions; while others drew the reeking arrows from their wounds, and hurled them back to the enemy; or, battle-axe in hand, contended for the bodies of their slaughtered brethren, took them upon their shoulders, and carried them in triumph into the middle of the island, as if they would not separate, dead or alive. So long as the standard-bearers held aloft their colors, the combat continued with desperate fury; but when these could no more be seen, having fallen with those who carried them, then they felt their wounds, and falling, covered their bodies with their cherished flags. The intrepid Kichmatter alone escaped; he was found, two days after the battle, under a heap of his enemies, and pierced by seven wounds; he, however, lived and returned to his canton, of which he was for a long time after the chief magistrate. So, in the fields of Sicily, perished formerly 400 Romans, who devoted themselves to death in order to save the legions hemmed in by the Carthaginians, thus purchasing with their lives a perpetual honor; in like manner, Cxcidus, who commanded them, alone remained of all his companions, and showed by his glorious wounds the danger he had encountered, and the valor he had displayed.

Having vanquished this half, the Dauphin ordered all his forces to attack the 500 confederates who were in the hospital of Saint Jaques; the artillery was brought, and the walls overthrown; lighted torches were thrown upon the roof, and the Swiss soon found themselves surrounded by flames; from the walls of Basle, the citizens saw the perils and the exploits of their friends; 3,000 of them made an attempt to succor them, but meeting with a corps of 8,000 French, they prudently retired within the walls, thus leaving the Swiss exposed to an inevitable death. The small number of those who escaped the fire and falling walls, reassembled in the breach, and, at the moment when the sun shed his last ray over the scene of carnage, they fell upon the heaped bodies of the enemy, much less vanquished than fatigued with vanquishing.

From Prattelen to St. Jacob, 1,200 Swiss and 9,000 French covered, with their corpses, the plains of the ancient Rawaques.

Twelve men, who had been separated from their companions at the commencement of the battle, and who, notwithstanding their utmost efforts to rejoin their standard, returned to their country, but were treated as cowards, and dishonored as such, for having shamefully survived their comrades, and were scarce able to escape the punishment decreed by the fundamental laws of the country for all those who fled before their enemies, abandoned their post, or deserted their flag. The battle was fought on the 16th of August, 1444.

ST. SEBASTIAN, A.D. 1813.—St. Sebastian in Spain has been besieged several times. It was taken by the French in 1719, and 1794 and 1808, and was held by them until the memorable siege of the city by the English in 1813.

On the retreat of the French army after its defeat at Vittoria, Marshal Jourdan threw a garrison into St. Sebastian of between three and four thousand men, and the place was immediately afterward invested by the Spaniards. In the beginning of July, the fifth division of the army, with two Portuguese brigades, making a force of from 9,000 to 10,000 men, arrived before it from the siege, which was intrusted to Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham.

A proportion of artillery, consisting of twenty-four pounders, with 1,500 rounds of ammunition per gun, six eight-inch howitzers, with 1,000, and four ten-inch mortars, with 500 rounds, and four sixty-eight pounders, with a proportion of shells, were in ships at Los Passages; and with the army there were six eighteen-pounders: this quantity of artillery was deemed adequate to the attack of the place.

The town of St. Sebastian is built on a peninsula running nearly east and west; the northern side being washed by the river Urumea, the southern by the sea. The front defenses, which cross the isthmus toward the land, are a double line of works, with the usual counterscarp, covered way, and glacis; but the works running lengthwise of the peninsula are only a single line, and trusting to the water in their front to render them inaccessible, they are built without any cover; and the northern line is quite exposed, from the top to the bottom, to a range of hills on

the right bank of the river, at a distance of six or seven hundred yards from it. These walls being uncovered, appears an unaccountable oversight, as the Urumea, for some hours before and after low water, is fordable, and the tide recedes so much, that for some period there is a considerable dry space along the left bank of the river, by which troops can march to the foot of the wall.

Marshal Berwick, when he attacked St. Sebastian in 1719, aware of this circumstance, threw up batteries on those hills to break the town wall, and, while that was being effected, he pushed on approaches along the isthmus, and established himself on the covered way of the land front: as is but too frequently the case, as soon as the breach was practicable, the governor capitulated for the town, and the duke obliged him and the garrison to retire into the castle. It was now proposed to follow the same mode of attack, and as a preliminary, the garrison were to be driven from a post they occupied about seven or eight hundred yards in advance of the town, formed by the convent of St. Bartholomeo and a redoubt then in progress; and from a small circular work, which they made with casks on the causeway, four eighteen-pounders and two howitzers were put in battery for that purpose.

The operations against the town were commenced by the erection of batteries on the hills to the north of the Urumea, for twenty twenty-four-pounders, four eight-inch howitzers, four ten-inch mortars, and four sixty-eight pounder carronades; the guns to breach the sea-wall between the two towers, the carronades to be used with shells only, and the mortars to be directed against the land front and castle.

On the 14th of July, the first two batteries opened on the convent of St. Bartholomeo.

15th of July.—A false attack was made on the convent of St Bartholomeo, to ascertain if the enemy intended obstinately to defend it, which the troops, carrying further than was ordered, they were obliged to retire with some loss.

17th of July.—The end of the convent having been entirely beaten down, the 9th regiment and a Portuguese brigade assaulted and carried it with little difficulty.

Two more batteries for the eighteen-pounders and the two howitzers were thrown up in the night, in a situation to enfilade and take in reverse the defenses of the town.

On the night of the 18th of July the suburbs of St. Martin, which the enemy had burned, were occupied: they, however, continued to hold the circular redoubt.

Night between the 19th and 20th of July.—Approaches were struck out to the right and left of St. Martin.

On the 20th of July all the batteries opened.

In the night between the 20th and 21st of July, early in the evening, the enemy abandoned the circular redoubt: a working party of seven hundred men had been prepared to open a parallel across the isthmus, but the night proving extremely dark, tempestuous, and rainy, the men dispersed among the ruined buildings of St. Martin, and not more than two hundred could be collected together; therefore only about one third of the parallel and the right approach to it were opened.

On the 21st of July, Sir Thomas Graham sent a flag of truce with a summons to the governor, but he would not receive it.

In the night between the 21st and 22d of July, the left communication and the remainder of the parallel across the isthmus were opened; the parallel near its left crossed a drain level with the ground, four feet high and three feet wide, through which ran a pipe to convey water into the town. Lieutenant Reid ventured to explore it, and at the end of 230 yards, he found it closed by a door in the counterscarp, opposite to the face of the right demi-bastion of the hornwork; as the ditch was narrow, it was thought that by forming a mine in this extremity of the drain, the explosion would throw earth sufficient against the escarpe, only twenty-four feet high, to form a road over it; eight feet at the end of the aqueduct was therefore stopped with filled sand-bags, and thirty barrels of powder, of ninety pounds each, were lodged against it, and a *saucissan* led to the mouth of the drain.

On the 23d of July the breach between the two towers, about 100 feet in length, being considered practicable, the fire of all the guns was concentrated on a part of the wall to its left to effect a second breach and by evening, that also was considered practicable on a front of thirty feet. At the same time, the four ten-inch mortars and the sixty-eight-pounder carronades were turned on the defenses and on the houses in rear of the breach, to prevent the enemy working to form an obstacle to them.

The breaches were to have been stormed at daylight on the 24th, at which time the tide was out, and the troops were formed in readiness; but the houses at the back of the breach being on fire, it was supposed they would prevent the advance of the troops when they had gained the summit, and in consequence the order was countermanded.

The next night a trench was opened in advance of the parallel, to contain a firing party on the hornwork, during the assault.

The assault was ordered to take place at

daylight on the 25th; the storming party, about 2,000 men, were to assemble in the trenches, and the explosion of the mine was to be the signal to advance.

The distance of the uncovered approach, from the trenches to the breach, was about 300 yards, in face of an extensive front of works, over very difficult ground, consisting of rocks covered with sea-weed, and intermediate pools of water; the fire of the place was yet entire, and the breach was flanked by two towers, which, though considerably injured, were still occupied.

At five A.M. the mine was sprung, and destroyed a considerable length of the counterscarp and glacis, and created so much astonishment in the enemy posted on the works near to it, that they abandoned them for the moment, and the advance of the storming party reached the breach before any great fire was brought to bear on them: on their attempting to ascend the breach, the enemy opened so heavy a fire, and threw down such a number of shells, etc., from the towers on the flanks, and from the summit of the breaches, that the men began to waver, and in a short time the assaulting party had returned into the trenches, with the loss of nearly 100 killed, and 400 wounded.

The advanced guard, with Lieutenant Jones, who led them, were made prisoners on the breach; of the other engineers, Captain Lewis was severely wounded, and Lieutenant Machell was killed. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. Fletcher was wounded at the same time in the trenches.

This assault does not appear to have failed from want of exertion, but from the fire of the place being left entire, and from the great distance at which the covered approaches were from the breach; the troops were stated in the *Gazette* to have done their duty, but that it was beyond the power of gallantry to overcome the difficulties opposed to them.

On this failure being reported to Lord Wellington, he came over from Lesaca, and decided upon renewing the same mode of attack, but on a much more extended scale, as soon as sufficient guns and ammunition should arrive from England; the augmentation to the attack was to extend the breach on the left to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of the main front, and from batteries to be established on the left of the attack, to continue it round the whole of its face, and to the end of the high curtain above it.

On the 27th of July, at seven A.M., the enemy made a sortie, to feel the guard of the trenches; they surprised it, and entering the parallel at the left, swept it to the right, carrying into the place 200 prisoners. In consequence of this loss, the guard was concentrated in a small portion of the left of the parallel, and the right of the trenches was only occasionally patrolled.

On the 28th of July, Marshal Soult attacked Lord Wellington, in the hope of relieving Pampeluna, and the result of the action not being known to Sir Thomas Graham, he, on the 29th, embarked all the artillery and stores at Los Passages, and sent the transports to sea; the siege was therefore converted into a blockade, the guard continuing to hold the trenches.

August 3d, the enemy surprised a patrol in the parallel, and made it prisoners.

On the 6th, the guns and stores were relanded at Los Passages, and on the 18th the additional artillery and ammunition arrived from England.

On the 24th, the entire of the trenches was again occupied, and the siege re-commenced.

On the left, two additional batteries for thirteen guns, to breach the face of the left demi-bastion and the curtain above it, at 700 yards' distance, were commenced, and on the right, cover was begun for seven additional howitzers, four sixty-eight-pounder carronades, twenty-one twenty-four-pounders, and sixteen mortars, being forty-eight pieces of ordnance, in addition to the thirty-two put in battery for the previous operation.

At midnight the enemy made a sortie, entered the advanced part of the trenches, and carried confusion into the parallel; in attempting, however, to sweep along its right, they were checked by a part of the guard of the trenches, and obliged to retire, carrying off with them about twelve prisoners.

At eight A.M. of the 26th of August, the batteries opened. On the isthmus, the thirteen guns were directed to breach the left demi-bastion of the main front, and the end of the curtain in continuation of the old breach, and the face of the left demi-bastion of the hornwork, which were all seen in a line, one above the other.

The fire of the batteries on the right was directed to breach the two towers, one on each flank of the old breach, and to continue that breach to the salient angle of the demi-bastion, and to breach the end of the curtain above it.

Two shafts were sunk to form galleries, to prevent the enemy mining under the advanced part of the trenches. In the night between the 26th and the 27th, the two last-erected batteries being at a long distance to breach, and not seeing the foot of the escarpes, cover was made for four of the guns in a preferable situation.

A party of 200 men was landed this night on the high rocky island of Santa Clara, and made prisoners of the enemy's guard on it, consisting of an officer and twenty-four men.

In the night between the 27th and 28th of August, the enemy made a sortie; but, profiting by past experience, such precautions had been taken of posting sentinels, etc., and the men were so prepared to stand to their arms, that they were immediately repulsed, without effecting the slightest mischief.

On the 29th of August a battery opened on the face of the demi-bastion of the main front; the eighteen-pounders and the howitzers were turned on the enemy's batteries, and several mortars and the carronades at the right attack were directed to the same object, and in the course of the day the enemy's fire was nearly subdued. It was afterward ascertained that they lost many men, particularly by the spherical case-shot, which they endeavored to imitate, by firing common shells filled with small balls, and bursting them over the heads of the troops, but without any effect.

The breaches appearing good and practicable on the 30th, it was deemed time to prepare the necessary debouches for the troops: at the advanced sap on the right, to break through the sea-wall, which was of masonry, four feet thick, and ten feet above the level of high water, three shafts were commenced, the first close at the back of the wall, the second twenty-five feet from the wall, and the third forty feet from the second: they were sunk eight feet below the surface of the ground, and a small return made to contain the powder; they were then each loaded with five hundred and forty pounds of powder.

At two A.M. the next morning, the three mines were sprung, and blew the wall completely down. The diameters of the entonnoirs were about thirty feet; they were immediately connected, and by ten A.M. formed a good passage out for troops, and accomplished the original object of securing all the works in their rear from the effect of any galleries the enemy might have run out to form mines in that direction. At the time of low water, about eleven A.M., the columns for the assault moved out of the trenches by the openings in front of the battery, and in a few minutes after the advance of the forlorn hope, the enemy exploded two mines, which blew down part of the sea-line wall; but as the troops were not in very close order, nor very near the wall, their loss was not great.

From the Mirador and Battery del Principe, on the castle, a fire of grape and shells was opened on the column, and continued during the time they were disputing the breach. The main curtain, even to the end breached, was strongly occupied by grenadiers, and the left branch of the hornwork was well manned, and from thence a heavy fire was maintained on the breach, a great part of which was exposed to it; but the tower of Amozquita, on the left of the breach, fortunately for the besieged, was not manned.

Up the end of the curtain, the breach was accessible quite to the *terreplein*; but the enemy's situation there was commanding, and the ascent was much exposed to the fire of the hornwork.

At the back of the whole of the rest of the breach was a perpendicular fall, from fifteen to twenty-five feet in depth, under which were the ruins of the houses which joined on to the back of the breach; and here and there was left an end wall of the houses, by which alone it was possible to descend. A line of retrenchment carried along the nearest standing parallel walls, was strongly occupied by the enemy, and which entirely swept the confined summit of the breach.

The storming parties advanced to the breach, and there remained on the side of it without being able to crown the top, from the heavy fire from the intrenched ruins within. Many desperate efforts were made to gain it, without effect, particularly up to the curtain; but the enemy maintained that post firmly. Fresh troops were sent on successively, as fast as they could be filed out of the trenches, with laudable perseverance; and the Portuguese, in two detachments, forded the river Urumea, near its mouth, in a very handsome style, under a heavy fire of grape and musketry.

The breach was now covered with troops remaining in the same unfavorable situation, and unable to gain the summit. Upward of two hours of continued exertion had elapsed, when, by a happy chance, a quantity of combustibles exploded within the breach, and the French began to waver; the assailants made fresh efforts; the ravelin and left branch of the hornwork were abandoned by the enemy; the retrenchment within the breach was soon after deserted by them; and the men by degrees got over the ruins and gained the curtain.

The troops being now assembled in great numbers on the breach, pushed into the town; the garrison, dispirited at its great loss, and intimidated at the perseverance shown in sending fresh men, was quickly driven from all its intrenchments, except the convent of St. Teresa, into the castle.

From the superior height of the curtain, the artillery in the batteries on the right of the Urumea were able to keep up a fire on that part during the assault, without injury to the troops at the foot of the breach, and being extremely well served, it occasioned a severe loss to the enemy, and probably caused the explosion which led to the final success of the assault.

The assailants had upward of 500 killed,

and 1,500 wounded; of the garrison, besides the actual killed and wounded during the assault, 700 were made prisoners in the town. Of the engineers, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. Fletcher, Captains Rhodes and Collyer, were killed; and Lieutenant-Colonel Burgoyne, and Lieutenants Barry and Marshall, were wounded.

As soon as the town was carried, a communication was made from the left of the parallel to the salient angle of the ditch of the ravelin, through the counterscarp, which was blown in, and so into the town by the great gate; and preparations were made to reduce the castle.

The plan for the attack was to erect batteries on the works of the town, and breach some of the main points of the castle defenses, as the battery de la Reyna, the Mirador, and the keep, as well as the thin loop-holed walls connecting them.

On the 2d of September, a new battery for seventeen guns was commenced, occupying the whole terreplein of the hornwork, and another for three guns on the left of the cask redoubt.

A discussion for surrender was entered into with General Rey, but he broke it off.

By the 4th of September, the town, which caught fire soon after the assault, from the quantity of ammunition and combustibles of all sorts scattered about, was nearly consumed, and the fire became a great impediment to carrying the approaches forward.

Up to the 7th, the enemy had fired but very little since the assault; and by this evening, the roofs of the unburned houses and steeples had been prepared for musketry, to open at the time of the assault on the castle.

On the 8th, at ten, A.M., all the batteries opened on the castle; viz.—from the left of the attack:—No. 7, with three twenty-four pounders, against the Mirador; No. 8, with three eighteen-pounders, against the lower defenses; No. 9, with seventeen twenty-four pounders, against the Mirador and battery de la Reyna; island, with two twenty-four pounders, and one eight-inch howitzer, to sweep the back of the castle. From the right of the attack, thirty-three pieces of ordnance against the castle generally. The fire was extremely powerful and well-directed, plowing up every part of the confined space of the castle. The enemy kept concealed chiefly in little narrow trenches, which they had made along the front of the heights, but they evidently lost many men. About twelve, a white flag was hoisted, and the garrison surrendered prisoners of war. Their numbers had been reduced to 80 officers, and 1,765 men; of whom, 23 officers, and 612 men were in the hospital.

The loss of the besiegers during the attack was,—53 officers, and 898 men killed; 150 officers, and 2,340 men wounded; 7 officers, and 332 men missing.—*Robson.*

The victory of the English was stained with the cruelty of their troops after gaining possession of the place, and before taking the citadel. "O wretched day! O cruel night!" exclaims a cotemporary historian. "The troops seemed to neglect the most ordinary precautions in a place recently taken, and with one part of it still in the enemy's hands, to give themselves up to the most unheard-of excesses. Pillage, assassination, and rape were pushed to an incredible pitch, and the fire which broke out early in the night, after the enemy had retired to the castle, put the finishing stroke to this scene of war. On all sides were heard cries of distress from women who were violated, without regard either to tender youth, respected family, or advanced years; women were outraged in the presence of their husbands, daughters dishonored in the presence of their parents. One girl was the victim of the brutality of a soldier on the corpse of her mother! Other crimes more horrible still, which our pen refuses to record, were committed in that awful night; and the disorder continued for some days after without any efficient steps being taken to arrest them. Of above 600 houses of which St. Sebastian consisted on the morning of the assault there remained at the end of three days only thirty-six.

ST. QUINTIN, A.D. 1557.—St. Quintin is situated on the river Somme, in France, twenty-four miles north-west of Laon. Upon the abdication of Charles V. the utmost anxiety was felt throughout Europe in regard to the character and ability of his successor, and the policy which was to distinguish his reign. Under the government of Charles Spain had reached the zenith of her glory, and the power transferred to the hands of his son exceeded that wielded by any of his cotemporaries. By means of his connection with Mary of England Philip was also able in a great measure to direct the foreign policy of her government, and thus, in his double capacity of King of Spain and queen's consort of England, he exerted a commanding influence in the affairs of Europe.

Immediately after his accession to the throne Philip was reluctantly drawn into a war with his spiritual father, Paul IV., who rashly attempted to subvert the Spanish power in Naples. Under the lead of the renowned Duke of Alva, the troops of Spain were victorious at almost every point, and the warlike pontiff was compelled to make peace, after the most stubborn resistance, which nearly proved the ruin of his subjects,

and drove them to the verge of rebellion. Philip's conscientious scruples, however, prevented him from prosecuting this war with the energy and vigor necessary to insure a brilliant campaign, and, notwithstanding his success, by the treaty of peace he was placed in the position of the vanquished rather than the victor.

Wishing to distinguish the commencement of his reign by a display of that military genius for which his father was so renowned, Philip resolved to carry the war into France in order to punish Henry II., who had violated the treaty of peace by sending an army across the Alps to the assistance of the pope. He immediately assembled his forces in the Netherlands, with the utmost secrecy and dispatch, and sent his confidential minister, Ruy Gomez, to Spain, in order to procure additional troops and the necessary means. In the mean time Philip himself visited England for the purpose of inducing that country to join him in the war against her ancient enemy. He finally succeeded in persuading his fond wife, Queen Mary, to take this step in spite of the universal opposition to it which was expressed by her counsellors and the nation. By forced loans she was supplied with means to equip a fleet and raise an army of 8,000 men, which was placed under the command of the Earl of Pembroke. With this reinforcement the Spanish forces numbered 12,000 cavalry and about 45,000 infantry.

The command of this army was given to Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, a general of great ability and experience, who had already been intrusted with important commands, although at this time but twenty-nine years of age. Emanuel accepted the command with the utmost alacrity, as it afforded him an opportunity of increasing his already brilliant reputation, and also of regaining possession of his dominions in Italy, from which he had been expelled by Henry.

In the mean time Henry was apprised of Philip's movements, and made every preparation for defense. He gave the chief command of his forces to Montmorency, the Constable of France, and one of the ablest of his generals, but a man of a rash and impetuous temper. Large numbers of the chivalrous gentry of France flocked to his standard, eager to engage in the defense of their homes. With these, and the addition of thousands of German mercenaries, he speedily assembled an army, inferior to the enemy in numbers, but superior in the spirit and character of most of its troops.

By the plan of the campaign arranged by the Spanish cabinet, the duke was directed to lay siege to some of the most important towns in the north of Picardy. He first attacked Rocroy, but meeting with unexpected resistance here, and finding that the possession of the town would not repay him for the delay the siege must occasion, he resolved to raise the siege and attack St. Quintin.

In order to divert the attention of the enemy from the point of attack the duke made a feint of laying siege to the town of Guise. As soon as he had drawn the French army in that quarter he changed his route, and marching into Picardy, invested St. Quintin with his whole force. This was one of the few fortified towns between Paris and the frontier, and a place of considerable strength and importance. Not expecting an attack in this quarter, the French had made no preparations for defense. The fortifications were in a dilapidated condition, nearly all the garrison had been drawn off to repel the expected attack of the Spaniards in another direction, and the place left in charge of an officer of inferior rank.

Under these circumstances, the fortress must have soon capitulated had it not received assistance from the celebrated Admiral Coligni, one of the ablest generals and most illustrious persons of the age. Placing himself at the head of 1,200 men, he succeeded in forcing a passage through the besieging army, and entered the place with about 700 of his men, the rest having been cut off. Reanimated by the presence of so renowned a general, the garrison recovered their spirits, and prepared for a vigorous and protracted defense. All who were not actively engaged in the defense of the place were sent away, and those remaining were put on short allowance. The falling walls were repaired, sorties were made, and the Spaniards expelled from the houses of the suburbs, of which they had taken possession. The houses and groves in the neighborhood, which afforded shelter to the Spaniards, were destroyed, and every means which skill or experience could suggest were made use of for the protection of the place and the annoyance of the enemy. In order to raise the spirits of his troops, the admiral affected to despise the preparations of his foes, and talked boldly of defending himself against ten times their forces. The confidence he endeavored to inspire in others he was far from feeling himself, and after a thorough examination of the resources of the place, he sent word to Montmorency that he should not be able to hold out more than a few days without a reinforcement. Montmorency immediately sent 2,000 men to his assistance, under the command of Dandelot, a younger brother of the admiral, and who much resembled him in energy and courage. Either through ignorance or design, the guide of this party led them into the midst of the enemy, by whom they were vigorously attacked and

nearly cut to pieces. Dandelot, with the few who remained, succeeded in escaping under cover of the night.*

By this disaster, the besieged were completely dishcartened, and the admiral was obliged to exert all his influence to prevent them from yielding to despair. Without a reinforcement they felt that it was useless to contend against a force so overwhelming, as their fortifications were nearly destroyed, and but few were left to repair the breaches and repel the assaults of the enemy. The town was completely invested on all sides but one, where there was a marsh of great extent through which flowed a branch of the river Somme. Having concerted a plan with the constable, Coligni threw up an embankment across this marsh, and collected the water in a canal large enough to float small boats.

On the 9th of August, 1557, the whole French army was in motion, and early in the morning of the 10th, the constable took up his position on the borders of the morass, in sight of the Spanish host, which was encamped on the opposite side, at the foot of the eminence upon which stood St. Quintin.

He immediately opened a brisk cannonade upon the enemy, from a battery stationed upon a rising ground, in such a position as to sweep the opposite bank. Under cover of these guns, he dispatched a portion of his force to cross a ford, which was partially hidden from the view of the Spaniards, by some intervening hills. Taken by surprise, the Spaniards were thrown into confusion, and compelled to fall back upon the cavalry, who were stationed some three miles down the river, under the command of Count Egmont.

Elated by this temporary success, the constable prepared to pass his troops across the river. After much difficulty and delay, four or five small boats were procured and heavily laden with soldiers, who were compelled to land on the opposite side in the face of a heavy fire, from a body of troops stationed so as to command the landing. The boats also stuck fast in the quagmire, and some of the soldiers were suffocated in the mud while attempting to release them. In the mean time, the Duke of Savoy took advantage of this delay in the movements of the French, and called a council of war, and decided to attack them. Egmont was dispatched immediately to cross a ford of the river, and fall on the rear of the French, while the main body of the Spanish army, under the duke, advanced to support him. Disregarding the advice of Prince de Condé, who had descried the movements of the Spaniards, Montmorency refused to retire until the entire reinforcement, under Dandelot, had crossed. Many of those who had crossed the lake were killed or disabled, others suffocated in the morass, and of the whole number only four or five hundred succeeded in reaching St. Quintin. As soon as the last boat had departed, orders were given for an immediate retreat. Notwithstanding the superiority of the force opposed to them, the French at first retired in good order, but when they saw Egmont charging upon them with his formidable body of cavalry, they were struck with consternation, and the constable in vain endeavored to rally them from the confusion into which they were thrown. At the call of their leader they did indeed rally to the charge, and for a moment compelled their assailants to give way, but they could not long continue the unequal struggle, and soon the best soldiers of France were fleeing like sheep before the wolves. A portion of the infantry formed into a solid phalanx, and continued to retreat in good order, in spite of the utmost efforts of the cavalry to break their ranks, until the Duke of Savoy came up with the remainder of his troops, and turned his heavy guns upon them. They were then compelled to fly in their turn, and the rout was complete. Between 3,000 and 4,000 Frenchmen were killed on the spot, among whom was the Duke D'Enghein, a prince of the blood, together with 600 gentlemen. Montmorency, being dangerously wounded, and faint from the loss of blood, was taken prisoner. Besides the constable, the Dukes of Montpensier and Langueville, the Marshal St. Andre, and many other officers of distinction, 300 gentlemen, and nearly 4,000 private soldiers were taken prisoners. All the colors belonging to the infantry, all the ammunition, and all the cannon, excepting two pieces, were taken. On the side of the victors not more than 80 men were killed.

This battle, no less fatal to France than the ancient victories of Crecy and Agincourt, gained by the English on the same frontiers, bore a near resemblance to those disastrous events in the suddenness of the rout; in the ill-conduct of the commander-in-chief; in the number of persons of note slain or taken, and in the small loss sustained by the enemy. It filled France with equal consternation. Many inhabitants of Paris, with the same precipitancy and trepidation as if the enemy had been already at their gates, quitted the city and retired into the interior provinces. The king, by his presence and exhortations, endeavored to console and animate such as remained, and applying himself with the greatest diligence to repair the various fortifications of the city, prepared to defend it against the attack which he instantly expected. But happily for France, Philip's

* Prescott's Robertson.

caution, together with the intrepid firmness of the Admiral de Coligni, not only saved the capital from the danger to which it was exposed, but gained for the nation a short interval, during which the people recovered from their terror and dejection, occasioned by a blow no less severe than unexpected, and Henry had leisure to take measures for the public security, with the spirit which became the sovereign of a powerful and martial people.*

Had Philip followed up his victory with the spirit and energy displayed by his father on like occasions, the capital of France would have been at his disposal. Instead, however, of yielding to the advice of his officers, and penetrating instantly into France, he gave orders to continue the siege of St. Quintin; saying that it was necessary to become master of this place in order to secure the retreat of his army in case of defeat. Believing that this would delay them but a few days, the officers were reconciled to these orders; although elated with their victory, they were impatient for still more brilliant achievments. Their expectations were disappointed, however, by the spirit and heroism of the besieged Frenchmen, and the skill and intrepidity of their commander. Knowing that the safety of his country depended upon the protraction of the siege, Coligni resolved to hold the place so long as a man remained to defend it, and perish in its ruins, rather than yield it into the hands of his foes. Inspired with the generous devotion of their leader, the garrison were well-nigh invincible. In spite of the strength of their assailants and the skill and energy with which they conducted the siege; in spite of the state of their fortifications, which in many places were a mere heap of ruins; regardless of their own fatigue and starvation, they resisted every proposition to surrender. On the seventeenth day after the renewal of the siege, the town was assaulted in eleven different places at the same time. After a long and obstinate conflict, during which the Spaniards were frequently repulsed, the town was at length carried, and both the admiral and his brother taken prisoners on the breach. Philip allowed his soldiers to plunder, but commanded them to preserve the churches and the saintly relics which they contained.

SALAMANCA, A.D. 1812.—The city of Salamanca is situated on the rocky heights on the right bank of Tormes, in Spain, forty-five miles north-east of Ciudad Rodrigo. The battle of Salamanca was fought on the heights of Arapeiles, four miles south-east of the city.

The battle of Salamanca was one of the fiercest fought struggles of the Peninsular War, and took place after a series of maneuvers, marches, and military evolutions, rarely paralleled in the history of war for brilliancy on the part of both the French and English armies. The allied English, Portuguese and Spanish armies, under the Duke of Wellington, consisted of 45,000 men, and, on the 22d of July, 1812, occupied the ground on the left bank of the Tormes, extending from two bold rocky heights, called the Arapeiles, to the river Tormes, below the ford of Santa Martha. The French army was about equal to the English in numerical strength and was commanded by Marshal Marmont. The French general observing that the Duke of Wellington had neglected to occupy the two rocky heights of the Arapeiles on the British right, resolved to take possession of them, and at noon, unperceived by the enemy, gained the more distant height, and immediately crowned it with heavy artillery. Encouraged by this success the French endeavored to gain possession of the other eminence; but the British made a dash at it, and succeeded in gaining it before the French were able to carry their plans into effect.

The acquisition of the more distant Arapeiles by the French, caused Wellington to change the position of his army; hence what was lately the right became the left, while the now right was pushed as far as Aldea Tejada on the Ciudad Rodrigo road. The commissariat and baggage-wagons were also ordered to the rear. This movement was made as preparatory for a general retreat to Ciudad Rodrigo; but Marmont determined to cut off their retreat and force Wellington into a battle. He pushed Thorniere's division, covered by fifty guns, to the extreme left to menace the Ciudad Rodrigo road. Brennier and Maucunne followed; while the march of all the French divisions toward the center was hastened, in order, with the remainder of the army, comprising four divisions, to fall on the flank of the British as they passed the French Arapeiles.

Thorniere's division, followed by Brennier's, advanced so rapidly that both bodies became gradually separated from the center. When the Duke of Wellington received intelligence of this movement on the part of the enemy, he saw his advantage immediately. "My dear Alava," said he to the Spanish general Alava, "at last I have them, Marmont is lost." His resolution was immediately formed, and his orders, with lightning speed, flew to the different portions of the army. The troops were put in motion, and as if by magic they rolled like a huge sea, through a storm of bullets directly across the enemy's line of march. Marmont beheld the whole plain filled with English soldiers, and found himself forced into a battle when in the

* Prescott's Robertson.

midst of a complicated movement, and while a large gap existed between the center and left wing of his army. With the utmost gallantry he strove to recover his advantage. He dispatched orders to his left to close with his center; and the center to hasten to the left; but before his orders could reach those distant columns, the British were upon them.

The dark masses of troops which occupied the English Arapeiles, rushing violently down the interior slope of the mountain entered the valley between them and the enemy amid a whirlwind of bullets which seemed to shear away the very surface of the earth over which the soldiers moved, and steadily advanced across the plain with bayonets fixed toward the dark masses of the French infantry. Marmont beheld the advance of the British line with tranquillity, supposing that the terrible tempest would soon arrest it; but when he saw Packenham's division and D'Urban's cavalry, move at right angles directly across Thorniere's line of march, at the foot of a lofty peak, while other broad masses of crimson were marching against him in front, he felt that his hour had come. He hastened to the point of danger, when a fragment of a shell struck him inflicting a severe wound in his side. His fall decided the fate of the day; but the French troops, notwithstanding they had lost their commander, fought with a desperate valor which for a long time held the victory, as it were, in a balance.

It was just five o'clock when Packenham fell upon Thorniere. In an instant the French gunners were at their pieces. Under cover of these guns, and the fire of a crowd of light troops which were hurried to the front, Thorniere endeavored to change his front; but all in vain. The British line steadily advanced; the French light troops were scattered before them in all directions and falling on the half-formed line of Thorniere, Packenham's men aided by D'Urban's Portuguese cavalry, Harvey's English dragoons, and Arentschild's Germans, forced the French backward along the ridge. The French fell back at first gradually and in good order; but as the enemy pressed forward, attacking them in front, flank, and rear, their array was thrown into confusion; their cavalry was routed and driven among the foot; Thorniere himself was killed while striving to stem the torrent; the allied cavalry broke in like a flood into the openings of the infantry; and the whole division was thrown back, utterly routed, on Clausel's, which was hurrying up to its aid from the forest, with the loss of 3,000 prisoners.

Almost at the same time, Cole and Leith with their divisions, moved forward against that part of the enemy's left composed of Clausel's division, which hastily formed to oppose them, flanked by Le Marchant's heavy dragoons and Anson's light cavalry, all led by Sir Stapleton Cotton.

While warmly engaged with the infantry in front, the opening in the line was suddenly obscured by a cloud of dust, and in a moment a glittering band of helmets, came thundering down on their scattered lines; scarcely any opposition was attempted, and the British dragoons passed shouting through the crowd with their swords gleaming in the air. Lord Edward Somerset, with a single squadron, took five guns; 2,000 prisoners were made in a short time, and the French left was thrown back into the wood in its rear and in a military point of view, annihilated. But this great success was dearly purchased, by the death of Le Marchant, who died in the moment of victory. In the mean time, Pack's Portuguese advanced against the French Arapeiles, and the fourth and fifth divisions, after clearing the village, had with difficulty, driven Bonnet's troops back on Clausel's and Thorniere's broken remains.

Passing the village, they assailed the rock, but met with resistance on all sides, but Pack's men boldly ascended the height, and when within thirty yards of the summit, the French masses rushed out from their concealment and suddenly closed with their adversaries.

A momentary struggle ensued, a stream of fire burst forth on the summit of the hill, and the Portuguese were seen flying, followed closely by the French, to the bottom. The fourth division still driving Bonnet's troops before them, were attacked on one side by three battalions and some horse, and on another by 1,200 fresh adversaries who poured a volley upon them, which they were unable to withstand; their men staggered, Cole and Leith were both wounded, and finding they were beset on all sides, they fled down the ascent. Bonnet was wounded, but Clausel took the command. Ferey's troops assailed the front of the fourth division, and drove them into the hollow behind, the fifth was attacked by Brennier in the same way, and they being uncovered on the left, were overlapped, and lost ground, and even Clinton's reserve in the center, was assailed by a body of cavalry. The crisis of the battle had arrived, and all depended on bringing the reserves to the center where the decisive blows were to be struck. Beresford with great presence of mind, caused a brigade of the fifth division to change, so as to front the troops of the enemy, who had issued from the hollows behind the Arapeiles: this checked the incursion in that quarter, but Beresford re-

ceived a wound which obliged him to leave the field.

Wellington, who was always near in time of danger, hastily ordered up Clinton's division from the rear, to charge the enemy, which proved successful. Halse's brigade, which, forming the left of that division, was most exposed to the Peak of Miranda; while masses of troops were marching against him in front, he hastened in person to the spot, when he was wounded in the arm and side by the explosion of a shell from a distant English battery; this event, however, made little change in the issue of the battle; it was just five o'clock when Packenham fell on Thomière, who being unprepared for such an attack, found it impossible to effect a change of front: nothing could be done but to resist as long as possible. The British columns were so formed that they were ready to charge at any moment.

The French gunners and a crowd of light troops made a useless attempt to cover the formation of the troops behind, for they were scattered in all directions by the British line, led by the gallant Packenham. D'Urban's Portuguese cavalry, supported by Harvey's English dragoons, and Arentschild's German horse, turned their left flank and got into the rear, while their right was already menaced by Leith with the fifth division.

Thomière's division was forced backward along the ridge, but not before they had tried every means of arresting the enemy, but the enemy pressing on them at all points, threw them into confusion, their cavalry were routed and driven among the foot, and Thomière himself, was killed while striving to stem the torrent; the allied cavalry breaking in like a flood, threw his whole division on Clausel's, which was hastening to its aid from the forest; with the loss of 3,000 prisoners, were swept away by hundreds; not for a moment did they pause, but marching firmly forward with the 11th and 61st regiments in the van, regained all the ground that had been lost; an impetuous charge of the French dragoons for an instant arrested the 53d; the southern ridge was regained. Ferey was mortally, Clausel slightly, wounded; the allied host after righting itself like a gallant ship after a storm, again bore on in blood and gloom, one vast cloud of smoke rolled along the basin, and within it was the battle in all its terrors.

Clausel, although all his plans were frustrated, still thought he might prevent the defeat from being a total ruin. Foy's division which formed the extreme right of the French, was now coming into action, and the balls from his pieces fell into the British ranks, the broken remains of the left were blended with the center, and retiring together toward the right, formed a compact body which took post on the heights behind the Ariba streamlet, and formed a complete line in front of the forest, that entirely hid the retreat of the reserved parks and artillery, and the flight of the fugitives, who were hurrying in disorder through its lanes toward Albade Tormes. Wellington immediately took measures to drive this strong rear guard from the ground and complete the victory. The first and light divisions, with part of the fourth, which was re-formed, were directed to turn their right; while Clinton and Packenham's divisions with Hope and the Spaniards in reserve, assailed their front. The French made a gallant resistance; Foy's light troops and guns with admirable skill, took advantage of every knoll and thicket to arrest the pursuers; and the marshy stream which ran from the wood down to the Tormes, and washed the foot of his last defensible ridge, was obstinately contested. But the British pushed on vigorously, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing the French disappear in the forest, while they stood as victors alone on the sable hill. The French army retreated without further molestation to Alba de Tormes, the castle of which commanded the only way of getting across the river. Clausel, with admirable diligence got his whole army across the river at Alba de Tormes during the night, and continued his retreat toward Valladolid. Wellington closely pursued the French to this place, where he took seventeen prisoners and 800 sick; but seeing no prospect of overtaking the enemy, who were retiring toward Bruges, he desisted from the pursuit and advanced toward Madrid.

The allies lost in the battle of Salamanca, 5,200 men, of whom 3,176 were British, 2,018 Portuguese, and eight Spanish. The French loss has never been divulged; but it must have been equal if not greater than that of the allies. On the French side, Generals Ferey, Thomière, and Des Graviers were killed, and Marshal Marmont and Generals Bonnet, Clausel, and Moret wounded. The allies lost General La Marchant killed, and Generals Beresford, Stapleton, Cotton, Leith, Cole, and Alton wounded. Wellington, himself, was struck by a spent ball on the thigh; but it did him no injury.

SALTILLO. See *Buena Vista.*

SAMARIA, B.C. 907.—Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel, and the rival of Jerusalem, sustained several memorable sieges. Adad, King of Syria, entered into Palestine in the reign of Achab, and encamped before the walls of Samaria. He soon reduced the city to the last extremity. Adad, reckoning upon the certainty of conquering the states of Achab, offered that king peace upon the conditions of his giving up his treasures, his wives, and his children. Achab, being with-

out resource, consented to his demands; but on the morrow, Adad having added propositions still more hard, the king resolved to defend himself to the last. At the moment Adad thought victory within his grasp, the footmen of the Prince of Israel advanced, attacked his vanguard, killed many of them, and pursued the rest to the camp. Achab with his troops fell upon the infidels, put them to flight, and enriched himself with their spoils.

Second Siege, B.C. 906.—The following year Adad returned into Palestine with a more formidable army. Achab marched to meet him, and gave him battle. The Syrians were routed, and lost, it is said, 100,000 men. Adad was made prisoner.

Third Siege, B.C. 891.—In the reign of Joram, the son of Achab, the capital of Israel once more beheld a formidable Syrian army at its gates. This siege was long and celebrated. Adad surrounded the city on all sides; no supplies could be brought in; the public magazines were exhausted, and the famine became so excessive that an ass's head was sold for ninety pieces of silver; and twelve bushels of pigeons' dung, which was used instead of salt, were worth five. Such distress made Joram fear that in their despair the people would open the gates to the enemy. To encourage the soldiers and watch the people, he every day visited the walls and the fortifications. While thus employed, a woman cast herself at his feet. "My lord and my king," said she, uttering fearful cries, "in the name of God, save an unfortunate!" "What would you with me?" replied the monarch; "if the Lord does not save you, think you that I, who am but a simple mortal, can? What have you to say to me?" "Lord, the woman you see with me said: 'Give me your son, and let us eat him to-day; to-morrow we will eat mine.' I killed my son, and we ate him, but this wicked woman, notwithstanding her promise, has concealed her child, and robbed me of the food that is my due." On hearing this horrid recital, the King of Israel tore his vestments, and exposed to the eyes of every body the hair shirt he wore next his skin. This prince, reduced to despair, threw the cause of so many evils upon Elijah, and wished to put him to death. But the man of God promised him that the next day the abundance should be so great that a measure of pure meal should be sold for less than one sicle, or thirty sols; but the prophet gained no believers. An officer upon whose arm the king was leaning, turned him into ridicule: "If the All-powerful," said he, "were to open the heavens, and shower down provisions, this would not be possible." "You will see," replied Elijah, "but you will enjoy no part of it." Four lepers, who dwelt near the gates of the city, urged on by despair, went to the camp of the Syrians in hopes of meeting with death, but what was their astonishment to find no one there! The enemy struck by a sudden panic, and thinking they heard the noise of a great army advancing, had taken to flight, and left every thing behind them. The lepers, after having satisfied their hunger, and put aside a great quantity of gold and silver, hastened to announce this happy news to the king. Joram feared it was a trick. At length, after being assured of the flight of the infidels, the people rushed in crowds to the camp, and the word of the prophet was fulfilled in all its circumstances. The king set the officer who had mocked the prophet, at the gate of the city, and the unfortunate man was smothered by the crowd of people, without being able to take a part in the unlooked-for abundance.

Fourth Siege, B.C. 721.—Salmanazar, King of Assyria, learning that Hosea had made himself King of Israel, which country he considered tributary to his power, and wished to shake off the yoke, besieged Samaria, and carried it by assault after a blockade of three years. Hosea was made prisoner, and carried away, with the greater part of his subjects, into Assyria. Thus ended the kingdom of Israel, or of the ten tribes.

Fifth Siege, B.C. 120.—Samaria, however, became again peopled, and continued to dispute precedency with Jerusalem till the government of Hyrcanus, son of Simon Maccabeus. This great sacraficator took it by escalade, after a siege of a year, and completely destroyed the city and fortifications. But Herod the Great rebuilt it, increased its extent considerably, and named it Sebasta, out of compliment to Augustus.—*Robson.*

SAN DOMINGO, A.D. 1586.—San Domingo, the capital city of the Dominican republic, on the south side of the island of Hayti, was taken by assault by the British under Sir Francis Drake, in 1586. The invaders pillaged the town mercilessly, and nearly destroyed it.

SAN JACINTO, A.D. 1836.—The village of San Jacinto is situated on Buffalo Bayou, near its entrance into Galveston bay, in Texas, about eighteen miles east of Houston. On the 21st of April, 1835, an important battle was fought near this place, between the Texans, and the Mexicans. The Texan army consisted of 700 men, of whom, sixty-two were cavalry, and was under the command of General Sam Houston; the Mexican army numbered over 1,800 men, and was commanded by General Santa Anna.

The right flank of the Mexicans occupied the extreme point of a skirt of timber on the bank of the San Jacinto, and their left was

secured by a fortification about five feet high, constructed of packs and baggage, leaving an opening in the center of their breastworks, in which their artillery was placed. Their cavalry was posted upon the right wing. General Houston's plan of attack was as follows:—The center was composed of the 1st regiment under Colonel Burleson; the left wing of the 2d regiment under Colonel Sherman; the artillery under the command of Colonel George W. Hockley, was placed on the right of the 1st regiment, and four companies of infantry under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Miltard, sustained the artillery upon the right. The horse, under Colonel Laman, was placed on the extreme right, and completed the Texan line. The cavalry was first dispatched to the front of the enemy's left, for the purpose of attracting their attention, while an extensive island of timber afforded the Texans an opportunity of concentrating their forces, and deploying from that point, agreeably to the previous design of the troops. Every evolution was performed with alacrity, the whole army advancing rapidly in a line, and through an open prairie, without any protection whatever to the assailing party. The Texan artillery advanced, and took station within two hundred yards of the enemy's breastwork.

General Houston was determined that his army should be victorious, or that every Texan soldier should die in the fight. He had caused Vince's bridge in his rear to be destroyed, that his troops might know that their means of escape was cut off, and calling upon them to remember the fate of their countrymen who were massacred by the Mexicans at Alamo,* bade them fight to the death, for they could expect no mercy at the hands of such an enemy.

The Mexicans also were actuated by a desperate motive to fight bravely. The bridge destroyed by Houston's orders, was the one they had crossed in their march to San Jacinto, and its destruction cut off their retreat, as well as that of the enemy. The Texans opened their artillery, and the crashing tempest of grape swept madly into the enemy's works, shattering bones and baggage in its destructive flight. The Texans eagerly awaited the signal to charge. At length it was given. "Charge!" shouted General Houston, "Remember the Alamo!" The battle cry was repeated; wildly the shout "The Alamo!" rung across the plain, and fell like a death-knell upon the ears of the Mexicans. Led by Houston, the Texans rushed frantically to the charge; the Mexicans awaited their approach in perfect order, and when the assailants were within sixty yards of the breastwork, they opened a violent fire of musketry upon them. But they fired too high. General Houston's horse, however, was struck by several bullets, and Houston himself was seriously wounded in the ankle. But the horse did not fall, and the heroic general spurred him on. The Texans followed their commander, reserving their fire. When they had arrived at a proper distance, and before the Mexicans had time to reload, they poured a destructive volley of rifles into the very bosoms of the Mexicans, and clubbing their pieces, for they had no bayonets, rushed to the breastwork. A terrible hand to hand conflict ensued; the Mexican bayonet clashed against the Texan rifle-stock. The Texans soon broke their rifles by their vigorous blows, and throwing away their useless pieces, drew their pistols, and discharging them once, hurled the empty weapons at the heads of the enemy, and drawing their bowie-knives, threw themselves in one mass upon the Mexican host.

The Mexicans stood their ground bravely; but nothing could resist the impetuous valor of the Texans; their keen blades flashed continually in the air, with lightning velocity, and were plunged incessantly into the bosoms of their foes. The field was strewn with the slain, and blood flowed in streams. The Mexicans endeavored to fly, but the unrelenting Texans pursued eagerly, and cut them down with their terrible weapons without remorse. The Mexicans were now flying in wild disorder, and General Houston vainly endeavored to stop the carnage; but the Texan troops panting for vengeance, ceased not from their bloody work. "While the battle was in progress," says General Rusk, "the celebrated Deaf Smith, although on horseback, was fighting with the infantry. When they had nearly reached the enemy, Smith galloped on ahead, and dashed directly up to the Mexican line. Just as he reached it, his horse stumbled, and fell, throwing his rider on his head among the enemy. Having dropped his sword in the fall, he drew one of his belt pistols, presented it at the head of a Mexican who was attempting to bayonet him, and it missed fire. Smith then hurled the pistol at the head of the Mexican, and as he staggered back, he seized his gun, and began his work of destruction.

"A young man by the name of Robbins dropped his gun in the confusion of the bat-

* On the 6th of April, 1836, the Alamo at Bexar, which was occupied by Colonel Travis, with 185 Texans, was taken, after an obstinate and valorous defense, by an overwhelming Mexican force. Every human being in the Alamo was slaughtered, except a woman, her child, and a negro, and after their slaughter, the dead were dragged out and piled together with wood, in one vast hecatomb, and burned to ashes!

Among the heroes who fell this day was the famous Colonel Crockett.

tle, and happening to run directly in contact with a Mexican soldier who had also lost his musket, the Mexican seized Robbins, and both, being stout men, rolled to the ground. But Robbins drew out his bowie-knife, and ended the contest by cutting the Mexican's throat. On starting out for our camp to enter upon the attack I saw an old man by the name of Curtis carrying *two* guns. I asked him what reason he had for carrying more than one gun. He replied: 'D——n the Mexicans; they killed my son and son-in-law in the Alamo, and I intend to kill two of them for it, or be killed myself.' I saw the old man again during the fight, and he told me he had killed his two men; and if he could find Santa Anna himself, he would cut out '*a razor-strap from his back.*' When the Mexicans were first driven from the point of woods where we encountered them, their officers tried to rally them, but the men cried, 'It's no use, there are a thousand Americans in the woods.' When Santa Anna saw Almonte's division running past him, he called a drummer, and ordered him to beat his drum. The drummer held up his hands and told him he was shot. He called then to a trumpeter near him to sound his horn. The trumpeter replied that he also was shot. Just at that instant a ball from one of our cannon struck a man who was standing near Santa Anna, taking off one side of his head. Santa Anna then exclaimed: 'D——n these Americans! I believe they will shoot us all.' He immediately mounted his horse and commenced his flight."

The Mexicans were now flying for their lives. They had left behind them nearly seven hundred men, dead and dying on the field of battle, and constant additions were made to the slain by the enraged Texans, who followed close upon their rear. The Mexican cavalry spurred their horses toward Vince's Bridge. The victors pursued eagerly, and when they arrived on the bank of the river an appalling scene ensued. The Mexicans, finding the bridge destroyed, were struck with terror. Some plunged their horses into the stream, and were either swept down by the current, or becoming entangled one with another, sunk beneath the turbid waters. Those who gained the opposite shore were unable to urge their weary horses up the steep bank, and fell back into the water, sinking to rise no more. Others, dismounting, hurled themselves into the river, and endeavored to swim across, but they were soon lost amid the mass of struggling men and horses in the stream, and perished miserably. To add to the terrors of this scene, the Texans on the shore maintained an incessant fire upon the drowning masses of men and horses; hundreds went down together; the waters were crimsoned with their gore, and the deep stream was literally choked with dead bodies. A similar scene was also enacted near the Mexican encampment in the rear of the battle-ground. The fugitives were here compelled to pass a deep marsh, and as their only hope of safety they plunged into the mire and water, and endeavored to force their way through; but the Texans were close behind, the morass was deep and impassable. They sank in its quicksands by scores, and the survivors escaped only by using the ghastly bridge formed by the dead bodies of their comrades. At length, sated with slaughter, the Texans returned to their camp. The battle of San Jacinto was won; the bloody day at the Alamo was avenged, and Texas was free. Almonte, the Mexican general, was made prisoner on the day of the battle; on the following day Santa Anna himself was captured while attempting to make his escape alone. General Houston had completely entrapped his wily foe, and Santa Anna, the scourge of Texas, was in the hands of those who would have gladly executed him on the spot; but the Texans were saved from the reproach of this deed by the firmness of General Houston. Santa Anna was spared, and was afterward released by the Texan government.

In the battle of San Jacinto the Texans lost seven men killed, and about thirty men wounded; the Mexicans lost 630 men killed, beside a multitude who perished in the marsh and bayous, 280 wounded, and nearly 800 prisoners. Among the slain were one general officer, four colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, seven captains, and twelve lieutenants. About 900 hundred stand of English muskets, 300 sabers, and 200 pistols, beside 300 valuable mules, 100 excellent horses, and 12,000 dollars, together with a great quantity of provisions, clothing, tents, ammunition, etc., etc., fell into the hands of the victors.

SAN MARCIAL, A.D. 1813.—On the 31st of August, 1813, a battle was fought between the French army under Soult, and the allied armies of England, Spain and Portugal, under Wellington. After an obstinate conflict the French, pushed by superior numbers, were obliged to retire with a loss of about 3000 men killed and wounded. General Vandermærs was killed and four other generals of inferior grade, wounded. The allies lost 2,683 men killed and wounded, of whom 1,680 were Spaniards.

SANTIAGO, A.D. 1817–18.—The battles of Santiago are the most memorable in the annals of Chili. The first, called the battle of Chacabuco, was fought in 1817 between the Spaniards and the Chilians, under General San Martin. The Spaniards were totally

defeated. The battle of Maypu was fought in the province of Santiago, between the Spaniards and the Chilians under General San Martin, who was again victorious. These defeats proved fatal to the cause of the Spaniards in Chili, and finally sealed the independence of the country.

SARAGOSSA.—Saragossa stands on the river Ebro, in Spain, 176 miles N. E. of Madrid. It is a very ancient city, having been founded, it is said, by the Phœnicians or Carthaginians. Toward the close of the fifth century, it was taken by the Goths, who were expelled in 712 by the Saracens; and at length, in 1017, it was made the capital of a separate Moorish state. In the year 1106 it was besieged and taken by Alphonso of Arragon. It is known in modern history from the obstinate resistance made by its inhabitants under Palafox, in 1808–9 to the French, commanded successively by Marshals Mortier and Lannes. The siege lasted, with some slight intermission, from July 15, 1808, to February 21, 1809; when, after a loss of about 6,000 men killed in battle, and over 30,000 men, women, and children, carried off by famine, pestilence, and the fanatical excesses that raged in the unfortunate city, it surrendered to the French. Sir William Napier's account of the siege has stripped it of more than half the romance that formerly invested it. The "heroic" Palafox, for more than a month preceding the surrender, never came forth from a vaulted building which was impervious to shells, and in which there is too much reason to believe that he and others, of both sexes, lived in a state of sensuality, forming a disgusting contrast to the wretchedness that surrounded them. In obstinacy, fanaticism, and savage cruelty, the Saragossans seem to have borne a striking resemblance to the Jews besieged by Titus. The loss of the French in the siege did not exceed 4,000 men.

SARATOGA.—See *Stillwater*.

SARDIS, B.C. 548.—Sardis is a ruined city of Asia Minor, at the foot of Mount Tmolus, 50 miles north-east of Smyrna. After the battle of Thymbra, between Cyrus and Crœsus, the conqueror advanced directly against Sardis, the capital of Lydia. Crœsus marched out of the city to give him battle; and after an obstinate contest the Lydians were forced to retire within their city. Cyrus immediately laid siege to the place, and succeeded by stratagem in making himself master of the citadel. At daybreak he entered the city without resistance; and the citizens purchased their lives by bringing the conqueror all their gold and silver.

B.C. 502.—Under the reign of Darius Ochus, the Athenians embarked in an expedition against Sardis. They succeeded in burning the city, with the exception of the citadel; but the citadel proved impregnable, and the Lydians and Persians, highly exasperated, attacked the besiegers with such fury that they drove them back to Ephesus, and destroyed many of their ships. This unprovoked attack on Sardis was the source of all the subsequent wars between Greece and Persia, which produced so many calamities to both countries.

SARNUS, A. D. 553.—Sarno, a town of Naples, occupies the site of the ancient city of Sarnus. The battle of Sarnus was fought in the year 553, between the army of Justinian, Emperor of Rome, and the Goths. The latter were defeated, and Teias, the Gothic king, slain. This battle put an end to Gothic sway in Italy.

SAUCHIE BURN, A.D. 1488.—Near this place, in 1488, about one mile west of Bannockburn, in Scotland, a battle was fought between the troops of James III. and his rebellious subjects. The king was defeated, and being severely wounded in the battle, sought refuge in a mill near by, where he was assassinated.

SAVANNAH, A.D. 1778.—This flourishing city stands on the south bank of the Savannah river, eighteen miles from its mouth. It is the capital of Chatham co., Georgia, and is one of the most important places of that State.

At the close of the year 1778, the British army, after a war of nearly four years, had made but little progress toward the suppression of the "rebellion" in the American provinces. The British arms had hitherto been directed against the northern and middle States, but with little effect. The Americans retained possession of the greater portion of the country. New York, indeed, was in the hands of the English, but the Americans were masters of almost every other part. Sir Henry Clinton, who commanded at New York, resolved to carry the war into the southern provinces, hoping to find the people less willing or less able to resist his arms, than their stubborn northern brethren. He directed his first operations against Savannah, which was apparently the weakest point at the South. On the 27th of November, 1778, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell sailed from Sandy Hook, with over 2,000 land troops, convoyed by Commodore Hyde Parker. The fleet arrived at Tybee Island, off the mouth of the Savannah, on the 23d of December; and on the morning of the 29th, the vessels and transports having crossed the bar, the troops were landed above Five Fathom Hole, three miles below the town, and opposite Brewton Hill. The whole country on both banks of the Savannah, from its mouth to a considerable distance, was a continuous tract of marsh land, intersected by

the St. Augustine and Tybee creeks. From the point at which the British landed, a causeway, leading across a rice-swamp, and flanked on each side by a deep ditch, extended to the city. The city itself stands upon a high bluff, of an altitude of forty feet, and then, as now, was approachable by land on three sides; on the east by a road which crossed the marsh upon a causeway leading from Brewton's Hill; on the west by a road and causeway over the deep swamp of Musgrove's creek, and on the south by the roads from White Bluff on Vernon river, and from the Ogeechee Ferry, which unite near the town. The British advanced by the causeway on the east. Six hundred yards from the landing-place rises an abrupt eminence, called Brewton's Hill, upon which a house owned by a Mr. Gerridoe, was situated. This house was occupied by a detachment of patriots. As the vanguard of the British army, which consisted of the 71st regiment of Royal Scots, approached the house, they were attacked by the Americans in the house. Captain Cameron and two of his company were killed, and the Highlanders, furious at the loss of their captain, rushed forward and attacked the Americans with so much impetuosity that they were driven into the adjacent woods. The English took possession of the height; and Campbell, from its summit, saw the American army drawn up in battle order about half a mile east of Savannah. General Howe was at Sunbury, when he received intelligence of the arrival of the British, and without delay hastened to Savannah to prepare for the invasion. Howe also received information that General Prevost, with the British troops under his command, was on his way to invade Georgia; and when the American general reached Savannah, he found the place a scene of tumult and confusion. The American army, even after the militia from the adjacent country had come in, consisted only of about 900 men. But Howe, believing that the enemy was weaker than it appeared, resolved to defend the town, and when the British arrived within sight they found him ready for battle. The American army was so disposed that its two wings extended on the two sides of the great road leading to Savannah. The center occupied the head of the causeway; the right wing, under Colonel Isaac Huger, covered the marsh in front, and was flanked by a wooded swamp, and 100 Georgia militia, under Captain Smith of South Carolina, and the left wing, under Colonel Elbert, forced the rice-fields, and was flanked by the river. One piece of cannon was planted at each extremity of the American line, and two pieces occupied the head of the causeway where it entered the main road in the center. After Campbell had formed his army on Brewton's Hill, he moved forward, and took a position within eight hundred yards of the American line. By the movements of the Americans, Campbell soon discovered that they expected and even desired that he should engage their left wing. In order to excite the belief that he intended to do so, he drew off a part of his forces to form on his left, and also displayed his light infantry in that quarter of his line. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. Campbell intended, however, to attack the right wing of the Americans, and having accidentally fallen in with a negro named Quamino Dolly, who offered to guide his troops by a by-path, through a woody swamp on the enemy's right, he directed Sir James Baird to follow the guide, and fall upon the rear of the American right, by surprise. The New York troops, under Colonel Trumbull, were ordered to support the light infantry, while Baird and Trumbull, under the guidance of the negro, were threading the labyrinth of the forest-covered swamp. Campbell prepared for an attack in front. Meanwhile, the republicans opened their artillery upon the British; the army of Campbell remained silent and motionless.

Sir James Baird and his troops soon emerged from the swamp on the White Bluff road, and pushing forward attacked Walton's Georgia brigade, in flank and rear. Walton was wounded, and with a great portion of his troops was taken prisoner. As soon as Campbell saw that Baird had reached his position, he suddenly opened a cannonade on the enemy, and pushed forward his troops to a charge in front. The charge of the Hessians and English was so impetuous, that the American line was broken, and Howe, perceiving the growing panic and confusion, ordered a retreat over the causeway across Musgrove's swamp, west of the town. Colonel Roberts with his artillery hastened to that point to cover the retreat. The British were already there to dispute the passage. After a hot conflict the American center and left wing gained the causeway, and escaped; the left wing under Colonel Elbert, however, were unable to force the passage, and were driven into the marsh. The tide was high and only those who were able to swim, escaped, and these lost their guns and accouterments. The others were drowned or made prisoners. During the pursuit many of the citizens of Savannah were bayoneted in the streets; but after the action was over, Colonel Campbell, who was as humane as he was brave and skillful, ordered his troops to spare the lives and property of the inhabitants. The like credit can not be given to Commodore Parker, whose brutal treatment of the prisoners committed to his care, has

branded his name with lasting infamy. The American army retreated as far as Cherokee Hill, eight miles distant, where they rendezvoused; and the whole army pushed up the Savannah as far as Zubley's Ferry, where they crossed the river into South Carolina. The British took immediate possession of Savannah. The Americans in this action lost 100 men killed or drowned in the swamp, and 453 taken prisoners. Among the latter were thirty-eight officers. The English lost about twenty men in killed and wounded. The fort at Savannah, with forty-eight pieces of cannon, twenty-three mortars and howitzers, 817 small arms, ninety-four barrels of gunpowder, 1,545 cannon-shot, 104 case-shot, 200 shells, nine tons of lead, military stores, shipping on the river, and a large quantity of provisions, fell into the hands of the victors.

Siege of 1779.—On the 3d of September, 1779, a French fleet, consisting of twenty ships of the line and eleven frigates, having on board 6,000 soldiers, suddenly appeared off Tybee island. He had come to assist the Americans in driving the British out of the southern States. So sudden was his appearance that four British vessels fell into his hands without a struggle. General Prevost, with the British troops under his command, occupied Savannah, and the American army, under General Lincoln, was at Charleston, South Carolina. D'Estaing apprised Lincoln of his arrival, and a plan was arranged to besiege Savannah immediately. Prevost, upon the appearance of the French fleet off Tybee, commenced vigorously to put the city in a state of defense. He recalled his detachments from the advanced posts, and sent orders to Colonel Maitland, who commanded at Beaufort, to rejoin him as soon as possible. He also recalled the detachment that occupied Sunbury; and began in earnest to strengthen the fortifications of the city. Every hand not otherwise engaged was busily engaged in this work; and the chief of the engineers, Colonel Moncrief, pressed into his service 300 negroes, collected from the neighboring plantations. Thirteen redoubts, and fifteen batteries, with lines of communication, and a strong abatis in front, were soon completed. The batteries were mounted with seventy-six pieces of cannon, which were manned by seamen from the ships in the harbor. The French fleet disappeared on the evening of the 4th; and Prevost took advantage of their absence to strengthen the works on Tybee island. The garrison at this place was also increased by 100 men under Colonel Moncrief. The fleet returned on the 6th; and on the 9th some French troops were landed on the south side of Tybee island. Moncrief saw that resistance was useless, and spiked the guns and fled to Savannah. The English fleet in the Tybee river now sailed up to Five Fathom Hole, and the next day the cannons were removed from the ships of war, with a few exceptions, to the shore, and mounted on the fortifications. Prevost now felt prepared to receive the enemy. General Lincoln marched from Charleston immediately after receiving intelligence of the arrival of the French fleet, and encamped at Zubley's Ferry, on the Savannah river. He thence detached Count Pulaski, with his legion and the troops under General McIntosh, toward Savannah, with orders to attack the British outposts.

Meanwhile the French fleet had anchored off the bar at the mouth of the Savannah, and D'Estaing was landing his troops at Beaulieu, about thirteen miles below the city. Pulaski and McIntosh, after several skirmishes with the enemy, succeeded in reaching the French army at Beaulieu, and thus reinforced, D'Estaing advanced toward Savannah. McIntosh returned to Miller's plantation, about three miles from Savannah, where, on the 16th, he was joined by Lincoln. On the same day D'Estaing advanced to within three miles of Savannah, and imperiously summoned Prevost to surrender to the King of France.* Prevost asked for a truce until the next day, to consider the subject. But the British general did not think of surrendering. His only object was to gain time, for he was in hourly expectation of the arrival of Maitland, with 800 men from Beaufort. During the interval of the time, Maitland arrived, and thus reinforced, Prevost informed the French admiral that he intended to hold out to the last.† General Lincoln with his force, which consisted of about 2,000 men, having joined the French, the allied armies prepared to take the town by regular approaches. The French army consisted of about 3,000 men. The whole British force in Savannah, was 2,850 men, including a few militia, some Indians, and 300 negroes. The French established their quarters on the right of the place, the Americans on the left. The besiegers first broke ground on the 23d of September. Trenches were opened, and so vigorously did the besiegers apply their tools, that in the course of twelve days, fifty-three pieces of cannon, and fourteen mortars were mounted in battery. The besieged were active in their efforts to retard the works of the enemy. On the 24th of September, a number of British troops under Major Graham, made a sortie; but they were driven back by the

* "The Americans observed with extreme displeasure and jealousy, that the summons was made exclusively in the name of the King of France." *Botta*, Vol. ii. p. 205.

† "Any four hours before the junction of Lieutenant-Colonel Maitland, was sufficient to have taken Savannah." *Lee's Memoirs.*

besiegers with loss. On the 27th, another sortie was made under Major McArthur, with a like result. The operations of the besiegers were not affected; and on the morning of the 14th, all the batteries being completed and manned, the allies opened a terrific cannonade on the British works and the city. The French frigate *Truite* bombarded the place from the water. The besiegers launched carcases into the town, and several houses were set on fire. Terror reigned in Savannah. The fearful storm shattered houses, and filled the streets with fallen timbers. Women and children were killed, and strong men shuddered as they saw their fate. Families sought refuge from the iron tempest in cellars, and there breathing the infected air, and living in close contact with damp walls, they contracted mortal diseases. But, although the city itself suffered so much from the fire of the besiegers, the works of the British remained uninjured. By sap and mine the besiegers slowly but surely approached the British batteries and redoubts; and had the French admiral had the patience to push his approaches further, the town would certainly have been taken. But D'Estaing could not brook the tardiness of the siege; he found the autumn stormy, and he had been informed that a British fleet was approaching. He called a council, and the engineers informed him that ten days must elapse before the British lines could be reached by trenches. Upon this he insisted that the siege must be raised, or the place be carried by storm. Lincoln chose the latter alternative, and the work was commenced on the morning of the 9th of October. The *abatis* in front of the enemy's line was fired by Major L'Enfant and five men amid a volley of musketry from the garrison. The wood was green, however, and the flames were soon extinguished. Before daybreak on the 9th of October, General Lincoln, and Count D'Estaing, having formed the flower of their army in three columns, advanced through a thick fog to the assault, under cover of a heavy fire from all the batteries. The storming force consisted of about 3,500 French soldiers, and 1,100 Americans, of whom 600 were regular troops. The principal column was commanded by D'Estaing in person, assisted by General Lincoln; another column was under the command of Count Dillon, and the third was commanded by General Isaac Huger. The first was to assail the Spring Hill redoubt, on the right of the British line; the second was to endeavor to gain the rear of the British line toward the river on the east, and the third was to make feigned attacks in front to create a diversion in favor of the others. On through the gloom, the fog, and darkness, marched those gallant men. They reached the redoubt unseen. The sun arose, the fog dispersed, the Britons saw their foes. Now gleamed the black redoubt with the fearful light of war. Swift through the ranks of the advancing foe, a leaden tempest rushed. Rank after rank went down, and screams of anguish rose. Down went D'Estaing. They bore him sorely wounded to his camp. Yet onward pressed the Americans, regardless of the terrific storm; they passed the *abatis*, they leaped the ditch; they entered the redoubt, and on it they planted the flags of France and South Carolina. The fight now raged with fury. Maitland uniting the British grenadiers and marines, ordered Colonel Glazier to drive the assailants back. Glazier at the head of his men rushed furiously to the attack. The combatants closed, and near the standards a fearful conflict ensued. The standards fell, and their brave defenders were thrown back through the *abatis*. In the struggles around the flag-staffs, the gallant Serjeant Jasper received a mortal wound. He had just secured them to the parapet of the redoubt, when a rifle ball pierced him and he fell into the ditch. He was borne to the camp, where he shortly afterward died. "Tell Mrs. Elliott," said the expiring hero, "that I lost my life supporting the colors she presented to our regiment."*

While D'Estaing and Lincoln were engaged at the Spring Hill redoubt, Huger and Pulaski were assailing the enemy's works on different sides of the town. Huger having fruitlessly endeavored to force the enemy's line on the east, retreated after losing twenty-eight men. At the same time Pulaski, with about 200 horsemen, endeavored to force his way into the town, a little to the eastward of the Spring Hill Redoubt. Waving his banner over his head, the noble Pole led his men forward; he passed the *abatis*, and his men followed eagerly. The British opened their artillery upon the assailants, and in the midst of a tornado of grape-shot, Pulaski fell, mortally wounded. His men vainly strove to breast the iron hail which, sweeping in all directions, cut down every thing before it. They fell back, and soon the whole force of the allied army retired before the fire of the enemy. The ground was laden with dead and dying Americans and French; and over the piles of corpses like a funeral pall floated the gloomy cloud of battle. Some of Pulaski's solfliers found the dying hero, and bore him from the field. At ten o'clock the besiegers showed a white flag, and asked a truce with leave to bury the dead and carry off the wounded. The

* The American standards displayed on this occasion were those of the 2d South Carolina regiment. They had been embroidered and presented to that regiment by Mrs. Susanna Elliott three days after the battle at Fort Moultrie, where Jasper particularly distinguished himself. See *Charleston*.

truce was granted by Prevost, and while the troops were engaged in removing the killed and maimed, D'Estaing and Lincoln held a consultation regarding future operations. Lincoln wished to continue the siege; but D'Estaing, whose loss was great, decided on an immediate departure. The siege was raised, and on the 18th the allied armies retreated. The French retired to Caustin's Bluff whence on the 20th they returned to their ships at Tybee. The Americans retreated to Zubley's Ferry, and thence to Charleston. In this siege the French lost 637 men, in killed and wounded; the Americans lost 457. The British lost 120 men killed and wounded. Count Pulaski died a few days afterthe battle. His name lives in the heart of every American.

SAVIGLIANO, A.D. 1799.—A battle was fought near Savigliano, in Italy, on the 18th of September, 1799, between the French and the Austrians, in which the latter were defeated.

SAVINDROOG, A.D. 1791.—Savindroog, is a strong hill fortress in South India. The fortress stands upon a rock which rises half a mile in perpendicular height, and is surrounded by an impenetrable jungle. This fortress in 1791, although deemed impregnable, was taken by the British troops, without the loss of a single man.

SCHELLENDORF, A.D. 1813.—At Schellendorf in Prussia, a cavalry combat was fought between the French and Prussians in 1813, in which the latter were defeated.

SCHELLENBERG, A.D. 1764.—Schellenberg, in Bavaria, was, in the year 1764, the scene of a battle between the troops of Marlborough, and the army of the Duke of Bavaria. After an obstinate engagement, the Bavarians were defeated with great loss.

SCHENECTADY, A.D. 1691.—On the 8th of February, 1691, a party of 200 Frenchmen and Canadians, and fifty Indians, attacked Schenectady, in New York State, then a thriving village, and at midnight, bursting open the gates of the stockade which surrounded the town, fell upon the defenseless and unsuspecting inhabitants, massacred them without mercy, and laid the town in ashes. Sixty-three persons were murdered and 27 carried into captivity. Sixty-three houses and the church were burned. A few persons escaped to Albany, traveling almost twenty miles in the snow, with no other covering than their night-clothes. Twenty-five of them lost their limbs in consequence, being bitten by the frost.

SCHOHARIE, A.D. 1778.—On the 2d of July, 1778, an engagement took place between a party of regular troops and Schoharie militia, and 400 Indians, on the upper branch of the Cobleskill, in New York. The Americans, who were under the command of Captain Christian Brown, were overpowered by the superior force of the Indians. Fourteen were killed, ten wounded and missing, and the remainder escaped.

SCHWEIDNITZ, A.D. 1761.—Schweidnitz, a town of Prussian Silesia, has been repeatedly besieged; but our space limits us to the description of two sieges only.

The capture of Schweidnitz offers a fresh proof that no precaution is unnecessary in war. The smallest negligence in the service of places contiguous to the enemy, is most frequently punished by unexpected reverses. Five hundred prisoners were negligently guarded in the fortress of Schweidnitz. Among them was a Major Rocca, a clever Italian partisan. This major formed the idea of placing the fortress in which he was confined in the hands of the Austrians. He had the address to insinuate himself so completely into the good graces of the commander, that he had liberty to walk among all the works, to become acquainted with the places of all the sentinels and of all the *corps-de-garde;* he frequently saw the Austrians, prisoners like himself, intrigued in the city, and regularly informed General Laudon of all he saw, perceived, or imagined, that would facilitate the surprise of Schweidnitz. According to these instructions, the general drew up his plan of attack, which he executed in the night, between the 30th of September and the 1st of October. He distributed twenty battalions in four attacks, one upon the Breslau gate, another upon the Striegau gate, the third upon the fort of Boeckendorff, and the fourth upon the Water fort. M. de Zastrow, governor of Schweidnitz, having some suspicions of the enemy's intentions, called his garrison to arms about the middle of the night, and spread them about the works; but he committed the faults of not giving his officers instructions how to act, of not sending cavalry to a certain distance on the look-out, and of not discharging fire-bombs to throw a light upon the approach of the enemy. The Austrians advanced to the pallisades, without being discovered. There were only 12 cannon fired upon them, and the musketry was so weak that it did them no harm. The guard of the Striegau gate was surprised, and they penetrated thence through the works. During this confusion, the Austrian prisoners threw off the mask, took possession of the interior gate of the city, threw it open to the enemy's advancing troops, and made themselves masters of the whole place. The only person who held out was the commander of the Water fort; but his resistance was useless.

Such an unexpected misfortune changed all the plans of the King of Prussia, who could only, during the remainder of this campaign,

defend, against a superior enemy, the fortresses and territories he had left.

Second Siege, A.D. 1762.—The principal object of the next campaign was, for the King of Prussia, the recapture of Schweidnitz. Frederic had not one man more than was requisite for the execution of this important enterprise. Seventy thousand Austrians composed the army of Marshal Daun and the corps of Laudon, Hadduck, Brentano, De Beck, and Ellershausen. The Prussian army was not inferior, but troops must be detached from it for the siege, of which M. de Tauziern had the direction. He invested the place on the 4th of August, and opened the trenches on the 7th; they commenced at Briqueterie, and turned toward Warben, to embrace the polygon of Jauernick, upon which the principal attack was directed. M. de Guasco made a sortie, but it did not answer his expectations; the Prussian dragoons beating the Austrians back into the place. The King of Prussia thought that Laudon, in order to succor the place, would take the route of Sibelberg, Warther, and Langen-Brelau; he went, therefore, to place himself at Pfaffendorff, while he caused the post of Peila to be taken by the Prince of Bevern. Every thing happened as the King of Prussia had foreseen. Marshal Daun took the route of Langen-Brelau, attacked the Prussians at Peila, was beaten, and retreated. The check experienced by Marshal Daun gave M. de Guasco a bad augury of the fate of the place, and he made an attempt to obtain an advantageous capitulation, with a free departure for his garrison. The King of Prussia refused to comply, because it would have been a capital error to allow 10,000 men to march out of a city, of which, with a little patience, he should render himself master; the Prussian army would be weakened at least by 4,000 men necessary to garrison Schweidnitz, and the Prussian strength would be lessened to the amount of 14,000 men. The King of Prussia repaired in person, on the 20th of September, before Schweidnitz, in order to push on the works with more vigor. Lefebvre, the chief engineer, was opposed to Gribeauvel, esteemed one of the first men of the age for the defense of places. Lefebvre was soon outwitted by the activity of the French engineer, who countermined his mines and thwarted all his plans. Frederic was obliged to take the details of the siege upon himself; the third parallel was lengthened; a battery in breach was placed there; ricochets were there established against Briqueterie, with another battery upon Kuhberg; and the works of the Austrians were taken in rear. Some branches of the mines of the besieged were likewise sprung. The garrison made two sorties, and dislodged the Prussians from a crowned tunnel, from which they wished to debouch by fresh branches. These maneuvers prolonged the duration of the siege, because they rendered a subterranean war necessary. All the cannon of the place were, however, either *évasés** or dismounted; provisions were beginning to be scarce, and the enemy would have been compelled to surrender on that account, if a bomb, falling in front of the powder-magazine of Jauernick, had not set fire to it, knocked down a part of that fort, and killed three hundred Austrian grenadiers. This accident, which laid the place open, obliged M. de Guasco to beat a parley; he surrendered himself and his garrison prisoners of war, on the 9th of October, and they were marched away into Prussia.—*Robson.*

SEDGEMOOR, A.D. 1685.—This is the name of a wild tract of land in the county of Somerset, between King's Weston and Bridgewater, in England. The battle of Sedgemoor was fought on the 5th of July, 1685, between the army of Lord Monmouth, who assumed the throne of England, and that of James II., under Feversham, near Bridgewater. The battle was obstinate and bloody. After a combat of three hours, the rebels gave way, and were pursued with great slaughter. About 1,500 fell in the battle and pursuit. The victors lost 300 men killed and wounded. Monmouth fled from the field of battle over twenty miles, till his horse sunk under him. He then changed clothes with a peasant in order to conceal himself. The peasant was discovered by the pursuers, who now redoubled the diligence of their search. At last the unhappy Monmouth was found lying in the bottom of a ditch, covered with fern; his body depressed with fatigue and hunger; his mind by the memory of past misfortunes, and by the prospect of future disasters. He burst into tears when seized by his enemies; and he seemed still to indulge the fond hope and desire of life.

Though he might have known, from the greatness of his own offenses and the severity of James's temper, that no mercy could be expected, he wrote him the most submissive letters, and conjured him to spare the issue of a brother, who had ever been so strongly attached to his interests; but James replied, that by usurping the title of king he had rendered himself incapable of pardon. Finding all efforts vain he assumed courage from despair, and prepared himself for death with a spirit better suited to his rank and character. The favorite of the people was attended to the scaffold with a plentiful effusion of tears. He warned the executioner not to fall into the error which he had committed in beheading Russell. This caution served only to dis-

* Rendered too wide at the mouth.

may the executioner. He struck a feeble blow on Monmouth, who raised his head from the block, and looked him in the face, as if reproaching him for his failure. He gently laid down his head a second time, and the executioner struck him again and again to no purpose. He then threw aside the axe, and cried out that he was incapable of finishing the bloody office. The sheriff obliged him to renew the attempt, and at two blows more the head was severed from the body. Thus perished, on the 15th of July, 1685, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, a nobleman, who, in less turbulent times, was well qualified to be an ornament of the court, and even to be servicable to his country.

SEEFIN.—During the ninth century, in the space of 110 days, ninety engagements took place in the vicinity of Seefin, a small town of Asiatic Turkey, between the adherents of Alee and of Moawiyah, in which it is asserted 70,000 Mohammedans perished.

SELASIA, B.C. 223.—No sooner had Cleomenes ascended the throne of Sparta than he engaged in a war with the Achæans. The Achæans finding themselves in the greatest danger, applied for succor to Antigonus, King of Macedon, who immediately formed an alliance with them. In the early part of the summer (223 B.C.), Antigonus put himself at the head of the Macedonians and Achæans, and advanced into Laconia. His army consisted of 28,000 foot, and 1,200 horse. Cleomenes's army amounted to no more than 20,000 men. As Cleomenes had anticipated an irruption from the enemy, he had fortified all the passes by posting detachments of his troops in them, and by throwing up intrenchments and cutting down trees, after which he formed his camp at the defile of Selasia. This defile was formed by two mountains, one of which had the name of Eva, and the other that of Olympus. The river Olneus, ran between them, on the banks of which was the road to Sparta. Cleomenes imagined, and with good reason, that the enemy would endeavor to force a passage into Laconia, through this avenue, and he was not deceived. Having thrown up a strong intrenchment at the foot of these mountains, Cleomenes posted his brother Euclidas on the eminence of Eva, at the head of his allies, and planted himself on Olympus with the Lacedæmonians, and a party of foreign troops, and placing at the same time along each bank of the river a detachment of the cavalry and foreign auxiliaries. When Antigonus arrived at the defile, after reconnoitering Cleomenes's position, he did not think proper to attack him; but encamped at a small distance in the plain. Neither side for several days ventured to offer battle. At length Cleomenes, who was in want both of money and provisions, and was not only in arrear with his foreign troops to the amount of a considerable sum, but found it extremely difficult to maintain his Spartan force, determined to venture a battle.

When the signals were given on both sides, Antigonus detached a body of troops, consisting of Macedonian and Illyrian battalions alternately disposed, against those of the enemy posted on Mount Eva. This second line consisted of Acarnanians and Cretans, and in the rear of these 2,000 Achæans were drawn up as a body of reserve. He drew up his cavalry along the banks of the river, in order to oppose the enemy's horse, and caused them to be supported by 1,000 of the Achæan foot and the same number of Megalopolitans. Then placing himself at the head of the Macedonians and light-armed foreign troops he advanced to Mount Olympus to attack Cleomenes. The foreigners were disposed into the first line, and marched immediately before the Macedonian phalanx, which was divided into two bodies, the one in the rear of the other, because the ground would not admit the forming a larger front.

The action began at Mount Eva, when the light-armed troops who had been posted with an intention to cover and support the cavalry of Cleomenes, observing that the rear of the Achæan cohorts was uncovered, immediately wheeled about and attacked them. Those who endeavored to gain the summit of the mountain found themselves vigorously pressed by the enemy and in great danger, being threatened in front by Euclidas, who was on the heights, at the same time that they were charged in their rear by the foreign troops, who assaulted them with the utmost impetuosity. Cleomenes, the Megalopolitan, and his citizens were posted among the Macedonian cavalry, who were supported by the Illyrians, and had received orders not to remove from that post till a particular signal should be given. Philopœmen observing that it would not be difficult to fall upon this light infantry of Euclidas, and rout them entirely, and that the critical moment for the charge had arrived, communicated his opinion to such of the king's officers as commanded the cavalry. They, however, would not listen to the advice of a commander so young and inexperienced. Philopœmen was not to be diverted from his purpose by this rebuff; but at the head of his own citizens he attacked and repulsed that body of infantry with great slaughter. The Macedonians and Illyrians being disengaged by this operation from what before had retarded their motions, boldly marched up the hill to attack their enemies. Euclidas was now to engage with a phalanx whose whole force consisted in the strict union of its parts, the closeness of its ranks, the steady and equal force of its nu-

merous and pointed spears, and the uniform impetuosity of that heavy body, which by its weight overthrew and bore down all before it. In order to prevent this inconvenience an able officer would have marched down the mountain with such of his troops as were lightest armed and most active, to have met the phalanx. He would have attacked them as soon as they began to ascend, and would then have harassed them on every side. The inequalities of the mountain, with the difficulty of ascending it entirely uncovered, would have enabled him to open a passage through this body of men, and to have interrupted their march by putting their ranks into confusion, and breaking their order of battle. He would also have fallen back by degrees, in order to regain the summit of the mountain as the enemy advanced upon him, and after he had deprived them of the only advantage they could expect from the quality of their arms and the dispositions of their troops, he might have improved the advantage of his post in such a manner as to have easily put them to flight. Instead of acting in this manner, Euclidas continued on the top of the mountain, flattering himself that victory would infallibly attend his arms. He imagined in all probability that the higher he permitted the enemy to advance, the easier it would be for him to precipitate their troops down the steep declivity; but, as he had not reserved for his own forces a sufficient extent of ground for any retreat that might happen to be necessary for avoiding the terrible charge of the phalanx, his troops were crowded together in such a manner as obliged him to fight on the summit of the mountain where they could not long sustain the weight of the Illyrian arms, and as his men could neither retreat nor change their ground, they were soon defeated and he was slain by their enemies. During this action the cavalry of each army had also engaged on the plain.

The two kings began their engagement on Mount Olympus, with their light-armed troops and foreign soldiers, of whom each had about 5,000. As the action took place in the sight of each sovereign and his army, the troops vied with each other in signalizing themselves, as well in parties as when the battle became general. Man to man, and rank to rank, all fought with the utmost vigor and obstinacy. Cleomenes, when he saw his brother defeated on Mount Eva, and his cavalry beginning to give ground in the plain, was apprehensive that the enemy would pour upon him from all quarters, and therefore thought it advisable to level all the intrenchments around his camp, and cause his whole army to march out in front. The trumpet having sounded, a signal for the light-armed troops to retreat from the space between the two camps, each phalanx advanced with loud shouts, shifting their lances at the same time, and began the charge. The action was very hot. At one time the Macedonians would fall back before the valor of the Spartans, and at another, the Spartans in turn would recede before the weight of the Macedonian phalanx. At length the troops of Antigonus, advancing with their lances lowered and closed, charged the Macedonians with all the impetuosity of a phalanx that had doubled its ranks, and drove them from their intrenchments. The defeat then became general; the Lacedæmonians fell in great numbers, and those who survived fled from the field of battle in the greatest disorder. Cleomenes, with only a few horse, retreated to Sparta. The most of his foreign troops perished in this battle, and no more than 200 Lacedæmonians escaped out of 6,000. This battle made Antigonus master of Sparta.—*Rollin.*

SELINUNTUM, B.C. 412. — After the memorable defeat of the Athenians before Syracuse, the Segestans, who had declared in favor of the Athenians against the Syracusans, fearing the resentment of their enemies, and being attacked by the inhabitants of Selinuntum in Sicily, implored the aid of the Carthaginians. The latter, anxious to possess themselves of Selinuntum, which was an exceedingly wealthy and prosperous city, consented to send succor to the Segestans. A large army was immediately raised, and intrusted to the care of Hannibal, the grandson of Hamilcar, who had been defeated and slain by Gelon at Hymera. Hannibal, fired with the desire to revenge his family and his country, and to wipe away the stain which the defeat of his grandfather had placed upon his father and himself, left Carthage with the determination to return home a conqueror or to leave his body on the field of battle. He landed at a place called the Well of Lilybeum, and his first enterprise was the siege of Selinuntum. The attack and defense were equally vigorous, the very women fighting in the defense of their city with a bravery above their sex. After a long resistance, the city was at length taken by storm, and was given over to the soldiers to plunder. Hannibal exercised the most horrible cruelties. He spared neither age nor sex. This city had been built 240 years.

SELKIRK, A.D. 1645.—In 1645 a battle took place near Selkirk, in Scotland, between the troops of the Marquis of Montrose and the army of General Leslie. The army of the marquis was totally defeated.

SEMPACH.—This small town in Switzerland, on the east bank of Lake Sempach, in the canton of Lucerne, is famous in Swiss history, for the victory gained in its vicinity on

the 9th of July, 1386, by a Swiss force of about 1,400 men over 4,000 Austrians, commanded by the Archduke Leopold II. The battle was fierce and bloody. The hardy Swiss rushed frantically to the fight; but, borne back on the points of the long lances of the Austrians, they were enabled to break their ranks. At length, many of the Swiss having fallen, Arnold Von Winkelried, a knight of Unterwalden, cried out to his comrades, "I will make a path for you, faithful, beloved friends; think of my family," and rushing upon the wall of Austrian lances, grasped several of the weapons in his hands, and regardless of the thrusts, bore their owners with him to the ground. His countrymen beheld his death, and with shouts of rage rushed through the opening he had made, and attacked the Austrians with such valor that they were soon put to rout. In this battle Leopold was slain, and 2,000 Austrians fell in the conflict and the pursuit. The Swiss lost only 200 men. The Swiss on the anniversary of this day, hold a national celebration in honor of the gallant knight of Unterwalden, and those who fell with him.

SENNEFFE, A.D. 1674.—This village in Belgium is celebrated from its vicinity having seen one of the most sanguinary conflicts of modern times. Here, on the 11th of August 1647, a French army, under the famous Prince of Condé, attacked the rear guard of the confederates, commanded by the Prince of Orange (afterward William III., King of England), and gained a considerable advantage. But, not satisfied with this, Condé imprudently attacked the main body of the confederates, who had taken up a very strong position, on which, notwithstanding the most astonishing efforts, he could make no impression. The loss on both sides was nearly equal; and such was the slaughter, that over 20,000 men were left on the field of battle. To use the words of Voltaire, "*La grande et celebre bataille de Senef ne fut qu' un carnage.*" Both armies withdrew the next day, neither attempting to molest the other. This was the last great battle fought by the Prince of Condé.

SERINGAPATAM, A. D. 1799. — This celebrated fortress is situated at the west angle of an island in the Cavery, nine miles north-east of Mysore in India. Seringapatam was besieged by the English in 1791, and in 1792 when Tippoo Saib purchased a peace by ceding half his dominions and paying a large sum of money to the British. In the last siege, of which we insert the details, Tippoo was killed, and the dynasty of Hyder Ali terminated.

Two English armies directed their course toward Seringapatam, the capital of the kingdom of Mysore. General Harris crossed the Cavery on the 31st of March, and established himself at two miles from the south-west of that city; he there waited for General Stuart, who joined him seven days after with a body of troops detached from the army of Madras. Confident in the strength of the works which surrounded the island in which Seringapatam is situated, Tippoo Saib made no effort to oppose this junction. The works were furnished with 400 pieces of cannon, and constructed with the greatest care. For some time he satisfied himself with defending his outworks. The resistance of the sultan, on this point, was as short as it was useless. General Stuart made the Indian troops fall back to within 800 toises of the western angle of the place, and carried an intrenchment which separated him from General Harris, so that Seringapatam was completely invested, and the first parallel was immediately opened. Battery in breach was commenced on the 1st of May; by the 4th it was deemed practicable. Four regiments were selected to mount the breach. General Harris, the more to surprise the sultan, deferred giving the signal till the moment of the greatest heat, in the middle of the day. The English troops and the sepoy grenadiers marched out of the trenches, crossed the pebbly bed of the Cavery under a murderous fire, and mounted to the breaches effected in the *fausse-braie* and the rampart. The combat was bloody and obstinate. Tippoo Saib, taken by surprise, and rendered desperate by the fear of loss of empire and life, faced death wherever the greatest peril threatened: he perished in the *mêlée*, together with his principal officers. All the fortifications were carried, but the children of the sultan still defended themselves in the palace, which contained his family, his wives, and his treasures. General Harris promised safety and protection to the inhabitants of the palace, and they surrendered immediately. The body of Tippoo was sought for, and found beneath a heap of slain, near one of the gates; he was recognized by his family, and deposited in the tomb of his father, Hyder Ali. The treasures of his palace were distributed among the victorious army. After the taking of Seringapatam, Tippoo's children, his relations, and the princes engaged in alliance with him, submitted. This operation rendered the English absolute masters of the peninsula of India.

SEVASTOPOL, A.D. 1854.—Sevastopol, latterly the principal naval station of Russia on the Black Sea, stands near the southern extremity of the Crimea, on the north side of a point of land, extending west about ten miles, and on the south side of one of the finest bays in the world.

A detailed account of the siege of Sevastopol would require more space than the limits

of our volume can afford; nay, it would require a volume of itself; we must therefore content ourselves by giving merely the events of the siege, dwelling on such portions as we deem of most interest to our readers.

On the 14th of September, the allied army of 70,000 men, embracing English, French, and Turkish troops, under the command of Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud, landed at Eupatoria in the Crimea. It was conveyed in 100 vessels, and escorted by the entire allied fleet of war ships, then in the Black Sea. Twelve thousand men were left at Baltschik (Turkey), with an immense force of artillery.

On the 18th the armies proceeded toward the great point of their destination, and then for the first time for 500 years, the soldiers of two nations who before had been implacable foes, marched against a common enemy.

On the 20th was fought the battle of the Alma, a detailed description of which will be found in another portion of this volume, and amid constant alerts and skirmishes, while being fearfully thinned by cholera, the allies marched upon and took possession of Balaklava, about seven miles south-east of Sevastopol.

On the 23d a powder magazine belonging to the Russian army, exploded at Perekop, and 430 men were killed.

On the 26th, Marshal St. Arnaud, who commanded the French army, was obliged, by sickness, to resign his command, and left for Constantinople. He died a few days afterward.

The allies on the 5th of October prepared for besieging Sevastopol in due form, and from this day to the 12th, the Russian garrison of Sevastopol, had, by a partial bombardment, 120 men killed and 480 wounded.

On the 17th of October, the allies commenced to bombard Sevastopol both by sea and land. The Russians replied with spirit, and the besiegers soon found that the city was a very different place from what they had expected, and that they had to deal with brave, active, and persevering enemies, always on the watch to take advantage, and commanded by skillful and enterprising officers.

On the 18th a siege battery exploded in the French lines, and 230 men were killed. Four hundred and sixty-five Russians were killed on the same day by an explosion in the Redan.

On the 19th, the allied ships stood in very near to Sevastopol, and recommenced the bombardment. The fire was returned by the Russians with such spirit that in the evening the fleet was obliged to retire, much damaged.

On the 23d, the Russian garrison in Sevastopol made a sally and captured a French battery of eleven guns.

The works of the allies were gradually advancing, yet they had gained thus far no decided advantage; the Russians knew the vast superiority of earth-works over every species of fortification, and under the superintendence of their indefatigable and skillful engineer, Todleben, worked incessantly with the mattock and spade. The allies, meanwhile, suffered fearfully. Toward the end of October a great diminution in the numbers of the troops began to be felt; there was a steady drain, in one way or another, of from forty to fifty men a day.

On the 25th of October was fought the Battle of Balaklava. General Liprandi, with 30,000 Russians, made a desperate attack on the allied troops. In an attempt to turn their right flank, the Russians routed the Turkish troops and took two batteries. Owing to an indiscreet order, Lord Cardigan's division of English light cavalry, charged the Russian batteries, but were routed with a loss of about 600 men and horses, the squadron of 17th Lancers being nearly totally cut off; the Russians suffered severely from the heavy cavalry of the English, but maintained the batteries they had taken. The work in the trenches now became very trying to the besiegers. From the first, the British army was deficient in numbers for such an undertaking. Severe labor, change of climate, and unusual exposure, exhausted them. The French, however, made more progress in the works, and the English were overtasked by an endeavor to keep pace with them. The guns, too, became shaky from continual service. The Russians in this arm excelled the allies; their guns could bear more frequent firing, from the excellence of the iron of which they were composed.

On the 26th, 8,000 Russians made a sortie from Sevastopol, but were repulsed by the besiegers, with a loss of 1,000 men.

By the 30th of October, the position of the allies was rendered very much worse by the closing in upon them of the Russians in their rear; but the sea on the side of Balaklava being protected by the fleet, was still open up to them.

The Russians removed every combustible part from their houses and buildings, so that, with the exception of flesh and blood, the allies had nothing to fire against, but stone walls and mounds of earth. The most keen and active hunter could not be more cunningly and anxiously on the watch for a shot, than were the whole bodies of riflemen in both armies during the siege. But now, as winter approached, the English troops became sensible of the miseries of their situation. With bad weather sickness increased, and the wants of the soldiers were not duly attended to. Amid a scene of universal misery, caused by the negligence of officials, a spectacle was now presented which will ever be

remembered. Miss Nightingale, with a band of "ministering angels," was to be seen moving gently around the couches of sick and wounded soldiers, laving with soft hands their burning brows, and administering comfort and consolation to all. At this period of the siege, Russian spies of a bold character occasionally made their appearance in the allied camp, and generally succeeded, after acquiring all the information they desired, in making good their escape.

On Sunday, the 3d of November, was fought the battle of Inkerman. Early in the morning, during a dense fog, the Russian army, increased by reinforcements from the Danube, and animated by the presence of the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, attacked the right of the English position before Sevastopol.

The Russian plans of attack were as perfect as possible, and nothing but the desperate valor of the English troops could have prevented their carrying into effect their threat of driving the besiegers into the sea. "The battle of Inkerman," says Mr. Russel, "admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults—in glen and valleys, in brushwood glades and remote dells, hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes, till the battalions of the czar gave way before our steady courage, and the chivalrous fire of France." The battle continued till near night, when General Forey's division of the French army drove the Russians into the city, but in the attempt to enter with them, the French were routed with great loss. In this grand struggle, 45,000 Russians were engaged, and their artillery was relieved no less than four times.

Lord Raglan reported the English casualties thus:—43 officers, 32 sergeants, 4 drummers, 383 rank and file killed; 103 officers, 122 sergeants, 17 drummers, 1,710 rank and file wounded; 1 officer, 6 sergeants, 191 rank and file missing. Killed, 462; wounded, 1,952; missing, 191. Total, 2,612. General Canrobert announced the French loss as follows:—"The French army has suffered to the extent of 1,726 killed or wounded. We have bitterly to regret the loss of General de Lourmel, since dead from his wounds. It is my painful duty also to acquaint you with the death of Colonel du Camas, of the sixth regiment of the line, killed at the head of his troops." The Russian *Invalide* officially reported the Russian loss to be 42 officers, and 2,969 men killed, and 206 officers, and 5,791 men wounded, giving the total of 9,008 killed and wounded. The number of prisoners taken by the allies not given. Three English generals were killed, and four severely wounded.

The fire of the allies on Sevastopol was almost entirely suspended. On the 18th, the Russians were reinforced by 20,000 men. The besiegers experienced sufferings, almost unparalleled. The rain fell incessantly, and misery stared them in the face at all points. Food was scarce; the roads were impracticable, and their camp was a wilderness of mud; a picture of dirt and woe. On the 2d of January, 1855, there were 3,500 sick in the British army before Sevastopol, and their illness was for the most part, caused by hard work in bad weather, and by exposure to wet, without any adequate protection.

The Russians not only opened their new year, on the 12th of January, with the usual ringing of the bells, and other gayeties, but with a tremendous cannonade, and a spirited sortie. They were expected, however, and repulsed with great loss.

On the 19th of January, the historian of the war makes this striking remark: "Except Lord Raglan, Lord Lucan, and Sir R. England, not one of our generals now remain of those who came out here originally: the changes among our brigadiers and colonels have been almost as great—all the rest have been removed from the army by wounds, sickness, or death—and so it is of the men." The superior resources of the French began now to be felt; ground was gradually relinquished to them, and the front, which it cost the British so much strength and health to maintain, was necessarily abandoned to the more numerous and less exhausted army. The French received reinforcements continually, while the English were not dwindling, but being swept away: the grave and the hospital swallowed their men by thousands—between the 1st of December, and the 20th of January, 8,000 sick and wounded men were sent down from camp to Balaklava, and thence on shipboard!—from the battle of Inkerman to this period, 1,000 men of the brigade of guards had been "expended, absorbed, used up, and were no more seen!" Every night was enlivened with a skirmish, and with sharp-shooting behind the parapets, and in the broken grounds between the lines. The Russians, throughout had plenty of men, with a superabundance of *materiel*—the English had not space for a hundredth part of the cannonades, bombardments, fusillades, sharp-shooting, sorties, and all kinds of annoyances kept up by the Russians: in justice, it must be said, that no place was ever more earnestly, actively, and bravely defended.

Between the 15th and the 31st of January, the Russians made three fearful sorties from Sevastopol, but were invariably repulsed.

Toward the middle of February, the earth-

works on both sides had been so nearly perfected, that even the bombardment from mortars of great size produced but little apparent effect. The Russian force, in rear of the allies, was now estimated at 35,000 men: the allies were completely besieged; but the fleet still maintained its position, and secured a free communication with the sea.

As soon as the 21st of February, the allies became aware of the immense labors being carried on by the Russians in the north division of the city, on the other side of the harbor. There were not less than 3,000 men employed in the works, and the correspondent of the *Times* then foretold the exact purpose for which they were preparing: they were securing themselves a place of retreat. They received almost boundless supplies, without the allies being apparently able to hinder them.

The siege was not unmarked by some of those occasional intercourses which teach men that, although opposed in deadly strife, they are human creatures. Now and then an hour's truce, for the purpose of burying the dead, brought Russian officers out of the town, and civilities were exchanged.

The railway between Balaklava and the camp, now began to be in operation, and was a source of intense wonderment to the Cossack pickets.

The rifle-pits, which are a novelty in siege warfare, next became the objects of constant struggle. They were simple excavations in the ground, in front, and to the right and left of the Malakoff tower, about six hundred yards from the works of the allies. They were faced round with sand-bags, loop-holed for rifles, and banked up with earth thrown from the pits. They were, in fact, little forts or redoubts, to act against the besiegers, armed with rifles instead of cannon. Each could contain ten men, and there were six of them. They were so well protected and covered by the nature of the ground, that neither English riflemen nor French sharpshooters could touch them. Some of the severest fighting of the siege took place for the possession of these pits, which were peculiar objects of French interest, as being in front of their lines. On the 22d of March the French obtained three of these important holes, and immediately commenced a sharp fusillade against the Mamelon and Round Tower, from the sandbags.

Toward the end of March, a happy change was effected for the besiegers: food became plentiful, and camp comforts were even superabundant.

On the 9th of April, the long-expected second bombardment of 530 guns was opened simultaneously by the allies upon the defenses of Sebastopol, amid wind and torrents of rain, with an atmosphere so thick, that even the flashes of the guns were invisible. They were warmly responded to by the Russians. By the 18th, however, the fire slackened on both sides: each seemed glad to avail themselves of a little respite.

On the 19th, a *grande reconnaissance* was made by the Turkish forces, assisted by the English and French. It was a picturesque march, answered all the intended purpose, and was a great relief to the monotony of the siege. Contests were daily and nightly taking place, each worthy of being made episodes in a great poem. "Deeds of daring," of firm courage and devotion, were enacted in numbers by officers and men: the contest on both sides was truly "a strife of heroes;" but it must be left to the bards of future ages.

The French lines were now within a few hundred yards of the Mamelon, and the British advanced parallel inclined toward the Round Tower. The progress was steady, but it was dearly bought: the Russians contested every inch of ground bravely.

The Russian night-attacks were more frequent, but they were, in all cases, repulsed with loss, although well planned and bravely carried out. The principal disadvantage to the British arose from the havoc made among their best soldiers; the bravest would go to the front, and were the first victims. Races and cricket matches were got up—but, after a few trials, died out. The gallant troops tried all they could to keep up their spirits; but the real game going on was too serious.

On the 16th of May the allies were delighted by a welcome reinforcement. The Sardinian troops began to arrive; and, in addition to the gratification derived from such a circumstance, they were surprised by their warlike and splendid appearance. It was something new to the weather-beaten warriors, to see troops so newly and handsomely equipped.

On the 19th of May the allied army completed its fourth parallel toward Sevastopol. Of English, French, Turks and Sardinians, there were 200,000 men operating in the Crimea.

On the 23d of May the French fought a severe battle with the Russians before Sevastopol. The Russians had formed between the central bastion and the sea a large *place d'armée* where they proposed assembling considerable forces to make sorties. In the night the French attacked these works, which were defended by nearly the entire garrison. The combat was fierce, and lasted during nearly the whole night. The French carried and occupied half the works. The French had 1,600 killed and wounded, and the Russians were supposed to have lost 6,000 men.

On the 24th the French carried the remaining half of the Russian *place d'armée*, after a fierce struggle, in which the French lost about 2,000 men, and the Russians 2,500.

On the 6th of June, for the third time, the fire of the allies was opened along the whole range of positions; the thunder of 300 French guns and mortars, and 157 on the side of the English, awakened their echoes and hurled their bolts against Sevastopol.

On the 7th, the Mamelon and White Towers at Sevastopol were captured by the English and French troops. The French took 60 guns and over 400 prisoners. The Russians had 4,360 men, put *hors de combat;* the French lost 4,000 men and the English had 165 men killed and missing, with 500 wounded.

On Sunday, the 17th of June, the allies opened a fearful fire on the Malakoff and Redan towers, preliminary to an assault, which was maintained during the entire day. We copy the following glowing account of this assault from the historian of the siege, the wonderfully-graphic correspondent of the London *Times:*

"The plan of attack originally proposed was that the allies were to open a cannonade for three hours on the Malakoff and Redan after dawn on the morning of the 18th; that the French were to assault the Malakoff, and that when they had gained possession of it we were to attack the Redan. As the latter work is commanded by the former, it would not be possible to carry or to hold it till the Malakoff was taken.

"The fire which we opened on Sunday morning (the 17th), preliminary to the assault, was marked by great energy, weight, and destructiveness. In the first relief the Quarry battery, commanded by Major Strange, threw no less than 300 8-inch shells into the Redan, which is only 400 yards distant, and the place must have been nearly cleared by the incessant storm of iron splinters which flew through it. Throughout Sunday our artillery fired 12,000 rounds of the heaviest ordnance into the enemy's lines, and on the following day we fired 11,946 rounds of shot and shell. The Russian fire was weak and wild. Had the three hours' cannonade and bombardment which Lord Raglan decided on administering to the Russians before we assaulted been delivered to them, it is very probable that we should have but a small body of troops prepared to receive us at the parapets; and it must be esteemed a very unfortunate circumstance that his lordship was induced to abandon his intention in deference to the wishes of General Pelissier. General Pelissier, in requesting the English general to change the original plan of attack and to forestall the hour which was at first agreed upon, is not stated to have assigned any specific reason for the alteration, but it is reported that he wished to anticipate the enemy, who were about, as he was informed, to make an assault on the Mamelon. He felt, too, that the masses of French whom he had prepared could not be concealed from the Russians for any length of time, and that they would soon be revealed by the noise which always attends the movements of large bodies of men.

"As the 34th regiment advanced, the supports, by some means or another, got mixed together with them, and some confusion arose in consequence. On crossing the trench our men, instead of coming upon the open in a firm body, were broken into twos and threes. This arose from the want of a temporary step above the beam, which would have enabled the troops to cross the parapet with regularity; instead of which they had to scramble over it as well as they could; and, as the top of the trench is of unequal height and form, their line was quite broken. The moment they came out from the trench the enemy began to direct on their whole front a deliberate and well-aimed *mitraille*, which increased the want of order and unsteadiness caused by the mode of their advance. Poor Colonel Yea saw the consequences too clearly. Having in vain tried to obviate the evil caused by the broken formation and confusion of his men, who were falling fast around him, he exclaimed, 'This will never do! Where's the bugler to call them back?' But, alas! at that critical moment no bugler was to be found. The gallant old soldier, by voice and gesture, tried to form and compose his men, but the thunder of the enemy's guns close at hand and the gloom of early dawn frustrated his efforts; and as he rushed along the troubled mass of troops which were herding together under the rush of grape, and endeavored to get them into order for a rush at the batteries, which was better than standing still, or retreating in a panic, a charge of the deadly missile passed, and the noble soldier fell dead in advance of his men, struck at once in head and stomach by grape-shot. The signal for our assault was to be given by the discharge of two service rockets, which were to have been fired when the French got into the Malakoff, and the latter were to have hoisted a flag as a signal of their success.

"It is certain that the French did for a short time establish themselves in the Malakoff, but they were soon expelled with loss, and I saw with my own eyes a large triangular blue and black flag waving from the Malakoff all during the fight. The moment the rockets were fired, the light division rushed out of cover; in a quarter of an hour this infantry

Balaklava was over, so far as any chance of success was concerned. The second division, seeing that the flank attacks had failed, wisely kept under cover, and suffered but a trifling loss. Had they foolishly advanced, we should have to deplore greater and more useless slaughter. The fourth division were guided down by their active Quartermaster-general, Colonel Wyndham, and took ground in the trench to the left, but it would seem as if they attacked a little too near the apex of the Redan. Poor Sir John Campbell seems to have displayed a courage amounting to rashness. He sent away Captain Hume and Captain Snodgrass, his aid-de-camps, just before he rushed out of the trench, as if averse to bring them into the danger he meditated, and fell in the act of cheering on his men. The losses of the fourth division were very great. The 57th, out of the 400 men, had more than a third killed and wounded.

"The brigade under Major-General Eyre, which was destined to occupy the Cemetery and to carry the Barrack batteries, consisted of the 9th regiment, 18th regiment, 28th regiment, 38th regiment, and 44th regiment. Four volunteers from each company were selected to form an advanced party, under Major Fielden, of the 44th regiment, to feel the way and cover the advance. The 18th Royal Irish followed as the storming regiment. The brigade was turned out at 12 o'clock, and proceeded to march down the road on the left of the Greenhill battery to the Cemetery, and halted under cover while the necessary dispositions were being made for the attack. General Eyre, addressing the 18th, said, 'I hope, my men, that this morning you will do something that will make every cabin in Ireland ring again!' The reply was a loud cheer, which instantly drew on the men a shower of grape. The skirmishers advanced just as the general attack began, and, with some French on their left, rushed at the Cemetery, which was very feebly defended. They got possession of the place after a slight resistance, with small loss, and took some prisoners, but the moment the enemy retreated their batteries opened a heavy fire on the place from the left of the Redan and from the Barrack battery. Four companies of the 18th at once rushed on out of the Cemetery toward the town, and actually succeeded in getting possession of the suburb. Captain Hayman was gallantly leading on his company when he was shot through the knee. Captain Esmonde followed, and the men, once established, prepared to defend the houses they occupied.

"As they drove the Russians out, they were pelted with large stones by the latter on their way up to the battery, which quite overhangs the suburb. The Russians could not depress their guns sufficiently to fire down on our men, but they directed a severe flanking fire on them from an angle of the Redan works. There was nothing for it but to keep up a vigorous fire from the houses, and to delude the enemy into the belief that the occupiers were more numerous than they were. Meantime the Russians did their utmost to blow down the houses with shell and shot, and fired grape incessantly, but the soldiers kept close, though they lost men occasionally, and they were most materially aided by the fire of the regiments in the Cemetery behind them, which was directed at the Russian embrasures; so that the enemy could not get out to fire down on the houses below. Some of the houses were comfortably furnished. One of them was as well fitted up as most English mansions, the rooms full of fine furniture, a piano in the drawing-room, and articles of luxury and taste not deficient. The troops entered the place about four o'clock in the morning, and could not leave it till nine o'clock in the evening. The Russians blew up many of the houses and set fire to others, and when our men retired, the flames were spreading along the street. The 18th regiment lost 250 men. The 9th regiment succeeded in effecting a lodgment in the houses in two or three different places, and held their position as well as the 18th. A serjeant and a handful of men actually got possession of the little Wasp battery, in which there were only twelve or fourteen Russian artillerymen. They fled at the approach of our men, but when the latter turned round they discovered they were quite unsupported; and the Russians, seeing that the poor fellows were left alone, came down on them and drove them out of the battery. An officer and half-a-dozen men of the same regiment got up close to a part of the Flagstaff battery, and were advancing into it, when they, too, saw that they were by themselves, and, as it was futile to attempt holding their ground, they retreated. About fifteen French soldiers on their left aided them, but as they were likewise unsupported they had to retire. Another officer with only twelve men took one of the Russian Rifle Pits, bayonetted those they found in it, and held possession of it throughout the day. Meantime, while these portions of the 5th and 18th, and parties of the 44th and 28th were in the houses, the detachments of the same regiments and of the 38th kept up a hot fire from the Cemetery on the Russians in the battery and on the sharp-shooters, all the time being exposed to a tremendous shower of bullets, grape, round shot, and shell. The loss of the brigade, under such circumstances, could not but be extremely severe. One part of it, separated from the other, was exposed to a destructive

fire in houses, the upper portion of which crumbled into pieces or fell in under fire, and it was only by keeping in the lower story, which was vaulted and well built, that they were enabled to hold their own. The other parts of it, far advanced from our batteries, were almost unprotected, and were under a constant *mitraille* and bombardment from guns which our batteries had failed to touch.

"Some of the officers got away in the great storm which arose about eleven o'clock, and blew with great violence for several hours.

"The detachments from the hard-working and little noticed Naval Brigade consisted of four parties of sixty men each, one for each column, but only two of them went out, the other two being kept in reserve; they were told off to carry scaling-ladders and wool-bags, and to place them for our storming parties. It is not to be wondered at if they suffered severely. On that eventful day, fourteen men were killed, and forty-seven men were wounded. Two men were killed, and several others were wounded by the bursting of one of our sixty-eight-pounders, in the left attack. Among the latter was Major Stuart Wortley, who was injured by the explosion. As soon as the two storming columns got out of the parallel the sailors suffered severely. When the men retreated, overwhelmed by the storm from the enemy's battery, several officers and men were left behind wounded, and endured fearful agonies for hours, without a cup of water or a cheering voice to comfort them. Lieutenant Kidd got into the trench all safe, and was receiving the congratulatious of a brother officer, when he saw a wounded soldier lying out in the open. He at once exclaimed—"We must go and save him!" and leaped over the parapet in order to do so. He had scarcely gone a yard, when he was shot through the breast and died in an hour after. Only three officers came out of action untouched. Captain Peel, who commanded the detachment, was shot through the arm.

"The natural consequence, in civilized warfare, of such a contest as that which took place yesterday, is an armistice to bury the dead. It was our sad duty to demand it, for our dead lay outside our lines, and there were no Russian corpses in front of the Redan or Malakoff. Somehow or other, the rumor got abroad that there would be an armistice early in the day, and we hoisted a white flag in the forenoon, but there was no such emblem of a temporary peace displayed by the Russians.

"Our batteries and riflemen ceased firing, and the Russians crowded the tops of the parapets of the Redan and of the Round Tower (Malakoff) batteries, and did not harass us by any fire, but of course it was dangerous to go out in front of the lines till they hoisted the white flag also. The advanced trenches were filled with officers and soldiers eager to find the bodies of their poor comrades; but they could not stir out of the parallels. They waited patiently and sadly for the moment when friendship's last melancholy office could be performed. Boats were at last seen to leave the roads of Sevastopol, and to meet boats from the fleet at the entrance, and it became known that the Russians had acceded to an armistice, and that it was to take place at four o'clock in the afternoon. To pass the weary time away, there was nothing to do but to watch the Russians at work repairing their batteries—labors which they continued during the armistice subsequently—and to make out the bodies which lay scattered about in front of the Redan and Malakoff. It was agonizing to see the wounded men who were lying there under a broiling sun, parched with excruciating thirst, racked with fever, and agonized with pain—to behold them waving their caps faintly or making signals toward our lines, over which they could see the white flag waving, and not to be able to help them. They lay where they fell, or had scrambled into the holes formed by shells; and there they had been for thirty hours—oh! how long and how dreadful in their weariness! An officer told me that one soldier who was close to the abatis, when he saw a few men come out of an embrasure, raised himself on his elbow, and, fearing he should be unnoticed and passed by, raised his cap on a stick and waved it till he fell back exhausted. Again he rose, and managed to tear off his shirt, which he agitated in the air till his strength failed him. His face could be seen through a glass; and my friend said he never could forget the expression of resignation and despair with which the poor fellow at last abandoned his useless efforts, and folded his shirt under his head to await the mercy of Heaven. Whether he was alive or not when our men went out I can not say; but five hours of thirst, fever, and pain, under a fierce sun would make awful odds against him. The red coats lay sadly thick over the broken ground in front of the abatis of the Redan, and blue and gray coats were scattered about or lay in piles in the raincourses before the Malakoff."

In this repulse, the allies lost in killed and wounded over 5,000 men. Every one of the English commanders was slain, with two French generals—Mayrau and Brunet—distinguished men. The Russians lost about 4,000 men, killed and wounded. Two superior officers were slain, and two generals and twelve superior officers were wounded.

On the 20th of June Lord Raglan died,

STORMING OF THE MALAKOFF.

and the command of the British army devolved upon General Simpson.

During the month of July, the Russians made several severe sorties, but were as often repulsed, and the allies made steady progress in their advance toward the doomed city. With their hosts of sappers, the French made daily approaches to mining the principal fortifications, and in July, the Russian commander became so aware of the peril of his situation, that he informed his government he could not hold the city much longer. The Court of St. Petersburg ordered the bold assault to be made on the lines of the Tchernaya, in the hope of compelling the allies to raise the siege, and of regaining Balaklava. The Russians then put forth their energies in one more desperate attack.

Battle of the Tchernaya.—On the morning of the 16th of August, Generals Liprandi and Prince Gortschakoff, with 40,000 Russians, advanced to the attack. The French divisions were encamped on the summit of the hills between which runs a road which crosses the river Tchernaya, over a stone bridge in the valley. The bridge was defended by a small redoubt. The Sardinians had batteries regularly fortified on all the heights overlooking the ford on the road to Tchorgoun, and had the upper end of the valley completely within their range. On the other side of the river on the top of a hill, similar in every respect to those already described, they had an intrenched outpost composed of two companies of infantry.

The attack commenced about five o'clock, the first shots being heard near the Sardinian position. The fire almost immediately opened along the whole line, but it was soon rendered evident that the chief aim of the Russian commander was to force the passes communicating with the valley of Balaklava, and thus to turn the flank of the French position on the hills, and break their chain of communication with the Piedmontese troops. There are two principal routes or openings in this direction. One is formed by a break in the line of hills stretching across the plain, leaving a passage between its east end, and a part cut off, as it were, and assuming the form of an irregular Mamelon. This Mamelon, as well as the line of hill, was held by French troops. The second pass is between the Mamelon and the opening to Tchorgoun, and along this the river finds its way as it comes out of the gorge to wind through the valley. Through the first-named opening the high road from Simpherpol to Balaklava passes, and nearly opposite to it is a handsome stone bridge, spanning the river by two arches. This bridge is approached on either side by a gradual incline, the road being carried over a series of land arches. The river, under ordinary circumstances, is fordable at this part. At the second opening there is no bridge across the river, excepting that for the aqueduct; the water spreads out, and is readily fordable. The passage of this ford was commanded by the guns of a redoubt held by the Sardinians.

It was in the neighborhood of the stone bridge and the ford above, that the severest part of the struggle took place. The numbers of dead lying about these two positions are greater than in any other part of the field of action. The Russians, as they approached along the road to the bridge, and on each side, were mown down by the fire of the artillery of the allies, and on the opposite side, the French, who were defending the passage, suffered from the fire of the Russian artillery, which had been brought up on the heights on the east of the road and valley. On two occasions the Russians succeeded in crossing the bridge, and in considerable numbers began to climb up the sides of the Mamelon and the end of the hill occupied by the French, but the fire of the Rifles above drove them back. It is stated that at one time the Russians were forced back by the 62d French infantry at the point of the bayonet, but this is doubtful. As they retired across the river, the artillery of the allies committed great execution among them. Some of the French troops assert that the passage of the bridge by the Russians could have been easily prevented, but that it was purposely permitted, with the motive of entrapping them into more certain destruction. Be this as it may, the cross fire which was opened between the hills from the rifles of the infantry, and the direct fire of the artillery, caused great havoc among their ranks, and after the fight the bodies of the killed were found to be thickly strewn as far as sixty or seventy yards on the French side of the river. The aqueduct is not carried along by the side of the river, but, for the sake of having a higher level, is placed at the foot of the hills for some distance, the curves and windings of which it closely follows. The aqueduct is deep, and not easily crossed. Between it and the hill side there is usually a deep ditch. Many of the Russians had not only crossed the river, but, pursuing their way, had also crossed the aqueduct. To enable them to do this, they had been provided with numerous small platforms, just long and broad enough to form so many bridges across the aqueduct; these they had carried with them. In some places many wounded and dead were found lying in the ditch between the hill-side and the bank upon which the aqueduct is raised. The small wooden platforms carried by the men could be joined

together so as to form rafts, if required, for use on the river; but pontoons also were amply provided for the construction of regular bridges for the passage of cavalry or artillery. A great number of these small rafts, and also some pontoons were left on the field, and taken by the allies.

The Russians gave one "Hurrah," as if they intended to come up to the scratch, but instead of suiting the action to the word, they wheeled about, and flung themselves down the hill-side in complete disorder, the Sardinian artillery again playing upon them as before. Some hundreds threw down their arms, and surrendered to the French, sooner than run the gauntlet once more across the aqueduct and the river. The remnant of the column got under cover on the other side of the stream, and remained there for some minutes, until two battalions of Piedmontese came out upon the plain, and throwing out skirmishers, advanced upon the river. The Russians now retired in haste, and not in very good order, skirmishing as they went, until they reached the high ground on which their cavalry and the reserve of their artillery were stationed. During the pursuit the Piedmontese made some prisoners. The moment was propitious for a charge of cavalry, who might have cut them up completely.

Major Grovac, the second on the Sardinian etat-major, accordingly brought down their four squadrons, but the colonel objected to charge in face of the Russian cavalry force, fully 5,000 in number, unless he was supported by French or English. A message was accordingly sent to General Maurice, the French general commanding the cavalry, requesting him to push forward a body of his men in the rear of the Piedmontese, but he declined, alleging that he had positive orders not to pursue, having returned a similar answer to General Erbillon, who commanded on the heights. This is extraordinary, but true, and the only thing one can say about it is to express a hope that there was some good reason for it, not visible at first sight. The greater part of the Russian artillery now retired, followed up for a short distance by the French Chasseurs de Vincennes; the cavalry then advanced in an immense line, forming a crescent, from out of which issued three guns which fired away to protect the retreat till the last column had wound its weary way up the road to Mackenzie's Farm, or disappeared among the hills toward Tchionlion.

The scene which presented itself on the banks of the river, after the battle, below the canal, was something fearful beyond description, much more fearful than the ordinary horrors of a battle-field. The canal itself was choked with dead, most of whom had doubtless fallen into it living, after rolling down the hill-side, and found repose in its muddy waters; broken muskets, bags of bread, cartridges, one dark red stain on the white gravel, often alone marked the spot where the men first fell. On toward the bridge the dead lay thicker and thicker. On the banks of the river about it, and in the river itself, they were "heaped and piled," mostly fine men, in the prime of life—many with a *vieux grognard* air, which bespoke long years of service. Nearly every one had a brandy-bottle, either actually in his hand or lying near him, or broken under him in his fall.

In this battle the allies lost about 1,000 men, killed and wounded; the Russians lost nearly 6,000 men, killed, wounded, and made prisoners. Among the slain were the Russian generals Read, Weiman, and Cyerwiky.

The next fortnight Prince Gortschakoff may be said to have devoted to providing for the safety of his army. He had great reason to fear the next bombardment would be fatal; he established a means of communication between the battered ruins of the south side of Sevastopol and that north side upon which so much labor and time had been expended; he built a strong raft-bridge across the harbor, threw up earthworks along the cliff to protect it, and drew his army together in compact lines between the sea and the heights of Mackenzie.

On the 5th of September the awful catastrophe was entered upon. All was preparation with both besiegers and besieged; the former girding up their loins for the great struggle, the latter doing all that could be done to meet it manfully. General Pellissier had had a long interview with General Simpson the preceding day, in which the plan of attack was settled.

The allies opened the fire of their terrible batteries on the 5th of September, and maintained an incessant cannonade until the 8th, the day fixed upon for the final assault. The following is the most important part of the dispatch of General Pelissier, comprising a full account of the French assault on the Malakoff:

"A little before noon all the troops were in readiness, and in perfect order on the points indicated, and the other arrangements had been punctually executed. General de Salles was ready; General Bosquet was at the fighting post which he had chosen in the sixth parallel; and I, with Generals Thiry of the artillery, Niel of the engineers, and Martimprey, the chief of my staff, was at the Brancion redoubt, which I had chosen for my head-quarters.

"All our watches had been regulated. At noon precisely all our batteries ceased to thunder, in order that they might be adjusted

to a longer range, so as to reach the reserves of the enemy. At the word of their chiefs, the divisions of Generals M'Mahon, Dulac, and De la Motterrouge, left the trenches. The drums and the clarions beat and sounded the charge, and to the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" a thousand times repeated along the whole line, our intrepid soldiers precipitated themselves upon the enemy's defenses. It was a solemn moment. The first brigade of M'Mahon's division, the first regiment of Zouaves leading, followed by the 7th of the line, and having the 4th Chasseurs à Pied on its left, sprang to the left face and the salient of the Malakoff work. The breadth and depth of the ditch, the height and steepness of the slope, rendered the ascent extremely difficult to our men; but finally they gained the parapet, manned with Russians, who, in default of muskets, picked up whatever came to hand—mattocks, stones, or rammers—and used them as weapons. Then took place a hand-to-hand struggle—one of those exciting combats in which nothing but the intrepidity of our soldiers and their chiefs can give them the victory. They immediately sprang into the work; they drove back the Russians who continued to resist, and, in a few seconds afterward, the flag of France was finally planted on the Malakoff.

"At the right and center, with that same impetuous dash which had overthrown so many obstacles and forced the enemy to fly, the divisions of Dulac and De la Motterouge, led by their chiefs, had seized the little Redan at the Careening Bay, and also the Curtain, forcing their way even as far as the second *enceinte* that was being constructed. Everywhere we were in possession of the works attacked. But this first and brilliant success had near cost us very dear. Struck by a large splinter from a bomb in his right side, General Bosquet was compelled to quit the field of battle. I confided the command to General Dulac, who was admirably seconded by General de Liniers, chief of the staff of the 2d corps.

"The engineers who accompanied the storming columns were already at work; they filled up the ditches, opened passages, and threw across bridges. The second brigade of General de M'Mahon advanced rapidly to reinforce the troops in the Malakoff. I gave the signal agreed upon with General Simpson for the attack on the Great Redan, and shortly after for the attack on the town.

"The English had 200 meters to cross under a terrible fire of grape. This space was soon strewed with dead; nevertheless, this did not stop the march of the storming column, which advanced toward the capital of the work. It descended into the ditch, which is nearly five meters deep, and, despite all the efforts of the Russians, it scaled the escarpe, and carried the salient of the Redan. There, after the first brunt of the engagement, which cost the Russians dear, the English soldiers found in front of them only a vast open space, crossed by the balls of the enemy, who kept himself close behind some distant traverses. Those who came up hardly replaced those who had been disabled. It was not until they had sustained for nearly two hours this unequal contest that the English decided on evacuating the Redan. They did so with so firm an aspect that the enemy did not dare to follow them.

"In the mean time, on the left, at the appointed signal, the columns of Levalliant's division, commanded by Generals Couston and Trochu, dashed headlong against the left flank of the central bastion and the left lunette. In spite of a shower of balls and projectiles, and after a very sharp contest, the spirit and vigor of these brave troops triumphed at first over the enemy's resistance, and notwithstanding the accumulated difficulties in their front, they forced their way into the two works. But the enemy, having fallen back on his successive traverses, kept his ground everywhere. A murderous fire of musketry was opened from every ridge. Guns unmasked for the first time, and field-pieces brought up to several points, vomited grape and decimated our men. Generals Coustan and Trochu, who had just been wounded, were obliged to give up their command. Generals Rivet and Breton were killed; several mine-chambers, fired by the enemy, produced a moment of hesitation. At length an attack in their turn by numerous Russian columns, compelled our troops to abandon the works they had carried, and to retire into our advanced *places d'armées*.

"Our batteries on this part of the attacks, skillfully conducted by General Lebœuf, aided so devotedly and intelligently, as on all occasions, by Rear Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, changed the direction of their fire while increasing its intensity, and compelled the enemy to take shelter behind the parapets. General de Salles, causing d'Autemarre's division to advance, was preparing during this time a second and formidable attack; but as we had secured the possession of the Malakoff, I sent word to him not to let it advance.

"Our possession of this work, however, was energetically disputed.

"By means of the batteries from the *maison en croix*, of the guns of his steamers, of field guns brought to favorable points, and of the batteries on the north side of the roadstead, the enemy deluged us with grape and projectiles of every kind, and committed great ravages in our ranks. The powder magazine of the Russian postern battery had just ex-

ploded, thereby increasing our loss, and causing the eagle of the 91st to disappear for a moment. A great many superior officers and others were either wounded or killed. The Generals de Saint Pol and de Marolles died gloriously, and Generals Mellinet, de Pontèves, and Bourbaki, had been wounded at the head of their troops. Three times the division of Dulac and de la Motterouge seized the Redan and the curtain, and three times they were obliged to fall back before a terrible fire of artillery and the dense masses arrayed in front of them. Nevertheless the two field-batteries of reserve from the Lancaster battery descended at a trot, crossed the trenches, and boldly stationed themselves within half-range. They succeeded in driving away the enemy's columns and the steamers. A part of these two divisions, supported in this heroic struggle by the troops of the Guard, who on this day covered themselves with glory, made good their footing in the entire left of the curtain, from which the enemy could not drive them. During the renewed combats of the right and the center, the Russians redoubled their efforts to reconquer the Malakoff. This work, which is a sort of earthen citadel of 350 meters in length and 159 meters in width, armed with sixty-two guns of different caliber, crowns a Mamelon which commands the whole interior of the Karabelnaia quarter, takes in reverse the Redan which was attacked by the English, is only 1,200 meters from the south harbor, and threatens not merely the only anchorage now remaining for the ships, but the only means of retreat open to the Russians, namely, the bridge thrown across the roadstead from one bank to the other.

"Thus during the first hours of the strife of the two armies, the Russians constantly renewed their attempts; but General M'Mahon, in resisting these incessant attacks, was assisted successively by Vinoy's brigade of his division, by the Zouaves of the Guard, General Wimpffen's reserve, and a part of the Voltigeurs of the Guard; in all directions he resisted the enemy, who were everywhere repulsed. The Russians, however, made a last and desperate attempt. Formed in deep column, they thrice assailed the breast of the work, and thrice they were compelled to retire with enormous loss before the solidity of our troops.

"After this last struggle, which ended about five in the evening, the enemy resolved to abandon the spot, and only his batteries continued until night to send us some projectiles, which no longer did us much harm.

"The detachments of the engineers and artillery, who during the combat were gallantly fighting or actively engaged in their special work, quickly set about carrying out the works that were pressing in the interior of the fort under the direction of their officers.

"According to my orders, Generals Thiry and Nief instructed Generals Beuret and Frossard, commanding the artillery and engineers of the second corps, to take all necessary steps for establishing ourselves firmly in the Malakoff, and on that part of the curtain which was in our power, so that we might, in case of need, resist a night attack of the enemy, and be in a position to drive him the next day from the Little Redan of Careening bay, the *maison en croix*, and all this portion of his defenses.

"The arrangements became, however, unnecessary. The enemy, hopeless of retaking the Malakoff, took an important resolution—he evacuated the town.

"Toward the close of the day I had suspicion of this, for I had seen long lines of troops and baggage defile along the bridge and reach the north bank, and the conflagrations which arose in every direction soon removed all doubt. I should like to push forward, gain the bridge, and cut off the enemy's retreat; but the besieged was at every moment blowing up one or other of his defenses, his powder magazines, and his establishments. These explosions would have destroyed us in detail, and so they rendered the idea impracticable. We remained in position until the day should arise upon this scene of desolation.

"The sun in rising lighted up this work of destruction, which was very much greater than we had been able to imagine. The last Russian vessels, anchored the evening before in the roadstead, were sunken; the bridge was disconnected; the enemy had only reserved his steamers, which carried off the last fugitives and some infatuated Russians who were still walking among the fires in this unhappy city. But presently these men, as well as the steamers, were driven to seek refuge in the indentations of the bank north of the roadstead.

"Thus terminated this memorable siege, during which the army of relief has been twice defeated in order of battle, and the offensive and defensive means of which have attained to colossal proportions. The besieging army had, at its various attacks, 800 guns in battery, which have fired more than 1,600,000 times; and our approaches, excavated in the course of 336 days, in rocky ground, and presenting an extent of more than eighty kilometers (twenty leagues) have been executed under the constant fire of the place, and disturbed by incessant combats day and night.

"The day of September 8th, on which the allied armies proved themselves superior to

an army almost equal in number, not invested, intrenched behind formidable defenses, provided with more than 1,100 guns, protected by the guns of the fleet, and of the batteries north of the roadstead, and still disposing of immense resources, will remain an example of what may be expected from an army, brave, disciplined, and inured to war."

As soon as the French tri-color was seen waving over the parapet of the Malakoff, the English prepared for their attack upon the Redan.

At a few minutes past twelve the British left the fifth parallel. The enemy's musketry commenced at once, and in less than five minutes, during which they had to pass over 200 yards from the nearest approach to the parapet of the Redan, they had lost a large portion of their officers, and were deprived of the aid of their leaders, with the exception of acting Brigadier-General Windham, and Captains Fyers, Lewis, and Maude: the rest had been struck down by the volleys of grape and rifle-balls which swept the flanks of the work toward the salient. As they came nearer, the enemy's fire became less fatal. They crossed the abatis without much trouble: it was torn to pieces by their shot; the men stepped over and through it with ease. The light division made straight for the salient and projecting angle of the Redan, and came to the ditch, which is about 15 feet deep. The escalade party proceeded to plant their ladders, but they were found too short!—had they not been so, they would not have been of much use, as there were but six or seven brought to the place. But the officers set their men the example of leaping into the ditch, scrambling up the other side, and thence getting on the parapet with little opposition, as the Russians who were in front ran back, and opened a fire upon them from behind the traverses and breastworks. When upon the parapet, the soldiers seemed bewildered; their gallant officers cheered them on, coaxed them on, but instead of following them, they persisted in firing, loading and firing! The officers began to fall fast. The small party of the 90th, much diminished, went on gallantly toward the breastwork, but they were too weak to force it, and joined the men of other regiments, who were keeping up a brisk fire upon the Russians from behind the traverses. Colonel Windham had got into the Redan with the storming party of the light division, below the salient on the proper left face, but all his exertions were as futile as those of the officers of the 90th, 91st, and the supporting regiments.

As the light division rushed out in the front, they were swept by the guns of the Barrack battery, and other pieces on the proper right of the Redan, loaded heavily with grape, which thinned them grievously before they could reach the salient or apex of the work they were to assault. The columns of the second division issuing out of the fifth parallel, rushed up immediately after the light division, so as to come a little down on the slope of the proper left face of the Redan. The first embrasure was in flames, but running on to the next, the men leaped into the ditch, and, with the aid of ladders and each other's hands, scrambled up on the other side, climbed the parapet, or poured in through the embrasure which was undefended. Colonel Windham was one of the first men in on this side. As they entered through the embrasures, the few Russians who were between the salient and the breastwork retreated behind the latter, and got from behind the traverses to its protection. From this place they poured in a thick fire on the parapet of the salient, which was crowded by the men of the light division, and on the gaps through the inner parapet of the Redan; and the British began to return the fire of the enemy without advancing behind the traverses, loaded and fired as quickly as they could, producing little effect, as the Russians were all covered by the breastwork. Groups of riflemen likewise kept up a galling fire from behind the lower traverses, near the base of the Redan. As soon as the alarm of the attack was spread, the Russians came rushing up from the barracks, and increased the intensity of the fire, from which the English were dropping fast, and increasing the confidence of the enemy by their immobility. In vain their officers by word and deed encouraged them on; they were impressed with an idea that the Redan was mined, and that if they advanced they should be blown up. The courage of the officers only made them a mark for the Russian fire, and they fell as soon as they advanced. All was confusion, regiments were confounded, and men refused to obey any but their own officers. We are at a loss to account for the conduct of Colonel Windham, it was that of a hero,—indeed, he is the British hero of the day; but he must have seen that with such a handful of men his efforts were unavailing: he gathered together one little band after another, only to have them swept down by the enemy's guns: his own escape was miraculous. The men kept up a smart fire from behind the lower parts of the inner parapet, but no persuasion or commands could induce them to come out into the open space and charge the breastwork. While the men were thus being terrifically thinned, the Russians gained reinforcements, not only from the town, but from the Malakoff. Thrice did Colonel Windham send officers to Sir E. Codrington, who was in the fifth parallel, begging of him to

send up supports in some order of formation; but all these three officers were wounded as they passed from the ditch of the Redan to the rear, and the colonel's own aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Swire, of the 17th, a gallant young officer, was hit dangerously in the hip, as he went on his perilous errand. Supports were, indeed, sent up, but they came up in disorder from the fire to which they were exposed on their way, and arrived in driblets only to increase the confusion and carnage. Finding that he could not collect any men on the left face, Colonel Windham passed through one of the cuts of the inner parapet, and walked over to the right face at the distance of 30 yards from the Russian breastworks, to which he moved in a parallel line, exposed to a close fire, but, wonderful to say, without being touched. When he got behind the inner parapet at the right face, he found the same state of things as that which existed at the left. The men were behind the traverses, firing away at the Russians, or blazing at them from the broken parts of the front, and the soldiers who came down from the salient in front only got behind these works for cover while they loaded and fired at the enemy. The colonel got some riflemen and a few men of the 88th together, but no sooner had he brought them out than they were killed, wounded, or dispersed, by a concentrated fire. The officers aided Colonel Windham, and became the special marks of the enemy's riflemen. The narrow neck of the salient was too close to allow of any kind of formation, and the more the men crowded into it, the more they got out of order, and the more they suffered from the enemy's fire. This miserable work lasted for an hour. The Russians were now in dense masses behind the breastwork, and Colonel Windham walked back again across the open space to the left, to make one more attempt to retrieve the day. The men on the parapet of the salient, who were firing at the Russians, sent their shot about him, and the latter, who were pouring volley after volley on all points of the head of the work, likewise directed their muskets against him, but he passed through this cross-fire in safety, and got within the inner parapet on the left, where the men were becoming thinner and thinner. A Russian officer now stepped over the breastwork, and tore down a gabion with his own hands; it was to make room for a field-piece. Colonel Windham exclaimed to several soldiers who were firing over the parapet, "Well, as you are so fond of firing, why don't you shoot that Russian?" They fired a volley, and missed him, and soon afterward the field-piece began to play on the head of the salient with grape. Colonel Windham saw there was no time to be lost. He had sent three officers for reinforcements, and, above all, for men in formation, and he now resolved to go to General Codrington himself. Seeing Captain Crealock, one of the 90th, near him, busy in encouraging his men, and exerting himself with great courage and energy to get them into order, he said, "I must go to the general for supports. Now mind, let it be known, in case I am killed, why I went away." He crossed the parapet and ditch, and succeeded in gaining the fifth parallel through a storm of grape and rifle-bullets in safety. Sir Edward Codrington asked him if he thought he really could do any thing with such supports as he could afford, and said he might take the Royals who were then in the parallel. "Let the officers come out in front—let us advance in order, and if the men keep their formation, the Redan is ours," was the colonel's reply. But he spoke too late—for at that very moment the British were seen leaping down into the ditch, or running down the parapet of the salient, and through the embrasure out of the work into the ditch, while the Russians followed them with the bayonet and with heavy musketry, and even threw stones and grapeshot at them as they lay in the ditch. Large masses of Russians, supported by grape from several field-pieces, had poured upon the broken, confused parties of the British, and crushed them as if beneath an avalanche. The pursuing Russians were soon forced to return by the fire of the English batteries and riflemen, and under cover of that, many escaped to the approaches.

At eight o'clock, the Russians began quietly to withdraw from the town, after having placed combustibles in every house, with a view of making a second Moscow of Sevastopol. With great art, the commander kept up a fire of musketry from his advanced posts, as if he meant to endeavor to regain the Malakoff. Before two o'clock in the morning the fleet had been scuttled and sunk. About two o'clock flames were observed to break out in different parts of the town, and to spread gradually over the principal buildings. At four, explosion followed upon explosion, and the Flagstaff and Garden batteries blew up; the magnificence of the scene being heightened by the bursting of the numberless shells contained in the magazines. During all this time, the Russian infantry proceeded in a steady, uninterrupted march over the bridge to the north side, so that by six o'clock the last battalion had passed over; the south side of Sevastopol was thus evacuated, and left to its persevering and brave conquerors.

In his retreat, the Russian general, Prince Gortschakoff, maintained the character for generalship he had so fully earned in his defense of Sevastopol. As the place was no

longer tenable against the troops and artillery brought against it, nothing could be better than his arrangements for the safety of his army. He fought till the place crumbled away beneath him, and then made a judicious retreat with a very small loss of men. The amount of stores found in the town, after such a contest, seems almost incredible; the capture of four thousand cannon is a thing unheard-of in the history of war.

An eye-witness thus describes the interior of Sevastopol after the conclusion of the siege:

"For the last two days I have passed several hours each day in riding over the whole of the city and batteries. Sevastopol, as you know, is divided into two parts by the Dockyard creek. The city (properly so called) is very large; its houses, public buildings, and churches, were for the most part nearly new, very handsome, and built of a clean white stone. They are now all crumbling smoking, ruins. The streets were wide and planted with trees. Its forts — large casemated buildings, constructed for three tiers of guns facing the entrance of the harbor—were also very handsome and solid, but are now also in ashes.

"On the other side of the Dockyard creek (separated from the city) the public buildings, docks, quays, and basins are on a scale of still greater magnificence. These buildings, although much shattered by our shells, are still standing, the enemy having, I believe, failed to explode a mine under them, owing to their hurried departure. Here were collected vast stores of clothing and other military materials.

"As an instance of the frightful loss the Russians must have sustained in men during the last bombardment and assault I may mention that one of these vast range of buildings proved to have been an hospital. On entering it our people found about 1,000 dead bodies lying in their beds! The horror of this scene far exceeds any I have ever witnessed. They were evidently the bodies of men who had been brought down from the batteries as they fell wounded, but so rapid must have been the accumulation that the medical men were overpowered with numbers, and thus these poor creatures were unheeded, left in their beds to die. Many must have been dead for days, and, horrible to relate, among them a few were found still alive! This number, of course, excludes the hundreds and thousands who were found lying in all parts of the works after the assault. I can not help feeling a pity for the enemy now in their discomfiture, and admiring them for their heroism in defending their much-beloved city. I have heard that a Russian officer (a prisoner) said 'If our men only knew how to fight as they know how to die, they would be the finest troops in the world!'

"Around the great buildings on the eastern side of the Dockyard creek was a town of small houses, called the Karabelnaia suburb, once probably occupied by artisans and mechanics. Such is a short and hurried account of the general features and appearance of the city.

"I will now give you some description of the works which were thrown up for its defense. They are all on the same plan—an earthen rampart of amazing thickness, riveted with gabions and fascines; a ditch cut out of the earth, which, being rocky, stood at a high angle, about twenty feet deep, and even more, at the most vulnerable points. Inside these works the enemy, having had plenty of time to work, and knowing the fearful effect of our vertical fire from mortars, had constructed numerous and thick traverses, and under these traverses were large bomb-proofs, some used as magazines, the rest as dwelling-houses for the defenders; in fact, all along, inside the *terre plein* of the work, were deep holes in which their men could find shelter. These bomb-proofs were most solidly constructed, sometimes of masonry, but chiefly of large beams (taken from the wrecks of their ships), and covered with earth. Such was the general nature of their works. Their guns were of heavy caliber, and the gunners were perfectly sheltered from musketry by rope mantlins. But the Russians did not stop here. As soon as they found that any point in particular was threatened by the advance of our sap they immediately commenced a *second* and *inner* line of works at that point. The second line was equally well made, and mounted with small carronades and field guns. At the Bastion du Mât, which you will remember was long the point to which the French directed their attention, there were no less than four lines of these inner-works, one behind the other. This will give you some slight idea of the perseverance and activity of the enemy in anticipating and providing against an attack on any particular point. The circuit of these works is enormous, and I fancy they had always about 40,000 men or more ready to defend them. When you consider that when we first arrived hardly a vestige of any of these works existed, you will consider they deserve still more credit for their exertions.

"The general plan of these works was a series of redans (with indented flanks), *open at the gorge*. They only deviated from their plan in one instance, and it was, in my opinion their ruin—I mean at the Malakoff works. So anxious were they about this spot, and so fearful of its being turned and taken by the rear, that they made here an

inclosed work with a ditch all round of twenty feet. Now, in the first place, the whole of the interior of the work became by these means so incumbered with traverses that there was little room to concentrate large masses of troops, in addition to which you will perceive that, if once taken, it became a citadel for the captors, and so it proved."

In the final assault on Sevastopol the allies lost 2,019 men killed, 6,399 wounded, and 1,586 missing; the Russians lost 11,328 men in killed, wounded, and missing. It will be seen from this that as many as 21,674 men were either killed or horribly mutilated in a few hours, at the close of a siege which had endured for 349 days.

The actual losses of the belligerent parties in actual combat in this dreadful siege, are variously estimated; but they may be stated in round numbers as follows:—

English,	killed,	wounded	and missing,	20,000
French,	"	"	"	30,000
Turks,	"	"	"	2,000
Sardinians,	"	"	"	1,000
Russians,	"	"	"	80,000

Aside from this, both parties sustained heavy losses through disease and exposure.

SHREWSBURY, A.D. 1403.—Shrewsbury is situated on a peninsula formed by a bend in the river Severn, in the county of Salop, in England, fifty miles south of Liverpool. On the 21st of July, 1403, a desperate battle was fought near this town, between the royal army commanded by Henry IV., and that of the rebel Earl of Northumberland, under the command of the famous Lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur. The evening before the battle, Percy sent a manifesto to Prince Henry, in which he renounced his allegiance, set that prince at defiance, and, in the name of his father, the Earl of Northumberland, and his uncle, as well as his own, enumerated all the grievances of which he pretended the nation had reason to complain. Henry replied to this defiance, by saying that he had no time to lose in writing an answer; that he would prove by the sword that the quarrel of the Percies was false and feigned; and that he had no doubt but that God would give him a victory over perjured traitors. The next morning was fought one of the most obstinate and bloody battles recorded in English history. Hotspur's force consisted of 9,000 knights, squires, yeomen, and archers, "withouten raskaldry," in all numbering about 14,000 men. The royalists were of the same strength, and both armies were composed of men of tried valor. As soon as they were arrayed in front of each other, the king, apprehensive of the result, sent the abbot of Shrewsbury to his opponent, with proposals of peace, which, after a long hesitation, were rejected by the advice of the Earl of Worcester. "Then banner, advance!" cried Henry. The two armies moved like two opposing whirlwinds to the shock. The air resounded with the adverse shouts of "St. George!" and "Esperance, Percy!" and the archers on both sides discharged their arrows in murderous clouds. Percy and Douglas, who had long been rivals for glory, and were esteemed two of the most valorous knights in Christendom, now fought side by side. With thirty attendants they rushed into the very heart of the royal army, cutting their way through the dense mass, and overthrowing every thing before them. The king's guards were dispersed; the Earl of Stafford, Sir Walter Blount, and two others, who to deceive the enemy, wore royal arms, were mistaken for the king, and slain; the royal standard was beaten to the ground, and the Prince of Wales received a ghastly wound in his face. The object of Percy and Douglas was to kill or secure the king; but he by the advice of the Scottish Earl of March, had changed his armor, and was performing the duty of a valorous soldier in a distant part of the field. The two chiefs, disappointed in their purpose, determined to cut their way back through the enemy, who had closed behind them; and they had nearly effected their purpose, when Hotspur fell. An arrow, shot apparently at random, had pierced his heart. With his fall, his followers lost all confidence and courage, and fled in all directions. The battle continued three hours. There are said to have fallen on that day, on both sides, near 2,300 noblemen; but the persons of greatest distinction were on the king's. About 6,000 private men perished, of whom, 4,000 were of Percy's army. The Earl of Worcester, and Douglas were taken prisoners: the former was beheaded at Shrewsbury; the latter received all that courtesy which was usually shown to foreign prisoners of high rank.

The Earl of Northumberland, on hearing of the defeat of his son at Shrewsbury, dismissed his forces, and came with a small retinue to the king at York. He pretended that his sole intention in arming, was to mediate between the parties: Henry thought proper to accept of the apology, and even granted him a pardon for his offense.

SHROPSHIRE, A.D. 51.—In the year 55, B.C., the Romans first invaded Britian; and after ravaging the country, they withdrew, being rather the nominal than the real possessors of the island. Nearly 100 years afterward, Britain was again invaded, by the Romans who advanced into the country without encountering any opposition, until they had arrived at Shropshire, on the banks of the Severn. Here Caractacus, a British chieftain,

had drawn up his army to await the approach of the enemy. He had taken possession of a very advantageous position upon an inaccessible mountain, washed by a deep and rapid stream. As soon as the British chieftain saw the Romans approaching, he went from rank to rank, exhorting his men to fight to the last for liberty and life. His words were received by his soldiers, with shouts of enthusiasm and valor. But what could undisciplined bravery avail against the attack of an enemy skilled in all the arts of war, and inspired by a long train of conquests? After an obstinate resistance, the Britons were totally routed, and a few days afterward Caractacus himself fell into the hands of the Romans, through the treachery of Cartismandan, Queen of the Brigantes, with whom he had taken refuge. The capture of this general was received with such joy at Rome, that Claudius commanded that he should be brought from Britain, in order to be exhibited as a spectacle to the Roman people. Accordingly on the day appointed for that purpose, the emperor, ascending his throne, ordered the captives, and Caractacus among the number, to be brought into his presence. The vassals of the British king, with the spoils taken in war, were first brought forward; these were followed by his family, who with abject lamentations, were seen to implore for mercy. Last of all came Caractacus, with an undaunted air, and a dignified aspect. He appeared no way dejected at the amazing concourse of spectators that were gathered upon this occasion; but casting his eyes on the splendors that surrounded him, he said: "Alas! how is it possible that a people possessed of such magnificence at Rome, could envy me an humble cottage in Britain." Claudius, the Roman emperor was affected with the British hero's misfortunes, and won by his address. He ordered him to be unchained upon the spot and set at liberty with the rest of the captives.—*Goldsmith.*

SIEDLECE. See *Warsaw.*

SIETA AGNAS, A.D. 1808–1836.—Sieta Agnas, a village of Spain, has been the scene of two battles. The first was fought between the Spaniards and the French under General Moncey. The Spaniards were defeated. The second was fought between the royal troops of Spain, under General Ovalle, and the Carlists. The latter were defeated.

SILLISTRIA, A.D. 1854. — Sillistria a strongly fortified town in European Turkey, has been besieged four times by the Russians. In 1773, and in 1809 it resisted every effort of the Russians to capture it; but in 1829, after a long and arduous siege the Russians captured it. In 1854, it was again besieged by the Russians; but its gallant garrison preserved it, intact notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions on the part of the besiegers.

SMOLENSKO, A.D. 1812.—The ancient and venerable city of Smolensko, in Russia, is situated on two hills, which there restrain within a narrow channel the stream of the Dnieper, 250 miles west south-west of Moscow.

On the 9th of May, 1812, Napoleon set out from St. Cloud; and on the 16th of June he crossed the Vistula; on the 22d of that month he formally declared war against Russia. On the 24th of June he crossed the Niemen, and entered the Russian territories, and thus commenced his famous invasion of Russia, which was ended with the burning of Moscow, and the disastrous retreat of the French army. The Russians retreated as the French advanced. On the 28th of June the French emperor entered Wilna, where a diet was immediately assembled, and Poland was declared free and independent. On the 17th of July he left Wilna and pushed on for Witepski, where his troops went for a short time into quarters for refreshments.

On the 15th of August the French army crossed the Dnieper at several fords in order of battle, with the emperor in the center on horseback, and at Liady, entered the territories of Old Russia. Advancing forward, Marshals Ney and Murat, who headed the leading columns of the army, overtook, near KRASNOI, General Newerofskoi, who with the Russian rear guard, was slowly retreating in the direction of Smolensko. A battle ensued, and the Russian general, attacked by a force stronger than his own, was forced to quicken his retreat toward Smolensko. Murat's cavalry pursued the fugitive Russians hotly; and the sight presented by that noble body of horse, led by the chivalrous general, who, attired in his most magnificent uniform, urged on his men with all that reckless ardor which characterized him, must have been truly magnificent and exciting. Murat also detached some of his light squadrons to the head of the retreating column, which being overtaken and stopped, the horsemen who formed the advance were speedily driven into the ranks of the infantry, which was pressing on from behind with all the eagerness of a flight for life. Newerofskoi, at this critical moment, evinced all the coolness and courage of an experienced general. Instantly dividing his army into two hollow squares, which were soon afterward united into one, he retired slowly and in good order over the immense plains which adjoin the Dnieper. The French charged upon the Russians repeatedly, and in some instances broke through the hedge of bayonets, and cut down the Russian officers in the very center of the square. Yet the squares were formed again, and the Rus-

sians, still forming a lesser square when the larger was broken or weakened by loss, steadily retired during the whole day, repulsing, by a heavy rolling fire, the repeated charges of the French cavalry, and at length, after sustaining enormous losses, at the approach of night reached Korytnia, with unbroken ranks. On the following day Newerofskoi effected a junction with Raeffskoi, and with their united forces these generals threw themselves into Smolensko, resolved to defend themselves to the last extremity. On the 16th of August, the French army arrived in the vicinity of Smolensko. At four o'clock in the morning of that day, the troops of Murat and Ney appeared before Smolensko, and Napoleon having arrived an hour afterward, ordered an immediate attack on the citadel of the place, by Ney's corps. This attack was repulsed by the Russians under Raeffskoi, who with Newerofskoi and 19,000 men, were now shut up in the city. The Russian generals, however, awaited with anxious expectation the arrival of the main body of the Russian army; and at length their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the vast clouds of dust, which concealed an army of 120,000 Russians under Barclay and Bagrathion, who were hastening from Krasnoi to the relief of their comrades. Bagrathion was the first to enter, and having secured the important communication of the bridges, instantly reinforced the Russians in the town. Napoleon, believing that the enemy was resolved to defend Smolensko, with all his forces, immediately made his dispositions for a general attack on the following day. His army, exclusive of the corps of Junot, which were not come up, amounted to 180,000 men, and 500 pieces of cannon. The Imperial Guard was in the center; Murat, Ney, and Davoust, at the head of their respective forces, were prepared to commence the attack at once. The emperor planted his tent in the midst of the first line, almost within cannon-shot of the city.

"Never," says Alison, "was a nobler spectacle presented in military annals than the French army exhibited on the day preceding the grand attack on Smolensko. The simultaneous converging of so vast a multitude, from all directions to the westward, presented to those that watched their movements, from the domes of the cathedral of Smolensko, at first a confused multitude of men, horses, artillery, and chariots, who covered the earth as far as the eye could reach; but by degrees, order began to appear in the chaos; the different corps and squadrons took up their allotted ground; the artillery ranged itself on the prominent eminences, and the admirable arrangements of modern discipline appeared in their highest luster. Silently the troops defiled out of the crowd, and took up their appointed stations; no sound of drums or trumpets was heard, as on a day of parade; the solemnity of the occasion, the awful nature of the contest which awaited them, had impressed every heart."

But the Russian general did not accept the challenge of the French emperor. Early the next morning they were seen in full retreat toward Elnia. Napoleon was bitterly disappointed at this result, for he was confident of victory. He endeavored in various ways to cut off their retreat and force them into a battle; but all his efforts were fruitless, and he instantly ordered the storming of Smolensko. It is stated that Murat was opposed to this movement, and tried to dissuade the emperor from making it; but finding his efforts in vain, the King of Naples was so much incensed, that he planted himself in front of one of the most formidable of the Russian batteries, and remained standing immovable, and unhurt amid a tempest of balls which was cutting down men at his very side by scores. The French advanced bravely to the assault, and after a fierce fight succeeded in firing the town by means of their howitzers. But the Russians made a determined resistance, and the French at nightfall had not entered the town. At seven o'clock in the evening, Napoleon ordered the assaulting columns to withdraw to the main body of the army, which lay in the vast semicircle around the place. In the conflicts which took place around Smolensko, during the 16th and 17th of August, 16,000 Russians were either killed, wounded, or made prisoners; while the French loss was nearly as great. On the night of the 17th, the Russians abandoned Smolensko, and on the following day the French entered the town in triumph. From Smolensko, Napoleon proceeded on his path toward Moscow, victorious in every battle, until the burning of the Russian capital forced his army again to approach Smolensko, in a manner which presents a strong contrast to their triumphal entry into the territory of the Muscovites.

On the 9th of November, 1812, the different corps of the retreating French army commenced arriving at Smolensko. The soldiers had impatiently longed for the appearance of that day; but they found the place a heap of blackened ruins, and Napoleon, fearing the utter destruction of his army from the overwhelming force which the Russians were concentrating in his rear, resolved to urge on the retreat. On the retreat from Smolensko, the grand army was reduced to 36,000 effective men, which was divided into four columns, which marched as on the previous part of the retreat in succession; the emperor with the Old and New Guard came first; next that

of Prince Eugene; then Davoust, while Ney still continued to bring up the rear. On the 14th the Old Guard occupied Krasnoi without meeting with any resistance from the Russians; but the second division, under Prince Eugene, was compelled to fight his way through forces immensely superior in numbers. Davoust also was in imminent danger. Kutusoff, the Russian general, made preparations to attack Davoust's column, with his entire force. For this purpose he divided his army into three columns, the first, under General Tormosoff, who had been called to the main army since the death of Bagrathion, was destined to advance toward the great road beyond Krasnoi, in the direction of Orcha, so as to threaten the communications of Napoleon, and prevent him from sending succor to either Davoust or Ney; the second under Prince Gallitzin was ordered to advance upon Krasnoi, and attack the enemy in front, while the third, under Milaradowitch, was directed to permit the corps of Davoust to defile along the road toward Krasnoi, till the whole body was past, and then fall upon their rear.

But Napoleon, receiving intelligence of the perilous position of Davoust, resolved to release him from danger. "I have long enough acted the emperor," said he, "now is the moment to be a general again," and seizing his sword, he himself advanced on foot at the head of his soldiers, from Krasnoi toward Smolensko. Early in the morning of the same day (Nov. 17th), the division of Roguet of the Guard, had surprised and defeated a Russian detachment in the village of Ojarowski, and the Russian general rendered cautious from this circumstance, allowed Napoleon time to make his dispositions for the approaching battle. The battle of Krasnoi, as it is called, was commenced by Prince Gallitzin, with the Russian center, which attacked General Roguet and the Young Guard. A desperate struggle ensued. Squadrons of Russians, like immense avalanches, fell upon the devoted little band, and crushed them beneath their very weight, and established themselves on the banks of the Lossmina, near the center of the French position. And now to share in this disaster came the column of Davoust, enveloped in clouds of Cossacks, who vainly endeavored to break the array of their march. Napoleon's position was critical in the highest degree. The enemy's fire was hurling death in his front and flank, the French troops flying before the withering tempest, speedily filled Krasnoi, and at this fearful moment the army of Tormasoff, appeared like a grim specter on the road to the right between Krasnoi and Liady. Napoleon saw that unless he immediately retreated all would be lost. Slowly and sadly the emperor led back the bleeding remnant of his troops to Krasnoi, and thence cleared his way to Liady, before Tormasoff crossed the road. Prince Gallitzin now advanced rapidly and carried the village af Krasnoi by assault; and Milaradowitch pressed upon Davoust's column with the utmost ardor. At length Tormasoff arrived on the ground and fell upon the column of Davoust in flank, and the corps of that marshal, assailed by such immense numbers, was almost totally destroyed.

Meanwhile the corps of Marshal Ney, which brought up the rear, left Smolensko on the morning of the 17th after blowing up part of the ramparts. The Russian general immediately made preparations to cut off this portion of the French army. He established his army in two columns on the great road facing both ways, in order to prevent any attempt at a rescue by the French troops who had got on toward Liady. Ney's column, ignorant of their danger, approached the banks of the Dassiminer, under cover of a thick fog, on the 18th, when they were suddenly assailed by repeated discharges of grapeshot from forty pieces of cannon; while the whole heights on their front and flank, appeared crested by dense black columns of infantry and artillery ranged in order of battle. The Russian general summoned Ney to surrender; but the heroic marshal replied, "A marshal of France never surrenders!" and forming his column of attack he led his troops with the utmost intrepidity against the opposing host. His soldiers, after the most tremendous exertions, found it impossible to force a passage through the Russian army, and Ney was compelled te retire on the road toward Smolensko. But after marching an hour in this direction he suddenly turned toward the north, and moved toward the Dnieper, which stream he finally succeeded in crossing with the broken remains of his corps. He was severely harassed by the Russians under Platoff in his retreat after crossing the Dnieper. For more than sixty miles he marched in the midst of hordes of Cossacks who hovered incessantly around his wearied columns. On one occasion the Cossacks got the start of his advanced troops, and the sudden apparition of flashes of artillery in the midst of the darkness of the forest, announced that they were surrounded by their enemies. The bravest fell back in dismay, and gave themselves up for lost; but the marshal, with admirable presence of mind, ordered the charge to be beat, and exclaimed. "Comrades, now is the moment; forward. they are ours!" At these words, the surprised soldiers, imagining that the enemy were cut off, resumed their courage, and the Cossacks, dreading an overthrow, fled in confusion. At length, after undergoing innumerable hard-

ships, the heroic commander brought the remnant of his corps to the neighborhood of Orcha; and the emperor, who heard with the utmost joy of their approach, sent Eugene's corps to their assistance, which enabled them to rejoin in safety the other corps of the army. Napoleon exclaimed, when he heard of Ney's safe arrival, "I would have given three hundred millions from my coffers, rather than to have lost Marshal Ney!"

The whole French army was now assembled near Orcha; and the emperor immediately resumed his retreat, marching directly for the Beresina, and the fearful scenes which attended the passage of that river, afford a fitting conclusion to the disastrous expedition of Napoleon to Russia.

SOBRAON, A.D. 1846.—On the 10th of February, 1846, a battle was fought between the British army and the Sikhs, near Sobraon, a town of north-west India, on the river Sutlej, 25 miles north-west of Ferozepoor. The British army consisted of 35,000 men, and was commanded by Sir Hugh Gough. The battle was most obstinate and bloody, the Sikhs fighting like demons; but they were unable to resist the steady valor of European troops, and after a dreadful contest they were dislodged, and all their batteries taken. The fugitives fled in the utmost confusion to the river in their rear, and in attempting to cross over a floating bridge the weight of the masses caused it to break down, and more than 10,000 were killed, wounded, or drowned. So obstinate, however, had been their resistance, that the British lost 2,383 men.

SOLWAY MOSS, A.D. 1542.—On the 25th of November, 1542, a battle was fought on Solway Moss, a dry marsh, about seven miles in circumferenee, in the county of Cumberland in England, adjoining the frith of Solway, between the English under Oliver Sinclair, and the Scots under Dacres, and Musgrave. The Scots were defeated, and put to flight. The loss on either side in this battle was inconsiderable.

SOLYGIA, B.C. 423.—In this year the Athenians set out to invade Corinth with a fleet of eighty ships, which carried 2,000 heavy-armed of their own people, and with some horse transports, on board of which were 200 horsemen. They were also attended by some of their confederates, by the Milesians, the Adrians, and Carysthians. The commander of this armament, was Nicias, son of Nicerotus. They came to anchor near the village of Solygia, about a mile distant from the city of Corinth. The Corinthians with all their forces, marched to Solygia, under the command of Brutus, and Lycophron. A battle ensued in the plain between Solygia and Corinth, which resulted in a total defeat of the Corinthians, of whom 212 were slain; among whom was their General Lycophron. The Athenians lost somewhat less than fifty men.

SPRINGFIELD, A.D. 1780.—On the 23d of June, 1780, a battle took place between an American force under General Greene, and the British troops under General Knyphausen, near Springfield, New Jersey. The British succeeded in firing the village, which, with the exception of three buildings, was reduced to ashes. Having effected this work of destruction, the invaders retreated, followed by the exasperated Americans, who pursued them with a continual fire, as far as Elizabethtown. The Americans lost in the battle, thirteen killed, and fifty-eight wounded and missing. The British loss is unknown.

SPURS, BATTLE OF THE A. D. 1302.—The first "Battle of the Spurs," was fought near Courtrai, in Belgium, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the Flemings and the French. The latter were defeated with immense loss; 8,000 gilt spurs were taken from the killed or vanquished knights by the conquerors, from which circumstance the battle derived its name. In 1382 the French took and sacked Courtrai, for the avowed purpose of avenging this defeat. The French also took Courtrai in 1793.

The second Battle of the Spurs was fought on the 16th of August, 1513, between the French under Louis XII., and the army of Henry VIII. of England, during the siege of Therouanne. The French fled on the first shock of the advanced guards of the enemy, consisting of Germans and English; the panic shot through the whole mass of the army; and 10,000 of the best cavalry of Europe were pursued almost four miles by three troops of German, and a few hundreds of English horse. From the energetic use of spurs during the flight and pursuit, the French with their characteristic humor named this engagement the Battle of the Spurs.

STAMFORD.—The town of Stamford in England, stands on the Welland river, eleven miles west of Peterborough. Early in 1470, the ninth year of the rign of Edward IV. of England, an insurrection broke out in Lincolnshire. The whole army consisted of nearly 30,000 men, and was commanded by Sir Robert Welles. A battle took place on the 13th of March, 1470, near Stamford, between the king's army, and the insurgents, in which the latter, unable to stand against the heavy artillery and superior weapons of the royalists, were defeated with great loss. Their leaders were taken, and while the meaner prisoners were dismissed, Sir Robert Welles, and Sir Thomas Delalaurde, were beheaded.

STANDARD, BATTLE OF THE.—In the

year 1138, a battle was fought at Northallerton, in the county of York, England, between the English and the Scots. The King of the Scots was defeated, and he himself, as well as his son Henry, narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the English. This battle is called the battle of the Standard, from a high crucifix, erected by the English on a wagon, and carried along with the army as a military ensign.—*Hume.*

STILLWATER, A.D. 1777.—This village is in Saratoga county, New York, on the west bank of the Hudson river, twenty-four miles north of Albany.

General Gates took command of the northern division of the American army, on the 17th of August, 1777. At that time, Burgoyne, the British commander, was at Fort Edward, and was in a state of the utmost alarm and perplexity, having just received the account of the defeat of an expedition which he had sent to Bennington, with orders to seize a quantity of provisions and clothing which the Americans had deposited at that place. General Gates, upon seeing the disposition of the enemy to halt at Fort Edward, marched up the Hudson to Stillwater, with the intention of fortifying himself there. Stillwater is almost thirty miles south of Fort Edward, and at this distance the American commander was enabled to observe the movements of the enemy, and prepare to either receive or attack him. Gates, however, by the advice of Colonel Kosciusko, who had been appointed, the previous year, engineer of the army, determined to make his encampment on an extensive plain at the foot of Bemus's Heights. Bemus's Heights are located on the west bank of the Hudson, about four miles south of Stillwater. The ground rises from the plain, gradually tapering, as it ascends, from a breadth of about half a mile until it forms a narrow defile one hundred feet in width. A high rocky cliff faces the river, commanding all approaches from the opposite shore. At the time of the battle, all the country in this vicinity was covered with dense forests, interspersed with an occasional clearing. The Americans threw up a line of fortifications along the brow of the hill toward the river. This breastwork was about three quarters of a mile in length, and was defended with three strong batteries; one at each extremity, and one in the center. The center battery was so planted that it commanded the entire valley and river. A trench was thrown up, from the foot of the hill across the plain to the river's edge, where a heavy battery was planted. This battery protected a floating bridge which crossed the river, and commanded the plain on the opposite shore. A road passed along the margin of the river, and at a point where it crossed Mill creek, a small stream about half a mile north of the extremity of the bluff of Bemus's Heights, a breastwork was constructed along the banks of the stream toward the river. At the extremity near the water a strong battery was placed. These fortifications, which were made under the direction of Kosciusko, were completed about the 15th of September. Meanwhile, the enemy was approaching. General Lincoln, with a body of about 2,000 Americans, had got in the rear of the British, and had performed several effectual operations. The British stations on lake George had fallen into his hands, and he had captured a vessel laden with provisions for the British army. He had also taken the British garrisons at Mount Hope, and Mount Defiance, and had even laid siege to Ticonderoga. The latter place, however, proved too strong, and he raised the siege, and prepared to attack the enemy in the rear. Burgoyne seeing the danger of having his supplies from the lakes cut off, and perhaps alarmed by the threatening movements of Lincoln, determined to move forward to Albany at all hazards. A bridge of boats was constructed across the Hudson, and on the 13th and 14th of September, the whole British army passed over to the opposite shore. They encamped on the plains and heights of Saratoga, within about five miles of the American position. On the 15th he commenced his march toward the south, and on the 18th he arrived at a place, now called Wilbur's basin, about two miles from the American encampment. Here he made preparations for battle.

The entire army of Burgoyne, consisted of 5,000 men; (about 3,000 only were actually engaged in this battle). His chief officers were Major General Phillips, of the artillery, Brigadier-General Fraiser, commander of the light infantry and grenadiers; Brigadiers Powell and Hamilton; General Baron de Riedesel and his aids, Gall and Specht, and Colonel Breyman, Earl Balcarra, Major Ackland, and others of a lesser rank.

The entire American army in camp and field consisted of about 7,000 men (2,500 only were brought into the field on this occasion), and was composed of the brigades of Learned, Stark, Poor, Warner, Whipple, Patterson, Bailey, Fellows, Glover, Brichetts, Walcott, and Tenbroeck; the gallant band of sharp-shooters under Colonel Morgan of Virginia, and the regiments of Dearborn, Cilley, Brooks, Hull, and Scammel.

On the morning of the 19th of September the clear frosty air vibratied with the *reveillé* of both armies. The two generals were making preparations for the approaching struggle. The right wing of the British army was posted on some high grounds which de-

scend gradually toward the river, and was covered by the grenadiers and light infantry under General Fraiser and Colonel Breyman. The front and flank were covered by those loyalists Canadians and Indians who still remained in the camp. The left wing and the long train of artillery, under Generals Phillips and Reidesel, occupied the low grounds near the river.

The American army was drawn up in the same order from the river to the heights. The right which was the main body of the army, consisting of Patterson's, Glover's, and Nixon's brigades, was on the hills near the river, and the narrow flats below them. The center occupied an elevated plain some distance from the river, and was composed of the brigades of Learned, Bailey, Wesson, and the regiments of Massachusetts and New York, under Jackson and James Livingston. The left wing consisted of General Poor's brigade, including the regiment of Cilley, Scammel and Hale of New Hampshire; the regiment of Henry Livingston and Vancourtlandt, of New York; the Connecticut militia under Cook and Latimer, Morgan's riflemen, and the infantry under Dearborn. This portion of the army occupied the heights about three fourths of a mile from the river, and was under the command of General Arnold. The right wing was commanded by General Gates. The American generals resolved to await the attack of the enemy, rather than to assume the offensive. Burgoyne on the contrary, determined to attack the Americans at once. He accordingly made his dispositions for the attack. Generals Reidesel and Phillips were directed to advance with the artillery on the road along the bank of the river, and the Indians, loyalists, and Canadians, in front, were ordered to attack the American advanced parties in the center. Meanwhile Burgoyne and Fraiser, were to march by a circuitous route through the woods, with the intention of turning the left flank of the enemy, when the two divisions should form a junction. When this junction should be made, which was to be announced by the firing of three minute guns, the artillery of the left wing, was to open on the American left and center, and under cover of their fire, the infantry was ordered to charge down upon the Americans, who would thus be attacked on flank and in front simultaneously. At ten o'clock the whole British army was in motion. Phillips and Reidesel, with the artillery, were slowly advancing along the road, and Burgoyne and Fraiser were marching the one toward the west, along the stream which empties into Wilber's Basin, and the other with Colonel Breyman, along a circuitous road toward the left of the American position. The American general was apprised of every movement of the enemy, yet he remained inactive. At length Arnold, burning with impatience, detached a body of horse under Colonel Morgan, and some infantry under Major Dearborn, to attack the Canadians and Indians on the heights. Dashing through the forest the cavalry advanced toward the enemy, followed by the foot-soldiers running at full speed. As they reached a deep ravine they encountered the enemy, and a furious conflict ensued. The Canadians and Indians were repulsed by one vigorous charge of the cavalry; but with such fury did the Americans rush on the enemy that the men were scattered, and became entangled in the woods. Here they were assailed by the enemy in great force, and were obliged to retire with considerable loss, the British taking twenty-two of them prisoners. Meanwhile a detachment of loyalists, Canadians, and Indians, encountered the American advanced guards on a level spot of ground near Mill creek. The conflict was sharp and bloody; but the British were at length compelled to fly, leaving thirteen dead on the plain, and thirty-five prisoners in the hands of the Americans. While these skirmishes were taking place in front, Burgoyne and Fraiser were rapidly advancing toward the Americans, in order to attack them in front and flank. Arnold, at the same time, was endeavoring to execute a similar maneuver upon him. Neither party was aware of the movements of the other, so dense was the forest, and so uneven the ground. Suddenly, and entirely unexpected, the two armies met on a level plain near Mill creek, and no sooner had they arrived within sight of each other than a terrific battle commenced. Arnold led on his men with a shout that roused the echoes through the woods; the British rushed forward to meet them, and the fight raged with the utmost fury.

At length, after battling furiously with the enemy, the Americans were compelled to fall back before their overwhelming numbers. The enemy, finding the left of the Americans so well defended, made a quick movement to their right, and fiercely attacked the left flank of the same wing. Arnold, meanwhile, had rallied his forces, and was reinforced by four regiments, under Lieutenant-Colonels Cilley, Brooks, and Scammel, and Majors Dearborn and Hull, and the British, fearing that Arnold, by cutting through their line, would separate their wings, hastened to strengthen the points attacked, by a reinforcement. And now the battle raged with tenfold fury. The Americans, charging into the very faces of the enemy, fought with an energy which threw the British into confusion, and at some points forced them to give

way; but at this crisis, General Philiips, guided by the din of the battle, pushed his troops, with a portion of the artillery, under Captain Jones, through the woods, and appeared on the field of action at the very moment when victory seemed to have declared for the Americans. Assailed by fresh troops, and the terrific fire of the artillery, the Americans, wearied by their almost superhuman exertions, were forced back to their lines. The fight had raged with the utmost fierceness for more than an hour. It was now nearly three o'clock. Each army halted to breathe, and refresh for another and more furious combat. They were about a mile from each other, and between them stood the dense forest. The British commenced the first hostilities, by opening their artillery on the Americans. Their fire did no damage, and the Americans did not respond. Burgoyne now ordered the woods to be cleared with the bayonet, and soon the British columns were seen emerging from the forest, and advancing with fixed bayonets across the plain toward the American line.

On they came, their measured tread alone disturbing the silence of the field. As they neared the enemy's intrenchment, they fired a volley, and sprang forward to the charge. Then, and not until then, did the Americans respond. With yells of defiance they sprang over the wall, and fell on the assailants like a cataract, carrying the British before them in their impetuous charge, to the verge of the woods. Here both armies stood as in a balance, fighting with an animosity unparalleled. The British, gathering their energies, pushed forward with such vigor that the Americans were driven across the clearing to their intrenchments. Here the battle again raged; and again, by a tremendous effort, the Americans hurled back their foes. And thus, until night drew its dark mantle over the scene, the battle continued, victory declaring itself for neither party, and even after night-fall the soldiers maintained the fearful strife: but at length, exhausted with fatigue, bruised and bleeding, the warriors sullenly ceased the fight, and the Americans withdrew to their lines. The British encamped on the field of battle. The next day Burgoyne, perceiving that he could not dislodge the enemy from his fortified position, pitched his camp within cannon-shot of the American lines, hoping that time would afford him an opportunity of operating with greater effect.

In this battle the British lost about 500 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The Americans lost 64 killed, 217 wounded, and 38 prisoners. Both parties claimed the victory. The British, it is true, kept the field of battle; but as the progress of General Burgoyne toward Albany was effectually checked by the Americans, the advantage remained certainly with the Americans.

In point of the number of the slain, this battle may appear insignificant; but there have been very few battles marked with such determined valor and endurance on both sides. Never was a battle fought between civilized nations before, characterized with such deeds of personal valor. The personal interests of every man in the American army were at stake; they were fighting for their country, their fire-sides, and their very lives, for if defeated, they were liable to be punished as rebels to the crown of England. Actuated by such impulses, they fought with a valor that did not require the encouragement of their officers. Posted singly in trees, and behind bushes and logs, the American marksmen picked off the enemy one by one, and Burgoyne himself nearly fell a victim to this method of warfare. And while we speak of the valor of the Americans generally, we must not neglect to award deserved praise to one who, in after years, brought everlasting disgrace on his memory. At this battle, General Benedict Arnold comported himself with a valor which spoke volumes in favor of his patriotism and fidelity. And from this battle also we may date the first disaffection in the mind of that officer. General Gates, in his dispatches, failed to mention Arnold's name. In truth, Gates was jealous of Arnold's reputation and popularity, and harsh words having passed between the two officers, in regard to the omission of Arnold's name in his dispatches, the latter officer demanded his pass to join General Washington, which Gates granted him.

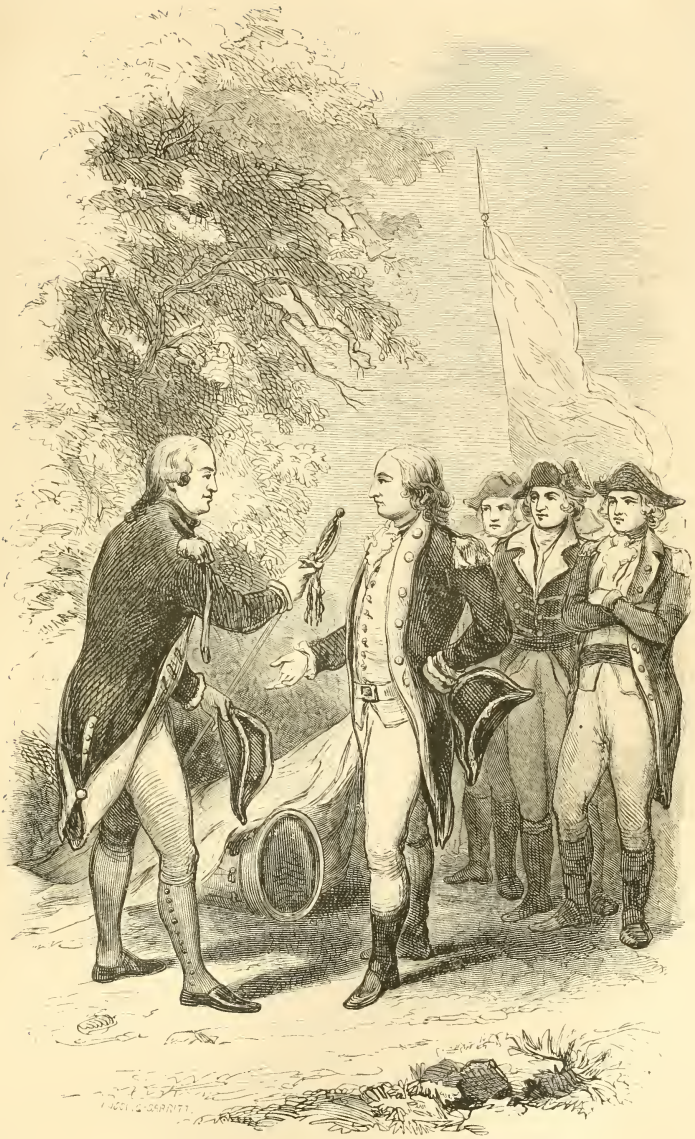
Arnold, however, upon reflection, seeing that it would sully his reputation by leaving the army when another battle was momentarily expected, remained in the camp. He was, however, deprived of his command, for on the arrival of General Lincoln, Gates gave the charge of the right wing of the army to that officer.* Both armies now

* Until 1778, Benedict Arnold nobly sustained and fought for the cause of liberty. Arnold was born in Norwich, Connecticut, in January, 1740; he was a brave soldier, impulsive and generous, until he allowed his passions to get the better of his judgment. Lossing, in his History of the United States, thus narrates the treason of Arnold, and the capture, trial, and execution of Major John Andre: "While the French army were landing upon Rhode Island, and preparing for winter quarters there, Clinton was bargaining with Benedict Arnold for the strong military post of West Point, and its dependencies, among the Hudson Highlands, and with it the liberties of America, if possible. Benedict Arnold was a bold soldier, but a bad man. Impulsive, vindictive, and unscrupulous, he was personally unpopular, and was seldom without a quarrel with some of his companions in arms. Soon after his appointment to the command in Philadelphia, he was married to the beautiful young daughter of Edward Shippen of that city. He lived in splendor, at an expense far beyond his income. To meet the demands of increasing creditors, he

worked zealously in strengthening their position. The Americans had received an accession of 2,000 men by the arrival of General Lincoln, and had received a seasonable supply of ammunition from Albany. Their powder was expended to such a degree, after the engagement, that had Burgoyne attacked them immediately, they would have been certainly defeated, for they had only a single round of cartridges left. The Americans extended and added to their fortifications; and the British threw up intrenchments which were defended with heavy batteries. The English were constantly on the alert to avoid surprise, and the Americans exerted themselves to the utmost to cut off the enemy's forage. Constant and animated skirmishes took place between the foraging parties of the British and the pickets of the Americans. The British general was alarmed at the rapid increase of the American army; his Indian allies also were deserting to the enemy in great numbers, and he saw that unless speedily relieved, his army would be placed in the utmost danger. He wrote letter after letter to Howe, imploring aid, but the American pickets were so vigilant, that, with a single exception, they never reached their destination. To these letters, at all events, he received but a single reply, a letter written in cypher from General Clinton, at New York, informing him that he should attack Forts Montgomery and Clinton on the west bank of the Hudson, with 2,000 men, and thus create a diversion in his favor. Burgoyne immediately dispatched two officers in disguise, and various other persons, by several routes, to Clinton, with a full account of his precarious situation, entreating him to promptly execute the movement he had proposed. Burgoyne, although disappointed in the amount of assistance he had expected from Clinton, still hoped that after the reduction of the forts, the British would advance up the river, and induce the Americans to send detachments to meet them, or to change their position, in either of which cases an opportunity would be given him to gain an advantage, and open his passage to Albany. The first of October arrived, and the British general had heard nothing further from Clinton. The army began to suffer for want of provisions, and the general was obliged to put his soldiers on short allowance. The enemy, ever vigilant and wary, would not allow a man or a particle of food to reach his camp. At length he saw the necessity either to fly or fight. Fly he would not; and, therefore, fight he must. Accordingly, on the morning of the 7th of October, he put himself at the head of 1,500 regular troops, with two twelve-pounders, two howitzers, and six six-pounders. Phillips, Reidesel, and Fraiser, accompanied him. The camp on the high grounds was placed in the charge of Generals Hamilton and Specht, and the guard of the redoubts near the river was committed to Brigadier Gell. The British troops moved toward the enemy's left, with a view to learn whether a passage could be forced, and also to cover a foraging party sent out for the relief of the immediate necessities of the army. Several companies of loyalists and Indians were pushed forward through the by-paths, to act as a check on the rear of the American left flank.

The British regulars had advanced to within about three quarters of a mile of the enemy's left wing, when they were discovered by General Gates. Scarcely were the movements of the enemy known to the Americans, ere the Canadians and Indians that had been sent in advance of the British troops, attacked the American outposts near Mill creek and drove them back toward the republican lines. When they reached a spot within half a mile of the breastworks, the Americans made a

engaged in fraudulent acts, which made him hated by the public, and caused charges of dishonesty and malpractices in office to be preferred against him before the Continental Congress. A court-martial appointed to try him, convicted him, but sentenced him to a reprimand only. Although Washington performed that duty with the utmost delicacy, Arnold felt the disgrace. It awakened vengeful feelings, which, operating with the pressure of debt, made him listen with complacency to the suggestions of a bad nature. He made treasonable overtures to Sir Henry Clinton, and by a correspondence, for several months (under an assumed name, and with propositions couched in commercial phrases), with the accomplished Major André, Clinton's adjutant-general, he bargained with the British commander to betray West Point and its dependencies into his hands. For this service he was to receive a brigadier's commission and fifty thousand dollars in cash. By patriotic professions Arnold obtained the command of West Point in 1780; and the time chosen for the consummation of his treasonable designs was, when Washington was absent, in September, in conference with the French officers, in Hartford, Connecticut. Arnold and André met, for the first time, on the 22d of September, at Haverstraw, on the west side of the Hudson, and arranged a definite plan of operations. Clinton was to sail up the river with a strong force, and, after a show of resistance, Arnold was to surrender West Point into his hands. The sloop of war *Vulture*, which conveyed André up the river, was driven from her anchorage by shots from an American cannon on shore, and he was obliged to cross to the eastern side of the Hudson, and make his way toward New York by land. At Tarrytown, 27 miles from the city, he was stopped (September 23), and searched by three young militia-men, John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, who, although André offered them large bribes if they would allow him to pass, refused, and, upon searching him, found papers concealed in his boots. They took him to the nearest American post. The commander could not seem to comprehend the matter, and unwisely allowed André to send a letter to Arnold, then at his quarters opposite West Point. The alarmed traitor fled (September 24) down the river in his barge, and found safety on board the *Vulture*. André was tried as a spy, found guilty, and hanged at Tappan, opposite Tarrytown, October 2, 1780, while the real miscreant escaped. Although Arnold did not accomplish his wicked designs, he received the stipulated reward for his treasonable services. Washington would have spared André if the stern rules of war had permitted. "The young soldier has always been more pitied than blamed; while the name of Arnold will ever be regarded with the bitterest scorn." Arnold went to England, after the war, and died in London in 1801.



BURGOYNE SURRENDERING HIS SWORD TO GATES.

stand, and a sharp skirmish ensued. The enemy, however, was too strong, and the republicans were on the point of flying, when they were suddenly reinforced by Colonel Morgan, with his mounted riflemen, and a body of infantry. Like a whirlwind, that stalwart body of horse dashed into the thickest of the enemy, scattering them like chaff, and driving them back in confusion to the British line.

The Second Battle of Stillwater.—In a recently-cleared space of ground, Burgoyne was making preparations for the action. His left wing, consisting of the grenadiers under Major Ackland, and the artillery under Major Williams, occupied a slight eminence behind Mill creek, on the borders of a wood. The center was composed of British and German soldiers, and was commanded by General Phillips and the Baron de Reidesel. The right wing consisted of light infantry, and was under the direction of Earl Balcarras. In front of the right wing General Fraiser, with 500 picked men, was stationed, with orders to fall on the left flank of the enemy as soon as the attack should be made in front. Morgan interpreted the enemy's design, and by his advice General Gates made active preparations to defeat it. Poor and Learned, with the troops of New York, and New Hampshire, were detached with orders to attack the British left; and Morgan, with 1,500 men, including his sharp-shooters, were ordered to make a circuitous route to the high grounds on the right of the enemy, and to attack the flanking party of General Fraiser, at the same time that Poor and Learned should engage the British left. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. The soldiers of Massachusetts and New York, advanced slowly up the slight acclivity, on which Ackland and Williams with the British grenadiers and artillery were stationed. A deep silence prevailed. From the height, the cannon of the British frowned grimly on the advancing columns. Suddenly their black nostrils were illuminated by a vivid flame; the air was stunned by a terrific explosion, and a storm of shot tore through the branches of the trees over the heads of the Americans. And now a wild uproar arose. The Americans poured volley after volley on the enemy, shouting madly as they rushed forward to the very muzzles of the cannon, and fought hand-to-hand with the artillerymen. The struggle for the possession of the pieces was terrific. One of the cannons was taken and re-taken five times; but at length the Americans with an almost superhuman effort forced back its defenders, and Colonel Cilley, leaping astride of the cannon, waved his sword over his head and shouted in exultation at its capture. Then cramming its mouth with its fiery food, he wheeled its muzzle toward the retreating British, and sent their own shot spinning through their ranks. In this struggle which was as obstinate as it was bloody, Major Ackland, who had behaved with the utmost bravery, was wounded, and Major Williams was made prisoner. On the loss of their officers the British fled in disorder, leaving the Americans in possession of the field.

Meanwhile Morgan, on the enemy's right, fell with the force of a tempest on General Fraiser's flanking party. The attack was so furious, and so entirely unexpected that the British were at once thrown into confusion, and retreated precipitately to their lines. Morgan now urged his men full against the right flank of the enemy. The shock was fearful. The British, disordered, and panic-stricken at the impetuous charge of the enemy, wavered, and being at this moment vigorously assailed in front by Major Dearborn, with some fresh troops, they scattered and fled. But by the endeavors of Earl Balcarras they were rallied, and were led back to the fight. The Germans and Hessians who formed the center of the British center, stood firm in spite of the defeat of the two wings. General Arnold, who had watched the course of battle with an eagle eye, saw that the time for a decided blow had arrived. Although deprived of his command, and even having no authority to *fight*, yet he could no longer remain an idle spectator. Leaping to his saddle, he galloped his horse toward the field of battle. His approach was hailed by his former troops with loud cheers, and placing himself at the head of three regiments of Learned's brigade, he led them against the British center. His men followed their heroic leader with loud and enthusiastic shouts, and charged down upon the enemy like an avalanche. The Hessians withstood the first assault with firmness, and the Americans recoiled. But Arnold, dashing through the midst of his men, in a frenzy of excitement, commanding, and entreating, rallied them for a second assault. Animated to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by the gallantry of their commander, the Americans rushed on the enemy with resistless impetuosity. The Hessians were scattered in all directions by the terrific shock, and fled in terror. The battle now raged along the whole line. General Fraiser was everywhere conspicuous in the British ranks, endeavoring to turn the tide of victory. But while the battle was at its height, he was struck by a rifle-ball, and fell, mortally wounded. His fall was the signal of defeat. Burgoyne himself now took command, and endeavored vainly to rally his terror-stricken troops. The arrival of 3,000 New York troops under General Tenbroeck,

completed the panic, and the whole British line gave way, and fled in confusion to their intrenched camp. Generals Phillips and Reidesel, with the artillery, gallantly covered their retreat. But the British had scarcely entered the camp before they were fiercely attacked by the Americans, who, rushing through the storm of grape-shot and bullets, battled fiercely with the enemy over the parapet. "Arnold, especially," says Botta, "in this day appeared intoxicated with the thirst of battle and carnage." At the head of the troops of Patterson and Glover, he assaulted the works defended by the British under Earl Balcarras, and driving the enemy from their strong position, endeavored to force an entrance into the camp. But the English made a stand and received him with such firmness that he was obliged to abandon the attempt. He then led his men toward the right flank of the enemy, through the very midst of the fire of both armies, and joining Learned's brigade he led them against the Canadians and loyalists who were stationed between Balcarras's position in the intrenchments, and the Germans under Colonel Breyman who formed the British right flank. This part of the line was flanked by a stockade redoubt on either side. Arnold directed Colonel Brooks with his men to attack the redoubt, and led the balance of his brigade against the front.

The enemy received the assailants with firmness, and a sanguinary conflict ensued. At length, however, toward evening the Canadians and loyalists gave way, and Arnold led his men into the very intrenchments of the enemy. But at the moment of victory his horse was shot under him; and the general himself received a severe bullet wound in the same leg which had already been shattered by a musket-ball received in the assault of Quebec two years before. The gallant general was conveyed from the field. His men still continued the attack. The Germans had fled at the approach of Arnold, leaving their commander, Colonel Breyman, mortally wounded on the plain. An important point of the camp, therefore, was left exposed to the enemy. Burgoyne strove to rally the Germans to defend it; but so great was the panic which existed in their ranks, that they refused to return to their post. At the approach of night the Americans, thoroughly exhausted by their arduous exertions of the day, suspended hostilities and encamped for the night. The division of General Lincoln, which had remained in the American intrenchments during the battle, at about midnight was brought out to relieve those upon the field. On this Burgoyne saw the necessity of changing his position. Accordingly he removed his army during the night about a mile north of his first position, whence he intended to retreat to Fort Edward. Early on the following morning the Americans took possession of the deserted camp of the British. Several pieces of artillery, all the baggage of the Germans, and a quantity of ammunition fell into the hands of the victors. During the day, several skirmishes took place between detached parties of the two armies, in one of which General Lincoln was wounded. The Americans lost on this occasion about 100 in killed and wounded. The British loss was about 700 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. General Fraiser, Sir Francis Clarke (Burgoyne's aide-de-camp), and Colonel Breyman, were among the slain.

General Gates, prior to the second battle of Stillwater, anticipating the retreat of the enemy, had detached General Fellows, with 1,500 men, to occupy the heights on the east bank of the Hudson, opposite Saratoga, in order to prevent the enemy from fording the river at that point. He now sent another detachment to take post higher up, near Fort Edward, and at the same time ordered a picked corps of 2,000 men to advance and occupy the high grounds beyond Saratoga, near Lake George. By these movements the British army would be inclosed on every side. Burgoyne, on hearing this, determined to retreat toward Saratoga, situated six miles up the river, on the same side, before the enemy was aware of his intention. At nine o'clock on the evening of the 8th of October, the whole British army commenced its march; toward midnight a heavy rain commenced falling, and the badness of the roads, and the weakness of the horses, which were famishing with hunger, retarded their progress so greatly that the army did not reach Saratoga until the evening of the 9th. The retreat of the British was so sudden that the hospital with 300 sick and wounded, and a great number of wheel-carriages, were abandoned to the enemy. The invalids received the best treatment from the Americans. As they retired, the British burned the houses, and destroyed every thing that was of no further use to them. General Gage commenced the pursuit at about noon, on the 10th of October. The British army, after passing the night of the 9th at Saratoga, took up their march on the 10th, and, crossing Fishkill creek a little north of the town, encamped upon the heights whose slope is now occupied by the village of Schuylerville. Meanwhile the Americans had moved forward with such rapidity that by four o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th, they reached the heights to the south of Fishkill creek. The creek, therefore, divided the two armies, that of Burgoyne having encamped on the

north side, and that of Gates on the south; and the two armies were so near that they were within sound of each other's music. Burgoyne saw that there was no hope of crossing the river in the vicinity of Saratoga, and resolved to push up the river till he arrived opposite Fort Edward, and then to force a passage to the east bank in the face of the troops stationed at that place. He sent forward a company of workmen, under the escort of Fraiser's sharp-shooters, to repair the bridges, and open the road to Fort Edward. He also sent a detachment of troops to take possession of that fort. The Americans, however, who were spreading out on all sides, taking possession of every eminence, soon drove in the working party; and the British troops found the fort occupied by the enemy. Thus hemmed in, Burgoyne saw no other method of escape than an immediate retreat, without baggage or artillery. The Americans had lined the eastern shore of the Hudson with troops, who maintained an incessant fire on the boats laden with supplies for the British, which had attended the movements of the army up the river. Many of the boats were taken, and a number of men lost on both sides. The British, therefore, were reduced to the necessity of landing the provisons, and transporting them, exposed to the fire of the enemy, over the hills to the camp. In the midst of all these calamities a sudden gleam of hope broke through the cloud of despair which hung over the British army, and they were near gaining an advantage which would have relieved them entirely from their dangerous position. General Gates was informed that the small detachment which Burgoyne had sent on the road toward Fort Edward, was the entire vanguard and center of the British army. He determined therefore to fall upon what he supposed to be the rear guard of the enemy only, which remained near the Fishkill. Burgoyne, hearing of the proposed movement of the enemy, saw at once that, should it be made, the Americans would fall an easy prey into his hands. Accordingly he made his dispositions to receive the enemy. Leaving a strong guard at the battery on the creek, he posted his troops in ambush behind a thicket in the rear. In the morning a thick mist arose, concealing every object from view, and Gates resolved to take advantage of the fog, to pass the creek, and seize the battery on the opposite bank. Three brigades, commanded by Generals Glover, Nixon, and Morgan, were ordered to cross the Fishkill and attack the enemy's camp. At early dawn, Morgan set out with his men. The fog was so thick that he could see but a few yards in advance of him. He had proceeded but a short distance when he fell in with the British pickets, who fired upon him, killing several men. Nixon crossed the creek and surprised a British picket. Glover was on the point of following him when a deserter from the British crossed the creek and informed him that the whole British army was in the camp ready to receive them. Gates was immediately informed of the true state of affairs, and he revoked his former orders, directing that the troops should return to their former positions. Intelligence of the incident was conveyed to Nixon, who hastily retired from his dangerous position; but as the sun arose the fog was dispelled before he had time to withdraw with the whole of his force, and his rear guard was exposed to the fire of the British artillery, which inflicted considerable loss on the retiring columns. In a moment Burgoyne saw his only hope of victory fall to the ground. His situation was indeed terrible. Nothing but an absolute surrender would save his army from annihilation. He was completely surrounded by the enemy. The positions of the two armies were now as follows: The British were on the heights near the Fishkill. Their camp was fortified and extended about half a mile in the rear, and the heavy guns were planted chiefly on an elevated plain, northwest of the ground on which Schuyerville now stands. The main body of the American army, under Gates, occupied the high grounds on the south shore of the Fishkill. In front of the British position on the east bank of the Hudson, 3,000 American troops, under General Fellows, were posted behind strong intrenchments, and in the rear of the British, Morgan, with his men, were stationed. The Americans occupied Fort Edward, and had a fortified camp in the vicinity of Glenn's Falls. Small detachments of American militia were posted in every vicinity in the neighborhood of the British camp, closely watching every movement of the enemy. The British soon began to feel the most pressing want of food and water. Every part of their camp was exposed to the fire of cannon and musketry. Neither officers, soldiers, invalids, women, nor children, were safe from the missiles of the enemy. The British army, by deaths and desertion, was reduced one half. Burgoyne anxiously awaited some intelligence of the movements of Clinton, whom he hoped would march to his relief; but this hope finally died away, and on the evening of the 12th the British generals held a council, in which it was decided to retreat, if possible, before morning. They sent out scouts to ascertain the best route for the retreat; but they returned with the intelligence that every path was blocked up by the enemy.

On the morning of the 13th, it was ascertained that the whole stock of provisions was

sufficient only to sustain the army three days longer. A second council of war was called, which was attended by the captains of companies as well as the generals and field officers. The meeting was held in a large tent, which, during the deliberations, was perforated several times with bullets from the Americans, and a cannon-ball, it is said, swept across the table near which Burgoyne and several other generals were sitting. After a short deliberation, it was decided, without a single dissenting voice, to open a treaty and enter into a convention with General Gates, for an honorable surrender. Late in the afternoon a flag was sent to General Gage, with a note, requesting him to name the hour in which it would suit him to receive a field officer to confer with him on a matter of great importance to both armies. "At ten o'clock, at the advanced post of the army of the United States," was the reply. At the appointed hour Lieutenant Kingston, Burgoyne's adjutant-general, appeared, bearing the following note from the British general:

"After having fought you twice, Lieutenant-General Burgoyne has waited some days in his present position, determined to try a third conflict against any force you could bring against him. He is apprized of your superiority of numbers and the disposition of your troops to impede his supplies and render his retreat a scene of carnage on both sides. In this situation, he is impelled by humanity, and thinks himself justified by established principles and precedents of state and war, to spare the lives of brave men upon honorable terms. Should Major-General Gates be inclined to treat upon that idea, General Burgoyne would propose a cessation of arms during the time necessary to communicate the preliminary terms by which, in any extremity, he and his army mean to abide."

Negotiations were thus commenced, and continued until the 16th, when every thing was agreed upon, and the paper ready for the signatures of the commanding officers.

The paper was superscribed, "*The convention* between Lieutenant-General Burgoyne and Major-General Gates." The principal articles, omitting those relating to the accommodation and provision of the vanquished army to Boston, were in substance as follows: "That the British army should march out of the camp with all the honors of war, to an appointed place, where they were to deposit their arms and leave their artillery; that they were to be allowed a free embarkation and passage to Europe from Boston, upon condition of their not serving again in America during the present war; that the army was not to be separated, especially the officers from the men; that the officers should be admitted to parole, and permitted to wear their side-arms; that all private property should be retained, and the public property to be delivered by the British upon honor; that no baggage should be searched or molested; that all persons, of whatever country, appertaining to, or following the camp, were to be fully comprehended in the terms of capitulation, and that the Canadians should be returned to their own country in safety."

Before signing these conditions, which were undoubtedly very honorable to the British army, Burgoyne, having received intelligence that Clinton had moved up the Hudson and reduced Fort Montgomery, felt disposed to break up the treaty entirely; but, on learning of the British general's hesitancy, Gates, on the 17th, drew up his men in battle order, and sent a message to Burgoyne informing him that he must either sign the paper or prepare for battle. With the advice of his officers Burgoyne reluctantly signed the "Convention," and preparations were made immediately to surrender in due form.

The ceremony of the surrender is thus described by an eye-witness:

"An armistice of three days, with a view to surrender was asked. Six of the tallest men in our army, with the best clothes we could procure, and with caps so high that we had to look twice to see the tops, were selected to meet the flag. Terms of surrender were finally concluded. Our brigade was ordered to march down the hill and parade on the road leading south, with all the music of the brigade in the center, playing 'Yankee Doodle.' We were but just paraded, when the British general, officers, and staff, and General Gates and staff met close by where I stood in the ranks, and so near that I could hear all that was said. An American officer said: 'General Burgoyne—General Gates.' 'Your servant, sir'—'Your servant, sir,' passed around. General Burgoyne then said: 'Through the misfortune of war, General Gates, I am your prisoner.' 'It is not through any misconduct of yours, General Burgoyne,' replied Gates. Then came the British troops in columns, as richly dressed, clean, and sizable men as ever I saw. I saw not a smile on the face of Americans or British.

"Next came the Hessians—and how shall I describe the most miserable, filthy, ill-looking beings I ever saw in human form? But the fag-end was the women, I suppose. Many of them led horses, upon the backs of which were thrown large oblong bags, sewed up at the ends. These bags contained provisions, blankets, clothing, utensils, etc., and in many cases were the heads of children sticking out above the horses' backs, through

holes in the bags. Sometimes there were two smaller children on the other side to balance. Our orders were to maintain a respectful silence; but this last was too much! One ventured a suppressed laugh; his neighbor took the disease in a more violent form, until in a few moments the whole American lines were convulsed with the most uproarious laughter, and all at the expense of the poor Hessians, their women, children, and equipage."

General Gates, respecting the feelings of the vanquished, ordered his army to retire within their lines that they might not witness the shame of the English when they piled their arms. After the troops had laid down their weapons, Burgoyne, in the presence of the whole American army delivered his sword to the victorious general. The British troops then took up their line of march for Boston.

The number of prisoners surrendered on this occasion was 5,791, of whom 2,412 were Germans, and 3,379 English. Two twenty-four-pounders, four twelve-pounders, thirty-three howitzers of various caliber, and three mortars; in all forty-two pieces of artillery, fell into the hands of the victors, together with 4,647 muskets, 72,000 cartridges, and a great quantity of other ammunition, powder, shells, balls, etc. This glorious victory produced the utmost joy throughout the Union. Congress voted a gold medal to Gates in honor of his services, and the whole country resounded with his name. "All hoped," says Botta, "and not without reason, that a success of this importance would at length determine France and other European powers that waited for her example, to declare themselves in favor of the Americans. *There could be no longer any question respecting the future; all danger had ceased of espousing the cause of a people too feeble to defend themselves.*"

STOCKACH, A.D. 1799.—Stockach is a city of south Germany, and is situated on a river bearing the same name. The battle of Stockach was fought between the republican army of France, and the Austrians, on the 26th of March, 1799. Jourdan, the commander of the French forces, saw the importance of gaining possession of this place, for here all the roads to Swabia, Switzerland, and the valley of the Neckar united, and he could not continue his retreat beyond this point without abandoning his communications with Massena, who commanded a large force of republicans. The Austrians commanded by the archduke, were in great numbers on the river Stockach, a small stream which runs in a winding channel before the village of the same name, and terminates in lake Constance; their center occupied the plain of Nellemberg in front of the river, their right extending along the same plain toward Liptingen, their left from Zolbruch to Wahlevies. On the side of the republicans, the center was commanded by Souham, the right by Ferino, and St. Cyr, whose vanguard was led by Soult, the left wing. The left wing was to attack Liptingen, where Meerfeld was stationed; and the principal effort was to be made in that quarter, in order to turn the Austrians, and compel them to retreat by the single chaussée of Stockach, when necessity would oblige them, in case of any disaster, to lose all their artillery.

All the columns were in motion at five in the morning, and the advanced guards of Soult soon came in sight of the videttes of Meerfeld. The attack of the French was so vigorous, that Meerfeld was driven from Liptingen, and thrown back in confusion into the forests near Stockach. They were soon driven out from their place of retreat; the infantry retreated in great disorder to Stockach, and the cavalry toward Maeskirch. At the same time, the two armies were engaged along the whole line. Souham in the center repulsed the light troops of the Austrians as far as Wahleveis and Ossingen on the river, and threatened the plateau of Nellemberg, while on the right, Ferino was also actively engaged A heavy cannonade was heard along the whole front of the army; a decisive success had here been gained on one point, the Austrian right was turned, and the French were already quite sure of victory. As soon as the archduke was aware of the impression made upon the right wing of his army, he hastened to that part of the field, accompanied by twelve squadrons of cuirassiers, and six battalions of grenadiers, while a powerful body of horse were stationed on the plain of Nellemberg, to protect the retreat of the army, in case they were driven to that extremity. These movements, which were adapted at the decisive moment, changed the fortunes of the day, and another advantage was also gained by a fault of Jourdan's, in dividing his forces by sending orders to St. Cyr to advance to Maeskirch to cut off the retreat of the imperialists. A violent struggle now took place in the woods of Liptingen, which Soult had gained in the first moment of success. The archduke with fresh troops advanced to the attack, the French defended themselves with great valor, and one of the fiercest combats that occurred in the whole war took place, and lasted, without ceasing, for several hours. Three times the republicans advanced out of the woods upon the enemy, and three times, notwithstanding the most desperate efforts, they were driven back by the perseverance of the Germans. At length, the imperialists be-

came the assailants; the archduke, at the head of the Hungarian grenadiers, charged in person. Prince Furstemberg, and Prince Anhalt Bemburg were killed while leading on their respective regiments, and the flower of the army, on both sides, perished under the terrible fire which overspread the battle-field. St. Cyr long and obstinately maintained his ground; but at length, finding the principal efforts of the Austrians were directed against his wing, and that their reserves were coming into action, he ordered Soult to leave the wood, and retire into the plain of Liptingen. This perilous movement was performed by that superior officer, with admirable steadiness; but, when they reached the open country, they were charged by Kollowrath, at the head of the grenadiers and cuirassiers, which the archduke had in reserve. This effort proved decisive. In vain Jourdan charged with the French cavalry; they were broken and driven back in confusion by the superiority of the cuirassiers, and the general-in-chief came near being made a prisoner in the flight. The infantry, in consequence of this overthrow, were obliged to retreat; two regiments were surrounded, and made prisoners, and St. Cyr, who was now entirely cut off from the center of his army, only escaped being destroyed, by throwing himself across the Danube, being fortunate to find one bridge which was not occupied by the enemy. This great success, and the separation of St. Cyr from the remainder of the army, was decisive of victory. Souham and Ferino, with the center and right, had maintained their position against a superior number, but had gained no advantage; and now that the left wing was separated from them, and unable to render any assistance, they could not maintain their ground any longer against the victorious troops of the archduke. Notwithstanding, the French had fought bravely against the superior forces of their enemy, and the loss on both sides being nearly equal, amounting to about 5,000 men to each party, yet, by the separation of the left wing, they had sustained all the consequences of a serious defeat; and now their principal object was, to endeavor to reunite the scattered divisions of the army by a retreat to the passes of Black Forest. Jourdan was so much affected with the result of this action, that, after reaching the defiles of the forest, he surrendered the command of the army to Ernouf, the chief of the staff, and went to Paris, to lay his complaints as to the state of the army before the Directory.

STOCKHOLM, A.D. 1501.—Stockholm, the capital of the kingdom of Sweden, has sustained several sieges, which our limits forbid describing. One of the most memorable of these sieges, took place in the year 1501, when it was besieged by the Swedes, for the crown of Denmark. The city was defended by the army of Christina, Queen of Denmark. The siege of 1520, is still more memorable. The city was besieged by the cruel and treacherous Christian II; but the garrison under the command of the heroic woman Christina Gyllenstierna, widow of Sten Sture, made a desperate resistance. The besieged, however, finally capitulated, on favorable terms; but the perfidious monarch, shamefully violated the treaty, and massacred the inhabitants without mercy.

STONINGTON, A.D. 1814.—On the 8th of August, 1814, while a British fleet was lying off the harbor of Stonington, Connecticut, a brig of eighteen guns was ordered to bombard the town. The inhabitants, totally unprepared for this attack, were for a time in some confusion; but at length they procured two eighteen-pounders, and opened them upon the brig with so much vigor, that she was greatly damaged. She finally cut her cables and retired, after having inflicted some slight damages on the town, and Sir Thomas Hardy, the commander of the British squadron, alarmed at this warm reception, weighed anchor, and made no further attempts on the coast of Connecticut.

STONO FERRY, A.D. 1779.—A severe engagement took place on the 20th of June, 1779, at Stono Ferry, about thirty miles from Charleston, South Carolina, between a detachment (about 1200 strong) of the American army, under General Lincoln, and a body of 800 British troops, under Colonel Maitland. The British occupied a strongly intrenched position at Stono Ferry, and on the morning of the 20th of June they were attacked by Lincoln's troops. The battle raged hotly for about an hour and a half, neither party gaining a decided advantage. At length, however, Maitland being reinforced by troops from General Prevost, the Americans found it necessary to retreat, which they did in good order, bearing their wounded off the field. The Americans lost in killed and wounded 146, and 155 missing. The British lost about one hundred in killed and wounded.

STONY CREEK, A.D. 1813.—On the 8th of June, 1813, a battle occurred between the American army, under Generals Winder and Chandler, and the British, under General Vincent, near Stony creek, in Canada. The American army was taken by surprise, and was defeated, with a loss of 100 men taken prisoners, and four pieces of artillery. Among the prisoners were Generals Winder and Chandler. The loss in killed and wounded on both sides was nearly equal. The Americans retreated to Fort George, on the Canada shore of Lake Ontario.

STONY POINT, A.D. 1779.—This place is situated on the west bank of the Hudson river, at the head of Harvestraw bay, in Orange co., New York, about forty-two miles north of the city of New York.

The Americans with great labor and expense had constructed fortifications at Stony Point, and Verplanck's Neck, situated nearly opposite each other, the first on the west, and the second on the east side of the river. These were eligible sites for forts, making a formidable defense for the passage of the Americans at King's Ferry, thus affording a free communication between the troops of New England, and those of the central and southern States. General Clinton, the commander of the English army, at New York, therefore resolved to dislodge the Americans from these important posts. Accordingly on the 30th of May, Clinton in person, sailed up the river with a strong force. On the morning of the 31st, the troops were landed in two divisions, the one on the west side of the river, under Clinton, a little above Haverstraw, and the other on the east side, eight miles below Verplanck's Point. The flotilla was under the command of Admiral Collier. The American garrison at Stony Point consisted of only about forty men, and finding the enemy so near, and not being prepared to receive them, evacuated the fortress, and withdrew to the Highlands. The British troops then took possession of the fort without molestation. The garrison of Fort Fayette at Verplanck's Point, consisted of seventy men, and upon the approach of the enemy made active preparations to receive them; but the next morning the guns of the captured fortress at Stony Point were opened upon Fort Fayette; and the little garrison, finding themselves assailed in front by the guns of Stony Point, and in rear by the British under Vaughan, surrendered themselves prisoners of war, on very honorable terms. Washington deeply lamented the loss of these important fortifications, and resolved to make an immediate effort to recapture them. He removed the main body of his army to Middlebrook toward the Highlands, and established his head quarters at Smith's Clove, some distance in the interior. The English had labored industriously in completing the works at Stony Point and had already reduced them to the condition of an almost impregnable fortress. Nature and art combined, made it one of the strongest places on the continent. It was situated on a huge rock which rose out of the water and an isolated bluff at high tide; and was strongly defended by a double row of *abatis* and outworks. The north, south, and east sides of the rock were washed by the waters of the Hudson, and the west side was covered by a deep and dangerous marsh. The garrison consisted of nearly 700 British troops; and to protect it as well as that at Fort Fayette, Clinton had descended the river only as far as Philipsburg, now called Yonkers. On the 23d of June Washington removed his quarters to New Windsor, the command at West Point was intrusted to General M'Dougal, and the various garrisons and redoubts and passes along the river between West Point and Stony Point, were strengthened and guarded. On the 1st of July, General Wayne with the light infantry of the line was stationed in the vicinity of the Dunderberg, between Montgomery and Clove Spring, where the main body of the army remained.

Washington now resolved to execute his intended operations against Stony Point, and Fort Fayette. The garrison of Stony Point was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Johnson; that of Fort Fayette, by Lieutenant Colonel Webster. The two garrisons were about equal in strength. Several small British vessels of war were stationed in the bay, within cannon-shot of both forts. Washington charged General Wayne with the attack of the fort at Stony Point; and General Howe with that of Fort Fayette. At noon on the 15th of July, Wayne, with a strong detachment of light infantry, marched from his quarters toward Stony Point. The day was intensely hot, and the troops, after marching over high mountains, through deep defiles and tangled thickets, and wading streams and marshes, arrived, greatly fatigued, at about 8 o'clock in the evening, within a mile and a half of Stony Point. General Wayne here halted in order to reconnoiter the enemy's works. Having accomplished his purpose unobserved by the English, he returned, and forming his troops in columns, moved forward toward the fort, under the guidance of a negro slave belonging to a gentleman in the vicinity. This negro had ingratiated himself into the favor of the British officers in the garrison; and had gained a knowledge of the countersign. The Americans commenced their march at half past eleven o'clock at night. Two strong men, disguised as farmers, accompanied by Pompey, the negro, marched on in advance of the army. They approached the first sentinel, and having given the countersign, Pompey entered into conversation with him. While the sentinel was thus engaged, he was suddenly seized and gagged by the men. The second sentinel met with the same fate; and the whole army, with the exception of 300 men, who were left in the rear under General Muhlenburg, to act as a reserve, crossed the marsh, and reached the western foot of the promontory unperceived by the English. Wayne now divided his troops into

two columns, and placed himself at the head of the right, which was composed of the regiments of Febiger and Meigs. The left consisted of Colonel Butler's regiment, and two companies under Major Murfey. In the van of the right column marched 150 volunteers under the gallant Lieutenant Colonel de Fleury; and the vanguard of the left consisted of one hundred volunteers under Major Stewart. The muskets of these troops were unloaded; but they advanced with fixed bayonets. These composed the forlorn hope. An *avant-guard* of forty picked men under Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox marched on in advance of the whole army, to remove the abatis and other obstacles. At about midnight the advanced parties advanced to the attack; De Fleury toward the southern, and Stewart toward the northern portions of the promontory. Stealthily and silently the Americans ascended the slopes. They neared the enemy's pickets on the heights. A few pistol-shots warned them that their approach was discovered; but relying solely on the bayonet, the assailants vigorously pressed forward. The sharp roll of drums aroused the garrison from their slumbers; and the loud cry, *To arms! to arms!* resounded from within the walls. The English artillerymen flew to their pieces, the soldiers grasped their muskets, and a terrible fire of artillery and musketry was opened on the Americans. The two main divisions of the Americans followed closely in the rear of the vanguard, and pushed forward through the iron tempest, overcoming every obstacle, until the heads of the two columns met in the center of the works, where they arrived simultaneously. At the inner abatis, Wayne received a contusion in the hand by a musket-ball. "March on; carry me into the fort!" cried the gallant officer, "I will die at the head of my column." They bore him forward, and recovering from the effects of the shock, he joined in the shouts that arose as the two columns met as victors in the center of the fort. Colonel De Fleury, with his own hand, struck the royal standard that floated upon the walls. The garrison surrendered at discretion as prisoners of war. The humanity of the Americans imparted additional luster to their brilliant achievement. "The conquerors," says Botta, "abstained from pillage, and from all disorder; a conduct the more worthy to be commended as they had still present in mind the ravages and butcheries which their enemies had so recently committed in Carolina, in Virginia, and in Connecticut. Humanity imparted new effulgence to the victory which valor had obtained." The Americans lost 15 men killed, and 83 men wounded. Of the slain, nearly all belonged to the forlorn hope of Gibbon. The English lost 63 men killed; and Johnson, with 543 officers and men were made prisoners. Wayne immediately apprised Washington of the victory in the following laconic letter:

STONY POINT, 16*th July*, 1779,
2 *o'clock, A. M.*

DEAR GENERAL:

The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnson, are ours.

Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free.

Yours, most sincerely,
ANTH. WAYNE.

GENL. WASHINGTON.

General Howe, who had been sent to attack Fort Fayette, did not arrive in time to dislodge the garrison; and Clinton having sent reinforcements to the menaced point, Howe withdrew. The next morning Wayne opened the guns of Stony Point on Fort Fayette; but receiving intelligence of the approach of Clinton, Washington ordered the works at Stony Point to be demolished; the ordnance and stores to be removed, and the place evacuated. He had accomplished all that he had originally intended, namely, to make himself master of the artillery and stores of the fort, to destroy the works, and bring off the garrison. He therefore ordered General Wayne to retire with the artillery, stores, and prisoners, which he did successfully, after having demolished the fortifications. The patriots throughout the land hailed this brilliant victory with the loudest demonstrations of joy. Congress decreed their acknowledgments to Washington and to Wayne, to De Fleury, Stewart, Gibbon, and Knox. Wayne received a gold medal, struck in honor of his glorious achievement, and De Fleury and Stewart were presented with similar medals of silver. The value of the military stores taken at Stony Point, was distributed among the soldiers, as a reward for their gallant behavior on this occasion.

STRASLUND, A.D. 1713.—Charles XII. of Sweden, when he had taken refuge in Turkey, after being beaten by Peter of Russia, at length exhausted the obstinacy which had detained him so long at Demirtocka, meditating on means to excite the Ottoman Porte against his great rival, passed all at once, with characteristic energy, from excessive inactivity to equally excessive exertion. He set out from Demirtocka with prodigious speed, crossed the hereditary states of the emperor, Franconia and Mecklenburg, on horseback, and arrived at Straslund when least expected. His first proceeding was to protest against the sequestration of the city of Stettin. He hastened to declare that, not having made any convention, he was not obliged to recognize that which his generals

had done in his absence, to place Pomerania and Stettin in a state of sequestration. With a character so obstinate as that of this prince, no other argument could be employed but force. Frederic William, King of Prussia, declared that he would not allow the Swedes to enter Saxony, and immediately joined the league of the Russians, Saxons, and Hanoverians. In order to force, with the strong hand, the King of Sweden to hold his engagements, he ordered a body of Prussian troops to advance close to Stettin. Charles XII. took possession of Anclam, Wolgaste, and Gripswalde, in which were Prussian garrisons; nevertheless, with a slight show of prudence, he dismissed the Prussian troops without violence.

At the commencement of the following campaign, the Swedes dislodged the Prussians from the isle of Usedom, and made prisoners of a detachment of 500 men. By this act of hostility they broke the neutrality of the Prussians, and became the aggressors. Frederic William, jealous of Charles's glory, and irritated at this proceeding, declared war against Sweden. Twenty thousand Prussians joined the Saxons and the Danes in Pomerania. Europe then beheld two kings, in person, besieging another shut up in Stralsund; but this king was Charles XII., fighting at the head of 15,000 warlike Swedes, loving to idolatry the heroism of their prince. Besides, his great reputation and the prejudices of the universe fought in his favor. In the army of the allies, the King of Prussia examined the plans, decided upon the operations, and persuaded the Danes to adopt his views. The King of Denmark, a bad soldier, and not at all military in his tastes, had only come to Stralsund in the hope of seeing Charles XII. humiliated. Under these two kings the Prince of Anhalt was the soul of all the military enterprises. "He was," says the King of Prussia, in his Memoirs, "a man of a violent and obstinate character, who, with the valor of a hero, had the experience of the finest campaigns of Prince Eugene. His manners were ferocious, his ambition boundless; deeply versed in the art of sieges, a fortunate soldier, a bad citizen, he was capable of all the enterprises of both Marius and Sylla, if fortune had seconded his ambition." This army laid siege to Stralsund, a city on the shores of the Baltic, the Swedish fleet being able to supply it constantly with provisions, munitions, and troops. Its situation is strong; an impracticable marsh defends two thirds of its circumference; the only way by which it is accessible is furnished by a good intrenchment, which from the north extends to the sea-shore, and touches on the marsh toward the east. In this intrenchment were encamped 12,000 Swedes, with Charles XII. at their head. The besiegers removed successively all the obstacles opposed to them. The first point was to drive away the Swedish fleet from the coasts of Pomerania, in order to deprive the Swedes of the succors they might receive by sea. Nevertheless the King of Denmark was unwilling to risk an action with a squadron he had on those coasts. All the influence of the King of Prussia was required to persuade him of the necessity for such a contest. The two kings were spectators of the action, which took place at a short distance from the shore, and threw the sea open to the allies. The Prussians afterward drove the Swedes from the isle of Usedom, and took the fort of Pannamende at the point of the sword. They shortly afterward prepared to attack the intrenchments. A Prussian officer singularly facilitated this undertaking, the most difficult and most dangerous of the whole siege. Being perfectly acquainted with the ground, he knew that the arm of the sea which washes the intrenchments was neither deep nor muddy; he sounded it by night, and found that it was possible to ford it, to turn this post by its left, and thus take the Swedes in flank and rear. This project was successfully executed. They attacked them by night; while one Prussian corps marched straight to the intrenchments, another passed along the sea-shore, and were in the Swedish camp before they were perceived. The surprise of an unexpected attack, the confusion natural to a night affair, and, above all, the numbers of the body which fell upon their flanks, threw them quickly into a state of rout; they abandoned their intrenchments, and sought refuge in the city. Enraged at being deserted by his own troops, Charles would have continued to fight alone. His generals dragged him from the scene of action, and had much difficulty in saving him from the hands of the allies; all who did not promptly gain Stralsund were either killed or made prisoners. The numbers taken in this attack amounted to more than 400 men. The more closely to press the city, it became necessary for the allies to render themselves masters of the isle of Rugen, whence the besieged could likewise obtain succors. The Prince of Anhalt, at the head of 20,000 men, crossed in transports the space which divides Pomerania. This fleet kept the same order of battle the troops observed on the land. They pretended to land on the eastern coast, but turning suddenly to the left, the Prince of Anhalt disembarked his troops at the port of Strezow, where the enemy did not expect him. He posted himself in a quarter of a circle, so that his two wings leaned upon the sea, and during the whole day caused intrenchments to be dug, fortified by *chevaux*

de frise. His disposition was such that two lines of infantry supported his intrenchment. His cavalry formed the third, with the exception of six squadrons which he had posted within the lines, in order to be able to fall upon the left flank of those who might attack him on that side. Charles XII., deceived by the Prince of Anhalt's feint, could not arrive in time to oppose the disembarkation. Aware of the importance of this isle, he advanced by night upon the Prussians, although he had but 4,000 men. He marched at the head of his infantry, which he led to the very edge of the ditch, assisting to pull up the *chevaux de frise* which bordered it with his own hands; he was slightly wounded in this attack, and General Dureng was killed at his side. The inequality of numbers, the darkness of the night, the six Prussian squadrons; but still more than all, the king's wound, made the Swedes lose the fruits of their valor. Fortune had turned her back upon that nation; every thing seemed to tend to its decline. The king retired to have his wound dressed; his discomfited troops fled. The next day 1,200 Swedes were made prisoners at Lafich-Schanz, and the isle of Rugen was entirely occupied by the allies. After this misfortune Charles XII. returned to Stralsund. That city was almost reduced to extremity. The besiegers having gained the counterscarp, had already begun to construct their gallery upon the principal fosse. It was the character of the King of Sweden to bear up firmly against reverses; he endeavored to withstand his ill-fortune, and was able to preserve an inexpressible *sang-froid* under all circumstances. The citizens, far from murmuring, filled with admiration for their master, whose exertions, sobriety, and courage astonished them, had all become soldiers under him. One day, when the king was dictating letters for Sweden to a secretary, a bomb fell upon the house, penetrated the roof, and burst close to the king's apartment. At the noise of the bomb and the crash of the house, which seemed falling about their ears, the pen fell from the hand of the secretary. "What's the matter?" said the king, with a tranquil air; "why don't you write on?" "Oh, sire, the bomb!" "Well," rejoined the king, "what has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating to you? Go on!" When he saw the breach open, he wanted to defend it in person, the besiegers threatening to give a general assault. His generals threw themselves at his feet to conjure him not to risk his life so uselessly. Seeing their prayers had no effect, they pointed out to him the danger to which he exposed himself of falling into the hands of his enemies. This apprehension at length made him determine to abandon the city. He embarked in a light boat, in which he passed, favored by the darkness, through the Danish fleet which blockaded Stralsund, and gained with much trouble one of his own vessels, which conveyed him to Sweden. Fourteen years before, he had left this city as a conqueror about to subdue the world; he returned thither a fugitive, pursued by his enemies, despoiled of his finest provinces, and abandoned by his army. As soon as the king was gone, the garrison of Stralsund capitulated, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.—*Robson.*

STRATTON, A.D. 1643.—On the 16th of May, 1643, a battle was fought on the height near Stratton in Devonshire, England, between the army of Charles I., and the forces of Parliament under Edward Waller the poet. The latter were defeated with considerable loss, and Waller was obliged to fly to Bristol.

SUDBURY, A.D. 1676.—On the 18th of April, 1676, during King Philip's war, a fierce battle was fought at Sudbury, Mass., between the Indians and the gallant band of Captain Samuel Wadsworth, who with at least two thirds of his men were slain. A monument marks the place where the action took place, and where the remains of the dead are deposited.

SYBARIS, B.C. 508.—Sybaris was situated ten leagues from Crotona, which occupied the site of the present city of Naples, in the kingdom of Naples, which is nearly identical with the Magna Græcia of antiquity.

Sybaris was one of the most powerful and wealthy cities of Magna Græcia. Four neighboring states and twenty-five cities were subject to it, so that it was able alone to raise an army of 300,000 men. The opulence of Sybaris was soon followed by luxury and indolence. The citizens employed themselves in nothing but banquets, games, shows, parties of pleasure, and carousals. Public prizes and testimonials were bestowed on those who gave the most magnificent banquets, and even cooks were publicly rewarded when they invented new dishes and dainties. The Sybarites carried their delicacy and effeminacy to such a height, that they carefully removed from their city, all such artificers whose work was noisy, and would not allow any cocks within its walls, lest their shrill piercing crow, should disturb their balmy slumbers. These evils were heightened by dissension and discord, which at last proved their ruin. A faction headed by a certain Telly, expelled from Sybaris 500 of the wealthiest citizens, who fled to Crotona. Telly demanded that they should be delivered up to him, and upon the refusal of the Crotonians, war was declared between the two cities. The Sybarites marched 300,000 men into the field, and the Crotonians only 100,000. But the latter army was com-

manded by the famous champion Milo, who was robed in a lion's skin, and had armed himself with a huge club like a second Hercules. The Crotonians gained a complete victory. So great was the slaughter, that of the immense Sybarite army only a few escaped, and their city was almost entirely depopulated.

SYRACUSE, B.C. 414.—Syracuse, a famous city of Sicily, was founded by a colony from Corinth about the year 736, B.C. It rapidly rose to the highest distinction, both by its advantageous position, and the commercial enterprising spirit of its inhabitants. The modern city occupies only a small portion of the site of the ancient city, and its population in 1831 was 16,805.

When the Athenians besieged Syracuse it was divided into three parts, viz.: the island, Achradina, and Tyche. The island, situated to the south was called Nasos, and Ortygia. It was connected to the continent by a bridge. Achradina was situated on the sea side, toward the east, and was the most beautiful and best fortified quarter of the city. Tyche extends along Achradina westward, from the north toward the south, and was very well inhabited. It had a celebrated gate called Hexapylum, which led into the country, and was situated to the north of the city. Epipolæ was a hill without the city, which it commanded. It was situated between Hexapylum and the point of Euryclus, toward the north and west. It was exceedingly steep in several places, and for that reason of very difficult access. At the time of the siege in question, it was not surrounded by walls; the Syracusans defended it with a body of troops against the attacks of the enemy. Euryclus was the pass or entrance which led to Epipolæ. On the hill of Epipolæ was a fort called Labdalum. The river Arrapus ran at almost half a league distance from the city. The space between the city and the river, was an extensive and beautiful plain, terminating in two marshes; the one called Syraco, whence the city derived its name, and the other Lysemelia. The river Arrapus emptied into the great harbor; near its mouth, southward, was situated a castle called Olympia, in which were stored great riches. It was about 500 paces from the city. Syracuse had two harbors, very near one another, and separated only by the island. The harbors were called respectively the great harbor, and the small harbor. The latter was also called Lœtus. Both harbors were surrounded by the buildings of the city. The entrance to this port was only 500 paces wide. It was formed on one side by the point of the island Ortygia, and on the other by the little island and cape of Plemmyriam, which was commanded by a castle of the same name. Above Achradina was a third port, called the harbor of Trogilus.

Nicias, the commander of the Athenian forces, who had arrived with his fleet and army at Catana, in Sicily, having learned that the Syracusans were preparing to march against him, determined at once to sail for Syracuse. This enterprise was both bold and dangerous. He could not, without running the utmost hazard, attempt to land his army in the presence of an enemy who were prepared to attack him with the greatest energy as soon as he should offer to make a descent. Nor was it safer for him to march his troops by land, because, as he had no cavalry, while that of the Syracusans was very strong, upon the first advice they should receive of his march, they would fall upon, and overwhelm him by the superiority of their forces. To extricate himself from this perplexity and enable him to seize upon an advantageous port, which a Syracusan exile had pointed out to him, Nicias had recourse to stratagem. He caused a piece of false information to be conveyed to the enemy.

This was, that by means of a conspiracy which was to take effect on a certain day, the Syracusans might seize on his camp, and possess themselves of all the arms and baggage. The Syracusans, on this assurance, marched toward Catana, and encamped near Leontium. The moment the Athenians had received intelligence of this, they embarked with all their troops and ammunition, and in the evening steered for Syracuse.

The Athenian fleet consisted of 136 ships, 100 of which had been fitted out by the citizens of Athens, the rest belonged to the allies. On board of these vessels were 5,000 heavy-armed soldiers, 2,200 of whom were Athenian citizens; and 1,300 light infantry, of whom eighty were Cretans, 700 were Rhodians, 120 were exiles of Megara, and 400 were inhabitants of various other countries. There was but one company of horse, consisting of eighty troopers, who had embarked on board a vessel proper for transporting cavalry. Thirty vessels carried the provisions and sutlers, with masons, carpenters, and their several tools. The whole fleet was followed by 100 vessels, for their service, exclusive of merchant ships, of which there were great numbers. All this fleet had sailed from Corcyra, to which place the Athenians had proceeded with their ships and army to join those of their allies; but both the fleet and land forces were afterward considerably enlarged. The Syracusans having learned of the coming of this fleet before its arrival at Catana, had sent deputations to all parts of the island, to ask assistance of some, and send succor to others. They had garrisoned all the forts and castles in the

country, reviewed all the soldiers and horses; examined all the arms in the magazines, and settled and prepared all things in a manner most fitted to meet and drive the enemy from their country.

Early the next morning after their departure from Catana, the Athenians arrived in the great harbor. They landed near Olympia, in the place which had been pointed out to them, and there fortified themselves. In the mean time, the Syracusans, finding themselves shamefully over-reached, immediately returned to Syracuse, and a few days afterward drew themselves up in battle array, before the walls of the city. Enraged by the successful stratagem of the enemy, they were determined to drive them into the sea. Nicias immediately marched out of his trenches, and a battle was fought. Victory for a long time did not declare for either party; but suddenly a heavy rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, came down, and the Syracusans, who were inexperienced, the greater part of them having never carried arms before, were frightened at the tempest, while their enemies laughed at it, and regarded nothing but their foes, whom they considered more to be dreaded than the storm. The Syracusans, after making a long and vigorous resistance, were forced to give way, and retreated in good order into the city, after having thrown a body of troops into the temple of Olympia, to prevent its being plundered. After the battle, the Athenians, who were not yet in a condition to attack Syracuse, retired with their fleet into Naxos and Catana, to winter there, with a design to return and lay siege to the city, in the beginning of the next spring. The Syracusans immediately commenced to fortify the city. They took into the city, by a wall, all the tract of land toward Epipolæ, from the northern extremity of Tyche, descending westward toward the quarter of the city afterward called Neapolis, in order to remove the enemy to a greater distance, and to give them more trouble in making their contravallation, by obliging them to give a larger extent to it. They also garrisoned Megara and Olympia, and drove stakes into all those parts of the sea-shore, where the enemy might make an easy descent. Both the Corinthians and the Lacedæmonians had, at the request of the Syracusans, consented to send them succors.

In the mean time, Nicias had received some reinforcements from Athens. These consisted of 250 troopers, who, the Athenians supposed, would be furnished with horses in Sicily, (the troops bringing only the furniture) and thirty horse-archers. They also sent him three hundred talents, that is $355,000, to assist in defraying the expenses of the siege. Nicias now began to prepare for action. The Syracusans hearing that the Athenians had received a reinforcement of cavalry, and would soon lay siege to the city, and knowing that the enemy could not possibly approach it, nor make a contravallation, unless they should possess themselves of the hill of Epipolæ, which commanded Syracuse, they resolved to guard the only avenue by which the enemy could reach it. All other portions of the hill, save this pass, were steep, rugged, and inaccessible. They therefore marched down into the meadow bordered by the river Arrapus, where they reviewed their troops, and then appointed 700 foot, under the command of Diomilus, to guard the pass which led to the hill. Diomilus was ordered to hasten to the hill at the first signal which should be given for that purpose. Nicias, however, conducted his design with so much secrecy, prudence, and expedition, that he arrived at the port of Tragilus, near Leontium, which was but six or seven furlongs from Epipolæ, without the knowledge of the Syracusans. He here disembarked his land forces, and then repaired with his fleet to Thupsus, a small peninsula near Syracuse, the entrance to which he closed with a staccato. His land forces marched with the utmost expedition to seize on Epipolæ, by the pass of Euryclus, before the enemy who were in the plains of Arrapus, had the slightest notice of their arrival. At the first news of the arrival of the Athenians, the 700 soldiers, commanded by Diomilus, hastened to the pass in the utmost confusion. They were immediately attacked by the enemy, and a sharp skirmish ensued. The Syracusans fought with the greatest valor; but overpowered by numbers, they gave way before the enemy, and finally fled, leaving 300 of their men, and their leader, dead upon the field. The Athenians, after erecting a trophy, built a fort on the summit of Epipolæ, in order to secure their baggage, and most valuable effects, in it, whenever they should be forced to fight, or work at the circumvallation. Shortly afterward the Athenians received from the inhabitants of Egesta 300 horses, to which some of their Sicilian allies added 100 more, which with the 250 sent from Athens, made a body of 650 horse. The plan laid down by Nicias for taking Syracuse, was to surround the city on the land side with a strong contravallation, in order to cut off all communication with the place from without, hoping that his fleet would afterward enable him to prevent the Syracusans from receiving any succor or provisions by sea. Accordingly, having left a garrison at Epipolæ, he advanced toward the northern extremity of Tyche, and halting there, he employed his whole army in throwing up a line of con-

travallation to shut up the city, northward from Tyche, as far as Trogilus, situated on the sea-side. This work was carried on with a rapidity which terrified the Syracusans. They thought it absolutely necessary to put a stop to the work, and therefore they sallied out with the fixed design of hazarding an engagement. The armies on both sides were now beginning to face each other; but the Syracusan generals, observing that their own army was in disarray, and could not easily be formed in proper order, made them all wheel off again into the city, except a party of their horse. These, keeping the field, prevented the Athenians from carrying stones, and straggling to any distance from their posts. But an Athenian band of heavy-armed, supported by the whole body of their cavalry, attacked and put to flight the Syracusan horse, with great slaughter.

On the day following, some of the Athenians began to raise a wall along the northern side of the circle; while others were employed in carrying stones and timber, which they laid down in heaps all along the place called Trogilus, near to the line marked out for the circumvallation, which was to reach, by the shortest compass, from the great harbor on one side to the sea on the other. But the Syracusans, who were principally guided by the advice of Hermocrates gave up all thoughts of sallying out for the future with the whole strength of the city to give battle to the Athenians. It was judged more advisable to run along a wall in length, which would cut the line in which the Athenian works were designed to pass, and which, could they effect it in time, must entirely exclude the enemy from perfecting their circumvallation. Nay, further, in case the enemy should come up in a body to interrupt the work, they might give them full employ with one division of their force, while another party might raise pallisades to secure the approaches; at least, as the whole of the Athenian force must be drawn out to oppose them, they would be obliged to discontinue their own works. To raise, therefore, the projected work, they issued out of the city; and beginning at the foot of the city wall from below the Athenian circle, they carried on thence a transverse wall, cutting down the olive-trees in the sacred grove, of which they built wooden turrets to cover their work. The Athenian shipping had not yet come round from Thapsus into the great harbor. But the Syracusans continued masters of all the posts upon the sea, and consequently the Athenians were obliged to fetch up all necessary stores from Thapsus across the land.

When it appeared to the Syracusans that all their pallisades and the transverse wall were sufficiently completed, in which the Athenians had given them no manner of interruption, as they were under apprehensions that, should they divide their force, they might be exposed to a defeat, and at the same time were ardently intent on perfecting their own circumvallation—the Syracusans drew off again into the city, leaving only one band of heavy-armed for the guard of their counter-wall.

In the next place, the Athenians cut off the pipes, which by subterraneous ducts conveyed the drinking-water into the city; and having further observed that the Syracusans kept within their tents during the heat of the day, but that some had straggled into the town, while those posted at the pallisades kept but a negligent guard, they picked out 300 of their heavy-armed, and strengthening them with a choice party of their light-armed soldiers, ordered them to march with all possible speed and attack the counter-work. The rest of their force were to march another way, since, headed by one of the generals, it advanced toward the city, to employ the Syracusans in case they sallied; while the other detachment, headed by the other general, attacked the pallisade which covered the sallyport. Accordingly, the 300 assaulted and carried the pallisade, which those who were posted for its guard abandoned, and fled for shelter behind the works which inclosed Temenites. The pursuers, however, entered with them; but had no sooner got in than they were again forcibly driven out by the Syracusans with considerable loss. But now the whole army, wheeling about, demolished the counter-work, and pulled up the pallisade. The piles, of which it was composed, they carried off in triumph, and erected a trophy.

The next morning the Athenians resumed their work of circumvallation, and continued it across the crag which is above the marsh, and lies on the quarter of Epipolæ that looks toward the great harbor. This was the shortest cut for their circumvallation downward, across the plain and the marsh, till it reached the harbor. Upon this, the Syracusans, issuing again, raised another pallisade, beginning from the city, and stretching quite across the marsh. They also drew up an intrenchment along the pallisade, entirely to prevent the Athenians from continuing their works quite down to the sea. The latter, when they had perfected their work along the crag, were bent on demolishing the new pallisade and intrenchment of the Syracusans. For this purpose, they had ordered their shipping to come about from Thapsus into the great harbor of Syracuse. They themselves, at the morning's dawn, marched down from Epipolæ into the plain; and then, crossing the marsh, where the mud was hardest and best

able to bear, by the help of boards and planks which they laid upon the surface, they carried almost the whole length of the pallisade and intrenchment early in the morning, and were soon masters of the whole. This was not effected without a battle, in which the Athenians were again victorious. The routed Syracusans fled different ways; those who had composed their right, toward the city; and those who had composed their left, toward the river. But with a view to intercepting the passage of the latter, the 300 chosen Athenians marched with all speed to seize the bridge. The Syracusans, alarmed at this movement, as the body consisted of the bulk of their horse, faced about on the 300, and put them to flight, and then broke in upon the right wing of the Athenians. By so unexpected a shock the first band in that wing was thrown into disorder. Lamachus, who commanded the left wing, observing this, advanced to their support. Having crossed a ditch that lay between, seconded only by a few, while the bulk of his party made a full stop, he was instantly slain; as were also five or six of those by whom he was accompanied. The Syracusans now made a precipitate retreat, since the rest of the Athenian army was coming up to attack them.

But now, such of the Syracusans as had fled at first toward the city, having gained leisure to observe such turns in their favor, caught fresh courage from the sight; and, forming again into order, stood their ground against the body of Athenians which faced them. They also sent a detachment to attempt the fort on Epipolæ, concluding it to be unmanned for the present, and might at once be taken. This detachment in fact made itself master of the outwork; but the fort itself was defended by Nicias from all their attempts. Nicias, being much out of order, had been left to repose himself within the fort. He therefore issued orders to his servants to set fire to all the machines and the timber which were lying before the wall; for he was convinced that thus alone, in such a total want of hands for their defense, any safety could be earned. The event answered his expectation; for when the flames began to mount, the Syracusans durst not any longer come near, but thought proper to desist and march away.

For now the Athenians, who by this time had chased the enemy from off the plain, were remounting the ascent to defend their fort, and at the same instant of time, their fleet, conformable to the orders they had received, was standing into the great harbor. The Syracusans upon the high ground beheld the sight, which occasioned them and the whole Syracusan army to retire precipitately into the city; concluding themselves no longer able, without an augmentation of their present strength, to hinder the completion of the Athenian works quite down to the sea.

After this, the Athenians erected a trophy, and, in pursuance of a truce, delivered up their slain to the Syracusans, and received in exchange the body of Lamachus, and of those who fell with him.

The junction of their whole armament, both of their land and naval force, being now completed, they began again, from Epipolæ and the crag, to invest the Syracusans with a double wall, which they were to continue quite down to the sea. The necessary provisions to supply their army were brought in from all the coasts of Italy. Many cities of Sicily, which had hitherto stood aloof, declared now for the Athenians, and came to their alliance.

Nicias, who was now sole general, since Lamachus was dead, was filled with hope. The Syracusans on the contrary, seeing themselves blockaded, both by sea and land, lost all hopes of being able to defend their city any longer, and soon, made proposals for an accommodation. Gylippus, who was on his way to their assistance, having been sent by the Lacedæmonians, heard, on his passage, of the extremity to which the Syracusans were reduced, and, looking upon their city as lost, he abandoned Syracuse to its fate. He nevertheless sailed forward toward Sicily, with a view of preserving, if possible, to the nations of Italy, such cities as were subject to them on that island. Nicias, confiding in his own strength, and believing that Syracuse would soon capitulate, regarded Gylippus's approach as a matter of no moment, and consequently took no precaution to prevent his landing. He termed him a trifling pirate, not worthy, in any manner, of his notice.

The fortifications of the Athenians were now almost completed. They had drawn a double wall, nearly half a league in length, along the plain and the marshes, toward the great harbor, which it almost reached. There now remained on the side toward Trogilus, only a small part of the wall to be finished. The Syracusans, therefore, were on the brink of ruin; hopeless and despairing, they resolved to surrender. But at the very moment that the articles of capitulation were being drawn up, prior to their presentation to Nicias, a Corinthian officer named Gongylus arrived from Corinth, on board a galley with three banks of oars. At his arrival all the citizens flocked around him. He informed them that Gylippus would be with them immediately, and that other ships of war would soon arrive from Corinth. The Syracusans, surprised, nay, stupefied by this intelligence, could scarcely believe what they heard.

While they were thus fluctuating between fear and hope, a courier arrived from Gylippus to inform them of his approach, and to order them to march out to meet him with their troops. He himself, after having taken a fort in his way, immediately marched in battle array toward Epipolæ, and, ascending the hill by the pass of Eurycus, as the Athenians had done, he prepared to attack the fort, while the Syracusans, with a body of his troops, should make an assault on the enemy's works. The Athenians, exceedingly surprised at his arrival, drew up hastily and without order, under the walls. Gylippus, however, having ordered his forces to halt, dispatched a herald to the Athenians, proclaiming that "in case they would evacuate Sicily within the space of five days, with their arms and baggage, he would readily grant them peace." Nicias did not condescend to reply to this proposal. His soldiers heard it with disdain, and one of them, laughing loudly, asked the herald "whether the arrival of one Lacedæmonian cloak and staff should inspire the Syracusans with contempt for the power of the Athenians." Upon the return of the herald both sides prepared for battle. Gylippus stormed the fort on the hill, and cut to pieces all who were found in it. The same day an Athenian galley, with three banks of oars, was taken by the Syracusans as it was entering the harbor. After this the Syracusans and their allies set about erecting a counterwork along Epipolæ. Beginning at the city they carried it upward toward the single wall of the Athenians, which had an oblique direction, and intended that in case the Athenians could not prevent its completion, it should entirely exclude them from perfecting their circumvallation. The Athenians, after having finished the wall which extended to the sea, towards the great harbor, returned to the hills. Gylippus, perceiving a weak spot in the single wall which the Athenians had built on the hills of Epipolæ, marched thither with his troops; but being discovered by the Athenians, who were encamped without their works, he was forced to retire. The Athenians immediately strengthened that part of the wall, and raised it higher. They then took the guard of it themselves, while their allies were fixed in the several posts of the remainder of the intrenchment.

Nicias also judged it expedient to fortify the spot called Plemmyrium. "If this were fortified," he thought, "the importation of necessaries for the army would be better secured; because then, from a smaller distance, they could at any time command the harbor where the Syracusan shipping lay; and, should it be their ill fortune to be straitened by sea, might easier fetch in supplies than in the present station of their fleet at the bottom of the great harbor." Now also he began, with greater attention than before, to study how to distress them by sea; convinced, since the arrival of Gylippus, how little room he had to hope for success by land. To this spot, therefore, he ordered his fleet, and drew his land forces down, and immediately erected three forts. In these the greatest part of the baggage was laid up; and the transports and light ships were immediately stationed there. To this project the havoc which afterward ensued among the seamen is principally to be ascribed; for, as they suffered in this station under scarcity of water, and the mariners were frequently obliged to fetch both water and wood from a distance, since near at hand they were not to be had, the Syracusan horse, who were masters of the country, slaughtered them in abundance. The Syracusans had posted a third part of their cavalry at their fortress of Olympia, to bridle the marauding excursions of the enemy at Plemmyrium.

Nicias, having received intelligence that the Corinthian fleet was advancing, sent twenty galleys against it, ordering them to cruize about Locri and Rhegium and the capes of Sicily, in order to intercept them.

Gylippus, in the mean time, was employed in building the counter-wall along Epipolæ, making use of the very stones which the Athenians had laid ready in heaps for the continuation of their own work. It was also his daily custom to draw up the Syracusans and allies in order of battle, and lead them out beyond the point of the counter-wall; which obliged the Athenians to draw up likewise, to observe their motions. And, when Gylippus judged he could attack them with advantage, he instantly advanced, and, the charge being given and received, a battle ensued in the space between their respective works; but so narrow that no use could be made of the Syracusan and confederate horse. The Syracusans and allies were accordingly defeated. They fetched off their slain by truce, and the Athenians erected a trophy. But Gylippus, having assembled the army round him, made a declaration in the presence of them all, that the defeat was not to be charged to their want of bravery, but to his own indiscretion, in ranging his battle in too confined a spot between the works, and that he would soon give them an opportunity to recover both their honor and his own. Accordingly, the very next day, he led them against the enemy, after having exhorted them in the strongest terms to behave in a manner worthy of their ancient glory. It was the opinion of Nicias, and in general of all the Athenians, that though it was not their own interest to bring on an engage-

ment, yet it was highly necessary for them to put a stop to the wall which the enemy was erecting to hinder their progress; for, by this time the Syracusans had extended their wall beyond the extreme point to which the Athenians had brought their circumvallation. He therefore marched his troops against the Syracusans. Gylippus brought up his men beyond the spot where the walls terminated, on both sides, in order that he might extend his battle. Then charging the enemy's left wing with his horse he put it to flight, and shortly afterwards he defeated the right. The following night the Syracusans carried on their wall beyond the circumvallation of the Athenians, and thus deprived them of all hopes of being ever able to surround them.

After this success, the Syracusans, to whose aid the Corinthian fleet had arrived, unperceived by the Athenian ships, after arming several galleys, marched into the plains with their cavalry and other forces, and took a great number of prisoners. They sent deputies to Lacedæmonia and Corinth to desire reinforcements. Gylippus, in person, went through all the cities of Sicily to solicit them to aid him in expelling the Athenians from the island. The greater part of them complied with his request, and sent powerful succors to Syracuse. Nicias, finding his troops lessen, while those of the enemy increased daily, began to be discouraged. He not only sent expresses to Athens to acquaint them of the state of affairs, but likewise wrote to them in the strongest terms, demanding reinforcements and aid. In his letter, after representing the danger in which his army was placed, he requested that they should appoint a person to succeed him in command, because he was affected with a nephritic disorder, which prevented him from sustaining the weight of the command. He imagined that he deserved this favor at their hands on account of the many services he had done them when in the vigor of his life. He concluded by urging them to use all possible expedition in the execution of whatever resolution they might arrive at; for the ready supplies which the Syracusans received in Sicily would soon enable them to act. And moreover, that unless they exerted themselves the Lacedæmonians would steal a march upon them as they had done before, and arrive at Syracuse before them. The Athenians were strongly affected by this letter; still they did not think it proper to appoint him a successor. They nominated, however, two officers who were under him, namely Menander and Euthydemus, to assist him till other generals should be sent. Eurymedon and Demosthenes were chosen to succeed Lamarchus and Alcibiades, the former having been slain during the siege, while the latter had been recalled before. Eurymedon set out immediately with ten galleys, and with a supply of twenty talents of silver ($19,375), to assure Nicias that a speedy succor should be sent him. In the mean time Demosthenes set about raising troops and contributions in order to set sail for Syracuse early in the spring.

Meanwhile Gylippus returned from his tour through Sicily, with as many men as he could raise in the whole island. He advised the Syracusans to fit out the strongest fleet in their power, and to hazard a battle at sea. This advice was warmly seconded by Hermocrates, who exhorted the Syracusans not to abandon the empire of the sea to their enemies. The advice was approved, and accordingly a large fleet was equipped. Gylippus led out all his land forces in the night time to attack the forts of the enemy at Plemmyrium. Thirty-five Syracusan galleys, which were in the great harbor, and 45 which were in the lesser, where was an arsenal for ships, were ordered to advance toward Plemmyrium, to amaze the Athenians, who would see themselves attacked both by sea and land at the same time. The Athenians, however, apprised of the movement of the enemy's fleet, lost no time, but instantly manned 60 ships, to intercept the Syracusan fleet. With 25 galleys they engaged the 35 Syracusan ships, in the great harbor, and with the others went to meet the other squadron that was coming from the arsenal. A sharp battle immediately ensued in the mouth of the great harbor. The dispute was long and obstinate; one side exerting themselves to clear the passage, and the other to obstruct. The Athenians, who were posted in the forts of Plemmyrium, having flocked to the shores, to view the battle, Gylippus attacked the forts unexpectedly at daybreak, and having carried the greatest of them by storm, the soldiers who defended the other two were so terrified that they abandoned them in a moment. After this advantage, the Syracusans sustained a considerable loss. The Syracusan squadron that was engaged at the mouth of the harbor, having forced their way through the enemy's fleet, by sailing forward in a disorderly manner, and continually running foul upon one another, gave the Athenians an opportunity to regain the day. Falling upon this disordered squadron, the Athenian fleet quickly routed it, and then fiercely attacked those ships of the enemy which had been victorious in the great harbor. They sunk 11 Syracusan galleys, and made a slaughter of all their crews, those of their ships excepted, to whom they gave quarter. Having afterward drawn ashore the shattered remains of the van-

quished Syracusan ships, and piled them into a trophy on the little isle, before Plemmyrium, they retired into the main encampment. The Syracusans also raised their trophies for the taking of the trust-forts. One of these forts they leveled to the ground, but the other two they repaired and garrisoned.

In this surprisal of the forts, many Athenians were slain, and many were made prisoners, and a great stock of wealth deposited there became the prize of the enemy. For, as the Athenians had made use of these forts by way of magazine, much wealth belonging to merchants, and corn in abundance, were found within; much also of the stores belonging to the captains of the ships of war, inasmuch as forty masts for galleys, and other materials of refitment, had been laid up there; and three galleys were hauled ashore to be careened. Nay, this surprisal of Plemmyrium was one of the chief, if not the greatest source of all the distress which the Athenian army suffered in the sequel; for no longer was the sea open to them for the secure importation of necessary supplies. From this time the Syracusans rushed upon them thence, and awed all their motions. The convoys could no more get in without fighting their way. Beside that, in all other respects, it struck a great consternation, and even a dejection of mind among the troops.

There happened also a skirmish in the harbor of Syracuse, about the piles which the Syracusans had driven down in the sea before their old docks, that their vessels might ride in safety behind them, and the Athenians be unable to stand in among them to do any damage to their shipping. Close up to those piles the Athenians towed a raft of prodigious size, on which turrets and parapets to cover the defendants were erected, while others in long boats fastened cables round the piles, and, by the help of a machine convenient for the purpose, drew them up; and such as they broke, a set of divers sawed them off close at the bottom. The Syracusans, in the mean time, were pouring their missile weapons upon them from the docks, which were plentifully returned by those posted on the raft. In short, the Athenians plucked up the most of the piles, but one part of the staccade was exceeeingly difficult to be demolished, as it lay out of sight; for they had driven down some of the piles in such a manner that their heads emerged not above the surface of the water. This rendered all access exceeding dangerous; since, ignorant where they lay, a pilot would be apt to bulge his vessel as if it were upon a shelve. But even these, the divers, for a pecuniary reward, searched out and sawed away. And yet, as fast as this was done, the Syracusans drove down a fresh set of piles. The contrivances, both of annoyance and prevention, were strenuously exerted on both sides, as might justly be expected from two hostile bodies posted so near one another; the skirmishings were often renewed, and every artifice of war was successively practiced.

The Syracusans esteemed it of the utmost importance to attempt a second engagement, both by sea and land, before the Athenians should receive succors from Athens. They had concerted fresh measures for a battle at sea, profiting by the errors they had committed in the last action. They made great changes in their galleys, making the prows shorter, and at the same time stronger and more solid than before. For this purpose they fixed great pieces of timber, projecting forward, on each side of the prows, and to these beams they joined beams by way of props. By this they hoped to gain the advantage over the galleys of the Athenians, which, with their slight prows, did not dare to attack an enemy in front, but only in flank. Gylippus first advanced with all his infantry toward that part of the contravallation of the Athenians, which faced the city, while the troops of Olympia marched toward the other. Immediately afterward the Syracusan galleys set sail to engage the enemy's fleet. Nicias, although unwilling to venture a second battle, was forced to do so by the urgent solicitation of the newly-appointed officers, Meander and Euthydemus. The Athenian fleet consisted of 75 galleys, while the Syracusans' numbered 80. The first day, the fleets continued in sight of each other in the great harbor, without engaging; only a few skirmishes passed, after which both parties retired, and at the same time the land army drew off from the intrenchments. Two days afterward, the Syracusans, earlier in the morning than before, but with the same parade of their land and naval force, came out to attack the Athenians. The two fleets shortly afterward engaged. Victory did not continue long in suspense. The Athenians, after making a short and slight resistance, retreated. They lost in this engagement seven galleys, whose crews were either slaughtered or taken prisoners. The Syracusans were highly elated by this victory, and felt assured that they must soon conquer by land as well as by sea. At this crisis, Demosthenes and Eurymedon arrived with a fleet of 73 gorgeously ornamented galleys, on board of which were 5,000 fighting men, and 3,000 archers, slingers, and bowmen. All these galleys were richly trimmed, their prows being adorned with shining streamers, and as they were rapidly propelled over the water by the stout rowers, animated by the sound of clarions and trumpets, they presented a magnificent appearance. Demosthenes

flattered himself with the hope that he should be able to carry the city at the first attack, but having been defeated in his assault upon the wall which cut off the contravallation of the besiegers, this hope vanished. The Syracusans were, indeed, alarmed at the arrival of this fleet. They could not see the end, nor even the suspension of their calamities; but their courage seemed to increase with their distresses. Demosthenes now confined himself to the attack of Epipolæ, believing that if he should once master it, the wall would be quite undefended. As there was no going up to it in the day-time without being discovered, he marched thither in the night with all his forces, who were supplied with provisions for five days. The Athenians ascended the hill by the pass of Euryclus unperceived by the sentinels. They stormed and took the fort, and killed the most of those who defended it. Demosthenes taking advantage of the ardor of his troops, marched rapidly toward the wall. In the mean time Gylippus with his forces marched out of the intrenchment to repel the enemy. But the darkness of the night was so great that they were suddenly attacked by the enemy before they were aware of their presence. Thrown into complete disorder by this unexpected assault, the Syracusans were routed and put to flight, and the enemy would have taken their works, had not a party of Bœotians, who composed a part of Gylippus's force, suddenly turned back upon the Athenians. With loud shouts the Bœotians, presenting their pikes, threw themselves upon the Athenians. A sharp conflict ensued, but the Athenians, disordered and confused, were repulsed with fearful slaughter. Terror reigned supreme in their ranks. The Athenians in the dark, not knowing friend from foe, dealt their blows indiscriminately, and many of them were slain by their own comrades. At length, turning, they fled in a confused mass down the hill, and many of them, leaping from the top of the rocks into the depths below, were killed by the fall. Those who escaped straggled from one another up and down through the fields and woods, and were cut to pieces by the enemy's horse the next day. Two thousand Athenians were slain during this engagement, and a great quantity of arms fell into the hands of the Syracusans, the fugitives having thrown them away in order to facilitate their escape.

After this great loss the Athenians were filled with consternation. Many of the troops in their intrenchments died daily, either by the diseases of autumn, or by the foul air of the marshes near which they were encamped. Demosthenes was now of opinion that they had better raise the siege, and quit the country, before it was too late in the season to set sail. New troops having arrived from various parts of Sicily, to the aid of the Syracusans, the Athenians were so terrified, that orders were given to the fleet to prepare for sailing with the utmost expedition. When all things were ready, at the very moment they were going to set sail (wholly unexpected by the enemy, who were far from surmising that they would leave Sicily), the moon was suddenly eclipsed in the middle of the night. Nicias and his whole army were so much terrified at this phenomenon, being entirely ignorant of its cause, that they decided to remain 27 days longer before they set sail. But they were not allowed time for this. The news of the intended departure of the Athenians being soon spread throughout Syracuse, a resolution was taken to attack the besiegers both by sea and land. The Syracusans began the fight by attacking the intrenchments of the besiegers, and gained a slight advantage over the enemy. On the next day they made a second attack on the intrenchments, and also at the same time sailed with 76 galleys against 86 of the Athenians. Eurymedon, who commanded the right wing of the Athenian fleet, extended his ships along the shore, in order to surround the Syracusans. This management proved fatal to him; for as he was detaching from the main body of the fleet, the Syracusans attacked the center, which they forced, and then drove their ships against him with such fury that he was driven into the gulf called Dascon. There he was entirely defeated. Eurymedon lost his life during the engagement.

The Syracusans after defeating the right wing of the enemy, gave chase to the other galleys, and ran them on shore. Gylippus, who commanded the land army, perceiving that the Athenian ships were forced aground, and not able to return to their old quarters in the great harbor, went down with a part of his troops, in order to charge such soldiers as would be compelled to fly to the shore; and to give his friends a better opportunity of towing off such galleys as they should have taken. However, he was repulsed by a troop of Tyrrhenians who were posted on that side. The Athenians flew to sustain their allies, and obliged Gylippus to retire with loss as far as the marsh called Lysimelia, which was near the place of action. The Athenians saved all of their ships, except eighteen, which the Syracusans had captured with their crews, whom they cut to pieces. After this, resolving to burn the rest of the enemy's fleet, the Syracusans filled an old vessel with combustibles, and having set fire to it, drove it against the Athenians, who nevertheless extinguished the flames, and

drove back the old ship. Both sides erected trophies; the Syracusans for the defeat of Eurymedon, and the advantage they had gained before, and the Athenians for having driven part of the enemy into the marsh, and put the other to flight.

But the minds of the two nations were very differently disposed. The Syracusans, lately dejected and downcast, by the arrival of Demosthenes with his fleet were now full of joy and hope. The Athenians, on the contrary, were filled with gloom and apprehension, and thought only of retiring from the country.

The Syracusans, to deprive them of all resource, and prevent their escaping, shut up the mouth of the harbor, in which was the Athenian fleet, with galleys placed across, and fixed with anchors and iron chains. At the same time they made due preparations for battle in case the Athenians should have the courage to engage them again. The Athenian generals seeing themselves thus hemmed in, held a consultation, and after much discussion resolved to hazard another sea fight. With this view they determined to leave their old camp and their walls, which extended to the temple of Hercules; and to intrench themselves on the shore, near their ships in the smallest compass possible. Their design was to leave a guard to protect their baggage and sick, and to fight with the rest on board all the ships they had remaining. They intended to retire to Catana in case they should be victorious, or, if defeated, to burn their galleys, and march by land to the nearest city belonging to their allies. All this being fully determined upon, Nicias immediately filled 10 galleys (the others having lost their oars), with the flower of his infantry, and drew up the balance of his army, in battle array along the shore. The Athenians provided themselves with harping-irons, in order to grapple the ships of the enemy, and close with them, before they could make use of their heavy beaks. But the Syracusans perceiving this covered the prows and upper works of their galleys with leather, in order to prevent them being so easily seized. The commanders on both sides having exhorted their men to fight nobly during the coming strife, gave the signal for battle, and the two fleets advanced against each other. The Athenians easily took their ships which defended the mouth of the harbor; but when they were attempting to break the chains in order to widen the passage the Syracusan ships came upon them from all quarters. As nearly 200 galleys came rushing on each side toward one narrow spot, there must have been necessarily very great confusion. The galleys crowding together, could not easily advance, retire, nor turn back. The beaks of the Syracusan galleys, for this reason, did but little execution; but the discharges were furious and frequent. The Athenians were overwhelmed by showers of stones, which came upon them from every quarter, committing dreadful havoc; whereas, they defended themselves only by shooting darts and arrows, which by the motion of the ships from the agitation of the water, could not be well aimed, and consequently did but little execution. At length the heavy-armed soldiers of the Syracusan forces, attempted to enter the enemy's ships in order to fight them hand-to-hand; and it often happened that, while they were climbing into a ship of their enemy, their own vessel would be grappled by several others, and thus two or three galleys would be entangled together, occasioning the greatest perplexity and confusion. The officers were distracted with many cares, and in the midst of all the turmoil and noise their orders, when given, were not heeded. The Athenians were determined to force a passage, whatever might be the consequences, that they might secure a return into their own country, while the enemy employed their every effort to prevent this, that they might gain a complete and more glorious victory. The two land armies of the contending parties, which were drawn up on the highest part of the shore, and many of the citizens of Syracuse running to the walls, all gazed upon the spectacle with the most intense anxiety. Many of the citizens not daring to look upon the scene, ran to the temples, and kneeling, implored the gods to give success to the defenders of their city. The spectators of the battle, looked upon the scene as from an amphitheater. They simultaneously shuddered at every movement of the contending fleets, and the expressions of joy, hope, fear, sorrow and dismay, which arose from all, testified to the interest which they took in the battle. They stretched out their hands toward the combatants, as if to animate them to renewed exertions, and then toward heaven, to implore the succor and protection of the gods. And thus, both in the camp of the Athenians, and in that of the Syracusans, nothing was to be heard during the engagement, but shouts of victory, or shrieks of despair. At length the Athenian fleet, after a long and desperate resistance, was put to flight, and driven to the shore. And now a shout of victory arose both from the Syracusan galleys and from their camp, which seemed to rend the very air, and which conveyed tidings of joy to those who were in the city. The Syracusans erected a trophy, but the Athenians dejected and overpowered, retired to their camp, on the shore, and did not even request that their dead might be

delivered over to them for burial. Two alternatives now only remained to them; either again to attempt the passage, or to abandon their fleet to the enemy, and retire by land. Demosthenes proposed the former; but the sailors, in the deepest affliction, refused to obey, fully satisfied that it would be impossible for them to sustain a second engagement. The second method was therefore adopted, and accordingly they prepared to set out in the night, to conceal the march of their army from the enemy. But Hermocrates, who suspected their design, was very sensible that it was of the utmost importance, not to suffer so great a body of forces to escape, since they might otherwise fortify themselves in some part of the island and renew the war. But the Syracusans were too much engaged in their rejoicings over their late victory, to heed his advice, and march against the enemy. Hermocrates, therefore, sent out a few horsemen, who were to pass as friends to the Athenians, and ordered them to cry aloud, when within hearing distance of the enemy's camp: "Tell Nicias not to march until daybreak, for the Syracusans lie in ambush for him, and have seized on all the passes." This false advice stopped Nicias at once. He did not even set out the next day, in order that his soldiers might have more time to prepare for their departure. In the mean time, however, the enemy had seized upon all the avenues of escape. On the third day the Athenians set out upon their march. Terrible indeed must have been the feelings of the soldiers as they quitted their camp. The ground was strewn with the dead bodies of their companions, and as each soldier passed the mutilated remains of a former associate and beloved friend, his mind was seized with a horror which nothing could shake off. But the sick and wounded who were left behind were causes of much greater affliction to the hearts of the Athenians, than were even the dead. Bursting out into prayers and lamentations, they occasioned a wild irresolution of thoughts to those who were abandoning them. The poor creatures, crawling upon the ground, and calling upon the name of friends or acquaintances, they entreated that they might not be left behind. Some encountering old comrades, rose, and with a spasmodic exertion, clasped their arms about their necks, and were thus dragged along, while they could keep their hold; but when their strength failed them they fell, giving the departing soldiers a last farewell in a torrent of curses and hideous howls.

The armies marched in two bodies drawn up in the form of a phalanx; the first being commanded by Nicias, and the second by Demosthenes, with the baggage in the center. During their march they were continually annoyed by the enemy, every one of the passes being guarded. They were obliged to dispute every inch of their way. The Syracusans were unwilling to hazard a battle against an army still formidable (being even now 40,000 strong), and which despair alone might render invincible. The Athenian generals, seeing the miserable condition of their troops, being in extreme want of provisions, and a great many of them wounded, judged it expedient to retire toward the sea by a way quite contrary to that which they then marched, and to make directly for Camarina and Gela, instead of proceeding to Catana as they first intended. They set out in the night, after lighting a great number of fires. The vanguard, commanded by Nicias, went forward in good order; but about half the rear guard, with Demosthenes at their head, lost the way. On the next day, the Syracusans overtook him about noon; and, having surrounded him with their horse, drove him into a narrow place inclosed with a wall, where his soldiers fought like lions. At length, toward the close of the day, covered with wounds, and oppressed with fatigue, Demosthenes and his soldiers surrendered at discretion, on condition that they should not be put to death, nor sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. About 6,000 soldiers thus surrendered. On the same evening Nicias arrived at the river Erineus, which he passed, and encamped on a mountain. The next day the Syracusans came up with him, and summoned him to surrender at discretion as Demosthenes had done. Nicias, however, could not at first be persuaded that Demosthenes had really surrendered; but upon discovering that he had done so, he offered to pay the expenses of the war, upon condition that he should be permitted to leave the country with his forces, and give as many Athenians as hostages, as he should be obliged to pay talents. This offer the Syracusans rejected with scorn, and at once commenced the attack. The Athenians, although in want of all things, nevertheless sustained the charge the whole night, and the next morning marched to the river Asinarus. No sooner had his soldiers reached the banks of the river, than mad with thirst, for during their stay in the mountain, no water had passed their lips, they precipitated themselves into the stream, and drank eagerly. The Syracusans fell upon them while they were drinking, and a terrible slaughter ensued. The poor wretches, unable to defend themselves, where killed while in the very act of drinking, until the water was discolored with their gore, and their carcasses lay heaped one upon another in the river, fairly impeding its current. Nicias, seeing every thing lost, surrendered himself prisoner to Gylippus, choos-

ing rather to fall into his hands than into those of the Syracusan generals. Eighteen thousand of the Athenians were killed, and a great number were made prisoners. The victors adorned the trees that bordered the banks of the river, with the arms taken from the prisoners; and then crowning themselves with chaplets of flowers, and dressing their horses in the richest caparisons, and cropping the manes of those of their captives, they triumphantly entered into Syracuse. The next day a council was held to deliberate on what was to be done with the prisoners. Diocles, one of the leaders of the greatest authority among the people, proposed that all the Athenians who were born of free parents, and all such Sicilians as had joined with them, should be imprisoned in the quarries, and only half a pint of water, and a small loaf of bread, be given them daily; that all the slaves and allies should be publicly sold; and that the two Athenian generals, Demosthenes and Nicias, should be first scourged with rods and afterward put to death. This cruel proposal was adopted, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Gylippus, who wished to carry them to Sparta, since he had taken them, Nicias and Demosthenes were barbarously put to death. Thus, in the year 413 B.C., terminated the siege of Syracuse, after a continuance of twelve months.

Second Siege, B.C. 403.—In the year 403 B.C., Himilco, the Carthaginian general, with an army of 300,000 foot (some authors say 30,000 only), and 3,000 horse, marched toward the city of Syracuse, from the landward side, with the intention of laying siege to it. At the same time, 200 Carthaginian ships of war, followed by 500 barks, entered the harbor. The land army encamped at about a mile and a half from the city, and Himilco immediately offered battle to the inhabitants. But the Syracusans declined, and Himilco felt satisfied that he would soon be master of the city. In the mean time he laid waste the suburbs of Syracuse; he ravaged Achradina, and plundered the temples of Ceres and Proserpine. He beat down the tombs which stood outside the city, and fortified his camp with them. But while he was thus engaged a pestilence suddenly arose in his army. The summer was at its height, and the heat was intense. The plague first began among the Africans, of whom a large portion of the army consisted. His men died by scores, and at length the survivors and the healthy could no longer bury the dead, nor administer to the sick. This plague had very uncommon symptoms. The infected were seized with violent dysenteries, raging fevers, and in the midst of their pains madness would possess them, and they bit and tore any person that approached them. Dionysius, perceiving the pitable condition of the Carthaginians, immediately attacked them. The Syracusans met with but little resistance: the Carthaginians, already conquered by disease, submitted themselves to the swords of their enemies. The Carthaginian fleet was burned or taken almost to the last ship. All the inhabitants, even the old, the young, and the feeble, went out of the city to witness the conflagration. In the mean time the Syracusan army was dealing death upon the enemy at the other side of the city. Night put an end to the slaughter, and then Himilco entreated Dionysius to allow him to return home with the remains of his shattered army. He offered 300 talents ($274,666), all the specie he had, as a ransom. Dionysius allowed only the Carthaginians to depart. With these Himilco stole away in the night, leaving the Africans to the mercy of the conqueror.

After the death of Dionysius, Syracuse was involved in great trouble. Dionysius the younger was expelled, and afterward restored himself by force of arms, and exercised great cruelties there.

Third Siege, B.C. 214.—Two hundred years after the siege of Syracuse by the Athenians, the city was besieged by the Romans, during their second war with the Carthaginians. The Syracusans having declared for the Carthaginians, the Romans at once declared war against them. The government of Syracuse was at this time in the hands of Hippocrates and Epicycles, whom the people had elected supreme magistrates of the city. After entering and taking Leontine, Marcellus, the Roman consul, advanced with his forces toward Syracuse. He determined to besiege the place by sea and land; by land on the side of the Hexapylum; and by sea on that of the Achradina, the walls of which were washed by the waves. He gave Appius the command of the land forces, and reserved that of the fleet to himself. It consisted of sixty galleys of five benches of oars, which were crowded with soldiers armed with bows, slings, and darts, to scour the walls. There were a great number of other vessels laden with machines of all descriptions, used in attacking places. When the Romans attacked them both by sea and land, the Syracusans were struck dumb with terror, imagining that they could not possibly resist such numerous forces, and so furious an assault. But by the assistance of one single man, they were enabled to repel the enemy. That man was Archimedes.

He had for many years been engaged in making all manner of engines and machines, which could be used either for attack or defense in a siege, and now that they were needed he

brought them into service. As soon as his machines began to play on the land side, they discharged upon the Roman infantry all sorts of missive weapons, and stones of an enormous size, with so much noise, force, and velocity, that nothing could stand before them; they overturned and crushed whatever they encountered, and spread terrible disorder throughout the ranks. On the side toward the sea, behind the walls, he erected vast machines, which suddenly letting fall enormous beams, with immense weights at their ends upon the Roman ships, sunk them to the bottom. Besides this he caused an iron grapple, attached to a chain, which in turn was fastened to a lever, to be let down suddenly among the besiegers' ships; and having caught hold of the prow of a galley, an enormous weight was swung from the other end of the lever, which consequently lifted the galley entirely out of the water, stern downward. Then suddenly unclasping the grapple, the vessel fell into the sea with such force, that it immediately filled and sunk. Other vessels were drawn toward the shore by means of ropes and hooks, and after being whirled about, they were dashed to pieces against the rocks that projected below the walls, and their crews perished. Large galleys, frequently seized and suspended in the air, were rapidly whirled about, presenting a dreadful spectacle to the beholders. After their crews had been thrown out by the violence of the motion, the galleys were suddenly precipitated into the sea, by the unclosing of the jaws of the engine. Marcellus at great expense had prepared a machine called *Sambuca*, on account of its resemblance to a musical instrument of that name. He selected two galleys of five benches, from which he caused half of the oars to be removed, that is to say, each galley was provided with oars on one side only. The galleys were then joined together two and two, on the side without oars, forming as it were one enormous vessel. The machine, which consisted of a ladder, four feet wide, was, when erect, of equal height with the walls of the city. It was laid at length upon the sides of the two galleys joined together, and extended considerably beyond their beaks. Upon the masts of these vessels were fixed cords and pulleys. When the machine was to be brought into use, the cords were affixed to its extremity, and men at the stern drew it up by pulleys, while others at the head assisted in raising it with levers.

Marcellus caused six of these machines to be prepared, and after they were completed, ordered one of them to be brought forward to the foot of the walls, but no sooner had Archimedes discovered it, than he discharged three enormous stones one after the other upon it. All of the stones took effect, striking upon the machine with amazing force and noise, shattering and totally disjointing it. Marcellus, perplexed and discouraged, drew off his galleys with all possible rapidity, and sent orders to the land forces to retreat also. He then called a council of war, at which it was resolved to approach close under the walls; if it was possible, the next morning before daybreak. For Archimedes' engines, they thought, being very strong, and intended to act at a great distance, would then discharge themselves over their heads. But Archimedes had provided against all contingences. He had prepared machines long before, that carried to all distances, a proportionate quantity of darts and beams, which being very short, required less time for discharging them, and consequently their action was more rapid than the others. Besides, he had caused holes to be made in the walls, in which he placed *Scorpions*, machines made in the nature of a cross-bow, which, although they did not carry far could be discharged with the utmost rapidity. When the Romans had gained the foot of the walls, and considered themselves well-covered, they were assailed with showers of darts and huge pieces of rocks, which fell directly upon their heads, for the engines played from every quarter of the wall.

This obliged them to retire. But in their retreat they were overtaken by cloud after cloud of arrows, stones, darts, and beams, which committed great havoc upon their ranks. Their galleys also were driven back by the vigorous discharges of the terrible machines. And the Romans could not possibly assail the enemy in return. For Archimedes had placed his engines under cover of the walls; so that the Romans, infinitely distressed by an invisible foe, seemed to fight against the gods. Marcellus, although much perplexed, and at a loss what to do, still could not refrain from jesting at the undignified manner in which his troops had retreated. "Why," said he, "do we contend against this mathematical Briareus, who, sitting on the shore, as if he were but in jest, drives us from him, and overwhelms us with such a multitude of darts. Why, even the hundred-handed giants in the fable could not equal him." Marcellus had reason for complaining of Archimedes alone, for in truth, all the other Syracusans were no more that the members of the engines and machines of that great geometrician, who was himself the soul of all their power and operations. All other weapons were unemployed; his were the only offensive and defensive arms of the city. At length, the Roman soldiers were so terrified, that if they saw but a rope or stick moving on the walls of the city, they cried out that Archimedes was leveling some in-

fernal machine at them, and turned their backs and fled. Marcellus, seeing this, gave up all thoughts of carrying the place by assault, and leaving the matter to time, turned the siege into a blockade, with the determination of reducing the place by famine. To Archimedes alone were the Syracusans indebted for the preservation of their city at that time If he had not been with them, the Romans would have inevitably taken the place by force of arms.

After Marcellus had resolved to confine himself to the blockade of Syracuse, he left Appius before the city, with two thirds of the army, advanced with the other into the island, and brought over several cities to the Roman interest. At the same time Hamilcar, the Carthaginian general, arrived in Sicily with a great army, in hopes of reconquering it, and expelling the Romans. His forces amounted to 20,000 foot, 3,000 horse, and twelve elephants, with which he marched against Agrigentum, which he retook from the Romans, with several other cities lately reduced by Marcellus. Thereupon, the Syracusan garrison, which was yet entire, determined to send out Hippocrates with 10,000 foot, and 1,500 horse, to join Hamilcar. Marcellus, after having made a vain attempt on Agrigentum, was returning to Syracuse. As he drew near Acrilæ, he unexpectedly discovered Hippocrates busy in fortifying his camp, and falling upon him before he had time to draw up his army, he cut 8,000 of them in pieces. After gaining this victory, Marcellus returned against Syracuse, and having sent off Appius to Rome, he appointed Q. Crispinus in his place. The siege and blockade had now lasted two years, and Marcellus, almost absolutely despairing of being able to take Syracuse either by force (because Archimedes continually opposed him with invincible obstacles) or by famine, as the Carthaginian fleet, which had returned more numerous than before, easily threw in convoys, deliberated whether he should continue before Syracuse to push the siege, or turn his endeavors toward Agrigentum. But before he came to a final determination, he thought it proper to try whether he could make himself master of Syracuse by some secret intelligence. There were many Syracusans in his camp, who had taken refuge there in the beginning of the troubles. A slave of one of these secretly carried on an intrigue, in which fourteen of the principal citizens of Syracuse were engaged. These persons came in companies to consult with Marcellus in his camp, concealed under nets in fishermen's boats. The conspiracy was on the point of taking effect, when a person named Allatus, through resentment for not having been admitted into it, discovered the whole to Epicydes, who put all the conspirators to death. This enterprise having thus miscarried, Marcellus could think of nothing, but the shame of raising a siege which had consumed so much time, and in which he had lost so many ships, and men. An accident supplied him with a recourse, and gave new life to his hopes. Some Roman vessels had taken one Damippus, a Spartan, whom Epicydes had sent to negotiate with Philip, King of Macedon. The Syracusans being very desirous to ransom Damippus, several conferences were held between the besiegers and the besieged about it. The conferences were held in a place near the port Trogilus, and as the deputies visited several times, a Roman soldier took notice that the tower was but slightly guarded, and thought that a number of men might easily be introduced into it. He made a good estimate of its height, and without loss of time, communicated his plan to Marcellus. The Roman general did not neglect the soldier's advice, but assured himself of its worth by his own observation. He provided himself, therefore, with proper scaling-ladders, he chose a time when the Syracusans were celebrating a festival in honor of Diana, during which they drank freely, and gave loose to mirth, and advancing to the tower with 1,000 chosen troops, in profound silence, he gained the top of the tower. They now soon scaled the walls in that vicinity, and having thrown down the gate of Hexapylum, they took possession of that part of the city called Epipolæ, whence he easily gained the quarter called Tyche. Epicydes, whose quarters were in the farthest part of Ortygia, hearing that the Romans had seized on Epipolæ and Tyche, went with his forces to drive them from their posts; but finding much greater numbers than he expected, already in the town, after a slight skirmish he retired. Marcellus, to destroy the city, tried gentle methods with the inhabitants; but the Syracusans rejected his proposals, and their generals appointed the Roman deserters to guard Achradina, which they did with great care, knowing that if the town was taken, they must die. Marcellus then turned his arms against fort Euryclus, which he hoped to reduce in a short time by famine. Philodemus, who commanded there, kept him in play for a considerable length of time, in hopes of succor from Hippocrates and Hamilcar; but finding himself disappointed, he surrendered the place, on condition of being allowed to march out with his men, and join Epicydes. Marcellus, now master of Euryclus, blocked up Achradina with his fleet, so close, that it could not hold out much longer without new supplies of men and provisions. But Hippocrates and Hamilcar soon arrived, and it was resolved that the former should

attack the old camp of the Romans, without the walls, commanded by Crispinus, while Epicydes sailed out upon Marcellus. Hippocrates was vigorously repulsed by Crisipinus, who pursued him up to his intrenchments, and Epicydes was forced to return into Achradina, with great loss, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by Marcellus. The unfortunate Syracusans were now in the greatest distress for want of provisions; and to complete their misery a plague broke out among them; of which Hippocrates and Hamilcar died, with many thousands more. Hereupon, Bomilcar sailed to Carthage again for fresh supplies, and returned to Sicily with a large fleet; but hearing of the great preparations of the Romans at sea, and probably fearing the event of a battle, he unexpectedly steered away. Epycides who had gone out to meet him, was afraid to return into a city, half conquered, and therefore fled for refuge to Agrigentum. The Syracusans, enraged at this dastardly conduct, assassinated the governors he had left, and proposed to submit to Marcellus. For this purpose they sent deputies, who were graciously received. But the garrison, which consisted of Roman deserters and mercenaries, raising fresh disturbances, killed the officers appointed by the Syracusans, and chose six new ones of their own. Among these was a Spaniard named Mexicus, a man of great integrity, who, disapproving of the cruelties of his party, determined to give up the place to Marcellus. In pursuance of which, under pretense of greater care than ordinary, he desired that each governor might have the sole direction in his own quarter; which gave him an opportunity to open the gates of Arethusa to the Roman general. And now Marcellus being at length master of the city, gave signal proof of his clemency and good nature. He suffered the Roman deserters to escape; for he was unwilling to shed the blood even of traitors. It is said that when he surveyed the beautiful city from a neighboring eminence, that he wept, when he thought how soon it would be changed to a scene of misery and desolation when it came to be sacked and plundered by his soldiers. For the troops demanded the plunder, and not one of the officers dared oppose them. The city was soon abandoned to the soldiers. It is reported that the riches pillaged in Syracuse at this time, exceeded all that could have been expected at the taking of Carthage itself. An unhappy accident interrupted Marcellus's joy, and gave him cause for the deepest regret. When the Roman soldiers were pillaging the city, Archimedes, at a time when all Syracuse was in confusion and uproar, was quietly seated in his closet, like a man of another world, intent upon the study of some geometrical problem. So much was he absorbed in thought, that he heeded not the turmoil without, nor the report of the city being taken.

A soldier suddenly entered his room and bade him follow him to Marcellus. Archidemes begged him to stay a moment till he had solved his problem, and finished the demonstration of it. The soldier, who neither cared for his problem nor demonstration, was enraged at his delay, and drawing his sword, killed him instantly. Marcellus was deeply afflicted when he heard the news of his death, and afterward erected a splendid monument to his memory.

TAGINA, A.D. 552.—The battle of Tagina was fought in Italy, near Todi, between the Goths and the Romans. The Roman army consisted of 30,000 men, and was under the command of Narses, a general of the Emperor Justinian. The Gothic army was greatly superior in numbers, and was commanded by Totila, king of the Goths. The battle was bloody and obstinate, and resulted finally in the total defeat of the Goths, of whom 6,000 were slain. Totila was killed while fighting at the head of his men. On the death of Totila, Teias was made king by the Goths; but the next year he was defeated on the Sarnus by the Romans, and Gothic sway in Italy was terminated.

TAGLIACOZZO, A.D. 1268.—In the year 1268, a battle was fought near Tagliacozzo, a town of Naples, between the army of Charles of Anjou and the troops of Conradin, son of the Emperor Conrad IV. The latter was defeated. This battle put an end to the rule of the Hohenstauffen dynasty in Italy.

TALAVERA DE LA REGNA, A.D. 1809.—On the 27th and 28th of July, 1809, a bloody and obstinate battle was fought between the French army, under Joseph Bonaparte, and Marshals Jourdan and Victor, and the English and Spanish troops, under the Duke of Wellington, near Talavera de la Regna, on the Tagus, in Spain. The battle was obstinately contested, and after the conflict had been prolonged two days, resulted in the total defeat of the French. The victory cost the English 6,268 men in killed and wounded. The French lost 8,791 men, killed and wounded.

TARENTUM, B.C. 212.—Some years after

the entrance of Hannibal into Italy, the Tarentines, an inconstant, fickle people, believing Rome without resources, opened their gates to the Carthaginians; but they could not force the citadel, which was held by a Roman garrison. These soldiers kept the enemy at bay for a length of time. Rome having regained its superiority, turned its attention to Tarentum, and resolved to punish it for its infidelity. The consul Q. Fabius laid siege to it, and found means to terminate his important enterprise very speedily. Hannibal had placed in the city a body of Brutians, the commander of whom was passionately in love with a woman whose brother served in the army of the consul. This brother, with the consent of his general, threw himself into Tarentum, and, aided by the caresses of his sister, gained the confidence of the officer. In a party of pleasure, he prevailed upon him to deliver up to the Romans the quarter of the city intrusted to his guard. When measures were ready the soldier made his escape, and informed Fabius of his success. The consul gave the concerted signal to the Romans who defended the citadel, and to the Brutians, and placed himself, with a chosen body of troops, immediately opposite the place agreed upon. The noise of trumpets and of loud cries issued at the same moment from the citadel, the port, and the vessels at anchor. The consul, concealed at his post, maintained a profound silence. The general officer who guarded the quarter of the city near which Fabius was in ambush, seeing all quiet, thought he had nothing to fear, and flew toward the side whence the tumult came. The consul, perceiving this, planted his ladders against that part of the wall where the Brutian cohorts were posted, and entered quietly into the city. He broke down the nearest gate, which gave access to more troops, and advanced toward the public place. The besieged defended themselves there for some time; but, overwhelmed by numbers, they were obliged to disperse. A great carnage ensued. Tarentum was pillaged, and, it is said, 87,000 pounds' weight of gold rewarded the victors. Fabius had the wisdom to be satisfied with the money and rich movables; with the exception of a single brazen statue from the hand of Lysippus, he let the statues and pictures remain, using this memorable expression: "Let us leave the voluptuous Tarentines their angry gods, whom they had so ill served." Had all Roman generals followed the example of Fabius, and left objects of luxury and indulgence to the peoples they had corrupted, Rome would not, in its turn, have fallen a victim to sensuality and the corruption employed to support it.—*Robson.*

TARIFA, A.D. 1811.—In the year 1811, Tarifa, in Spain, then in the occupation of the British, was besieged by the French, under Generals Victor and Laval. The British made a most heroic resistance, and at length the French were obliged, after sustaining heavy losses, to withdraw from the place. In this defense Colonel (afterward Lord) Gough, greatly distinguished himself.

TEMESWAR, A.D. 1849.—Temeswar, a fortified town of south Hungary, was taken in 1552 by the Turks, under Solyman. The conquerors mercilessly sacked the city. The Turks held possession of Temeswar until 1716, when the city was besieged and taken by the famous Prince Eugene. In 1849 Temeswar was besieged by the Hungarian insurgents. The siege was protracted for 107 days, when it was relieved by General Haynau. As the battle of Temeswar was the decisive blow which defeated the cause of the Hungarian patriots, we will, under this head, devote a few lines to the narration of the principal events connected with the late Hungarian war.

The succession of the crown of Hungary was declared hereditary to Austria in 1687. Although the two countries were united under one crown, yet the separate rights of Hungary were repeatedly guarantied by the sovereign. One of the dictal enactments expressly states that "Hungary, in her entire system of legislature and government, is a free and independent kingdom, and is therefore to be ruled and governed by her legally-crowned hereditary kings, according to her national laws and customs."

For centuries the Austrian government has striven to encroach upon the constitutional rights and privileges of Hungary, with the desire of bringing the country entirely under Austrian rule. The Hungarian Diet made frequent remonstrances, and voted reforms continually; but the Austrian government rejected them all. In 1848, however, the Diet passed acts for the emancipation of the Hungarian peasantry from feudal burdens; for trial by jury, and for the freedom of the press. The emperor assented to these enactments, on the 11th of April. Immediately afterward, however, the Austrian government contrived to incite insurrections among the Servians and Wallacks, who early in June were in open revolt.

On the 19th of September, General Jellachich, who had taken possession of the Littorole, crossed the Drave with 48,000 men, invested with full authority to act against the Diet of Hungary; but on the 29th of the same month he was defeated in a pitched battle near Stuhlweissenburg.

Had the Hungarian leaders at that time possessed resolute leaders, the career of Jellachich would have been ended at Stuhlweis-

senburg. The Austrian general begged for a truce of three days, which was granted him. He took advantage of this truce, and suddenly withdrew with a part of his army to Vienna. A Hungarian army now crossed the Austrian frontier, but soon retreated to Presburg. In December another Austrian army invaded Hungary under Prince Windischgrätz. The Hungarians sustained several defeats at the hands of this general. At length after the successes of Radetzky in Italy, the Austrian government on the 4th of March, 1849, promulgated an edict by which Hungary and its dependences were divided into "Crown lands" of the empire of Austria; and the Hungarian constitution was declared null and void. On the 9th of March, the Diet declared these measures illegal; and on the 14th of April the deposition of the House of Hapsburg from the sovereignty was decreed. The war was now prosecuted with great vigor by the Hungarians; they were everywhere victorious, and after being defeated in five battles, the Austrians, Croatians, and the Russian allies, had lost in April nearly every military position they had gained. On the 21st of April, the Hungarian army under Gen. Arthur Görgey approached the fortress of Buda, which with the city of Pesth, was in the possession of the Austrian army under Windischgrätz. The garrison of Buda was commanded by Henzi. Gorgey had anticipated a weak resistance, and ordered his vanguard at once to make an assault. But the Hungarians were hurled back by the musketry of the Austrians, and Gorgey saw the necessity of besieging the place in due form. Kossuth, the Governor of Hungary, was of a different opinion, and advised Görgey to surround the place with 100,000 peasants whom he offered to raise for him, to prevent a sortie, while Görgey with the main body of the Hungarian army should pursue the Austrians and prevent them from concentrating any large force in Hungary; but Görgey was resolved to reduce the place, and devoted a month to the prosecution of the siege. By the 20th of May, a practicable breach was made in the fortifications of Buda, by the breaching cannon of the besiegers; and on the 20th a storming party of volunteers were ordered to make an assault. The storming party was successful, and the fortress of Buda, together with Pesth, the capital of Hungary, fell into the hands of the Hungarians. The Austrians made a gallant resistance. Henzi died like a hero. Aver, an Austrian colonel, perished by his own hands. He was stationed on the aqueduct and chain-bridge of Buda, and after he had discovered that all was lost, not wishing to survive the disgrace of a defeat, he tossed a lighted cigar into a powder-barrel which communicated with a mine beneath the bridge, and was killed by the explosion which followed.

Meanwhile, however, the Austrian government was not idle. By the 10th of June large Russian armies were collected on the frontiers, and in July, they simultaneously poured into Hungary, from the north and east, while the Croats, under Jellachich, advanced from the south, and the Austrians under Baron Haynau from the west.

Hungary was surrounded by an immense army composed of fresh troops, admirably equipped, and drawn from two powerful empires, while lines of railroads from Cracow, to Vienna and Gratz, facilitated the combination of its elements. The struggle was soon terminated. The Hungarians sustained defeat after defeat. On the 5th of August the Hungarians under Dembinski were signally defeated at Szöregh. Kossuth, who with a part of the House of Representatives had withdrawn to Arad, anxiously awaited the result of this battle. Couriers were incessantly flying to and fro between Arad and Szöregh; and soon the Hungarian army were seen on the same road flying in the utmost confusion, routed, dispirited, and scattered in every direction. Dembinski was wounded in the shoulder by a bullet. He fell from his horse, and was conveyed into a peasant's hut; the Hungarian army for twenty-four hours was without a commander. When Dembinski was again at the head of his army, he ordered his army to retreat toward Temeswar, which was at that time closely invested by the Hungarians under Vecsey.

The news of Dembinski's defeat at Szöregh reached Kossuth at Arad. The town was soon filled with fugitives, and the most fearful confusion arose. Citizens and soldiers, men, women, and children rushed hither and thither in wild disorder, making eager preparations to fly from the city. At length, on the eighth of August, they were relieved from some of their anxiety by the arrival of Görgey's army before Arad. Nagy Sandor, who commanded them, was ordered by Kossuth to march at daybreak on the 9th to take Vinga, and secure the communication with Vecsey's besieging army at Temeswar. He consented, and on the 11th of August, made all necessary arrangements with his whole force to free the road to Temeswar. But on the same night Kossuth received the intelligence that the Hungarians had been defeated in a battle near that city.

The battle of Temeswar was the decisive engagement of the war. Temeswar is a strong fortress, and it was occupied by a heroic garrison. Lieutenant-Field-Marshal Rukowena, who held the command, defend-

ed every point of the town, resolutely refusing all summons to surrender, even when the roofs were fired over his soldiers' heads and the walls were in ruins. Typhus and intermittent fevers, the cholera and famine, shook the courage of the old warrior as little as did the red-hot balls of Vecsey, the Hungarian commander. The heroic old soldier did not fight in vain. General Haynau had time to arrive to his succor, and a bloody battle ensued before the walls of the fortress. General Bem had also hastened to the assistance of the besiegers at Temeswar, and arrived in time to participate in the battle. The contest was obstinate, and for a long time was doubtful. The Austrians fought valorously, and were confident of victory, for they expected reinforcements every moment. The Hungarians also anxiously awaited the arrival of Görgey with the main body of the army; but he did not come up. The Austrians, on the contrary, were reinforced at a critical moment by the corps of Prince Lichtenstein, while other troops were seen advancing as rapidly as possible to their aid. Animated to the highest pitch by the reinforcement, the Austrians continued the fight with renewed ardor; the Hungarians, on the other hand, dispirited and sick at heart, gradually fell back; the Austrians urged on the strife; Bem was injured seriously by the fall of his horse, which, covered with wounds as he was, he could not control, and the Hungarians finally turned and fled in wild confusion. The timely appearance of Lichtenstein, and the non-arrival of Görgey snatched the victory from the hands of the Hungarian general. The immediate result of the loss of this battle was the relief of Temeswar. Haynau, in the evening of the same day (August 10th) entered the gates of the fortress at the head of his troops. He had arrived at a timely moment; the place was crowded with sick and wounded; and the appearance of the fortifications, as well as of the defenders, showed that its fall would have been speedy had it not been relieved. On the 11th of August Görgey arrived in Arad, and had an interview with Kossuth, which resulted in the resignation of the latter as governor, and the appointment of the former as dictator of the country. Kossuth departed from Arad an honored exile. Görgey became dictator, but for the space of forty-eight hours only. Suddenly, and apparently seduced by ambition and vanity, he surrendered to the Russians at Villagos on the 13th of August, unconditionally, not even securing the lives of his friends. The struggle of the Hungarians for freedom was over. The city of Peterwarden next capitulated to the Austrians; and, finally, on the 27th of September, Comorin followed its example, and this event put an end to the war. Many of the chiefs of the revolution fled into Turkey; others suffered military execution. The forces which the Hungarians brought into the field during the war never exceeded 135,000 men, with 400 pieces of cannon; against whom were opposed in the final campaign 150,000 Russians and 110,000 Austrians, aside from Servian and Wallack insurgents, amounting all together to upward of 300,000 men.

TEWKESBURY.—Tewkesbury is situated on the Avon, near its confluence with the Severn, on the border of Worcestershire in England, ninety miles north of London. In a field south of the town, still called from the circumstance, the "Bloody Meadow," was fought, on the 4th of May, 1471, a decisive engagement between the Yorkists under Edward IV., and the Lancastrians under Queen Margaret and her son. The Lancastrians had intrenched themselves at Tewkesbury in a strong portion of a field near the town, protected in the rear by the extensive walls of the abbey, and having in front and on the flanks a country so deeply intersected with dikes and hedges and lanes, that "it was a ryght evill place to approach as could well have been devysed." On the morning of the 4th of May Edward commenced the attack with a heavy cannonade which was returned with spirit. But it was soon evident that the enemy had the advantage in the number and weight of his guns and the multitude of his archers, who poured showers of arrows within the intrenchments. Still the Lancastrians did not flinch, and after some time the Duke of Somerset, with a chosen band, stole by a circuitous route to the top of an eminence near the foot of which was stationed a corps, commanded by the king in person. Suddenly they charged it in flank; but fortunately for Edward, two hundred spearmen who had been detached to a neighboring wood, observing the movement, fell unexpectedly on the rear of the assailants, who were thrown into disorder and fled for their lives. It may be that this failure disheartened the Lancastrians. The defense grew fainter every minute. Soon the banner of the Duke of Gloucester, next that of Edward himself, waved within the intrenchments, and Somerset, as we are told, suspecting the Lord Wenlock of treachery, rode up to that nobleman, and at a stroke beat out his brains. The victory was now won. The Lancastrians were totally defeated with a loss of a great many persons of distinction, and 3,000 soldiers left on the field. Of the prisoners the most important was the Lancastrian Prince of Wales, who was taken to Edward in the field. To the question, what brought him to England, he boldly but ingenuously answered, "To preserve my

father's crown and my own inheritance." The ungenerous Edward, insensible to pity, struck the young prince on the face with his gauntlet, and the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, Lord Hastings and Sir Thomas Gray, taking the blow as a signal for further violence, hurried the prince away, and dispatched him with their daggers. Margaret was thrown into the tower, and King Henry expired in that prison a few days after the battle of Tewkesbury, beneath the dagger, so it is believed, of the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III. Margaret was ransomed in 1475 by Louis XI., King of France, for 50,000 crowns. The battle of Tewkesbury was the last engagement between the Houses of York and Lancaster.

THAMES, A.D. 1813.—The river Thames flows through Canada West between lakes Huron and Erie, and after a south-west course of 160 miles, empties into Lake St. Clair.

In the month of September, 1813, General Harrison concentrated his army at Put-in-Bay, on Lake Erie. His whole army consisted of 6,000 foot, and 1,000 horse. Perry's victory on Lake Erie, made the Americans masters of that lake; and the foot soldiers were embarked on the American vessels for the purpose of sailing against Malden in Canada West, which was then occupied by the British under General Proctor, while the cavalry were to proceed by land to Detroit. Proctor, on receiving intelligence of Perry's victory, became alarmed, and withdrew his troops from Malden, taking with him all the horses and cattle, and retreating toward the Thames. The Americans having effected a landing on the Canada shore, pursued the enemy with untiring ardor. On the 30th of September, Harrison was joined by Colonel Richard M. Johnson, with the cavalry from Detroit, and halting one day to refresh the troops, he resumed the pursuit on the 2d of October. The British in their haste to escape, abandoned guns and shells, and in the hope to retard the pursuit of the Americans, destroyed the bridges and planted other obstacles in their path. On reaching the Thames, Proctor advanced up the river; but on the 4th Colonel Johnson, with the mounted Kentuckians, marching two or three miles in advance of the main body, came upon the British army, drawn up in battle array on the banks of the Thames at the Moravian settlement. Unable to retreat in any thing like military order, Proctor had no alternative but to check the enemy by a general battle. The British general had chosen an admirable position. His regular troops, 800 in number, were stationed upon a dry strip of land, flanked on the right by a swamp, and on the left by the river. His 2,000 Indian allies, under Tecumseh, were posted at the eastern extremity of the swamp. The two armies remained within sight of each other during the night of the 4th, inactive. Early on the morning of the 5th, the Americans prepared to attack the enemy. Colonel Johnson, with his thousand mounted riflemen, opened the battle. Dividing his force into two columns, he placed his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel James Johnson, at the head of one, with orders to attack the British troops on the left, while he led his column against the Indians on the right. These two columns, side by side, slowly advanced toward the enemy: the American infantry followed close behind. Suddenly the two columns of horse diverged, and swept toward their respective enemies with lightning speed. The advance of Colonel James Johnson's column was checked for a moment by a sharp fire from the British regulars; but, driving their spurs into their horses' sides, the gallant Kentuckians, with a yell of rage, plunged into the British line with a force which rent it in twain. Then, turning suddenly, the horsemen delivered their fire, and again drove their horses upon their panic-stricken foes. It was the work of a moment. The victory was won in that quarter of the field, and almost the entire British force was entreating for quarter. Proctor, with forty men and some mounted Indians, fled at the first onset, leaving his carriage, private papers, and even his sword behind him. Colonel Richard M. Johnson, meanwhile, with his troopers, dashed into the swamp; but not finding a firm footing for their horses, they could not charge, and affording fair targets for the Indian marksmen, they were being rapidly picked off, when Johnson ordered them to dismount and take to cover. The Indians, led by their chieftain, whose bravery stands forth in bold relief when compared with the cowardly conduct of Proctor, fought with the utmost gallantry, and for a few minutes the battle was hot and bloody. Johnson was desperately wounded; yet he maintained his ground, urging on his men with voice and example. At length Tecumseh fell, mortally wounded,* and the Indians with a whoop of rage and despair fled in all directions. Victory was with the Americans. About 2,500 American troops took part in this engagement, and of this number only fifty were killed or wounded. Six hundred prisoners, a large quantity of stores, ammunition, etc., and six pieces of cannon,† fell into the hands of the victors. The remainder of the British army dispersed in the woods, and after undergoing incredible hardships, re-

* Tecumseh, it is said, was slain by Colonel Richard M. Johnson, himself.

† Among these guns three were captured from the British during the Revolutionary war, and surrendered at Detroit by General Hull.

assembled at Ancosta, at the head of Lake Ontario.

THEBES IN BŒOTIA, B.C. 1252.—The history of this famous siege has been rendered immortal by the tragic muse; few of our readers can require to have its details repeated to them. The unfortunate Œdipus, on quitting his kingdom, left it to the government of his two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, who agreed to mount the throne alternately. Eteocles, as the elder, reigned first; but, at the termination of his year, he was so enamored of the power he had tasted that he violated his oath, and endeavored to exclude his brother from the throne. Polynices took up arms, and sought on all sides for partisans to assist him against the usurper. Adrastus, King of the Argives, roused all Greece in his favor. The contest was long and sanguinary, and the chief loss fell upon the adherents of Polynices. After many fruitless battles beneath the walls of Thebes, the brothers resolved to terminate their quarrel by a single combat. The two armies were drawn up as witnesses of the fight, and as securities for its fairness. The unnatural enemies entered the prescribed lists, and attacked each other with such deadly animosity, that both fell dead upon the spot. It is feigned that, when their bodies were burned, the spirit of hatred remained unextinct even in their remains, and that the flames separated as they arose. Their antipathy was preserved in their posterity, breaking out into needless but bloody wars.

SECOND SIEGE, B.C. 518.—The Lacedæmonians, upon becoming masters of Thebes, made the inhabitants but too sensible of the weight of their yoke. Pelopidas, too noble to submit quietly to slavery, conceived the design of delivering his country; he addressed himself to the banished citizens, and he found them enter freely into his views. Many of his friends in the city were eager to share his enterprise; and one of them named Charon, offered his house as a retreat for the conspirators. When they had secretly taken the most prudent precautions to insure success, Pelopidas drew near to the city. Before entering it he held a council, in which it was agreed that all should not depend upon one cast of the dice, but that a small number should try their fortune first. Pelopidas and eleven of his brave companions accepted this perilous commission; they warned Charon of their approach, and proceeded toward Thebes, dressed as sportsmen, followed by hunting-dogs, and carrying in their hands nets and weapons of the chase. Before entering the city they discarded their hunting appointments, assumed the guise of simple countrymen, and slipped in at various gates, all directing their course to the house of Charon. Philidas, one of the conspirators, that same evening gave a grand entertainment, at which Philip and Archias, the Lacedæmonian governors, were the most honored guests. When these two were sufficiently warmed with wine to be insensible to any thing but their pleasures, the conspirators proceeded to action, and, dividing themselves into two bodies, commenced by the easy immolation of Philip and Archias. Pelopidas and his party went straight to the house inhabited by Leontidas, one of the tyrants, who, on being roused from his sleep, seized his sword and struck the first conspirator that approached him dead at his feet; but he found a more successful opponent in Pelopidas; the brave Theban quickly laid the tyrant by the side of his unfortunate compatriot. After this bold attempt, the banished Thebans quickly joined the patriotic little band, and laid siege to the citadel. The Lacedæmonians were soon forced to capitulate; and this memorable enterprise, conceived by the genius of Pelopidas, and executed almost entirely by his own hand, procured the liberty of Thebes. We are sorry we can not add that that liberty was secured; the glory or prosperity of Thebes is an anomaly in history: it belongs principally to one generation. Pelopidas was the friend and companion of Epaminondas, with which great man—one of the greatest of all antiquity—the sun of Thebes arose and set.

THIRD SIEGE, B.C. 334.—After the celebrated battle of Chœronea, which laid the liberties of Greece at the feet of the ambitious Philip of Macedon, that king placed a garrison in Thebes; but scarcely had the inhabitants learned the death of Philip, when they arose in mass, and slaughtered the Macedonians. Alexander, the son of Philip, afterward styled the Great, passed through the straits of Thermopylæ, rendered immortal by Leonidas and his Spartans, entered Greece, and marched directly toward the revolted city. On the way he said to those who accompanied him, "Demosthenes, in his harangues, called me a child when I subdued Illyria; he styled me a giddy youth when I punished the Thessalians: we will now show him, under the walls of Athens, that I am a man grown." His appearance in Bœotia, like the rest of the actions of his life, was carried into effect as soon as decided upon. When he reached the walls of Thebes, he was satisfied with requiring that Phœnix and Prothulus, the principal promoters of the insurrection, should be given up to him. The Thebans, however, insultingly replied by demanding Philotas and Antipater, Alexander's generals and friends; and the young monarch found himself under the painful necessity of proceeding to extremities. Thebes

had rendered such services to his father, that he proceeded to the infliction of punishment with great reluctance. A memorable battle ensued, in which the Thebans fought with ardor and courage; but, after a protracted struggle, the Macedonians, who were left in the citadel, taking the Thebans in the rear, while the troops of Alexander charged them in front, they were almost all cut to pieces. Thebes was taken and pillaged.

In the sack of this city, a lady of high quality exhibited an instance of courage and virtue too extraordinary to be passed by in silence. A Thracian officer, struck by her beauty, employed violence to satisfy his passion; and then characteristically proceeded to the indulgence of his avarice, by demanding of her where she had concealed her treasures. The lady, whose name was Timoclea, told him that she had cast them all into a well, which she pointed out to him. While he was leaning over the brink, looking with greedy avidity for the treasure, she suddenly exerted all her strength, pushed him in, and beat him to death with stones. Timoclea was arrested, and led before Alexander; but, with all his errors, the young Macedonian had too much generosity of character not to be struck by such an action, and he pardoned her. We wish we could say he was equally lenient toward the Thebans; but the unfortunate city was razed to the ground, and 30,000 of its inhabitants were sold into slavery.

THEBES, IN PALESTINE, B.C. 1214.—Abimelech, the son of Gideon, took Thebes by assault. There was a vast tower in the center of the city, in which the inhabitants had sought refuge. Abimelech was hastening to make himself master of this tower, when he received a mortal blow from the fragment of a millstone thrown upon his head by a woman. Enraged at the idea of dying so basely by the hands of a woman, Abimelech commanded one of his followers to plunge his sword into his breast, and he died instantly.

THERMOPYLÆ, B.C. 480—The appellation *Thermopylæ* means the pass of Hot-springs. It is a defile on the shore of the Malian gulf, on the north-east coast of Greece, near the mouth of the Hellada, between the steep precipices at the east termination of Mount Œta and the sea. The defile is about five miles in length, and where narrowest, was not anciently more than sixty paces across. At the narrowest part of the pass are hot-springs, from which circumstance, as above seen, the defile has derived its name.

In the year 485 B.C., Xerxes, immediately after the death of Darius, ascended the Persian throne, and in the fourth year of his reign he invaded Greece with an immense army. He passed from Asia into Europe by crossing the straits of the Hellespont, upon a bridge of boats. His army was so numerous that it occupied seven days and seven nights in passing over the straits, although those who were appointed to conduct the march, incessantly lashed the poor soldiers with whips to quicken their speed. The Persian land army which Xerxes had brought out of Asia, consisted of 1,700,000 foot, and 80,000 horse, which, with 20,000 men that were absolutely necessary, at least, for conducting and taking care of the carriages and camels, made in all 1,800,000.

When he passed the Hellespont the nations that submitted to him made an addition to his army of 300,000 men, which made all his land forces together amount to 2,100,000 men.

His fleet, when it set out from Asia, consisted of 1,207 ships of war, all of three banks of oars. Each vessel carried 300 men, natives of the country that fitted them out, beside 30 more that were either Medes or Persians, or of the Sacæ, which made in all 277,610 men. The European nations augmented his fleet with 120 vessels, each of which carried 200 men; in all 24,000. These added to the others, amounted together to 301,610 men. This fleet consisted entirely of large ships of war, and aside from it, the small galleys of 30 and 50 oars, and the transport ships amounted to 3,000. If we reckon but 80 men in each of these vessels, the whole number amounts to 240,000 men. Thus when Xerxes arrived at Thermopylæ, his land and sea forces together made up the number of 2,641,610 men, without including servants, eunuchs, sutlers, and other people of like classes, which usually follow an army. Their number at this time was at least equal to that of the forces; so that the whole number of those that followed Xerxes in this expedition amounted to 5,283,220. In this computation, Herodotus, Plutarch, and Isocrates agree.

The inhabitants of Lacedæmon and Athens, the two most powerful cities of Greece, and those against which Xerxes was most exasperated, were not indolent or asleep while so formidable an army was approaching. They sent deputies to Argos, into Sicily to Gelon, tyrant of Syracuse, to the isles of Corcyra and Crete, to desire succors from them, and to form a league against the common enemy; but on this trying occasion their allies failed them. Thus were the Lacedæmonians and the Athenians left almost to themselves, all the rest of the cities and nations, excepting the people of Thespia and of Platæa, having submitted to the heralds that Xerxes had sent to require earth and water of them. To demand earth and water was to demand

submission. The Athenians now considered who should be their general. Epicydes, a man of more eloquence than courage, and capable withal of being bribed, solicited the generalship, and was likely to be chosen. But Themistocles, by pecuniary considerations prevailed upon him to drop his pretensions; and Themistocles was elected general in his stead. The Grecian fleet consisted of 200 ships of war. The command of the fleet was given to Eurybiades, a Lacedæmonian. Thus the Grecian land army was commanded by an Athenian general, while the fleet was under the direction of a Lacedæmonian admiral. The Greek army now proceeded to the strait of Thermopylæ, to dispute the entrance of the Persians into Greece. All their forces combined together, amounted only to 11,200 men, of which number 4,000 only were employed to defend the pass at Thermopylæ. But these, every man of them, were determined either to conquer or die. It was in the early part of the year 480 B.C., that Xerxes and his army advanced near the strait of Thermopylæ. He was greatly surprised to find that the Greeks were determined to dispute his passage. He had always flattered himself that, on the first hearing of his arrival, the Grecians would betake themselves to flight. He sent out a spy to view the enemy. The spy returned with the intelligence that he found the Lacedæmonians out of their intrenchments, diverting themselves with military exercises, and combing their hair. This was the Spartan manner of preparing themselves for battle. Xerxes waited four days in the hope that the Greeks would retreat. In the interval he endeavored to gain Leonidas, by making him magnificent promises, and assuring him that he would make him master over all Greece. But the noble Spartan rejected his proposal with scorn and indignation. Xerxes afterward wrote to him, demanding him to deliver up his arms. Leonidas answered him in two words, Αντέγραψε, Μόλωνλαβε (*Come and take them*). Xerxes now determined to attack the Lacedæmonians. He first commanded his Median forces to march against them, with orders to take them all alive, and bring them to him. But the Medes were not able to stand the charge of the Grecians, and were shamefully put to flight, showing, says Herodotus, that Xerxes had a great many men, but few soldiers. Xerxes next sent his Immortal Band, which consisted of 10,000 men, all Persians, against the Spartans. But they met with a like repulse. The Persian king was now much perplexed. He despaired of being able to force his way through an enemy who were determined to conquer or die. But he was relieved from his dilemma by an inhabitant of the country, who came to him and informed him of a secret path, which led to an eminence which overlooked and commanded the Spartan army. Xerxes quickly dispatched a detachment thither, which, marching all night, arrived there at daybreak, and possessed themselves of that advantageous post. The Greeks were soon apprised of this misfortune, and Leonidas, seeing that it was now impossible to withstand the enemy, obliged all the allies to retire, while he himself, remained with his 300 Lacedæmonians, all resolved to die with their leader. Leonidas had been informed by an oracle, that either Lacedæmon or her king must necessarily perish, and he resolved, without the least hesitation, to sacrifice himself for his country. The Spartans hoped neither to escape nor conquer, and considered Thermopylæ as their burying-place. The king exhorted his men to take nourishment, assuring them that they should sup together with Pluto. The noble band set up a shout of joy as if they had been invited to a banquet, and full of ardor they advanced with their king to battle. The shock was most violent and bloody. Leonidas was the first that fell. The Spartans gathering around the dead body of their beloved king, with incredible exertions endeavored to defend it. At length, not vanquished, but overwhelmed by numbers, they all fell, except one man, who turning, fled, and escaped to Sparta, where he was treated as a coward and a traitor; but soon afterward he made amends by deeds of most distinguished valor, at the battle of Platæa. The Persian army lost in this affair, 20,000 men, the most of whom were slain by the gallant 300. Xerxes was so much incensed against Leonidas, for daring to oppose him, that he caused the dead body of the noble Spartan to be hung on a gallows. Some time afterward a magnificent monument was erected at Thermopylæ by order of the Amphictions, in honor of these brave defenders of Greece. The monument bore two inscriptions, one of which was general, and relating to all those that died at Thermopylæ, stating that the Greeks of Peloponnesus, to the number of only 4,000 men, had made head against the Persian army which consisted of 3,000,000 men. The other related to the Spartans in particular. The last-mentioned inscription has been translated as follows: "Go, passenger, and tell at Lacedæmon, that we died here in obedience to her sacred laws."

In the year 1821, during the Greek revolution, a sanguinary battle took place at this place between the Turks and the Greeks. Odysseus, a brave Greek chief, after having worsted the Turks in several lesser encounters, fell back on the 6th of September to the straits of Thermopylæ, with 2,000 men, where he was

attacked by three pachas, who advanced from Larissa, at the head of 5,000 Mussulmans chiefly Asiatics. The advantageous position of the Greeks, who were posted as tirailleurs among the works and thickets of that celebrated defile, compensated the inequality of numbers and want of artillery. The column of the Ottomans, encumbered like its predecessors in the days of Xerxes, with baggage, was slowly advancing through the bottom of the defile, when it was suddenly attacked by a tremendous fire of musketry from an unseen enemy. Pushed on, however, by the troops from behind, the column continued to advance, though sustaining a heavy loss, until they were attacked in flank by a body of 400 Greeks under Lapas. Issuing then from their thickets, the Greeks rushed down the steep declivity, sword in hand, with loud cries, shouting "Victory to the Cross!" The shock was irresistible; panic-stricken, the Turks fled on all sides, and were pursued several miles with immense slaughter. Twelve hundred were slain on the spot, seventeen standards and seven guns taken, and such was the consternation of the Ottomans that they broke down the bridge of Alamanne, in their flight to Zeitoun. Two days afterward they were again defeated by Odysseus, with the loss of 400 men and three guns. By these brilliant victories the Greeks regained possession of Athens, and the Turks were expelled from that country and made their way into Thessaly.

THEROUANNE, A.D. 1513.—Therouanne, a town of France, was besieged and taken by the English in 1380. In 1513, it was again besieged by the English under the Earls of Shrewsbury and Herbert. This siege was characterized by the Battle of the Spurs, between the army of Louis XII., who had advanced to raise the siege and the English. The French were defeated. During the battle the besieged made a sally; but they were repulsed, and Teligni, the governor of the city, on the 22d of August, after sustaining a siege of about twenty days, capitulated, and the defenses of the city were rased to the ground by the inhabitants of Aire and St. Omer, with the consent of the victors. In 1553 Therouanne was taken by the troops of the Emperor Charles V.

THORN, A.D. 1703.—In the year 1703, the troops of Charles XII., King of Sweden, laid siege to Thorn, a strongly fortified town of West Prussia. The garrison made a heroic resistance; but finally, after a siege of four months, the place was carried by assault on the 30th of October.

THRASYMENUS, B.C. 217.—Thrasymenus is the ancient name of a lake in central Italy, now called the Lake of Thrasymenus, or the Lake of Perigia. It is of a circular shape, about thirty miles in circumference; has several small islands, and is rather shallow, its greatest depth not exceeding 24 feet.

Immediately after the battle of Trebia, C. Servilius and C. Flaminius were appointed consuls of Rome, and Hannibal learning that the latter was on the march with a large army to meet him, resolved to go and engage him as soon as possible. Two roads were pointed out to him, and he chose the shortest. But although the shortest road, it was nearly impassable, for its entire length was almost one continuous marsh. For four days and three nights the Carthaginian army marched knee-deep in water, without having one moment's sleep. Hannibal himself, who rode upon the only elephant, suffered intensely. One of his eyes was entirely destroyed by the thick vapors that constantly exhaled from the marsh, and by his long want of sleep. At length the Carthaginian army encamped near Lake Thrasymenus, to await the approach of the Roman army. The Lake Thrasymenus and the mountains of Cortona, form a very narrow defile, which leads into a valley, lined on both sides with hills of a very considerable height, and closed at the outlet by a steep hill, of difficult access. Hannibal chose this hill for the camping-ground of the main body of his army; upon the hills to the right, he posted his light-armed infantry, in ambuscade, and behind those to the left he planted a part of his cavalry, as far almost as the entrance of the defile through which the Romans were obliged to pass.

When the Roman army arrived at the entrance of the defile, they halted because night was coming on. But early the next morning they entered the defile, and advanced toward Hannibal's camp. Hannibal allowed them to advance until they had proceeded more than half way through the valley, and then he gave the signal for battle, and commanded his troops to come out of their ambuscade, in order that he might attack the enemy from all quarters at the same time. The Romans were seized with the greatest consternation; they were not yet drawn up in order of battle; their arms were not in readiness, and they saw themselves attacked in front, in rear, and in flank. In a moment their ranks were thrown into disorder. Flaminius, of all the Romans, alone was undaunted. He rode furiously through the masses of his affrighted soldiers; he urged them to cut their way with their swords through the midst of their enemies. But at this moment a thick fog arose, and darkness added to the terrors of the Roman soldiers, while the shouts of their enemies resounded through the valley, from cliff to cliff, as though from the throats of a countless army.

CHARGE OF NUMIDIANS AT THE BATTLE OF THRASYMENUS.

But now the Romans saw themselves surrounded on all sides, without an opening for escape, and danger made them desperate. They rushed in an enraged and tumultuous mass against their enemies, who received them with equal animosity. When the fury of the fight was at its highest pitch, there happened an earthquake which overturned whole cities, changed the courses of rivers, and tore off the tops of mountains, in the immediate vicinity of the contending armies. The infuriated combatants heeded it not—

"And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the frenzy whose convulsions blind
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake reel'd unheededly away!
None felt stern nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet;
Such is the absorbing hate when nations meet!"

At length Flaminius was slain; the Romans began to give ground, and finally to fly. Many leaped into the lake, while others flying toward the mountains, fell into the hands of the enemy whom they sought to avoid. Six thousand only cut their way through the conquerors, and retreated to a place of immediate safety; but the next day they were taken prisoners. In this battle 15,000 Romans were killed, and about 10,000 escaped back to Rome by different routes. Of the Carthaginian army 1,500 only were killed, the most of whom were Gauls. See *Battles of Ticinus, Trebia, and Cannæ.*

THYMBRA, B.C. 548—BETWEEN CYRUS AND CRŒSUS.—In the year 560 B.C., Cyaxares, on the death of his father Astyages, ascended the throne of Media. No sooner had he received the reins of government than he was plunged into a terrible war. Neriglissor, the King of the Babylonians, having overthrown all the Syrians, who were no small nation, and having subjected the Hyrcanians and Arabs to his dominion, considered that if he could break the power of the Medes, he could easily obtain the dominion of all the territories around him. He therefore sent embassadors to the princes who were subject to him, among whom was Crœsus, King of Lydia, to load the Medes and Persians with calumny and contempt, and to represent how great and powerful these two nations were, and that, as they were already in close alliance by means of several intermarriages, they would unite, unless prevented, and subdue all the nations around them. By these arguments, and by money and presents, the several princes entered into a confederacy with him. Cyaxares, upon hearing of these united preparations against him, immediately sent to Cambyses, King of Persia, who was married to his sister, for aid. He also requested Cambyses to give the command of the forces, which the Persian council might see fit to send him, to Cyrus, the son of his sister, if he would consent. Cyrus, was greatly and justly beloved, and when it was known that he was to march at the head of the army, the joy was universal. The army consisted of 30,000 foot; the Persians had no cavalry at that time. It was formed of the bravest men of the nation, being raised in a particular manner. First, Cyrus was authorized to select 200 of the bravest officers from the nobility, who were equal in rank, station, and command. The officers thus chosen had the power to choose four of their own order. Thus the number of officers amounted to 1,000. Again, to each of these thousand, was given the power to select from among the common people of Persia, ten targeteers, ten slingers, and ten archers. Thus the army consisted of 10,000 targeteers, 10,000 slingers, and 10,000 archers, who were commanded by 1,000 officers, who in turn were under the supreme command of Cyrus. After having made supplications and sacrifices to the gods, Cyrus assembled his 200 officers and addressed them, assuring them that the enemy against whom they were to lead their soldiers, consisted of a race of effeminate men, enervated and already half conquered by a life of luxury and voluptuousness, and that victory was certain. They were to fight for the cause of friends and allies, and in such a noble cause that they could not but conquer. After invoking the gods a second time, and receiving the advice of his father Cambyses, who warned him especially not to neglect to make supplications and sacrifices to the gods, Cyrus at the head of his army, set forth for Media. Cambyses accompanied his son as far as the frontiers of Persia, and on the way gave excellent instructions concerning the duties of the general of an army.

As soon as Cyrus had arrived in Media, he went to Cyaxares, and, having interchanged the usual compliments, he immediately made inquiries concerning the quality and number of the forces on both sides. By computation it appeared that the enemy's army consisted of 60,000 horse, and 200,000 foot; and that the united armies of the Medes and Persians consisted in horse of less than a third of the enemy's force of that sort, and scarce half the number of their foot. This great inequality of numbers terrified and perplexed the King of Media. He could think of no other expedient than to send for another body of troops from Persia. This, however, would have caused a great loss of time, and besides appeared in itself impracticable, for even should they have received additional troops from Persia, their forces would still have been inferior in number to those of the enemy. Cyrus immediately proposed another

more sure and speedy expedient, which was that the arms of the Persian soldiers should be changed from bows and javelins, which weapons were used fighting at a distance, thus easily giving a greater number the superiority over a lesser, to such arms as should compel them to come to blows with the enemy immediately, and thus render the superiority of their numbers useless. Accordingly he provided his troops with corselets for the breasts, shields for the left hand, and swords or cutlasses for the right. Cyrus now applied himself to the task of establishing order among the troops. He inspired them with emulation by promising great rewards, and by his engaging and obliging deportment toward all.

In the mean time the King of Babylon had not been idle, but was earnestly engaged in making preparations for the war.

At length finding his troops full of ardor, and ready for action, Cyrus proposed to lead them against the enemy.

As soon, therefore, as the customary sacrifice was made, they commenced their march. The Persians were commanded by Cyrus, the Medes by Cyaxares. Having arrived at the borders of the enemy's country, they entered and gave battle to the Babylonian army, who advanced to intercept them. The struggle was brief and bloody; the King of Babylon was slain, and his army put to flight. The Persians, with as many Medes as volunteered in the service, pursued the enemy so warmly that they were at length overtaken. A battle ensued, in which Cyrus was victorious. Cyrus marched through the country, making friends and allies of various princes, through whose territories he passed, until he arrived near Babylon. When he had approached that city, he sent the King of Assyria a challenge to terminate their quarrel by a single combat; but his challenge was not accepted. Cyrus, now, having viewed the country, and examined the situation of Babylon, marched away on his return to Media. Upon his return, preparations were made to prosecute the war with the Assyrians with renewed vigor. These preparations consumed several years, and when they were finished, Cyrus took leave of Cyaxares, who remained in Media with a third part of his troops, that the country might not be left entirely defenseless. Cyrus, now immediately entered the country of the Babylonians. After a long march he came up with the enemy at Thymbra, a city of Lydia, not far from Sardis, the capital of the country.

The battle of Thymbra is one of the most considerable events of antiquity, since it decided upon the empire of Asia, between the Assyrians of Babylon and the Persians. It is, moreover, the first pitched battle of which we have any full or particular account. Cyrus's army in the whole, consisted of 196,000 men, horse and foot. Of these, 70,000 were native Persians, viz.: 10,000 cuirassiers of horse, 20,000 cuirassiers of foot, 20,000 pikemen, and 20,000 light-armed soldiers. The rest of the army, to the number of 126,000 men, consisted of 26,000 Median, Armenian, and Arabian horse, and 100,000 foot of the same nations. Beside these troops, Cyrus had 300 chariots of war, their naves armed with scythes. Each chariot was drawn by four horses abreast, covered with trappings that were arrow proof. The horses of the Persian cuirassiers were also covered with arrow-proof mail. He had likewise caused to be constructed a great number of chariots of a larger size, upon each of which was erected a tower about eighteen or twenty feet high, in which twenty archers were lodged. Each of these chariots was drawn upon wheels by sixteen oxen yoked abreast. He had, moreover, a considerable number of camels, upon each of which were two Arabian archers, back to back; so that one looked toward the head, and the other toward the tail of the camel.

The army of Crœsus, King of Lydia, who now commanded the Assyrian forces, was more than twice as numerous as that of Cyrus. It amounted in all to 420,000 men, of whom 60,000 were cavalry. The troops consisted chiefly of Babylonians, Lydians, Phrygians, Cappadocians, of the nations about the Hellespont, and of the Egyptians, to the number of 360,000 men. The Egyptians alone, made a body 120,000 men. The rest of the army was made up of Phœnicians, Cyprians, Cicilians, Lycaonians, Paphalagonians, Thracians, and Ionians.

Crœsus's army was ranged in order of battle in one line, the infantry in the center, and the cavalry on the two wings. All his troops, both horse and foot, were thirty men deep, but the Egyptians, who, being the principal strength of Crœsus's infantry, were posted in its center, and were divided into twelve large bodies or square battalions of 10,000 men each. Each square had 100 men in front, and as many in depth. There was an interval between every battalion, that they might act and fight independent of, and without interfering with one another. Crœsus would gladly have persuaded the Egyptians to range themselves in less depth, that they might have made a more imposing front. The armies were in an immense plain, which gave room for the extending of their wings to right and left; and Crœsus designed by so doing, to hem in and surround the enemy's army. Upon this movement alone he founded his hopes of victory. But the Egyptians would not change their usual order of battle.

His army, thus drawn up into one line, was nearly five miles in length.

Araspes, a young Median nobleman, who, under the pretense of discontent, had retired to Crœsus's army, and had received particular orders from Cyrus to observe well the manner in which the Lydian general should arrange his troops, returned to the Persian camp the day before the battle, and gave to Cyrus an exact account of the disposition of the enemy's army. By this description of the disposition of the enemy, Cyrus was governed when drawing up his own forces. The Persian troops had generally used to engage twenty-four men in depth, but Cyrus thought fit to change that disposition. It was absolutely necessary that his army should present as large a front as possible, without weakening his battalions, in order to prevent the enemy from hemming in and surrounding him. His infantry was excellent, and most judiciously armed with cuirasses, partisans, battle-axes, and swords; and provided the Persians could close with the enemy, there was but little reason to believe that the Lydian battalions that were armed only with light bucklers and javelins, could sustain the charge. Cyrus, therefore, thinned the files of his infantry one half, and ranged them only twelve men deep. The cavalry was drawn out on the two wings, the right commanded by Chrysantas, and the left by Hystaspes. The whole front of the army was four miles in extent. At a short distance behind the first line Cyrus placed the spearmen, and behind them the archers. Both the one and the other were covered by soldiers in their front, over whose heads they could fling their javelins, and shoot their arrows at the enemy. Behind all these, Cyrus formed another line, to serve for the rear, which consisted of the flower of his army. Their business was to have their eyes upon those who were placed before them, to encourage those who did their duty; to sustain and threaten those who gave way, and even to kill those who fled, as traitors. Behind the army were placed the moving towers, above described. They formed a line equal and parallel to that of the army, and served not only to annoy the enemy, by the perpetual discharges of the archers that were in them; but might also be considered a kind of movable forts or redoubts, under which the Persian troops might rally, in case they were broken and pushed by the enemy. Immediately behind these towers were two other lines, which were also parallel and equal to the front of the army; the one was formed of the baggage, and the other of the chariots which carried the women, and such other persons as were unfit for service. To close all these lines, and to secure them from the insults of the enemy, Cyrus placed in the rear of all 2,000 infantry, 2,000 horse, and a numerous troop of camels. The Persian chariots of war were divided into three bodies of 100 each. One of these bodies, commanded by Abradates, King of Lusiana, was placed in the front of the battle, and the other two upon the two flanks of the army.

Such was the order of battle in the two armies as they were drawn out, and disposed the day before the engagement.

The next day, early in the morning, Cyrus made a sacrifice, during which time, his army took a little refreshment. After having offered their libations to the gods, the soldiers put on their armor. They likewise armed the horses, with forehead-pieces, and breastplates, the single horses with thigh-pieces, and those in the chariots with plates on their sides. The army presented a most magnificent spectacle. The soldiers decked in glittering brass, and flaming scarlet, and the horses encased in the same metal, presented the appearance of a sea of crimson and gold, as their bright arms flashed in the rays of the morning sun.

The chariot of Abradates, which had four perches and eight horses, was completely adorned for him, and he was upon the point of putting on his quilted linen corselet when Panthea, his wife, brought him a golden helmet, and armpieces and broad bracelets of the same precious metal. She also presented him with a purple habit that reached down to his feet, and hung in folds at the bottom, and a plume of violet-colored feathers. All these she had caused to be made unknown to her husband, that her present might be more agreeable from surprise. In spite of all her endeavors to the contrary, when she dressed him in this armor she could not refrain from shedding tears. But, notwithstanding her tenderness for him, she exhorted him to die sword in hand rather than not signalize himself in the coming battle.

After Cyrus had made his sacrifice to the gods, he rode through his army, and gave his officers the necessary instructions and orders for the battle. While he was considering on which side he should direct his march, he heard a clap of thunder on the right, and cried out, "Great Jove, we follow thee." At that instant he set forward, having Chrysantas on his right, who commanded the right wing of the horse, and Arsamas, who commanded the foot, on his left. He warned them above all things to pay attention to the royal standard, and to advance equally in a line. The standard was a golden eagle with extended wings on the end of a pike. He made his troops halt three times before he arrived at the enemy's army. When the two armies were in sight of each other, and the

enemies had observed how much their front exceeded that of the Persians, they made the center of their army halt, while the two wings advanced, projecting to the right and left, with the desire to inclose Cyrus's army, and to begin their attack on every side at the same time. But this movement did not cause Cyrus to slacken his pace, for he had expected it. Having given the rallying word: "Jove, our guide and protection," he rode through all the ranks to encourage his soldiers and to give his orders. He observed that many of his officers, and even Abradates himself, were uneasy at the movement made by the two wings of the Lydian army, in order to attack them on the two flanks. "Those troops alarm you," said he; "believe me, those very troops shall be the first routed, and to you, Abradates, I give their defeat as a signal of the time when you are to fall upon the enemy with your chariots. In fact, the event happened precisely as Cyrus had foretold. After Cyrus had given such orders as he thought necessary everywhere, he returned to the right wing of his army. When the two wings of the Lydian army were sufficiently extended, they turned and faced the Persian army, and then Crœsus gave the signal for his army to advance against the enemy. And thus these phalanxes marched against the Persian army; one in the front, one on the right, and the other on the left. Cyrus's army, therefore, was inclosed on three sides, as if it had three great armies to engage with, and looked like a small square drawn with a large one. In an instant, on the first signal given by Cyrus, his troops faced about on every side, and all were silent in anxious expectation of the event. Cyrus now began to sing the hymn of battle, and his whole army answered to it with loud shouts and invocations to the gods of war. Then Cyrus, at the head of some troops of horse, briskly followed by a body of foot, fell immediately upon the enemy's troops who were marching to attack the right wing of his army in flank. With his foot and horse he inclosed the enemy on each side, and then attacked them so fiercely that they were soon put into great disorder. The chariots, then, driving furiously upon the Lydians, completed their defeat. At the same moment the troops of the left flank, knowing by the noise that Cyrus had commenced the battle on the right, advanced to meet the enemy, making the camels advance as Cyrus had ordered. The enemy's cavalry did not expect this, and their horses, at a distance, as soon as they were sensible of the approach of these animals (for horses can not endure the smell of camels*), begun to snort and prance, and to run foul of one another, throwing their riders, and treading them under foot. While they were in this confusion a small body of Persian horse, commanded by Artagersas, charged them warmly, and the chariots both to the right and left, fell upon them at the same time. The Lydians, thus hotly attacked, were unable to rally, and finally turned and fled, leaving the ground strewn with their dead. This being the signal which Cyrus had given Abradates, for attacking the front of the Lydian army, that general drove like lightning upon the enemy with all his chariots. The charioteers of the enemy, unable to stand such a violent charge, immediately turned and fled. Abradates made his way directly against the Egyptian battalions. The Egyptians, covered with their heavy bucklers, and marching in such close order that the Persian chariots had not room to pierce among them, gave him much trouble, and would not have been broken but for the violence of the horses that trod upon them. It was a most fearful spectacle to behold the heaps of men and horses, overturned chariots, broken arms and legs, and all the direful effects of the sharp scythes which cut every thing in pieces that came in their way. In this inexpressible confusion, the wheels making their way by jolts over heaps of all kind, Abradates's chariot was overturned, and he and his men, after having signalized themselves by the most incredible deeds, were slain. The Egyptians then, marching forward in close order, and covered with their bucklers, compelled the Persian infantry to give way, and drove them beyond their fourth line, as far as their engines. There they met a fresh storm of arrows and javelins, that were poured upon their heads from the moving towers; and the Persians who formed the rear guard would not allow their archers and javelin men to retreat any further; but advancing upon them, sword in hand, compelled them to return to the charge of the enemy. And great havoc and destruction there was of men, great clashing of arms and weapons of all kinds, and great noise of people, some calling to each other, some making exhortations, and some calling on the gods. Cyrus, in the mean time, having put both the horse and foot on the left of the Egyptians to flight, did not lose time in pursuing the fugitives.

But pushing on directly to the center, he had the mortification to find his Persian troops had been forced to give way; and rightly judging, that the only means to prevent the Egyptians from gaining further ground, would be to attack them behind, he

* This natural antipathy of the horse for the camel is affirmed by the ancients; but it is disproved by daily experience, and derided by the best judges, the orientals.—*Gibbon.*

The horses of Crœsus, however, could never have seen a camel!—*Belœ.*

did so, and fell upon their rear: the cavalry came up at the same time, and the enemy was pushed with great fury. The Egyptians being attacked on all sides, faced about every way, and defended themselves with obstinate courage. And now foot and horse fought promiscuously, and a Lydian soldier, falling under Cyrus's horse and being trampled on, stabbed the horse in the belly. The horse, thus wounded, tossed and staggered, and threw Cyrus off, into the midst of the enemy. On this occasion one might see of what advantage it was for a ruler to have the love of those that are under his command; for his soldiers, officers and men, equally alarmed at the danger of their leader, cried out, fell on and fought; they pushed and were pushed; they struck and received blows, and one of his attendants, leaping from his horse, mounted Cyrus on the animal, and the battle became more fierce and bloody than before. At length Cyrus, admiring the valor of the Egyptians, and being anxious to preserve the lives of such brave men, offered them honorable conditions if they would surrender, letting them know at the same time, that their allies had deserted them. The Egyptians accepted the conditions, and as they prided themselves, no less upon their fidelity than upon their courage they stipulated, that they should not be obliged to carry arms against Crœsus, in whose service they had been engaged. Thenceforward they served in the Persian army with inviolable fidelity. The battle lasted till evening. Crœsus returned to Sardis with his troops. The other nations, as fast as possible directed their courses each to their own country, making as long marches as they could. The conquerors, having taken suitable refreshment, posted their guards, and went to rest. See *Babylon*.

TICINUS, B.C. 217.—Ticinus is the ancient name of the river Tesino, a large stream which, flowing from the St. Gothard, waters the Levantine valley, and passing through the Lago Maggiore, runs S. E. and falls into the Po, on the left bank, below Pavia, in Austrian Italy.

When Hannibal crossed the Rhone his army consisted of 38,000 foot and over 8,000 horse; but his passage over the Alps destroyed nearly half this number; so that when he entered Italy he had remaining only 12,000 Africans, 8,000 Spanish foot, and 6,000 horse. The rapid progress which Hannibal made through Italy, caused the greatest consternation throughout the city of Rome. Sempronius was ordered to leave Sicily, and hasten to the relief of his country, and P. Scipio, the other consul, advanced toward the enemy, crossed the Po, and pitched his camp near the river Ticinus. The two armies were now within sight of each other. The generals on each side made a speech to their soldiers before the engagement. Scipio represented to his forces the glory of their country; the noble deeds of their ancestors, and assured them that victory was in their hands. Were they not about to combat only with Carthaginians? Had they not often defeated them before? Had they not compelled them to pay tribute for twenty years? And should the Romans now be defeated by the Carthaginians, a people who had long been accustomed to be their slaves? Hannibal, he said, in his march over the Alps had lost the flower of his army, and those that survived were exhausted by hunger, cold, and fatigue. The bare sight of the Romans was sufficient to put to flight a parcel of soldiers who resembled ghosts more than men. Finally it was necessary that their arms should be victorious, for not only was Italy invaded but their beloved city, Rome, was in danger. The present battle would decide its fate.

Hannibal also addressed his soldiers; but that his words might make a stronger impression on the rude minds of his men, he spoke to their eyes before he addressed their ears. He armed a number of barbarians, whom he had captured during his passage over the Alps, and commanded them to fight two and two, in sight of his army, promising at the same time to reward the conquerors with their liberty, and with rich presents. The barbarians eagerly obeyed him, and the zeal with which they fought each other gave Hannibal an opportunity to exhibit to his soldiers a lively picture of their present condition. He assured them that they were deprived of all means of turning back; and that therefore, they must go into the battle with the determination to conquer or die. What would be the reward if victorious? The conquest of all Italy; the plunder of the rich and magnificent city of Rome, and an illustrious victory, and immortal glory. He roused their indignation against the Romans; he bade them throw off the yoke of servitude, and to prove to the world that those imperious Romans could not tame Carthaginian blood. And now both armies prepared for the battle. The Romans threw a bridge across the Ticinus, and their troops marched over it. But two ill omens had filled the Romans with consternation and dread. A wolf had stolen into the camp and cruelly mangled some of the soldiers, without receiving the least harm from those who endeavored to kill it; and a swarm of bees had pitched upon a tree near the general's tent. The Carthaginians, however, were inspired with the boldest courage. Hannibal animated them with fresh promises, and clearing with a stone the skull of a lamb which he was sacrificing, he called upon Jupiter to dash to pieces his head in like manner in

case he did not give his soldiers the rewards he had promised them. Scipio posted the troops armed with missive weapons, and the Gaulish horse, in the first line, and forming the second line of the flower of the confederate army, he slowly advanced. Hannibal advanced with his whole cavalry, in the center of which he had posted the troopers who rode with bridles, and the Numidian horsemen* on the wings in order to surround the enemy.

The officers and cavalry being eager to engage, a charge ensued. At the very first onset, Scipio's light-armed soldiers, frightened at the Carthaginian cavalry, which came pouring upon them, had scarcely discharged their darts ere they gave way, and fearing lest they should be trampled under foot, they retreated through the intervals of the squadrons. The battle raged a long time with equal success. Many horsemen on either side dismounted, so that the battle was carried on between infantry as well as cavalry. In the mean time the Numidians surrounded the enemy. They now charged on the rear of the light-armed troops, who had fled from the first charge of the cavalry, and rode them down. The center of the Roman army had fought bravely, and as their enemies were equally courageous, many were slain on both sides. But the attacks by the Numidian cavalry in the rear, put the Roman troops into disorder. At this moment Scipio was disabled from taking further part in the action by a severe wound received at the hands of a Carthaginian who nearly took him prisoner. However, the consul was rescued out of the enemy's hands by the bravery of his own son, then but seventeen years old, and who afterward was honored with the surname of Africanus, for having put a glorious period to this war. The consul, though dangerously wounded, retreated in good order. He was conveyed to his camp by a body of horse, who covered him with their arms and bodies. The balance of the army followed him thither. He hastened to the Po, which he crossed with his army, and then broke down the bridge to prevent Hannibal from overtaking him. See battles of *Trebia*, *Thrasymenus*, and *Cannæ*.

TICONDEROGA, A. D. 1758.—This village, in Essex co., New York, stands on the bank of Lake Champlain, 97 miles north of Albany.

While the British under Amherst and Wolfe were engaged with the French in the eastern part of the possessions of France, in North America, Abercrombie, and Lord Howe, with about 7,000 British soldiers, 9,000 provincials, and a heavy train of artillery, were marching against Ticonderoga, then in the occupation of Montcalm, with about 4,000 French troops. On the 6th of July, 1758, the British army, having passed down Lake George in flat-boats, landed at the northern extremity of that beautiful sheet of water. The English commanders were aware that Montcalm was in daily expectation of receiving a reinforcement of 3,000 men, under M. de Levi, and resolved to make a speedy attack on Ticonderoga.

The whole country between the landing-place and Ticonderoga was covered with a dense forest intersected with deep ravines and dangerous morasses. The British army was immediately put in motion. The provisions, artillery, and all heavy baggage were left behind, and the army, formed in four columns, the regulars in the center, and provincials on the flanks, advanced toward the enemy. Their progress, owing to the roughness of the country, was slow. Montcalm had watched the movements of the British with a wary eye; yet he was confident that he could repulse them. "These people," said he in a letter to Vandreuil, dated July 6th, "march cautiously; yet, if they give me time to gain the position I have chosen on the heights of Corillon,* I shall beat them." The British columns, led by ignorant guides, broke and jostled each other as they advanced; and they had proceeded but about two miles when the right center, under Lord Howe, suddenly came upon an advanced party of 300 French troops under De Trépézée, who was on his way to rejoin Montcalm at Ticonderoga, and having lost his way, had been wandering in the forest for 12 hours. The British immediately charged upon the French, who met the attack with firmness; but wearied with their long march, and overwhelmed by numbers, the French were soon put to rout, losing 141 in killed and wounded. The balance fell into the hands of the victors as prisoners. But the British sustained in this conflict an irreparable loss. At the very first onset, Lord Howe was slain. One other officer, and several privates were also killed. Lord Howe was the idol of his soldiers, and their grief at his loss was so great, that, in the words of Mante, "with him the soul of the army seemed to expire." The General Court of Massachusetts voted him a monument in Westminster Abbey; and his memory was long cherished in America with affection. The English columns were so much confused and broken, that Abercrombie, on the morning of the 7th, withdrew the whole army to the landing-place. An hour before noon Colonel Bradshaw, with a strong detachment, advanced and took possession of

* The Numidian's used to ride without saddle or bridle.

* Ticonderoga was first called Fort Corillon by the French.

the saw-mills, near the present village of Ticonderoga, which the enemy had abandoned. Abercrombie, on this, put the army in motion again, and joined Bradshaw, and all encamped that night on the ground around the saw-mills, within a mile and a half of the French army. Early the next day, Abercrombie sent an engineer to reconnoiter, and on his return he reported the French works unfinished, and might easily be taken. But the engineer was deceived. Montcalm was prepared to receive the enemy. On the 6th of July he called in all his parties; and on the next day the whole French army labored incessantly in strengthening his position. Fort Ticonderoga, or Fort Corillon, as it was then called, was an exceedingly strong work, built of limestone. The peninsula on which the fort stood is elevated over 100 feet above the lake, and contains about 500 acres. The waters of the lake washed three sides, and a deep marsh extended nearly across the fourth. The right of the French line of defenses rested on a hillock, about a mile from the fort, the left extended to a scarp surmounted by an abatis. The whole defenses were completed by the erection of a breastwork nine feet high, upon the narrowest part of the neck, between the swamp and the outlet of Lake George, and for 100 yards in front of this breastwork, the approach was obstructed by felled trees, with their branches pointing outward, stumps, and all kinds of rubbish. As the English advanced toward the French, they were greeted by a heavy discharge of artillery, which swept through their ranks with the force of a hurricane; but in the face of the tempest they pressed steadily forward, determined to carry the works at the point of the bayonet. The English advanced in three columns, to attack the left, right, and center of the enemy's line simultaneously. But becoming entangled in the rubbish, and thrown into disorder by clambering over fallen logs and through thick-set bushes, they suffered terribly by the fire of the enemy. For four hours the English breasted that fearful storm, vainly endeavoring to surmount the obstacles which the French had thrown in their path. Hundreds fell at every discharge from the French lines, and Abercrombie perceiving the immense slaughter of his troops, sounded a retreat, and unpursued by the French, the English retired to the foot of Lake George. In this engagement the British lost nearly 2,000 men in killed and wounded. The French loss was trifling. This defeat filled the English with shame and confusion; the French, on the contrary, were filled with joy; they had met and defeated an army nearly four times larger than their own. So much disheartened was Abercrombie by this disaster, that he did not renew the attack, but fell back with the greater part of his army to Albany.

TICONDERAGA, A.D. 1775. — At the commencement of the revolutionary war, a strong fort, the ruins of which stand in the south-easterly part of the town of Ticonderoga, was occupied by a British garrison, and the Americans perceiving the importance of this work, determined to capture it. On the 9th of May Colonel Ethan Allen, and Colonel Eaton, with 270 men, reached the east shore of Lake Champlain. Having crossed the lake, the Americans, early on the following morning, took up a position in front of the fort. The garrison, wrapped in profound sleep, were unconscious of the approach of an enemy, and the American commanders prepared to enter the fort. As, the two officers advanced, a sentinel snapped his piece at them, and hastily retired to arouse his comrades. The garrison being alarmed rushed to arms and opened a brisk fire on the assailants. But the Americans pushed boldly forward, and a hot skirmish with the bayonet ensued. The British were driven back, and the commander of the garrison making his appearance, was summoned to surrender. "By what authority?" he inquired. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" was the memorable reply of Ethan Allen. The English threw down their arms, and surrendered every thing to the conquerors. One hundred and twenty pieces of brass cannon, several mortars and howitzers, and balls, bombs, and ammunition, of every description fell into the hands of the victors; and all this was accomplished without the loss of a single life on either side.

TIPPECANOE, A.D. 1811.—The Tippecanoe, a river in Indiana, is celebrated from a battle fought on its banks in 1811, between the Americans, under General William Henry Harrison, and the Indians, in which the latter were totally defeated.

TLASCALANS AND SPANIARDS, A.D. 1519.—Terrified and subdued by the total defeat at the battle of Ceutla, which they had experienced at the hands of the Tabascans determined to pacify the invaders. They humbly presented themselves before the conqueror, and gave him costly gifts of gold; a bountiful supply of provisions, and twenty female slaves. Among the latter was Donna Marina, who afterward played such an important part in the conquest of Mexico.

Learning from the Tabascans that the precious metal was not a native of their country, but that it was brought thither from Mexico, Cortez, whose sole object was to enrich his sovereigns, his companions, and himself, re-entered his ships, and sailed toward the

north, and finally came to anchor off the island of San Juan d' Ulloa, opposite the spot where the city of Vera Cruz now stands.

Here his ship was visited by a number of natives who came from the shore in a canoe. They presented him with ornaments of gold; and freely bartered the precious metal with the Spanish soldiers for trinkets and toys. The language of the Aztecs, however, did not resemble that of the Tabascans, and Cortez was unable to communicate with them save by nature's general language—the language of signs. But Cortez was informed that Marina was acquainted with the Aztec language; and as she was also familiar with the Tabascan tongue, she could converse with Aguila, who, in turn, could interpret her words to the Spanish general. Afterward Marina acquired the Spanish language, and Cortez made her his interpreter.

Through the two interpreters the natives informed Cortez that they were the subjects of Montezuma, a great emperor who had conquered all the nations of Mexico, and whose wealth and power exceeded that of any earthly sovereign. Their own country had been recently conquered by Montezuma, and was governed by a Mexican noble named Teuhtlite, who lived several leagues from the coast. Montezuma, himself, they said, resided in the interior of the country, and lived in a degree of magnificence, the description of which excited the curiosity of the Spaniards to the highest pitch.

Cortez dismissed the natives with many presents, and intimated his desire to hold an interview with the governor. After the departure of his visitors, Cortez landed with his crew, and with the aid of the natives who were apparently sent to him by the governor, he erected a barrack and other buildings for the use of his men.

At length the governor, with a numerous body of attendants, arrived at the Spanish camp. In the interview which followed, Cortez informed him that he had been sent by his king to visit Montezuma, the fame of whose greatness had been wafted across the ocean to his ears. The Aztec noble assured Cortez that couriers should be sent immediately to Montezuma, to communicate the wishes of the strangers, and to learn his will, and that upon their return he would inform him of his royal master's intentions.

The governor then directed his slaves to bring forth the presents intended for the Spanish general. So magnificent were the presents that the desire of the Spaniards was increased fourfold to visit the country whose sovereign seemed to have such inexhaustible wealth at his command.

Cortez, in the name of his king, thanked the governor for the presents, and commanded his servants to bring forward those intended for Montezuma. Having received these, the governor shortly afterward quitted the Spanish camp in the same pomp with which he had entered it.

Seven days only elapsed before an embassy from Montezuma presented itself at the Spanish camp. They were loaded with costly presents, more magnificent than the Spaniards had ever seen before; but after delivering their gifts, they gave Montezuma's decided refusal to grant an interview to the strangers. On the contrary, after assuring them of his good will toward the King of Spain, he urged them to return to their own country.

This was far from the Spanish general's desires or intention. He told the embassy that the generosity and magnanimity of their emperor only made him the more anxious to visit him. The Aztec nobles assured him that their royal master would not give his consent, and in astonishment at the audacity of the invader they took their departure.

Ten days afterward they again returned bringing from their monarch additional presents, but Montezuma's answer was, if possible, still more decided than before. He not only requested but commanded the strangers to leave the country. Having given this reply, to the Spanish general, the Mexican nobles withdrew. That very day all the natives who, until now, had been on the most friendly terms with the Spaniards, deserted the camp, and refused to furnish any further supplies.

About this time Cortez received commands from the Governor of Cuba to return, and upon expressing his refusal to do so many of his officers and soldiers murmured, and were upon the point of an open mutiny. Cortez, however, determined upon a desperate action. By intrigue, management, and force, he quelled the mutiny; founded a colony, and caused himself to be elected governor. He received embassies from the provinces of Cempoalla and Chihuitztla, which had been conquered by Montezuma, and whose inhabitants were ready for a revolt at any moment, and by the promise to free them from the yoke of the tyrant, induced them to enter into alliance with him. To prevent a second mutiny, he caused all his fleets, except one small vessel, to be destroyed, thus leaving to his soldiers the choice of fidelity and success, or death.

Cortez having succeeded in forming this alliance, returned to Vera Cruz, and, having a small body of men at that place, on the 16th of August, he commenced his march toward the city of Mexico, with an army consisting of 400 Spanish foot soldiers fifteen cavalry, and 2,000 Indians, of whom 1,200

were warriors, the others serving in the capacity of baggage-carriers. His artillery consisted of seven pieces of cannon. With this small army he marched through the heart of the country without molestation until he arrived at the country of the Tlascalans. Upon arriving at the boundary of Tlascala the progress of the army was arrested by a remarkable fortification. Before them arose a stone wall, nine feet in height, and twenty in thickness. It was six miles in length, and rested at either extremity on a rugged ridge of mountains, and marked the limits of Tlascala. The Tlascalans were brave republicans, and had long struggled for liberty with the armies of the Mexican monarch, and for this reason the allies of the Spaniards strenuously advised Cortez to seek their friendship.

Cortez, accordingly, sent an embassy, consisting of four of the principal Cempoallans, to the Tlascalan chieftains, with a conciliatory letter, requesting permission to pass through their country, and with numerous presents. Before receiving an answer, however, Cortez passed through an opening in the center of the wall, and entered the country. Meanwhile, the Tlascalans, having listened to Cortez's embassy, held a fierce debate whether to receive him with peace or war. The latter was decided upon, and it was determined to detain the envoys, and to fall at once on the Spaniards with a powerful army which was at that time stationed near the eastern frontier.

After his whole army had passed the wall, Cortez with his cavalry rode on in advance to reconnoiter. Having proceeded several miles he discovered a small party of Indians armed with sword and buckler. At his approach they fled precipitately; but putting spurs to their horses the Spanish cavalry soon overtook them. Finding it impossible to escape, the Indians turned upon their pursuers and attacked them with the utmost fierceness; but their puny weapons were unequal to the task, and the Spaniards were about to cut them to pieces, when an immense body of Indians appeared, coming at full speed to the relief of their companions. The Spanish general immediately dispatched a man to hasten the movements of the main body of his army, and drew up his cavalry to receive the shock of the enemy. Like a whirlwind the tumultuous mass of the Indian army swept on toward the Spaniards, seeming as if by their very weight they would crush and overwhelm them. But the Spaniards received the charge like a firm rock, which divides the rushing current of a swift river. Surrounded on all sides by the unfortunate Indians, who, seizing the horsemen by their knees, endeavored to dislodge them from their seats, and strove vainly to tear their weapons from their hands. In this desperate struggle one Spaniard was torn from his saddle, trampled under foot, and wounded so sorely that that he died shortly after the battle, and two horses were slain; but the Indians suffered severely. The long keen lances of their enemies inflicted deadly thrusts on all sides. While the struggle was at its height, the main body of the Spanish army arrived at the scene of action. Hastily forming they opened a rapid fire of artillery, musketry, and cross-bows, upon the Indians. Startled by the report of the guns, the Indians suddenly ceased fighting. They gave one look toward the fire-vomiting engines, and then retired from the field. The road was now free from impediment, and Cortez joyfully resumed his march.—*Prescott.*

TOLEDO, A.D. 457.—Toledo, a celebrated city of Spain, was taken in the year 457 by the Goths from the Romans. The Goths made it their capital in Spain till 714, when it was taken by the Moors. The Moors were expelled from Toledo in 1085 by Alphonso VI. and Rodrigo Diaz, and notwithstanding three various sieges in the next century, it has remained in the hands of the Spaniards ever since.

TORRES VEDRAS, A.D. 1810.—Our accounts of battles and sieges would be incomplete without a description of the celebrated lines of defense established by the Duke of Wellington, in 1810, to resist the approach of the French. They are thus described by Sir Archibald Alison: "The lines of Torres Vedras, on which the English engineers were engaged for above a twelvemonth, and which have acquired immortal celebrity from being the position in which the torrent of French conquest was first permanently arrested, consisted of three distinct ranges of defenses, one within another, which formed so many intrenched positions, each of which must be successively forced before the invading force could reach Lisbon. The first, which was twenty-nine miles long, extended from Alhambra on the Tagus, to Zezambre on the sea-coast. The second in general about eight miles in rear of the first, stretched from Quintella on the Tagus, to the mouth of the St. Lorenza, in the sea. The third, intended to cover a port of embarkation, extended from Pass d'Arcos, on the Tagus, to the tower of Jonquera on the coast. Within this interior line was an intrenched camp, designed to cover the embarkation of the troops, if that extremity should become necessary, and it rested on Fort St. Julian, whose high ramparts, and deep ditches, rendered any attempt at escalade impracticable; so that, in the event of disaster, the most ample means were provided for bringing away the troops in safety. Of these lines, the second was in-

comparably the strongest, and it was there that Wellington had originally intended to make his stand, the first being rather to retard the advance of the enemy, and take off the first edge of his attack, than to be the permanent resting-place of the allied forces; but the long delay of Massena at the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Almeida, had given so much time to the English engineers that the first line was completed and deemed susceptible of defense when the French arrived before it. It consisted of thirty redoubts placed on a ridge of heights, on which were mounted, in all, 140 guns; the great redoubt of Sobral in the center, on which were mounted forty-five pieces of heavy cannon, was perched upon an eminence that overlooked the whole exterior lines, and from which signal-posts communicated over their whole extent; an admirable road, running along the front of the position, enabled one part of the army to communicate rapidly with the other; the highways, piercing through this terrible barrier, were all pallisadoed; the redoubts armed with chevaux-de-frise, and a glacis cut away to make room for their fire and the intervening spaces which were not fortified formed into encampments for the troops under shelter of the guns of one or other of the redoubts, where they might give battle to the enemy with every prospect of success. On the whole lines no less than 600 pieces of artillery were mounted on 150 redoubts.

TORONE, B.C. 422.—In the tenth year of the Peloponnesian war, Torone, in the Thracian dominions, was besieged and taken by the Athenian land and sea forces, under the command of Cleon. Many of the Peloponnesians and Toroneans were slain, and the commandant of the garrison, Pasitilidas, was taken prisoner. The victors doomed the wives and children of the Toroneans to slavery, and the male inhabitants, together with the Peloponnesians, and every Chalcidean found among them, amounting in all to 700, were sent away captives to Athens.

TORTOSA.—The city of Tortosa, in Spain, has been the witness of many bloody strifes. In 811 the army of Louis Debonnaire attacked the city, and wrested it from the Moors. Afterward, however, it was retaken by the Moors, who made piratical excursions from the city against Italian traders. Eugenius III., therefore, proclaimed a crusade against this nest of pirates, and in 1148 succeeded in taking the place. The Moors, in 1149, made a desperate effort to regain Tortosa, but were defeated with great loss. In this defense the women of Tortosa took a prominent part; they mounted the battlements, and with loud shouts hurled their missile weapons upon the besiegers, and thus annoyed the besiegers, while their fathers, husbands, brothers, and lovers made a sally, in which they defeated the Moors, and put them to utter rout. In 1798 Tortosa was taken by the French, under the Duke of Orleans. In 1811, this place, the bulwark of Valencia and Catalonia, was shamefully surrendered to the French by General Lilli, who was afterward tried for cowardice, and condemned to death, but was pardoned by Ferdinand VII.

TOULON, A.D. 1793.—This famous seaport town of France stands at the bottom of one of the finest harbors of the Mediterranean, one hundred and ninety miles south-east of Lyons. The town is of an oval shape, with the longest side fronting the water, and "rises gracefully and majestically toward the north, extending its ramparts to the foot of a range of high mountains, stretching from the east to the west. The naval arsenal of Toulon is one of the finest in Europe. This place is strongly fortified, being surrounded by a double rampart, and a large deep ditch, defended to the east and west by hills covered with redoubts." The siege of Lyons was quickly followed by the battle of Toulon. The republicans immediately after subjugating the former city, marched against Toulon, thinking it would fall an easy prey into their hands. But they were disappointed, for they found great difficulties to overcome. Toulon, on the land side, is backed by a ridge of lofty hills, which for more than a century had been strongly fortified, and the greater part of the city and harbor was protected by the cannon of the fortifications. On the possession of two principal points of this range of mountains depended the maintenance of the city. The defile of Ollioulles, a rocky pass of great strength, which forms the only means of communication between the promontory of Toulon and the mainland of France, had been occupied by an English detachment of 600 men, who had driven the republicans from that post. The defense was at this time, however, intrusted to a Spanish force, and in the first part of September, Cartaux, with more than 5,000 republicans, attacked them, and very easily regained the pass. Fearing to weaken the garrison of the town, which was already much scattered, no attempt was made to recover this lost ground, and the republican videttes were pushed up to the outer walls of Toulon. As a compensation for this important service, Cartaux was deprived of his command by the Convention, and Dugommier was invested with the direction of the republican force. During the respite afforded by the siege of Lyons, the allied troops and the inhabitants of Toulon made desperate efforts to strengthen the defenses of the town, but the regular force was too small, and composed of so

many different nations, that they had no confidence in being able to resist. The English troops did not number 5,000, and no reliance could be placed on the 8,000 Spanish, Neapolitan, and Piedmontese troops that composed the remainder of the garrison. Powerful reinforcements were expected from England and Austria, but they came not. However, the inhabitants made great efforts to strengthen every means of defense, and particularly Fort Eguillette, which they hoped to render impregnable, as it was situated at the neck of the promontory which shut in the small harbor, and which, from its similarity of position, they called the Little Gibraltar. Lord Mulgrave assumed the command of the whole garrison in the beginning of September, and very active operations for strengthening the outworks on the heights were then commenced. The heights of Malbousquet, of Cape Brun, and of l'Eguillette, were soon covered with works, traced out by skillful French engineers. It was resolved to assemble the whole besieging army, under General Dugommier, and commence an attack on the forts on the heights, which commanded the harbor. In order to accomplish this design, a false attack was directed against Cape Brun, while the principal effort was to be made for the possession of the mountain of Faron, and the Fort Malbousquet. A young officer of artillery, then chief of battalion, named Napoleon Bonaparte, was given the command of the breaching batteries. Under his superintendance great damage was done to the forts, and to check the operations the garrison resolved to make a sally. This was accordingly done on the 30th of November, by 3,000 men from the town. Their chief object was to destroy the works on the heights of Arrennes, as the fire from this point was a source of great annoyance; while another division of nearly the same number, proceeded, in an opposite direction, to force the batteries at the gorge of Ollioulles, and destroy the great park placed there. Success at first crowned the efforts of both divisions, the batteries were carried, and the park on the point of being taken, when Dugommier, after haranguing his troops, led them back to the charge, and the assailants were repulsed. The attack on Arrennes was also fortunate; all the guns of the enemy were spiked, the works carried; but their impetuosity led them too far in pursuit of the enemy, and they were attacked by fresh troops under Napoleon, and drove back to the city with considerable loss.

In this sally, General O'Hara, who had just arrived from England, was wounded, and Dugommier was twice struck with spent balls, without any serious injury, however. The besiegers now directed their whole strength against the English redoubt, which was built in the center of their work on the neck of land called Eguillette, and upon the possession of which, the safety of the city depended. During the whole of the 16th of December, the besiegers kept up an incessant fire, and also commenced raising heavy batteries against this fort, and at two o'clock on the morning of the 17th, they advanced to the attack. A tremendous fire of grape and musketry saluted them from the works, and soon the ditch was filled with the dead and dying. The column was driven back, and Dugommier, who commanded it, gave all over for lost; but fresh troops arriving, he at length overpowered the Spanish soldiers, who had charge of part of the line, and surrounded the British detachment, nearly 300 of which were killed while fighting manfully for the defense of the intrenchments. The enemy having obtained possession of this important fort, further maintenance of the out-posts was deemed impracticable, and the whole of the allied troops accordingly withdrew from the promontory to the city of Toulon. This measure had been strongly recommended by Napoleon, as the possession of this fort which commanded the inner harbor, would render the situation of the fleet extremely perilous, and would, in all probability, lead to the evacuation of the city.

The republicans at the other extremity of the line were not less fortunate. At daybreak, a general attack was made by the enemy on the whole range of forts which crowned the mountain of Faron. They were driven back on the eastern side, but on the north, where the mountain was nearly 1,800 feet in height, very steep, and apparently inaccessible, they succeeded in ascending through paths deemed impracticable. The allies were beginning to rejoice at the defeat of the main attack on the eastern line, when suddenly they beheld the heights above them covered with glittering battalions, and the tri-color flag floating from the highest summit of the mountain. Napoleon was the instigator of these two conquests, and they decided the fate of the city. The garrison yet numbered more than 10,000 men, and the works of the town were still uninjured, but the harbor was not safe, as the fire from the heights ranged over the whole extent; and at length it was decided to evacuate the place. This determination was immediately carried into effect. The exterior forts were abandoned, and the principal inhabitants were informed that means of retreat would be afforded them on board the British squadron, while the fleet was moved beyond reach of the enemy's fire. The garrison being made up of such a heterogeneous company, much confusion would necessarily ensue, and

the Neapolitans, in particular, fled from their posts in such haste, and took refuge on board the ships, that they subjected themselves to the derision of the whole garrison. The unfortunate inhabitants were filled with gloomy forebodings. To them, this hasty evacuation seemed the harbinger of confiscation, exile, and death, republican conquest, and the reign of the guillotine. On the morning of the 18th the British sick and wounded embarked in ships appointed for that purpose; and when the inhabitants found that they were to be abandoned, despair and anguish filled every heart. The greatest confusion ensued; the streets were filled with women and children, and while they were hurrying to the quays, these were actually fired upon by the Jacobins. The shore of the harbor was filled with a piteous crowd, imploring to be saved from their cruel enemies. As soon as possible they were taken on board ships lying in the harbor, a work of considerable difficulty, as they numbered over 14,000. It was now resolved to send out under a royalist, Admiral Trogroffe, such part of the fleet as could be prepared for sea, and the rest was to be destroyed. It was a work of great danger, as the cannon of the republicans already reached the harbor. However, Sir Sydney Smith volunteered his services, and at twelve o'clock at night commenced the work of destruction. His entrance to the dockyard he found disputed, by about 600 galley-slaves, who had become free from their fetters. By stationing a British sloop, so that her guns swept the quay, he intimidated them, and also a large force of Jacobins, who were assembling around the outer pallisades. At eight, a fire ship was towed into the harbor, and at ten, the torch was applied, and the flames burst forth from every quarter. The fire spread with tremendous rapidity, and in a short time, fifteen ships of the line, and eight frigates were burned to the water's edge. The volumes of smoke which filled the sky, the crackling flames, which seemed to burst, as if it were out of the sea, and ascend to the heavens, the red light, which illuminated the mountains, formed a magnificent, as well as terrific sight. About midnight, the frigate *Iris*, with several thousand barrels of powder blew up with a dreadful explosion, and shortly after, the fire-ship met with the same fate. The republicans who crowded to the harbor's edge were driven back by the burning cinders, while the loss of their vessels filled them with the most indignant fury. The scene which occurred upon the embarkation of the last columns of the allied troops, no pen can describe. It was of the utmost horror. Cries, lamentations, and screams, were heard in every direction, even on the opposite side of the harbor. A few who had favored the royal cause, and neglected to leave in the first embarkation, flew to the beach, and with tears and prayers implored aid from their British friends. Mothers, with their little ones pressed to their bosoms, helpless children, and still more helpless old men, were seen stretching their hands toward the harbor, and even rushing into the waves to escape the cruel death that awaited them. Some seized such boats as they could find, and, without oars, followed after the vessels. Sir Sydney Smith with great humanity, instantly suspended his retreat, until every individual was removed from the strand, and the whole number saved in this manner was nearly 15,000. The destruction of the vessels in the basin before the town was intrusted to the Spanish officers, but they lacking courage to perform their work, eleven frigates, and seven ships of the line were saved to the republic. These, with five ships of the line, were all that remained of thirty-one ships of the line, and twenty-five frigates, which were lying in the harbor of Toulon, at the time it fell into the hands of the allies. Three ships and three frigates were brought away uninjured, and were taken into the English service; the whole number taken and destroyed was eighteen ships of the line, nine frigates, and eleven corvettes.

The sufferings of the poor Toulonese were now truly horrible. They were left to the mercy of soldiers and the galley-slaves, who had been let loose upon the city, and their brutality was only checked by the citizens redeeming themselves by the payment of the enormous sum of £176,000. Dugommier did all in his power to check the brutality of the soldiers, and mitigate the severity of the Convention toward the inhabitants. Several thousand citizens, in a few weeks, perished by the sword or the guillotine; two hundred were beheaded daily, and twelve thousand men were employed to destroy the buildings of the city. The Convention was inexorable; nothing could put a stop to their cruelties. On the motion of Barere, one of its members, it was decreed that the name of Toulon should be changed to Port de la Montagne, that the houses should be demolished, and nothing left but the naval and military establishments. The inhumanities of Lyons were imitated in a fearful manner, and in a few weeks, of ten thousand persons, eight hundred had been cut off. This was the termination of one of the most remarkable campaigns in the history of France, perhaps in the history of the world. A revolt, apparently destined to sever the richer cities of the south from the dominion of the republic; a civil war, which consumed the vitals of the western provinces, an invasion which had brok-

en through the iron barrier of the northern, and shaken the strength of the eastern frontier, were all defeated. The discomfited English had retired from Toulon, the Prussians in confusion had recrossed the Rhine, the conquerors in the north were silenced, and the valor of the Vendeans irretrievably quenched.

TOULOUSE, B.C. 106.—In the year of Rome 646, Cepio, a man so covetous of wealth as to think both peculation and sacrilege justifiable in the pursuit of it, was sent into Transalpine Gaul. This general commenced his operations by attacking Tolosa, now Toulouse. The Roman garrison had been placed in irons. Cepio was admitted by treachery into the city, which he delivered up to pillage. Nothing was spared, sacred or profane; all became the property of the soldiery. It is said that the consul's share of the booty amounted to nearly two millions sterling, principally taken from the temples.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1217.—The next siege of Toulouse is connected with one of the blackest pages in human history, the horrid war, or crusade against the Albigeois. The licentiousness of the clergy and the barefaced venality and ambition of the hierarchy led people to look with jealousy at the doctrines by which these men supported their influence, and the consequence necessarily was, that many seceded from the Church, and formed sects, or shades of belief, according to their intelligence, or perhaps passions. This, in fact, was the commencement of the Reformation, which, though kept under by the power of the Church, silently but unceasingly worked its way, till the ostentatious extravagance of Leo X. and the exasperated genius of Luther, nearly three hundred years after, brought it to a head. The rich provinces of the south of France were the first melancholy scenes of the series of persecutions, under the name of a religion of peace, which have since, in wars, assassinations, and *autos-da-fé*, in dungeons and inquisitions, tortures and the stake, disgraced humanity.

Raymond, Count of Toulouse, was the richest prince in Europe when Innocent III. set on the dogs of rapine, by preaching a crusade against him and his beautiful country. In the crusades to the Holy Land many more had been attracted by the fabulous accounts of the riches of the East, than by any care about the redemption of the holy places, so, in this European crusade, the wealth of Toulouse was the principal incentive to the adventurers who flocked to the plunder. At that period, individual enterprise was perhaps stronger than at any other; a prince of Lorraine had become King of Jerusalem; a high-sounding title, though barren of every thing but care; a few Norman knights had made themselves masters of Sicily and of part of the south of Italy. William of Normandy and his wonderful success were not forgotten; so that, directly there was a chance of territorial plunder, particularly under the sanction of the Church, the unscrupulous, restless, needy spirits of the age were all roused to action, and eager to obtain the first prize. One of the worst of this class, Simon de Montfort, was the leader of this infamous league. A French author describing him, says, "he would have been the hero of his age if he had not been *ambitious*, *barbarous*, *perfidious*, and *revengeful*." Plutarch would never have introduced the word *hero*, as in any way compatible with such a character. And here we take leave to warn our young readers against the partiality they may conceive for Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who figured in the reign of Henry III., from reading a pleasing tale by Mr. James. His De Montfort is a fiction, the real man was of the same character as his father; he was an adventurer, and his quarry was England, as Toulouse had been that of his predecessor.

In vain Count Raymond, the sovereign of the unfortunate Albigeois, endeavored to defend them; he was crushed beneath the same anathema, and was obliged to fly before De Montfort. Subdued, a wanderer, and a proscribed heretic, the count was reduced to the most deplorable condition, and abandoned Toulouse to the conqueror. The Toulousians gave up their city very unwillingly. Suffering under the odious yoke, they recalled their ancient master. Montfort informed of this revolution, hastened to the scene of action, came to the walls, and endeavored to enter by the Nalbonnais Castle. But he there found intrepid warriors and impregnable fortifications. Finding his first attack, from which he had expected much, fail, he commenced the siege in form; he fought several bloody battles, made many terrible assaults, and spared neither fatigue nor stratagem for more than four months. But he made himself master of the place by means of a horrible piece of treachery, devised and executed by Bishop Foulquet. The latter proposed to all the inhabitants, in the name of the God of peace, to go forth and meet De Montfort, for the purpose of coming to terms. That atrocious commander received them at the head of his knights, and made prisoners of most of them. The war, however, continued with various success, and Toulouse was again in the hands of the inhabitants. While besieging it this scourge was removed by a death he merited. An enormous stone, cast from a mangonel, and aimed by a woman, struck him senseless to the earth. He was borne to his tent, and expired almost immediately. Thus, like Pyrrhus, perished the

ever infamous Simon de Montfort, by an ignoble missile, launched by a woman.

Count Raymond, who was very aged, shortly after died, *and the priests refused his body sepulture;* his coffin remained for many years outside the door of a church. His toleration was his principal crime in the eyes of his clerical persecutors; a great part of his misfortunes may be attributed to the weakness of his character, but far more to the attractions held out to unscrupulous adventurers by his wealth. We have omitted the siege of Bèzieres, having neither space nor inclination to dwell upon this horrible page of history.

On the 10th of April, 1814, a battle was fought near Toulouse between the French army under Marshal Soult, and the English under the Duke of Wellington. Our space forbids an extended description of this engagement. The battle was obstinate and bloody, and finally resulted in the defeat of the French.

TOURNAI, A.D. 438.—Toward the middle of the 5th century, Clodio, first of the race of Merovingian kings of the Franks in Gaul, entered Belgium, surprised the Roman troops, defeated them, and laid siege to Tournai, even then a powerful city. But it could not withstand the conqueror long; he took it and gave it up to pillage.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1340.—After the naval victory gained by Edward III. of England, near Ecluce, that prince presented himself before Tournai. French authors say his army amounted to 120,000 men, which appears an immense number for that period; but Edward was assisted by so many Belgians, and other nations at feud with France, that his forces were great, though principally composed of foreigners. Proud of his strength, he feared no obstacles. But Godemar Dufay, the governor of the city, had prepared for a long defense, and Edward's plans being known, Dufay had a numerous and well-disciplined garrison. He was likewise assured of the good-will of the inhabitants, and was seconded by the *élite* of the chivalry of France. Philip VI. soon came himself to animate his brave subjects, and with several battalions, encamped between Lille and Douay. As soon as he began operations, Edward became aware of the rashness of his enterprise; and he sent a challenge to the French king to fight him in single combat, a hundred against a hundred, or in a general battle. This letter was addressed to Philip de Valois, without any other title. Philip replied, "A letter has been brought to our camp, addressed to Philip de Valois, in which letter were several requests which you make to the said Philip de Valois. As it is not for us, we do not reply to it; but we take advantage of the coming of your herald to remind you that you are our liegeman; that by attacking us, and raising the cities of Flanders against their count and against us, their sovereign and yours, you commit an act of rebellion, perjury, and felony, and for which, with the help of God, we hope to subdue you and to punish you. Besides, you propose a duel on very unequal terms; you offer to hazard your own person only against both the kingdom of France and the person of its king. If you will increase the stake, and put also the kingdom of England on the issue of that duel, we will, though the terms would be then very unequal, willingly accept of the challenge." All this was intended, no doubt, to stimulate the troops on both sides; we do not believe that either of these royal heroes was in earnest. Both sides were tired of the contest, after a siege of about twelve weeks. The inhabitants grew short of provisions, and Edward's forces decreased daily by death and desertion. In this situation they listened to the friendly intercession of Joan, Countess dowager of Hainault; a truce was concluded, and Tournai was saved.

Dazzled with the glories of Crecy and Poitiers, the English are accustomed to be proud of the reign of Edward III., that "mighty victor, mighty lord:" whereas few events in their history produced more or longer-endured misery to two great countries than Edward's unjust claim to the crown of France; unjust, because it was in opposition to the laws of that country, by which all such cases must be settled. This calamitous war lasted a hundred years, and, we have no doubt, by the enmity being thus carried down from father to son, created that singular antipathy between two neighboring nations, which is perhaps being removed by their present Alliance. The astonishing victories, which cast so much glory on one period of the reign of Edward III. appear to have dazzled the eyes both of his subjects and foreigners, but the disasters which clouded the evening of his life, proved that his ambition was greater than his judgment.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1513.—Henry VIII., King of England, in his famous expedition into France, attacked Therouanne, a town situated on the frontiers of Picardy. This siege is chiefly remarkable for the manner in which Fontrailles, a French officer, contrived to bring in a supply of provisions and ammunition. Henry and his nobles, together with the Emperor Maximilian, who was with the English army, carried on the siege so languidly, that the town was more in danger from famine than from its foes. The above-named officer appeared at the head of 800 horsemen, each of whom carried a sack of gunpowder behind him and two quarters of bacon. With this small force he made a sudden ir-

ruption into the English camp, and advanced to the fosse of the town, where each horseman threw down his burden. They immediately returned at the gallop, and were so fortunate as again to break through the English, and to suffer little or no loss. But the English had soon their revenge. The famous battle of Guinegate shortly followed, in which the French made such good use of their spurs, and in which the pride of their chivalry, Bayard, Bussy d'Amboise, Clermont, Imbrecourt, and others were taken prisoners. After this defeat, Henry made the mistake of returning to the siege of so inconsiderable a town as Terouanne. The place capitulated, and he demolished the fortifications. The army then advanced against Tournai.

This city, by its ancient charters, was exempt from the burden of a garrison, and when Louis XII. sent to ask them if they needed troops to defend their city, they made this boastful and silly reply: "Tournai est tourné, et jamais n'a tourné, et encore ne tournera. Si les Anglais viennent, ils trouveront à qui parler"—(Tournay is turned, and never has turned, and, still further, never will turn. If the English come, they will find somebody to speak to). And so the burgesses undertook the defense themselves. But the fate of Terouanne alarmed them, and in a very short time the place was surrendered. Over its gates was engraved this proud motto: "Tu n'as jamais perdu ta verginité." Never having been taken, it was what is called a maiden city; which honor is now lost. One of our countrymen, who was always anxiously looking out for personal advantages, derived benefit from this capture. The bishop of Tournai was lately dead; and although a new bishop was elected, he was not installed; so the king bestowed the administration of the see upon his favorite, Wolsey, and put him in immediate possession of the revenues.

Fourth Siege, A.D. 1581.—At this date Tournai was besieged by Spanish forces under the command of the Prince of Parma. The Seigneur d'Etréel commanded in the city, but his garrison was weak. The citizens, for the most part Protestants, were obliged to perform the duties of soldiers. The Spanish general invested the place, and formed the attack on the side where the ditch is dry, opposite the longest of the curtains, between the gates of St. Martin, and of Valenciennes, which was defended by a salient ravelin and a large platform. As soon as the trenches were opened, three batteries were established against these three works. The besieged kept up a warm fire from the tops of the bulwarks, and signalized themselves by some vigorous sorties. The Princess d'Epinoi, the wife of the governor, who filled with distinction the place of her husband, inflamed their ardor, and acquitted herself with incredible energy of all the functions of a most vigilant commander. The Prince of Parma made all haste to terminate the approaches, in order to get at the body of the place. It required but few days to carry the trenches to a great length. His batteries played furiously. He debouched in the fosse; it being dry, he carried, without trouble, the mine up to the wall, which, by both sapping and mining, was speedily brought down. The defenders of Tournai, redoubling their ardor, opposed fresh barriers to the Spanish impetuosity, and presented themselves wherever the danger was most imminent. At the end of a few days, the breach was found large enough to give an assault. It was given. The resistance and the attack were equally murderous. In the midst of the combatants the Princess d'Epinoi was particularly conspicuous. Nothing could resist the power of her arm. Flying in the face of peril and death, she continued to cry to the soldiers: "It is I; it is the wife of your governor who marches at your head, and braves death for the service of her country. Follow my example. I would rather quit life than the breach!" She spoke, and rushed amid the carnage. She was wounded in the arm. The sight of her blood only animates her: she redoubles her efforts; all fly, all disperse before her. The besieged, zealous to imitate her, eagerly follow her, and fight with such ardor, that the Spaniards are repulsed and retreat, after having lost a vast number of men. The hopes of prompt succor alone supported the citizens of Tournai; but as soon as they found their expectations frustrated, they perceived it was impossible to defend themselves longer, and resolved to surrender. On the 29th of November, the garrison was permitted to march out, with its arms and its baggage. The city redeemed itself from pillage; and the intrepid Amazon who had so bravely defended it, left Tournai, with her arm still in a scarf, amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the royal army, and, in some sort, with all the appearance of a glorious triumph.

Fifth Siege, A.D. 1667.—No monarch ever went to war more wantonly and unnecessarily than Louis XIV. Inflated with vanity and self-love, intoxicated with flattery, he seemed to look upon military glory as the only thing wanting to his fame and happiness. But never did monarch receive a much stronger rebuke from an overruling Providence! He was taught that the prosperity of nations is not to be trifled with for the gratification of one man's pride; and the wars he undertook so rashly and wickedly proved to be the sources of misery to which his arrogant self-sufficiency would

have led him to believe he could not be subjected.

In 1666, Louis XIV. lost his mother, Anne of Austria; Philip IV., her father, had died the preceding year. When Louis married Maria Theresa, that princess had formally renounced all right of succession to Spain or the Austrian dominions; but Louis, now heedless of this renunciation, immediately laid claim to Flanders, to the exclusion of Charles II., the minor son of Philip IV. The pretense he assigned was, that the queen's dowry not having been paid, her renunciation was null and void, and he invoked a custom of Brabant, by which the eldest daughters inherited in preference to younger sons. He supported these claims by a numerous army; won over the Emperor Leopold, by giving him hopes he might share the spoils of Charles II., and took the field at the head of his household. Turenne commanded under him; Vauban, and his minister Louvois, accompanied him. We have often, when contemplating this siege of Tournai, wondered what Louis could really think of himself—what he imagined his position actually was in the scale of humanity. He proceeded to the infliction of war upon an unoffending people—of war, the direst evil we know or can fancy—with all the "pride, pomp and circumstance" of a barbarous Eastern despot. Darius, when he met Alexander, was scarcely surrounded with so much splendor, and perhaps not so many indulgent comforts, and what is still more striking, did not in the eyes of his people so completely violate all that the civilized world deems moral or worthy of being an example. He was accompanied by his queen and his then adored mistress, the fascinating Montespan, with whom he lived in a state of double adultery.

His court was with him in all its splendor; he had his historian to record the exploits of his generals and his armies, and his poets to sing his praises and attribute every success to his divine presence. Here was a beleaguered town, suffering all the horrors of a siege, with almost the certainty of being taken; there was an army appearing to invade the rights of another nation in mere wantonness, indulging in voluptuous vice, and, in contrast with the town, passing its nights in festivity, song, music and dancing; vice and cruelty, pleasure and suffering, throwing each other into the strongest relief.

Louis's army consisted of 35,000 men. It was on this occasion that the minister Louvois introduced the improvement of supporting armies by magazines. Whatever siege the king undertook, to whichever side he directed his arms, supplies of all kinds were ready, the lodgings of the troops were provided, and the marches regulated. The king had only to present himself before the cities of Flanders to subdue them: he entered Charleroi as he would have entered Paris; Bergues-Saint-Veux, Ath, Furnes, Armentière, and Coutrai, opened their gates at the approach of the French battalions. Tournai showed signs of resistance. It was besieged in form, the artillery brought to bear upon it, and two days after the trenches had been opened, it capitulated. The citadel was then closely pressed, and that likewise surrendered on the morrow. The conqueror had both city and citadel fortified; and Mégrigni made the latter, of which he was governor, one of the best places in Europe.

Sixth Siege, A.D. 1745.—Louis XV. opened the campaign of 1745 by the siege of Tournai. The conquest of the place was of the greatest importance, and the allies prepared to defend it. Having been conquered on the plains of Fontenoi, they abandoned both this and several other fortresses bathed by the Dender and the Scheld. The garrison, composed of eleven battalions and a regiment of cavalry, retired into the citadel; but it was so warmly pressed, that in less than three weeks it capitulated.

Seventh Siege, A.D. 1792.—General Bourdonnaye entered Tournai in 1792, after the battle of Jemappes.

Eighth Siege, A.D. 1793.—Upon the defeat of Dumourier, in Belgium, the avant-garde of the Austrians, which followed the retrograde movement of the French army, re-entered Tournai on the 30th of April, 1793.

Ninth Siege, A.D. 1794.—At the commencement of the campaign of 1794, General Pichegru made every possible effort to approach Tournai and besiege it in regular form, but all in vain; he, on every occasion, had to contend with troops superior to his own, beneath its walls. When, however, he had gained several victories, and the imperialists had been conquered at Fleuris, the allies withdrew from Tournai, which fell into the hands of the French.—*Robson.*

TOURS, A.D. 732.—Between Tours and Poictiers, in France, lays a broad tract of champaign country, composed principally of a succession of rich pasture lands, which are traversed by several streams, tributaries of the river Loire. This region has been signalized by more than one memorable battle; but it is principally interesting by having been the scene of the great victory won by Charles Martel over the Saracens A.D. 732, which gave a decisive check to the career of Arab conquest in western Europe, rescued Christendom from Islam, preserved the relics of ancient, and the germs of modern civilization, and re-established the old superiority of the

BATTLE OF TOURS. Page 640.

Indo-European over the Semitic family of mankind.*

The Saracens under their great leader, Abderame, had crossed the Pyrences; had passed the Rhone, and laid siege to Arles, and had defeated with great slaughter a Christian army which had marched to the relief of Arles. The army of the Saracen chief was no less successful on the side of the ocean. He had passed, without opposition, the Garonne and Dardogne, which unite their waters in the gulf of Bordeaux; but he had found beyond those waters the camp of the intrepid Endes, who had formed a second army, and sustained a second defeat, so fatal to the Christians, that, according to their sad confession, God alone knew how many had been slain. The victorious Saracen overrun the provinces of Aquitania, whose Gallic names are disguised rather than lost in the modern appellations of Perigord, Saintonge, and Poitou; his standards were planted on the walls, or at least before the gates of Tours and of Sens; and his detachments overspread the kingdom of Burgundy, as far as the well-known cities of Lyons and Besançon. The memory of these devastations, for Abderame did not spare the country or the people, was long preserved by tradition, and the invasion of France by the Moors or Mohammedans affords the groundwork of those fables which have been so wildly disfigured in the romances of chivalry, and so elegantly adorned by the Italian muse. In the decline of society and art, the deserted cities could supply a slender booty to the Saracens; their richest spoils were found in the churches and monasteries, which they stripped of their ornaments and delivered to the flames. A victorious line of march had been prolonged above a thousand miles from the rock of Gibraltar to the banks of the Loire; the repetition of an equal space would have carried the Saracens to the confines of Poland and the Highlands of Scotland; the Rhine is not more impassable than the Nile or Euphrates, and the Arabian fleet might have sailed without a naval combat into the mouth of the Thames. Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pupils might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity of the truth of the revelation of Mohammed.†

From such calamities was Christendom delivered by the genius and fortune of one man. Charles, the illegitimate son of the elder Pepin, was content with the titles of Mayor or Duke of the Franks; but he deserved to become the father of a line of kings. In a laborious administration of twenty-four years he restored and supported the dignity of the throne, and the rebels of Germany and Gaul were successively crushed by the activity of a warrior who, in the same campaign, could display his banner on the Elbe, the Rhone, and the shores of the ocean. In the public danger he was summoned by the voice of his country, and his rival, the Duke of Aquitain, was reduced to appear among the fugitives and supplicants. "Alas!" exclaimed the Franks, "what a misfortune! what an indignity! We have long heard of the name and conquests of the Arabs; we were apprehensive of their attack from the East; they have now conquered Spain, and invade our country on the side of the west. Yet their numbers, and (since they have no bucklers) their arms are inferior to our own." "If you follow my advice," replied the prudent mayor of the palace, "you will not interrupt their march, nor precipitate your attack. They are like a torrent which it is dangerous to stem in its career. The thirst of riches, and the consciousness of success, redouble their valor, and valor is of more avail than arms or numbers. Be patient till they have loaded themselves with the encumbrance of wealth. The possession of wealth will divide their councils, and assure your victory." This subtle policy is, perhaps, a refinement of the Arabian writer's;* and

* Creasy.

† Gibbon's sneering remark, that if the Saracen conquest had not been checked, "perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity of the truth of the revelation of Mohammed," has almost an air of regret.—*Creasy.*

Gibbon himself, in a foot-note, disproves the truth of Mr. Creasy's surmise.

* "Prosperity," says an Arabian writer, "made the Arabians insatiable. * * * All the nations of the Franks trembled at the terrible army, and they betook them to their king, Caldus, and told him of the havoc made by the Moslem's horsemen; and how they rode at their will through all the land of Narbonne, Toulouse, and Bordeaux. Then the king bade them be of good cheer, and offered to aid them. And in the 114th year (of the Hegira), he mounted his horse, and he took with him a host that could not be numbered, and went against the Moslems. And he came upon them at the great city of Tours. And Abderrahman and other prudent cavaliers saw the disorder of the Moslem troops, who were loaded with spoil; but they did not venture to displease the soldiers by ordering them to abandon every thing except their arms and war-horses. And Abderrahman trusted in the valor of his soldiers, and in the good fortune which had ever attended him. But such defect of discipline always is fatal to armies. So Abderrahman and his host attacked Tours to gain still more spoils, and they fought against it so fiercely that they stormed the city almost before the very eyes of those that had come to save it; and the fury and the cruelty of the Moslems toward the city was like the fury and cruelty of raging tigers. It was manifest that God's chastisement was sure to follow such extremes; and Fortune thereupon turned her back upon the Moslems. Near the river Owar (probably the Loire), the two great hosts of the two languages, and the two creeds, were set in array against each other. The hearts of Abderrahman, his captains, and his men, were filled with pride and wrath, and they were the first to begin the fight. The Moslem horsemen dashed fierce and frequent forward against the battalions of the Franks, who resisted manfully, and many fell dead on either side, until the going down of the sun. Night parted the two armies; but in the gray of the morning the Moslems returned to the battle.

the situation of Charles will suggest a more narrow and selfish motive of procrastination—the secret desire of humbling the pride and wasting the provinces of the rebel Duke of Aquitain. It is yet more probable that the delays of Charles were inevitable and reluctant. A standing army was unknown under the first and second race; more than half the kingdom was now in the hands of the Saracens; according to their respective situation, the Franks of Neustria and Austria were too conscious or too careless of the impending danger; and the voluntary aids of the Gepidæ and Germans were separated by a long interval from the standard of the Christian general. No sooner had he collected his forces than he sought and found the enemy in the center of France, between Tours and Poitiers. His well-conducted march was covered by a range of hills, and Abderame appears to have been surprised by his unexpected presence. The nations of Asia, Africa, and Europe advanced with equal ardor to an encounter which would change the history of the world.

In the six first days of desultory combat, the horsemen and archers of the east maintained their advantage; but in the closer onset on the seventh day, the Orientals were oppressed by the strength and stature of the Germans, who with stout hearts and *iron* hands, asserted the civil and religious liberty of their posterity. The epithet of *Martel*, the *Hammer*, which has been added to the name of Charles, is expressive of his weighty and irresistible strokes;* the valor of Eudes was excited by resentment and emulation, and their companions in the eye of history are the true Peers and Palladins of French chivalry. After a bloody field, in which Abderame was slain, the Saracens in the close of the evening retired for the night. In the disorder and dispair of the night the various tribes of Yemen and Damascus, of Africa and Spain, were provoked to turn their arms against each other: the remains of their host were suddenly dissolved, and each emir consulted his safety by a hasty and separate retreat. At the dawn of the day, the stillness of the hostile camp was suspected by the victorious Christians: on the report of the spies, they ventured to explore the riches of the vacant tents; but, if we except some celebrated relics, a small portion of the spoil was returned to the innocent and lawful owners. The joyful tidings were soon diffused over the Catholic world, and the monks of Italy could affirm and believe that 350,000 or 375,000 of the Mohammedans perished by the hammer of Charles, while no more than 1,500 Christians were slain in the field of Tours. But this incredible tale is sufficiently disproved by the caution of the French general, who apprehended the snares and accidents of a pursuit, and dismissed his German allies to their native forests. The inactivity of a conqueror betrays the loss of strength and blood, and the most cruel execution is inflicted, not in the ranks of battle, but on the backs of a flying enemy. Yet the victory of the Franks was complete and final. Aquitain was recovered by the arms of Eudes; the Arabs never resumed the conquest of Gaul, and they were soon driven beyond the Pyrenees by Charles Martel, and his valiant race.—*Gibbon.*

Their cavaliers had soon hewn their way into the center of the Christian host. But many of the Moslems were fearful for the safety of the spoil which they had stored in their tents, and a false cry arose in their ranks that some of the enemy were plundering their camp; whereupon several squadrons of the Moslem horsemen rode off to protect their tents But it seemed as if they fled; and all the host was troubled. And while Abderrahman strove to check their tumult, and to lead them back to battle, the warriors of the Franks came around him, and he was pierced through with many spears, so that he died. Then all the host fled before the enemy, and many died in the flight. This deadly defeat of the Moslems, and the loss of the great leader and good cavalier Abderrahman, took place in the 115th year." Such is the Arabian account, according to Creasy, of the battle of Tours.—ED.

* The war-god of the creed of the forefathers of Charles, is also sometimes called Thor with the hammer The hammer was Thor's favorite weapon; and was possessed of magical powers; whencver its owner cast it from his hand, after inflicting the blow, it returned to his grasp again of its own accord. It is reported that Charles used a weapon of this description at the battle of Tours.—ED.

TOWTON, A.D. 1461.—On the 29th of March, 1461, a bloody battle was fought near Towton, in England, between the armies of the houses of York (Edward IV.) and Lancaster (Henry VI.) This great battle is supposed to be the most fierce and bloody that ever happened in any domestic war. The soldiers, animated with that hatred and animosity which only a civil war can engender, fought with a fury and obstinacy on both sides rarely equaled. At length the army of Henry VI. were defeated, after sustaining a loss of 37,000 men. Edward issued orders to give no quarter, and the most merciless slaughter took place. Henry was made prisoner, and confined in the Tower; and his queen Margaret fled to Flanders.

When Edward IV. assumed the title of King of England, he was not ignorant that he held it by a very precarious tenure. The losses and advantages of both parties, the houses of York and Lancaster were nearly balanced, and if *he* was acknowledged by the southern, his rival could depend on the support of the northern counties. The Earl of Warwick, anxious to bring the question to an issue, marched from London at the head of a body of veterans; Edward in a few days followed with the main army; and by the time of his arrival at Pontefract, 49,000 men had arrayed themselves under his banner. The preparations of the house of Lancaster

were equally formidable. The Duke of Somerset with 60,000 infantry and cavalry lay in the neighborhood of York; and Queen Margaret, who with her husband (Henry VI.) and son, had consented to remain within the city, employed all her address to confirm their loyalty, and animate their courage. Both armies advanced toward Ferrybridge. The passage had been gained on the part of Edward, by Lord Fitzwalter; but that nobleman was slain by Lord Clifford, who, within a few hours, met on the same spot with a similar fate from Lord Falconberg. The next day, (the 29th of March, 1461), between the villages of Towton and Saxton was fought a battle which fixed the crown on the brow of Edward. The engagement began in the morning, amid a heavy fall of snow; the obstinacy of the combatants protracted it till three in the afternoon. At that hour the Lancasterians began to give way, at first, leisurely, and in good order; but finding their retreat interrupted by the river Cock, they abandoned themselves to despair, and while some plunged into the torrent, others offered themselves without resistance to the swords of the enemy. Edward had forbidden his followers to give quarter, and as the pursuit and slaughter continued all the night, and a great part of the following day, one half of the Lancasterians are said to have perished. The Earl of Northumberland, and six barons fell in the battle; the Earls of Devon and Wiltshire were taken in their flight, and beheaded. The Dukes of Somerset and Exeter had the good fortune to reach York, and conducted Henry and his family to the borders. The victory was decisive; but it cost the nation a deluge of blood. Beside those who perished in the waters, a cotemporary writer assures us that 37,000 men lay dead on the field of strife. Edward returned to London, where the ceremony of his coronation took place soon afterward.

TREBIA, B.C. 217.—Trebia is the modern as well as the ancient name of a stream in Italy, which rises in the Apennines, and is composed of a multitude of torrents, which, when swollen by the melted snows, accumulated during the winter among the ridges of the Apennines, form a stream of more than a mile broad, and of vast rapidity. During the summer months its channel is almost dry. It empties into the river Po, near Placenza.

The Roman army, under the command of Sempronius, who had been called into Italy from Sicily, when Hannibal entered the former country, was encamped on the banks of the river Trebia. Hannibal, after defeating Scipio at the battle of Ticinus, advanced toward the Roman camp, and encamped with his army on the opposite bank of the river. The armies lying so near one another gave occasion to frequent skirmishes, in one of which Sempronius, at the head of a body of horse, gained a slight advantage over a body of Carthaginians. This inconsiderable success seemed to him a complete victory. So elated was he that he boasted that he had revived the courage of the Romans, which they had lost in the battle of Ticinus, and he determined at once to attack the enemy, in defiance to Scipio's advice to the contrary. His army consisted of 16,000 Romans, and 20,000 allies, exclusive of his cavalry. The troops of the enemy amounted to nearly the same number. Upon learning that the Romans were about to attack him, Hannibal ordered Mago, one of his generals, to lie in ambush, with 2,000 men, consisting of horse and foot, on the steep banks of a small rivulet which ran between the two camps. He then caused a detachment of Numidian cavalry to cross the Trebia, with orders to advance as far as the very barriers of the enemy's camp, in order to provoke them to fight, and then to retreat in order to draw the Romans after them. What Hannibal had foreseen came directly to pass. Sempronius, prompted more by eager courage than by slow discretion, detached his whole cavalry against the Numidians, and then 6,000 light-armed troops, who were soon followed by all the rest of the army. The Numidians fled as they were directed by Hannibal. The Romans, certain of an easy victory, followed, and plunging into the river, which was swollen with the torrents that had fallen in the night from the neighboring mountains, they waded up to their very armpits in the rushing water across the stream. It was in the month of December; the day was bitter cold, and the snow fell incessantly. The Romans had left their camp fasting, whereas the Carthaginians had, by Hannibal's order, eaten and drunk plentifully in their tents; had rubbed themselves with oil, and had warmed their armor before fires in their tents before they put it on. No sooner had the Romans reached the opposite bank of the river than they were attacked by the enemy. The Romans defended themselves with desperate valor; but, half exhausted with cold, hunger, and the fatiguing passage over the river, their cavalry was soon broken by the Carthaginians, and put to flight. The infantry soon were in disorder also. At a proper time the soldiers in the ambuscade rushed forth, and suddenly fell upon the rear of the Roman army. Their overthrow was now complete. A body of 10,000 Romans resolutely fought their way through the Gauls and Africans, of whom they made a dreadful slaughter; but as they could neither assist their friends nor return to their camp, as the way to it was cut off by the Numidian

horse, they retreated in good order to Placentia. The most of the rest were slain on the banks of the river, being trampled to death by the elephants and horses of the Carthaginians. Those who escaped joined those that had retired to Placentia. The Carthaginians gained a complete victory, and their loss was inconsiderable, except that a great number of their horses and elephants were destroyed by the cold, the rain, and the snow. Of the elephants they saved but one only. See *Battles of Ticinus, Thrasymenus, and Cannæ.*

A.D. 1799.—The battle of the Trebia, between the allied army of Russia and Austria and the republican forces of France, was of three days' duration. The French occupied a plain which was intersected by the rivers Nura, Trebia, and Tidone. The larger part of their forces were on the Nura, and were commanded by Macdonald; the divisions of Victor, Dombrowsky, and Rusca were in advance on the Trebbia, and their orders were to cross the stream, in order to overthrow the Austrian forces, with Suwarrow at their head, stationed behind the Tidone. Accordingly, early on the morning of the 17th of June, the republicans crossed both the Trebia and Tidone, and fell upon the imperialists with such force, that soon they were driven back in disorder; but Suwarrow, judging from the loud sound of the cannonading which was taking place, sent Chartellar with the advanced guard of the main army to their relief, and thus affairs were speedily changed. The Austrians rallied, and commenced a fierce attack on the division of Victor, while the Russian infantry, under Bagrathion, supported the left of the imperialists. Soon after, Dombrowsky, by a sudden movement, brought up his Polish division, captured eight pieces of cannon, and pushed forward to Caramel; but at this critical moment Suwarrow ordered a charge in flank by Prince Gortschakoff, with two regiments of Cossacks and four battalions, while Ott attacked them in front. This movement proved decisive; the Poles were routed, and fled in confusion over the Tidone. During this time the right of the republicans, composed of Victor's division, withstood all the efforts of Bagrathion, and was advancing along the Po to gain possession of the bridge St. Giovanni, when the rout of Dombrowsky's division caused them to retire. Their retreat was conducted in good order till the retiring columns were charged by the Cossacks, who had routed the Poles; in vain the French formed squares, and received their enemy with a heavy fire; they were broken, great part cut to pieces, and the remainder fled in disorder over the Trebia. The Russians, in the ardor of pursuit, plunged into the stream; but so destructive was the fire from the batteries of the French on the other side, that they were compelled to return with great loss; and the hostile armies encamped for the night on ground, which nineteen hundred years before was occupied by the troops of Hannibal and the Roman legions.

Suwarrow, during the night, brought up all his forces, and, encouraged by his success on the preceding day, formed his plans for a general action. He concluded that Macdonald's principal object would be to maintain his present position in the mountains, as it afforded him communication with Moreau, consequently, he directed toward his own right, by which that quarter was to be attacked, his best infantry, consisting of the divisions of Bagrathion and Schwickousky, under the orders of Prince Rosenberg. These troops were commanded to pass the Trebia, and advance by Lettimo to St. Georgia, on the Aura, in order to interpose between the French left and the mountains. The center was headed by Melas, supported by a powerful reserve under Fraelich, while Ott, with a small body formed the left, and was established on the high road to Placentia. Suwarrow's general instructions to the army were, to fight in large masses, and as much as possible with the bayonet. Macdonald, not supposing that the battle would occur until the day following, had only the divisions of Victor, Dombrowsky, and Rusca, with the brigade of Salin in position on the Trebia; those of Olivier and Montrichard could not arrive in town till noon. At six o'clock a furious action commenced between the troops of Bagrathion and Victor's division, which formed the extreme left of the French, and rested on the mountains. The French general, seeing an attack was certain, crossed the Trebia, and advanced against the enemy. A bloody battle took place on the ground intersected by the Torridella, till at length, toward the close of the day, the steady courage of the Russians prevailed, and the French were driven with great slaughter over the Trebia, followed by the allies, who advanced as far as Lettimo. Salin's division, which formed the right of the French, retreated with difficulty across the river. In the middle of the day the divisions Olivier and Montrichard arrived to support the center; but nothing was gained by them, and as night approached they retired over the river, which again formed the line of separation between the hostile armies. Both parties being worn out with fatigue, lay down around their watch-fires, on opposite shores of the gravelly bed of the Trebia. The corps of Rosenberg only had crossed the stream, and reached Lettimo, in the rear of the French lines; but, becoming uneasy at being separated from the

remainder of the army, and ignorant of the great advantages of its position, passed an anxious night in square, with the cavalry bridled and the men sleeping on their guns, and before the break of day, withdrew to the side of the river occupied by the Russians. Toward midnight, three battalions of the French, being misled by false reports, entered, in disorder, into the bed of the Trebia, and opened a fire of musketry upon the Russian videttes, which caused both armies to start to arms; the horse on both sides rushed into the river; the artillery played without distinguishing, on friends and foes, and an uncommon spectacle was witnessed of a combat by moonlight, and both forces more than knee deep in water. After a time the officers succeeded in stopping this useless butchery, and the two armies, separated only by a stream, were soon asleep within a few yards of each other, and surrounded by the dead and dying.

For a third time the sun rose on this scene of destruction, yet neither party showed any disposition to end the battle. Suwarrow, reinforced by five battalions and six squadrons, which had come up from the other side of the Po, again strengthened his right and ordered Rosenberg to press vigorously on in his quarter, and directed Melas to stand ready to support him with the reserve. Time was of great value; even an hour's delay was not to be thought of, for the Russian general knew that Moreau had left his position on the Apennines, that the opposing force was not sufficient to oppose his progress, and he was in momentary expectation of hearing the distant sound of his cannon in the rear of the army. Every thing, therefore, depended on a vigorous prosecution of the advantages already gained, so as to render the co-operation of the two French armies impossible. On the side of the republicans, Macdonald had collected all his troops, and expecting the arrival of Moreau, on the next day, resolved to resume the offensive. His plan was to turn at once both flanks of the enemy, an operation always hazardous, unless conducted by a greatly superior army, by reason of the dispersion of force which is required, and doubly so in this case, from the great danger he ran of one of his wings being driven into the Po. Dombrowsky was to commence the action by moving in the direction of Nivian, to outflank the corps of Rosenberg, while Rusca and Victor attacked it in front. Olivier and Montrichard were to force the passages of the river in the center, while the extreme right, consisting of the brigade of Salin and the reserve of Watrin, were to drive back the left of the Russians by interposing between it and the river Po. Owing to the great fatigue of the men, the action was not resumed until ten o'clock. Suwarrow was just beginning to get his troops in motion when the French appeared in two lines on the opposite shore of the Trebia, with the intervals between the columns filled with cavalry, and the first column hurriedly crossed the stream, with the water nearly up to the necks of the soldiers, and fiercely advanced to the attack. The Russian right was soon outflanked by Dombrowsky; and Suwarrow, seeing the danger in that direction, ordered the division Bagrathion to throw back its right, so as to face the enemy, and after a fierce combat, succeeded in driving the Poles over the river. But by this measure he uncovered the flank of the division Schwickousky, and it was speedily enveloped by Victor and Rusca, driven back to Casaleggio, and only owed its safety to the invincible firmness of the Russian infantry, who formed square, faced about on all sides, and by a continued fire maintained their position till Bagrathion came up in their rear, and Chastelbac brought up four battalions to attack them in front. The Poles, discouraged by their defeat, remained inactive, and after a bloody strife the French were overthrown, and Victor and Rusca driven with a severe loss over the Trebia. In the center Olivier and Montrichard had crossed the river and attacked the Austrians under Melas, took a few pieces of artillery, and threw the line into confusion. Montrichard was advancing against the division Forster, in the middle of the Russian line, when the Prince of Lichtenstein, at the head of the reserve, comprising the flower of the allied army, suddenly fell upon their flank when already disordered by success, and threw them into confusion which soon increased into a defeat by the heavy fire of Forster on the other side. This decided the fate of the day. Forster was now able to come to the assistance of Suwarrow on the right: the reserve supported Melas, who had been ordered in the same direction. The Prince Lichtenstein charged the division of Olivier with such force, that he was compelled to retire across the river. Watrin advanced along the Po at the extreme left of the allied army, without meeting any resistance; but he was at last obliged to retreat to avoid being cut off and driven into the river by the victorious center. Being left master of the left bank of the river, Suwarrow made several attempts to cross it; but he was repulsed by the firmness of the French reserves, and night again fell upon this scene of carnage. The battle of Trebia was the most strongly contested, and the most bloody, of all that had been fought since the commencement of the war, since out of 36,000 men in the field, the French, in three days, had lost

more than 12,000 in killed and wounded, and the allies about the same number. Although the losses were nearly equal on both sides, the relative situations of the parties were very different at the close of the strife. The allies were expecting large reinforcements, which would make good the number lost; while the French had exhausted their last reserves, were discouraged by defeat, and had no second army to fall back upon in their distress. These considerations determined Macdonald; and, accordingly, he decamped during the night over the Nura, and marched toward the Apennines by the valley of Taro.

TRENTON, A.D. 1776.—This city is the capital of the State of New Jersey, and is situated on the Delaware river, about thirty miles north-east from Philadelphia, and fifty-seven miles south-west of New York. The Assunpink creek separates the city proper from South Trenton; and the former villages of Bloomsbury, Lamberton, and Mill Hill, have been incorporated with the borough of South Trenton.

In the early part of the month of December, 1776, Trenton was occupied by 1,500 Hessians, under Colonel Rall, and a body of British light horse. Newark, New Brunswick, Princeton, Mount Holly, Burlington, Black Horse, and Bordentown, were also occupied by detachments of the British army. Indeed, nearly 4,000 German and English troops were placed in cantonments along the New Jersey shore of the Delaware river, from Trenton to Burlington, and Prineeton and New Brunswick were occupied by strong British detachments. The whole British army in New Jersey was under the command of Lord Cornwallis. Meanwhile Washington, with the American army, was at Newtown, a small village about two miles from the Delaware, north of Bristol. The American general was actively engaged in strengthening his army, and by the offer of liberal bounties, and under the influence of a stirring appeal put forth by Congress, recruits constantly flowed to Washington's standard. He was joined almost simultaneously by Lee's detachment under Sullivan, and another from Ticonderoga, and on the 24th of December, he found himself at the head of nearly 5,000 effective troops. Washington resolved to surprise the enemy at Trenton. The British posts at Mount Holly, Burlington, Black Horse, and Bordentown, were to be attacked at the same time by the Pennsylvania militia, under Generals Cadwallader and Ewing. The former was to cross the Delaware near Bristol the latter below Trenton Falls. Meanwhile, Washington, in person, was to take command of the main body of the army, assisted by Generals Greene and Sullivan, and Colonel Knox, and was to cross the Delaware at McConkey's Ferry, and advance against the enemy at Trenton. General Putnam, who had been informed of Washington's intention to attack Trenton, sent Colonel Griffin with 450 men, from Philadelphia into New Jersey, with orders to proceed to Mount Holly, for the purpose of attracting the attention of Colonel Donop at Bordentown. He was directed not to hazard a battle but to retreat down the river on the appearance of the enemy. This movement produced the desired effect. Donop, instead of remaining in Bordentown to support Rall at Trenton, allowed himself to be drawn in pursuit of the Americans, and he did not return until too late to be of any assistance. Washington chose the night of Christmas for the expedition against Trenton. He was well acquainted with the habit of the Germans of celebrating that day with feasting and drinking, and therefore thought that many of the Hessian soldiers would be almost helpless from the effects of intemperance. At dusk on the evening of the 25th of December, the Americans paraded at McConkey's Ferry (now Taylorsville), and, in three columns marched toward the river. Washington had hoped to be at Trenton by midnight; but the extreme cold weather of the preceding twenty-four hours had thrown serious obstacles in his path. The river was full of masses of floating ice; the night was dark, and a heavy storm of sleet and snow arising, the general was doubtful whether he could effect a crossing at all. The troops embarked early in the evening in boats and batteaux, and commenced the perilous voyage. Whole hours were consumed in the passage; they did not reach the western bank till nearly four o'clock in the morning. The troops were here separated into two divisions, one of which, under Sullivan, turning to the right, marched toward Trenton by the road which was along the river; the other, led by Washington in person, with Lord Stirling, Greene, Mercer, and Stevens, took the upper or Pennington road. The distance by both these routes was nearly equal, and the commander-in-chief ordered both divisions immediately on forcing the outguards, to push directly into the town, and charge the enemy before they had time to form. Both divisions marched so silently that they advanced to within a short distance of the picket guards on the outskirts of the city, before they were discovered by the enemy. The two parties encountered the British outposts at the same time, and a sharp skirmish ensued. The British pickets were soon driven into the town, closely pursued by the Americans. The drums of the Hessians sounded to arms, and in a few moments

Colonel Rall marshaled his troops into battle order. A portion of Washington's troops pushed down King (now Warren) street, and a part down Queen (now Greene) street, Sullivan's division passed through Second and Front-streets. The enemy were thus hemmed in by the Assumpink, a small stream running through the town on the south, and the American army. Captain Forest planted a six-gun battery at the head of King-street; and opened it upon the enemy. The Hessians advanced to form a battery in the same street; but Captain William Washington and Lieutenant James Monroe, perceiving their design, rushed forward with a small party, and fell furiously upon the artillerymen, driving them from their pieces and capturing two of the pieces just as the gunners were about to fire. Captain Washington was afterward highly distinguished as a colonel of dragoons in the campaigns of the South. Lieutenant Monroe was afterward President of the United States. They were both wounded while performing the gallant exploit.

Colonel Rall, having formed his men for action, advanced to drive back the enemy; but the Americans advancing steadily, poured close and well-directed fires in upon the Hessians, thinning their ranks and throwing them into disorder. At length Colonel Rall fell from his horse mortally wounded. He was borne to his quarters and Colonel Scheffer, his next in command, assumed the control of his troops. The Americans now charged the Hessians with the utmost fury; the latter fled in disorder, and attempted to escape by the road to Princeton. Their retreat was cut off, however, by a body of Pennsylvania riflemen under Captain Hand. The Germans, ignorant of the weakness of the force that opposod them, threw down their arms and cried quarter. The English light horse and some infantry fled to Bordentown at the first alarm. These troops would also have fallen into the hands of the Americans, had General Ewing succeeded in crossing the Delaware at Trenton, as previously arranged. The troops under Donop at Bordentown might also have been captured had not the ice prevented him from crossing the river at Bristol, with his whole force. When a portion of his infantry had reached the west bank, it was found impossible to advance with the artillery, he therefore ordered them back, and abandoned the enterprise. Washington's victory at Trenton was decisive. The Americans lost in the engagement only two men killed, and two frozen to death. The enemy lost thirty privates and six officers killed, and 23 officers and 886 men made prisoners. The number of prisoners swelled to over 1,000, when all those were collected who had concealed themselves in the houses of the town. Six brass field-pieces, 1,000 stand of arms, and four standards, fell into the hands of the victors as trophies. As the American force was not sufficient to cope with those which the English had in the vicinity, Washington thought it prudent to evacuate Trenton, and accordingly passed over the river into Pennsylvania with his prisoners and trophies. At midnight of the day of victory, the whole army was encamped in their old quarters at McConkey's Ferry. Upon receiving intelligence of the disaster at Trenton, all the British and Hessians at Bordentown retreated to Princeton, with the exception of a few that fled toward South Amboy and Brunswick. On the 27th of December Washington was vested by Congress with all the powers of a Dictator, and he received from Robert Morris, the great patriotic financier of the Revolution, a seasonable supply of money. Inspired by his victory at Trenton, and finding his army hopeful and much strengthened by new recruits and reinforcements, Washington resolved to resume the offensive. On the 30th of December he re-crossed the Delaware, and took possession of Trenton. On the 2d of January 1777, having received intelligence that Cornwallis with a strong force was approaching from Princeton, he encamped on the south side of the Assunpink, (now in South Trenton) upon some high ground extending toward the east from a small bridge that spanned the creek. On the same day Cornwallis marched with the van guard of the British army, toward Trenton where he arrived at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The rear guard of his army was posted at Maidenhead, about half way between Princeton and Trenton. Other British regiments were on their march from New Brunswick to reinforce the main body of the army. Washington had sent out strong parties under General Greene to harass the troops of Cornwallis on their march; but the enemy pressed steadily forward driving the Americans before them, until they reached Trenton, where the patriots with some difficulty succeeded in rejoining the main body of their army. The Americans numbered about 5,000 men, the British army was of about the same strength. Washington immediately set about intrenching himself, having first strongly guarded the bridge with artillery. Cornwallis formed his army in solid columns, and marching down Queen-street, attempted to force the bridge, but his troops were unable to breast the tempest which swept it from end to end, from the American artillery. A strong detachment also attempted to ford the stream; but they were driven back by a vigorous fire of small arms and cannon. Both parties

maintained a vigorous cannonade until nightfall; the Americans stood firm; and the British although they made further and repeated efforts to effect a passage were invariably driven back. At each repulse a loud shout rang along the American lines, and at length Cornwallis, believing their force to be much greater than it really was, resolved to discontinue hostilities and await the arrival of reinforcements in the morning. The American army was now in a critical situation. Cornwallis evidently meditated a general engagement on the next day, and in such an event the Americans would undoubtedly suffer a defeat. A council of war was held. At first it was proposed either to retreat down the Delaware, and cross the river at Philadelphia or hazard a battle. Both of these expedients were deemed dangerous. Washington then advanced a proposal as bold as it was brilliant. He resolved to abandon the banks of the Delaware and carry the war into the very heart of New Jersey. He proposed to withdraw silently from the Assunpink, and by a circuitous route, to advance against Princeton, to capture the troops at that place, and if possible to seize upon the stores of the enemy at New Brunswick. This proposition was received favorably; but the ground owing to a recent thaw was too soft to admit of an easy transit of the artillery. This difficulty was soon overcome, for while the council was in session, the wind changed to the north-west, and a sharp frost set in; so that in the course of two hours the ground was as hard as stone. At one o'clock in the morning Washington stealthily withdrew with his army from Trenton, and advanced toward Princeton, ten miles distant, by a new road, in order to await the rear guard of the enemy at Maidenhead, which lay on the direct road to Princeton. The baggage was sent down to Burlington. Washington ordered his camp-fires to be kept burning, and the sentinels to make their accustomed rounds during the night. At daybreak, the patrols and those who fed the fires, were directed to retreat hastily to the main body. Cornwallis was certain of victory on the following day; but how great was his astonishment and dismay when he found the patriot camp-fires still burning, but the camp itself silent and deserted. None could tell in which direction the Americans had retreated, until suddenly the boom of cannon and the din of strife in the direction of Princeton fell upon their ears. Cornwallis thought it was the rumbling of distant thunder; but General Erskine, decided otherwise. "To arms, general!" he exclaimed, "Washington has out-generaled us. Let us fly to the rescue at Princeton!"

TRIPOLI, A.D. 1108.—Tripoli, or Tarablus, a seaport town of Syria, was taken by the Crusaders in 1108. Previous to this it had been one of the most flourishing seats of Oriental literature, and possessed a large collection of the works of Persian and Arabic writers. It is stated that 100 copyists were constantly kept employed copying manuscripts, and that the princes of Tripoli were in the habit of sending messengers into foreign countries to discover and purchase rare and valuable works. Unfortunately, however, this extensive and precious collection, amounting, it is said to 100,000 volumes, was destroyed by the Crusaders, who displayed the same fanatical zeal, of which they accused the Arabs in the destruction of the Alexandrine library. A priest in the suite of Count Bertrand de St. Giles, having visited an apartment of the library in which were a number of duplicate copies of the Koran, reported that it contained none but the impious works of Mohammed, and that, consequently, it should be destroyed. And as a matter of course, it was forthwith set on fire!

The operations of the American government against Tripoli, the capital of the country of Tripoli, in the northern part of Africa, do not come within the plan of our work. In a future volume which will contain descriptions of naval engagements, they will be found recorded under their proper head.

TRIPOLITZA, A.D. 1821. — Tripolitza, a town of Greece, during the Greek revolution was taken in 1821, by the Greeks, by storm. The conquerors sacked the place mercilessly. In 1828, it was taken by the army of Ibrahim Pasha, who razed it to the ground. It has recovered from the blow, and is now a flourishing place.

TROY, B.C. 1184.—The site of the ancient city of Troy is supposed to have been on an eminence, at the southern extremity of the plain of Troy, nine miles south-east of the entrance of the Hellespont from the Ægean sea, near the modern town of Boonarbashi, in Asia Minor.

This siege is the most celebrated in history or fiction, not so much on its own account, as from its good fortune in having the greatest poet the world has produced as its chronicler. If Homer had not placed this great siege in the regions of fable by his introductions of immortals into the action, it would still be a myth, as is all we know of Greece at the period at which it took place. Hypercritics have, indeed, endeavored to make over the whole of it to the muses who preside over fiction; but we can not accede to their decision. There is a vital reality in the characters of Homer, which proves that they did exist and act; a blind old bard might sing the deeds of heroes, and perhaps clothe those deeds with some of the splendor of his genius;

but we have no faith in his having created the men, any more than he did the immortals who belonged to the mythology of his country long before he was born. We have as perfect faith in the history of the siege of Troy, as in most of the pages of what has been termed the "great lie." Independently of the work of genius forever associated with it, the siege of Troy is a memorable epoch in human annals.

Tyndarus, the ninth King of Lacedæmon, had, by Leda, Castor and Pollux, who were twins, beside Helena, and Clytemnestra, the wife of Agamemnon, King of Mycenæ. Having survived his two sons, the twins, he became anxious for a successor, and sought for a suitable husband for his daughter Helena. All the suitors bound themselves by oath, to abide by the decision of the lady, who chose Menelaus, King of Sparta. She had not, however, lived above three years with her husband, before she was carried off by Alexander or Paris, son of Priam, King of the Trojans. In consequence of this elopement, Menelaus called upon the rulers of the European states of Greece, and more particularly upon those who had been candidates for her hand, to avenge this Asiatic outrage. All answered to the summons, though some, like Ulysses, unwillingly. As every one knows, the siege lasted ten years; which only goes to prove the discordant parts of which the besieging army was composed: had there been union beneath a completely acknowledged head, the city could not have held out so long by many years. But Agamemnon was like Godfrey of Bouillon in the Crusades—he was only a nominal chief, without a particle of real power over the fiery and rude leaders of the troops of adventurers composing the army. This necessity for union is the principal lesson derived by posterity from the siege of Troy; but to the Asiatics of the period, it must have been a premonitory warning of what they had to dread from the growing power of the Greeks. Divested of fable, and as many of the contradictions removed as possible, we believe the above to be the most trustworthy account of this celebrated affair—no one would think of going into the details, after Homer. According to Bishop Ussher, the most safe chronological guide, the siege of Troy took place 1184 years before the birth of Christ, about the time that Jephtha ruled over the Jews.

TROYES, A.D. 1429.—The city of Troyes in France, is situated on the Seine, ninety miles east of Paris. In the year 889, it was taken and burned by the Normans; and in 1415, it was captured by the Duke of Burgundy. Fourteen years afterward, in 1429, it was the scene of one of the most daring exploits of the heroine Joan of Arc.

The Maid of Orleans had announced that her mission was confined to two objects—the deliverance of Orleans, and the consecration of the king at Rheims. After having gloriously fulfilled her first promise, she employed the ascendancy she had acquired to execute the second. Although the city of Rheims, and all the country from Chinon, where the king then resided, was in the power of the English, the French set forward on their march, with an army of 12,000 men. All the cities in their route opened their gates to them, with the exception of Troyes, which endeavored to arrest their progress. A council of war being called, Joan confidently assured them, that within three days, the king should be received in Troyes.

"Say seven days, Joan," cried the Archbishop of Rheims, "say seven, Joan; and we shall be right glad to see your prediction fulfilled."

"Before three days are over," exclaimed the maid, "I tell you the king will be master of Troyes."

They prepared for the attack. Joan appeared before the ramparts, advanced to the edge of the fosses, planted her banner, and called aloud for fascines to fill them up. Terror instantly seized the besieged; they believed their city taken, although there was yet no breach. They capitulated; and Charles entered triumphantly into that city, where, eight years before, his ruin had been comtemplated, by excluding him from the throne. After the reduction of Troyes, Rheims was eager to receive the monarch, who repaired thither on the 27th of July, 1429, and was consecrated the next day.—*Robson.*

TUDELA, A.D. 1808.—Near Tudela, in Spain, in the year 1808, a battle was fought between the armies of France and Spain, which resulted in the total defeat of the Spaniards.

TUNIS ,B.C. 334.—The mercenaries employed by Carthage for its defense not receiving their pay, revolted, to the number of 100,000, and took possession of Tunis, of which they made a place of arms. During three years they had great advantages over the Carthaginians, and several times appeared before the gates of Carthage, with a threat of besieging it. At length Amilcar Barca was placed at the head of the troops of the republic; and this general surprised the army of the rebels, and besieged them in their camp. The famine soon became so terrible that they were constrained to eat each other. After having suffered for a long time, they gave up their leaders, who were put to death. Amilcar afterward marched straight to Tunis, where the rest of the rebels were, under the command of a seditious chief named Mathos.

Tunis was carried, all the rebels were killed, and Mathos, their leader, terminated, by a shameful death, a life stained by barbarous cruelties.

Second Siege, A.D. 1159.—Abdoulmoumen had rendered himself redoutable by his victories, and the whole of northern Africa trembled before this terrible and fortunate leader. Tunis alone was free; it seemed to brave the conqueror, who threatened its ramparts. The Arab monarch was anxious to subdue this proud city. As, in order to approach it, it was necessary to cross vast deserts, he gathered together great masses of corn, which he caused to be buried in wells upon the route he was to take. He left Morocco at the head of 100,000 men, and summoned the governor to surrender. This nobleman, faithful to the King of Sicily, his master, replied by a vigorous sortie, in which the barbarians were repulsed. This first success announced a continuation of triumphs; but, in the night, 17 of the principal inhabitants escaped from the city, and offered to open the gates to Abdoulmoumen. This infamous treachery rendered that prince master of a place which might have defied all his efforts.

Third Siege, A.D. 1270.—The numberless disasters which accompanied the first expedition of Louis IX. against the infidels, had not at all abated the ardor of that monarch, and he never laid down the cross after his return from Palestine. The sad news which he daily received from thence only served to inflame his zeal the more; and at length, in 1270, he resolved to make fresh efforts to liberate the Holy City, and the unfortunate Christians it contained, from the yoke of the Mussulmans. Most of his nobles were eager to accompany their prince, the faithful Joinville being almost the only one who refused to share the perils of his good lord and master. He said, in full assembly, that the last crusade had ruined him; and that the king could not be advised to undertake this new expedition, without his counselors incurring mortal sin. The good seneschal was so weak and debilitated that he could not bear the weight of his harness, or get on horseback. The French army, consisting of 60,000 men, embarked at Aigues-Mortes, on the first of July. They steered toward the coast of Barbary, where they soon arrived.

On the western coast of Africa, opposite Sicily, is a peninsula, whose circumference is about 42 miles. This peninsula advances into the sea between two gulfs, of which the one on the west offers a commodious port. The other, between the east and the south, communicates, by a canal, with a lake which extends three leagues into the land, and which modern geographers call the Gouletta. It was there that stood the great rival of Rome, spreading itself to the two shores of the sea. The conquests of the Romans, the ravages even of the Vandals, had not utterly destroyed the once proud city of Carthage; but in the seventh century, after being invaded and desolated by the Saracens, it became little more than a heap of ruins; a hamlet upon the port, called Marsa, a tower on the point of the cape, a tolerably strong castle upon the hill of Byrsa—this was all that remained of that city whose power dominated so long over the Mediterranean and the coasts of Asia and Africa, and contended in three wars with Rome for empire and glory.

At five leagues' distance from this remarkable site, toward the south-east, a little beyond the Gouletta, stands Tunis, a place so ancient that Scipio made himself master of it before he attacked Carthage. At the time of Louis's invasion, Tunis was one of the most flourishing cities of Africa. It contained 10,000 houses, and three large faubourgs; the spoils of nations, the produce of an immense commerce had enriched it, and all that the art of fortification could invent, had been employed in defending the access to it.

At the sight of the Christian fleet, the inhabitants of the coast of Africa were seized with terror, and all who dwelt on the Carthage coast fled away either toward the mountains or Tunis, abandoning several vessels in the port. The officer sent by the king to reconnoiter, reported that there was no living being on the strand or in the port, and that no time was to be lost. But the king was made over-prudent by the remembrance of past disasters, and it was determined not to land till the morrow.

The next day, at dawn, the coast appeared covered with Saracens, most of them on horseback. This did not at all delay the landing of the Crusaders. At the approach of the Christians, instead of opposing them, the multitude of Saracens disappeared, which, for the former, was a most fortunate circumstance, for, according to an eye-witness, they were in such disorder that 100 men might have stopped the whole army.

When the army had landed, it was drawn up in order of battle, and, according to the laws of war, a herald read with a loud voice a proclamation by which the conquerors took possession of the territory. Louis himself had drawn up this proclamation, which began with these words: "Je vous dis le ban de notre Seigneur Jésus Christ, et de Louis, roi de France, son sergent."

The baggage, provisions, and munitions of war were landed. A vast inclosure was marked out, and the tents were pitched. While employed in the ditches and intrenchments, to defend the army from a surprise, a party was sent to take possession of the tower

at the point of the cape. The next day 500 sailors planted the standard of the lilies upon the castle of Carthage. The hamlet of Marsa, which was close to the castle, falling at the same time into the hands of the Crusaders, they sent their women and children thither, and the army remained under canvas.

Louis IX. had formed a strange idea that he could convert the inhabitants of Tunis; but this pious illusion soon faded away. The Mussulman prince replied to his proposal, that he would come and meet him at the head of 100,000 men, and would ask baptism of him on the field of battle; the Moorish king added, that he had arrested all the Christians residing in his states, and that every one should be massacred if the Christian army dared to insult his capital.

These bravadoes had no effect upon Louis; the Moors inspired no terrors, and did not conceal their own fears at the sight of the Crusaders. Never venturing to face their enemy, their bands, sometimes scattered, hovered about the Christian army, seeking to surprise wanderers from the camp; and sometimes united, they fell upon the advanced posts, launched a few arrows, just exhibited their naked swords, and then relied upon the swiftness of their horses for safety. They often had recourse to treachery: three of them came to the Christian camp, and said they wished to embrace the Christian faith; and a hundred others followed them, expressing the same intention. They were received with open arms; but, watching their opportunity, they fell, sword in hand, upon some unguarded Frenchmen; but upon the alarm being given were surrounded, and most of them killed. The three first-comers threw themselves on their knees, and implored the compassion of the chiefs. The contempt such enemies were held in obtained their pardon, and they were kicked out of the camp.

Rendered bold by the inactivity of the Christian army, the Mussulmans at length presented themselves several times in the plains. Nothing would have been more easy than to attack and conquer them, but Louis had resolved to await the arrival of his brother, Charles of Anjou, before he began the war; a fatal resolution that ruined every thing. The Sicilian monarch, who had principally promoted this ill-starred expedition, was doomed to complete by his delay the evil he had commenced by his counsels.

So much time being afforded them, the Mussulmans flocked from all parts of Africa to defend the cause of Islamism. Thus the army of the Moors became formidable; but it was not this crowd of Saracens that the Crusaders had most to fear. Other dangers, other misfortunes threatened them: the army wanted water; they had none but salt provisions; the soldiers could not support the climate of Africa; winds prevailed which, coming from the torrid zone, appeared to be accompanied by a devouring flame. The Saracens, on the neighboring mountains, stirred up the sand with certain instruments, and the hot dust fell in clouds upon the plain where the Christians were encamped. At length dysentery, the malady of hot climates, attacked them, and the plague, which seemed to spring up of itself from the burning soil, spread its contagion among them.

The men were under arms night and day, not to defend themselves against an enemy who always ran away, but to avoid surprises. Most of the Crusaders sunk under the awful combination of fatigue, famine, and sickness. Some of the most renowned warriors of France fell a prey to the one or the other. They could not bury the dead; the ditches of the camp were filled with carcasses, thrown in *pêle-mêle*, which added to the corruption of the air and the spectacle of the general desolation.

Information was brought that the King of Sicily was about to embark with his army. This gave great joy, but did not mitigate the evils. The heats became insupportable; want of water, bad food, the diseases, and chagrin at being shut up in a camp without being allowed to fight, completed the discouragement of both soldiers and leaders. Louis endeavored to animate them by his words and his example, but he himself was seized with the dysentery. His sons, Prince Philip, the Duke de Nevers, and the King of Navarre, with the legate, all experienced the effects of the contagion. The Duke de Nevers, who was much beloved by the king, was so dangerously ill that he was transported on ship-board. Louis was constantly asking news of his son, but his attendants preserved a mournful silence. At length it was announced to the king that his son was dead, and, notwithstanding his piety and resignation, he was deeply affected. A short time after, the pope's legate died, much regretted by the clergy and the soldiers of the cross, who looked upon him as their spiritual father.

In spite of his sufferings, in spite of his griefs, Louis was constantly engaged in the care of his army. He issued his orders as long as he had strength, dividing his time between the duties of a Christian and those of a monarch. At length the fever increased; no longer able to attend to the wants of the army, or even to exercises of piety, he had a crucifix placed before him, and in silence implored the aid of Him who had suffered for mankind.

The whole army was in mourning; the

commonest soldiers moved about in tears; the prayers of all were offered up for the preservation of so good a king. After giving most pious and salutary advice to his son Philip, both as a man and a king, and after taking an affectionate leave of his family, this good, religious, and exemplary man, but most mistaken monarch, expired at three o'clock in the evening of the 25th of August, 1270.

On the very day of the death of Louis IX., his brother, the Duke of Anjou, landed with his army near Carthage. The trumpets and instruments of war resounded on the beach, but a solemn silence prevailed in the camp, and no one went to meet the Sicilians, whom they had looked for with so much impatience. Sad presentiments took possession of Charles. He preceded his army, flew to the tent of his brother, and found his body stretched upon its bed of ashes. Charles prostrated himself at his feet, which he bathed with his tears, calling upon him sometimes as his brother, sometimes as his lord. He remained in this attitude a long while, without heeding any of the persons who surrounded him, constantly addressing Louis as if he was living, and reproaching himself in accents of despair for not having heard, for not having imbibed the last words of the most affectionate of brothers, of the best of kings.

The death of Louis restored the confidence of the Saracens; they took the mourning they observed in the camp for discouragement, and flattered themselves with an approaching triumph over their enemies. But their hopes were of very short existence. During the sickness of Philip, now king, Charles of Anjou took the command of the army, and renewed the war with spirit. The soldiers he had brought with him were eager for battle, the diseases became less violent, and the Crusaders, so long confined to their camp, revived at the idea of the perils of war. Several battles were fought round the lake of Gouletta, which it was necessary for them to possess before they could invest Tunis. The Moors, who, only a few days before, had threatened the Christians with extermination or slavery, could not stand for a moment the shock of the Christian chivalry; not unfrequently the arbalisters were sufficient to disperse innumerable multitudes. Horrible howlings, the noise of drums and other loud instruments, announced their approach; clouds of dust, pouring down from the neighboring heights, announced their retreat and concealed their flight. In two renconters, however, they were caught, and left a great number of dead on the field. Another time their camp was seized and plundered. The sovereign of Tunis could not depend upon his army for the defense of his states, and he himself gave no example of bravery or conduct to his soldiers. He remained constantly in subterranean grottoes, to escape at once from the burning rays of the sun and the perils of the fight. Pressed by his fears, he saw no safety but in peace, and resolved to purchase it, if at the expense of all his treasures. His embassadors came to the camp several times, charged with proposals, and were directed particularly to endeavor to seduce the King of Sicily. The Tunisian monarch was cunning and fortunate in this idea; venality was the weak side of Charles, and the other Crusaders were not immaculate in that respect. After much debating in the Christian council, a truce for ten years was signed, on the 31st of October, between the leaders of the crusade and the King of Tunis. All prisoners were to be restored on both sides, and all the Christians previously in chains were to be set at liberty. The sovereign of Tunis engaged not to require of the Franks any of the duties imposed in his kingdom upon foreign commerce. The treaty granted all Christians the faculty of residing in the states of Tunis, with permission to build churches, and even preach their faith. The Mussulman prince was to pay an annual tribute of 40,000 golden crowns to the King of Sicily, and 210,000 ounces of gold for the expenses of the war to the leaders of the Christian army.

This was all in favor of the King of Sicily, and loud murmurs soon arose in the army. But what must have been the feelings of a real hero when he came among them? By an agreement with Louis, Edward of England was to take part in this expedition, and arrived in the camp only a few days after the signing of the truce, with the Crusaders of England and Scotland. The French and Sicilians were prodigal in their demonstrations of welcome and respect, and received him with great honors; but when he learned they had made such a disgraceful peace, he retired to his tent, and refused to be present at any of the councils of the Christian leaders.

The Crusaders became impatient to leave this arid and unhealthy soil, and the army embarked for Sicily. But as if this expedition was doomed to be unfortunate, a violent tempest overtook the fleet when about to enter the port of Trapani. Eighteen large ships and 4,000 Crusaders were submerged, and perished in the waves. Most of the leaders lost their arms, their horses, and their equipments. But as the crowning misfortune, and as if to point out the will of Heaven in the case, the whole of the money paid by the King of Tunis went to the bottom.

Of all this vaunted expedition, Edward of England was the only leader who kept his word and followed up his purpose. He went

to Palestine in the spring, and, as every reader of history knows, distinguished himself there greatly. Edward I., when prince, may be said to have been the last Crusader of royal rank who appeared in Palestine. Here let me remark an inadvertency I was about to commit; I wrote Edward, prince of Wales, whereas his son, Edward of Caernarvon, was the first eldest son of English kings who bore that title. This is a common error with us: Shakspeare calls Louis, the father of Louis IX., dauphin when prince, whereas that title did not belong to the sons of French monarchs till more than a hundred years after Louis's invasion of England.

Fourth Siege, A.D. 1535.—Muley-Hassan, King of Tunis, driven from his states by Barbarossa, the terror of the Mediterranean, came to implore aid of Charles V. That prince, touched by the prayers of the Barbary monarch, swore to replace him on his throne. He assembled a fleet of 300 ships, on board of which were 25,000 foot and 2,000 horse, set sail from Cagliari, and arrived at Porto-Farina, formerly Utica. As that port was not very secure, the fleet again weighed anchor, and brought to within cannon-shot of the Gouletta. The whole Christian army landed without the least opposition on the part of the Mussulmans. The generals pitched their tents between Carthage and the Water Tower, and surrounded it with wide deep lines, fortified with redoubts. This was the exact spot on which Louis IX. had formerly placed his camp. The trenches were opened, and three batteries were raised against the fortress. While the place was being cannonaded by land, the galleys advanced by turns and delivered their broadsides; the grand caique of Malta and Portuguese galleon destroyed a part of the fortifications and dismounted the batteries of the town. The place being open in several places, it was determined to carry it by the sword. The Christians mounted to the assault, forced the breaches, gained the bulwarks and the top of the tower, and took possession of them. Chasse-Diable, and Sinan the Jew, leaders of the defenders of the Gouletta, being unable to resist the imperial conquerors, retired into Tunis where their arrival spread terror and despair. The emperor entered this fortress, followed by Muley-Hassan, to whom he said, "This is the door by which you will re-enter your states."

Barbarossa was terrified at the successes of Charles V. With the Gouletta he lost eighty-seven galleys, and more than 300 pieces of bronze ordnance, inclosed in that citadel. He held a council with the Turks, and pointed out to them the dangers to which they were exposed. They had two enemies equally to fear—the inhabitants and the Arabs, who detested their domination; the 23,000 Christian slaves in Tunis must necessarily be expected to revolt, and open the gates to the Spaniards. With regard to these slaves, he declared he was resolved to put them all to death. Sinan the Jew represented to Barbarossa that he would render himself odious to all nations; that he would lose the ransom of the most considerable of the slaves, and that he must not have recourse to such a cruel measure till the last extremity. Barbarossa consented to suspend the horrible project he had formed; but he had the slaves loaded with fresh chains, shut them up in the castle, and placed under them a number of barrels of gunpowder. He passed the rest of the night in an agony of fear and hope, and in expectation of the day which was to decide his fate. He left Tunis the next morning, at the head of 80,000 men, and encamped in a plain a full league from the city.

The two armies were soon in face of each other. The Arabs at first attacked the Christians with great spirit; but scarcely had they sustained the first discharge of the artillery, then they broke their ranks, and drew with them the Moors, and even the Turks. Barbarossa did his utmost to rally them, but they were deaf to his voice, and only took counsel of the terror with which they were seized. Barbarossa, trembling with rage, sounded a retreat, rallied the fugitives, and passed the night under arms beneath the walls of the city. While he was deliberating if he should go and again offer battle to the Christians, or shut himself up in Tunis, some Turks came to inform him that the slaves had broken their chains, and had made themselves masters of the castle. Barbarossa hastened thither, and was met by musket-shots and a shower of stones. Transported with fury he cried out all was lost, as the slaves were masters of the castle and of his treasures. He immediately left Tunis at the head of a body of Turks, and contrived to place himself in safety.

The emperor was ignorant of this revolution; on approaching Tunis he was informed of it by some Moors. In an instant the imperialists dispersed themselves throughout the city, massacred all who came in their way, carried off all the women and children that were reserved for slavery, and abandoned themselves to all the excesses which accompany cruelty, avarice, and lubricity. The booty was so considerable that there was not a single soldier who did not make his fortune. It is said that more than 200,000 persons perished in the sack of this unfortunate city; some expired under the sword of the conqueror; others, thinking to avoid death by flight, met with it in the burning sands of the

deserts, where they died consumed by heat and thirst.

The emperor, master of Tunis, re-established Muley-Hassan on his throne; but that unfortunate prince did not enjoy it long. Muly-Hameda, his eldest son, tore the diadem from his head; Hameda himself was deposed by his uncle Abdoumelek, afterward recalled by his subjects. After having gone through these various changes, he reigned peaceably till the year 1570, when Ulachali, Dey of Algiers, one of the successors of Barbarossa, took possession of the kingdom of Tunis, which became nothing but a nest of pirates.

TURIN.—Turin, in Sardinia, is a very antient city. It was made a military station by Julius Cæsar on his invasion of Gaul. In 312 Constantine, Emperor of Rome, defeated the army of Maxentius near Turin, and it was taken and sacked by the Goths under Alaric. In 1536 it was taken by the army of Francis I., and it was held by the French for twenty-six years. In 1640 it was also taken by the French. But the most famous of its sieges took place in 1706, when it was invested by a powerful French army. The besiegers made immense preparations; but the incapacity and disagreement of the French generals, and the skill of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Savoy, secured to the troops of the latter an easy and complete victory. All the vast stores accumulated by the French army during the siege fell into the hands of the conquerors, and the besieging army was totally dispersed.

A.D., 1706.—Louis XIV. having recalled the Duke of Vendôme from Italy, to place him at the head of the troops in Flanders, substituted for him the Duke de la Feuillade, the son of the famous marshal who erected a statue to his king in the Place des Victoires. Some few attacks had been already made upon Turin. La Feuillade continued them with an army of forty-six squadrons and a hundred battalions. He hoped to take this city, and, as his reward, looked for a marshal's baton. The minister Chamillard, his father-in-law, who was very partial to him, spared no means to secure him the victory. "The imagination," says Voltaire, "is terrified at the preparations for this siege. Readers not accustomed to enter into these matters, will perhaps be glad to find here of what these immense and useless preparations consisted.

"A hundred and forty pieces of cannon were brought up, and it is to be observed that each mounted cannon costs about two thousand crowns. There were a hundred and ten thousand cannon-balls, a hundred and six thousand cartridges of one fashion, and three hundred thousand of another, twenty-one thousand bombs, twenty-seven thousand seven hundred grenades, fifteen thousand sacks of earth, thirty thousand pioneering instruments, and twelve hundred thousand pounds of powder. Add to these munitions lead, iron, and tin, cordage, every thing required by miners, such as sulphur, saltpèter, and tools of all kinds. It is certain that the cost of all these preparations for destruction would suffice for the foundation and the prosperity of a numerous colony. Every siege of a great city requires equally enormous expenses, and yet when a ruined village at home stands in need of repair, it is neglected.

"The Duke de la Feuillade, full of ardor and activity, more capable than most persons of enterprises which only demand courage, but incapable of such as require skill, thought, and time, pressed on the siege against all rules. The Marshal de Vauban, the only general, perhaps, who loved the state better than himself, had proposed to the Duke de la Feuillade to come and direct the siege as an engineer, and to serve in his army as a volunteer; but the haughty De la Feuillade took the offers of Vauban for pride concealed under the mask of modesty. He was weak enough to be piqued because the best engineer in Europe offered to give him advice. He wrote, in a letter which I have seen: 'I hope to take Turin à la Cohorn.'

"This Cohorn was the Vauban of the allies—a good engineer, a good general, who had more than once taken places fortified by Vauban. After writing such a letter, Turin ought to have been taken. But, having attacked it by the citaded, which was the strongest side, and not having surrounded the whole city, succors and provisions had free entrance. The Duke of Savoy could come out when he pleased; and the more impetuosity the Duke de la Feuillade exhibited in his reiterated and fruitless attacks, the longer the siege seemed protracted. The Duke of Savoy left the city with some troops of cavalry, for the purpose of deceiving De la Feuillade. The latter abandoned the siege to run after the prince who, being better acquainted with the country, escaped the pursuit. La Feuillade missed the Duke of Savoy, and the siege stood still during his absence.

"In the mean time, after the departure of the Duke de Vendôme, the Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king, came to take command of the troops of observation. He could not prevent Prince Eugene from joining the Duke of Savoy near Asti. This junction compelled him to unite with the Duke de la Feuillade, and to enter the camp before Turin. There were but two parts to take; that of waiting for Prince Eugene in the lines of circumvallation, or that of going to meet him while he was still in the neighborhood of Vegliana.

The Duke of Orleans called a council of war, composed of Marsin, who lost the battle of Hochstet, La Feuillade, Albergotti, St. Frémont, and other lieutenant-generals. 'Gentlemen,' said the prince to them, 'if we remain in our lines, we shall lose the battle. Our circumvallation is five leagues in extent; we are not able to line all our intrenchments. You see here the regiment of the marine, which is not more than two men's height; there you may see places entirely unmanned. The Dora, which passes through our camp, will prevent our troops from rendering each other prompt assistance. When Frenchmen wait to be attacked, they lose the greatest of their advantages—that impetuosity and those first moments of ardor which so often decide the fate of battles. Take my word, we must march to meet the enemy.' The resolution was agreed to, when Marsin drew from his pocket an order of the king's by which it was commanded that, in the event of action being proposed, his opinion was to be deferred to; and his opinion was, that they should remain in the lines. The Duke of Orleans saw that he had been only sent to the army as a prince of the blood, and not as a general; and, forced to follow the counsel of the marshal, he made all necessary preparation for the battle, which was fought on the 7th of September.

"The enemy appeared to wish to form several attacks at once. Their movements threw the whole camp into a state of uncertainty. The Duke of Orleans desired one thing; Marsin and Feuillade another. They disputed and argued, but they decided upon nothing. At length they allowed the enemy to cross the Dora. They advanced with eight columns of twenty-five men deep; they must instantly be opposed by battalions equally deep. Albergotti, placed far from the army, upon the mountain of the Capuchins, had with him 20,000 men, and had in face nothing but some militia, who did not dare attack him. He was asked for 12,000 men; he replied that he could not spare them, and gave specious reasons for his refusal. He was listened to, and time was lost. Prince Eugene attacked the intrenchments, and at the end of two hours forced them. The Duke of Orleans, who exposed himself with all the bravery of the heroes of his blood, having received a dangerous wound in the arm had retired to have it dressed. He was scarcely in the hands of the surgeon when he was informed that all was lost, that the enemy were masters of the camp, and that the rout was general. Immediate flight was necessary. The lines, the trenches were abandoned, and the army dispersed. All the baggage, provisions, munitions, and the military chest fell into the hands of the conqueror. Marshal de Marsin, wounded in the thigh was made prisoner. A surgeon in the service of the Duke of Savoy amputated the limb, and he died a few minutes after the operation. The Chevalier Methuen, the English embassador to the Duke of Savoy, the most frank, generous, and brave man his country ever employed in an embassy, had upon all occasions fought at the side of that prince; he saw the Marshal de Marsin taken, and was a witness of his last moments. He told me that Marsin said these very words, 'At least believe, monsieur, that it was against my advice we remained in our lines.' These words appeared to contradict formally what had passed in the council of war; and they were nevertheless true; Marshal de Marsin, on taking leave at Versailles, had represented to the king that the enemy must be met, in case they appeared for the purpose of succoring Turin; but Chammilard, intimidated by preceding defeats, had caused it to be decided that they ought to wait and not offer battle; and this order, given at Versailles, was the cause of 60,000 men being defeated and dispersed."

This defeat, which cost nine or ten thousand men killed or made prisoners, was still more fatal to France by its consequences; for it brought on the loss of Modena, Mantua, Milan, Piedmont, and in the end, of the kingdom of Naples.

TUSCOING, A.D. 1794.—The battle of Tuscoing, in France, was fought on the 17th and 18th of May, between the republicans and the allied armies of Austria. The allies numbered some 90,000 men, including 130 squadrons, under the personal command of the emperor. The left wing of the French army occupying a position favorable for an attack, the design of the Austrians was to fall upon them, and force them back to the sea, and thus compel them to surrender. To effect this, their troops were divided into six columns, which were to move by concentric lines. This division of their army proved very detrimental to the Austrians, for, had they moved in concert, success would have been sure. Some of the columns were more than twenty leagues apart, and not arriving simultaneously at the point of attack, their design was not accomplished. When brought into action they fought valiantly, yet there was not sufficient unity in their operations to insure complete success. Some small actions besides, took place on the 17th, but not much to the advantage of either side. The republicans had concentrated their forces in a central position, and were preparing for a general attack. At three on the morning of the 18th General Souham, with 45,000 men, attacked the detached troops of General Ott, and the Duke of York, while at the same time another detachment of 15,000 advanced against

them from the opposite side; the troops of Otto were defeated with great loss, those of the Duke of York, though scuccessful at first, on finding that they were separated from the main army, and their retreat cut off, disbanded and took to flight. The superior management of the French gave them the advantage in this battle, the allied army, being much superior in numbers. The loss of the French was small, while the Austrians lost 3,000 men and 60 pieces of cannon.

TYRE, B.C. 332.—BESIEGED BY THE MACEDONIANS.—The modern town of Tsour, with 1,500 inhabitants, situated on the south-east coast of the Mediterranean, occupies the site of Tyre, the "Queen of the Waters," whose "merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honorable of the earth."

Tyre, at the time it was besieged by the Macedonians, was seated in an island of the Mediterranean about four furlongs from the shore. It was surrounded by a strong wall 150 feet high, which was washed by the waves of the sea. When Alexander advanced toward Tyre, the citizens sent him an embassy, with presents for himself and refreshments for his army. They were willing to have him for their friend; but not for their master, and when he desired to enter the city in order to offer a sacrifice to Hercules, its tutelar god, the Tyrians refused him admission. But Alexander, the conqueror of so many cities, had too haughty a spirit to put up with such an affront, and was resolved to force them to admit him, by a siege, while the Tyrians, on the other hand determined to prevent his entrance if possible. They accordingly fixed machines on the ramparts and towers, armed their young men, and built work-houses for their artificers with whom the city was flooded. The whole city resounded with the noise of preparation as if it had been one vast workshop. Alexander again demanded a peaceable entry into the city; but the Tyrians killed his heralds and threw them from the top of the walls. Alexander was so exasperated at this cruel outrage, that he immediately commenced the siege with great vigor. From the ruins of old Tyre, which stood on the continent, he found material to make piers, and he took all the stones and rubbish from it. Mount Lebanon, famous in Scripture for its cedars, was not far distant, and furnished him with wood for piles and other timber work. His soldiers now commeneed building a pier or mole which was to extend from the main shore to Tyre. They at first advanced with great rapidity, the piles being easily driven into the slime, which served as mortar for the stones; and as their work was at a considerable distance from the enemy, they went on without interruption. But the further they advanced, the greater became their difficulties; the sea was deep and the workmen were continually harassed by the arrows discharged from the walls of the city.

The Tyrians, also, being masters of the sea, came in boats on each side of the dyke and prevented the Macedonians from carrying on the work with vigor; insulting and laughing at the proud conquerors who had now become beasts of burden. The Macedonians, however, steadily continued at their work, until they had made such great progress that the Tyrians became alarmed, and coming in boats full of armed men, they hurled such a quantity of arrows, stones, javelins and even fire upon the besiegers that the workmen were obliged to retire. Alexander after this ordered that sails should be spread over the workmen, and two wooden towers were erected at the head of the bank, and were filled with armed men to prevent the approach of the enemy. The Tyrians afterward made a descent upon the shore, and cut to pieces the Macedonians who were carrying stone, and also falling on a party of 60 Arabians, on Mount Lebanon, they killed 30, and took the others prisoners. The besieged also employed every means to ruin the enemy's walls. They filled a transportship with combustibles, and loading the after part with sand, in order to raise the prow, and taking advantage of a favorable wind they towed it to the extremity of the causeway. Then setting fire to it, they retired. Immediately the fire caught the towers and the rest of the works; the Tyrians perpetually hurling fiery darts and burning torches at the towers, the Macedonians were prevented from extinguishing the flames, and their works and machines were destroyed. Several of the workmen met a miserable death in the flames which consumed the towers. The Macedonians, however were not discouraged; they recommenced their work, built new machines, and with a greater number of workmen than before, carried the pier forward with a rapidity which surprised and terrified the Tyrians. The mole was nearly finished, and brought almost to the walls of the city, when suddenly a violent tempest arose, and as if by magic the entire pier was swept away. Alexander was aware that it would be impossible for him to complete his causeway, or take the city so long as the Tyrians remained masters of the sea. Accordingly he collected his few ships together, and having received other vessels from his allies, he came to anchor with his whole fleet along the shore near the mole, which his soldiers were rebuilding, where his galleys rode in safety. His fleet consisted of 221 galleys, the greater part of which were furnished by his allies. The Macedonians

CONSTANTINE DEFEATING MAXENTIUS.

Page 654.

worked on the new pier with surprising energy, and at length, after many delays, notwithstanding the prodigious efforts of the Tyrians to destroy and retard their work, the mole was finished. It was much broader than the others, and was more firm and compact in its structure. The Macedonians planted military engines of all kinds on the causeway, in order to batter and shake the walls of the city, and to hurl on the besieged arrows, stones and burning torches. At the same time Alexander ordered the commanders to surround the city with their ships. The Tyrians, on their side, also made preparations for a vigorous defense. On the side of the city which lay toward the causeway, they erected stone towers of great height, and of a proportionate breadth. Access to any other part of the city was very near as difficult, the Tyrians having fenced the foot of the walls with great stones, to keep the enemy from approaching it. The besieged also advanced in covered galleys, and cut the cables which held the Macedonian vessels at anchor. On this Alexander stationed several vessels, also covered, to secure the anchors from the attacks of the Tyrians. But the besieged now employed divers, who came and cut the cables unperceived, until the Macedonians were forced to fix the anchors with iron chains. The besiegers afterward drew the stones with which the Tyrians fenced the foot of their walls, into the sea, with ropes, and thus cleared a passage to the walls. The Tyrians were now invested on all sides, and attacked both by sea and land. The Macedonians with their whole fleet advanced against the city in order to make a general assault. The Tyrians gave themselves up as lost, when suddenly a storm arose, which dispersed the fleet, which was with great difficulty preserved from annihilation; and even after they had succeeded in bringing the vessels near the shore, the greater part of them were severely shattered. But they were soon repaired, and again the city was surrounded. The Tyrians seeing their city exposed every moment to be taken by storm, resolved to fall on the part of the fleet commanded by Andromachus, which lay at anchor toward Sidon. They took an opportunity to do this when the seamen of Alexander's fleet, which lay at anchor on the other side of the city, were dispersed, and when he himself had withdrawn to his tent pitched on the sea-shore. The Tyrians set out with thirteen galleys, all armed with choice soldiers, who were accustomed to sea-fights; and rowing with all their might, they came thundering down upon the enemy's ships, sinking some and driving others against the shore, where they were dashed to pieces. Alexander hearing of this sally, immediately advanced with his fleet, against the enemy, upon which the Tyrians withdrew into their harbor, having lost but a few vessels during the engagement. The city was now warmly attacked on all sides, and was as vigorously defended. The stones, darts, arrows, and javelins of the besiegers were answered by the besieged with volleys of like missiles.

The Tyrians warded off the darts discharged against them by means of turning wheels, which either broke them in pieces, or carried them another way. To annoy the ships which advanced against their walls, they fixed cranes, grappling-hooks, and scythes, to joists or beams; then bending their catapultas, (enormous cross-bows), they laid these great pieces of timber upon them, instead of arrows, and suddenly shot them upon the enemy. By their great weight, these missiles crushed whole ranks, and their long hooks, and sharp scythes cut to pieces all whom they encountered. The enemy's ships were also greatly damaged by these weapons. They also heated brazen shields to redness; then drawing them out of the fire, they filled them with burning sand, and hurled them down upon the enemy. This last invention galled the Macedonians terribly; the burning sand forcing its way through the crevices of their armor, pierced to the very bone, and the soldiers maddened with pain, would die a horrible death. Alexander at length determined to make a desperate attempt, with a greater number of ships than before, manned with the flower of his army. Accordingly, a second naval engagement was fought, in which the Tyrians, after fighting bravely, were compelled to retreat toward the city. The king pursued them closely, but was not able to enter the harbor, being repulsed by the myriads of arrows, stones, and beams which were shot from the walls. However, he either took or sunk a great number of their ships. After allowing his forces to repose themselves two days, Alexander brought forward his fleet, and his engines to attempt a general assault. Both the attack and defense were more vigorous than ever. In spite of the stones, arrows, and red-hot sand which rained on them from all sides, the Macedonians applied their battering-rams with such effect, that breaches were made in several parts of the walls. The soldiers hastened to enter the breaches, and fought their way through the masses of the besieged, who fought with fury and madness. Admetus, one of the bravest Macedonian officers, was slain at the head of his men, while urging them forward through a breach. Alexander distinguished himself by deeds of almost superhuman bravery. He mounted into one of the high towers of the causeway and ascending to its summit, killed many of the

enemy with his own hand, and became a conspicuous mark for the weapons of the enemy. The tower was very close to the wall, which he soon gained by means of floating bridges. The fleet forced the harbor, and the Macedonians driving their enemy from the breaches, gained the two towers, and the space between them on the wall of the city. The Tyrians seeing the Macedonians in possession of their ramparts, retired to an open space in the city, called the square of Agenon, and there stood their ground; but Alexander marching against them with his troop of body-guards, attacked them fiercely, killing great numbers of them, and compelled the rest to fly. At the same time the city being taken on that side which lay toward the harbor, the Macedonians, exasperated by the obstinate resistance of the enemy, ran up and down in every quarter, killing all that came in their way. The Tyrians seeing their city in the hands of the enemy, flew to the temples to implore the protection of their gods; others, shutting themselves up in their houses, escaped the sword of the conquerors, by voluntary death; others rushed upon the enemy, sword in hand, determined to sell their lives at the dearest rate. The king gave orders to kill all the inhabitants, except those who had sought refuge in the temples, and to set fire to every part of Tyre. Although this order was proclaimed by the sound of trumpet, yet not a person who carried arms, fled to the temples. These asylums were only filled with such women and children as were still in the city, the most of them having been sent to Carthage before the commencement of the siege. The Sidonians, although the allies of Alexander, saved 15,000 Tyrians from death, by conveying them privately on board their ships, which then sailed for Sidon. Six thousand soldiers, who were on the ramparts of the city, were cut to pieces by the infuriated Macedonians, and of all the men of Tyre, the 15,000 rescued by the Sidonians, alone escaped. Alexander in his rage, even after his soldiers were glutted with slaughter, and refused to kill any more, barbarously impaled 2,000 men alive, and caused them to be fixed upon crosses along the shore, where they died a lingering and agonizing death. This last act satisfied his thirst for blood, and having found himself in possession of 30,000 prisoners, both foreigners and citizens, he sold them all as slaves. As for the Macedonians, their loss was inconsiderable. Thus, Tyre, after a siege of eight months, was taken and destroyed, and the menaces which God had pronounced against the city, were fully accomplished.

Second Siege, B.C. 313.—It would be imagined that a city laid so waste as Tyre was by Alexander, could not easily or shortly recover strength to contend against any enemy, and yet we find Tyre, only nineteen years after, maintaining itself for fifteen months against Antigonus, one of Alexander's captains, who had been present at its great siege. But the fugitives from Sidon, and other parts, the women and children from Carthage, with, most likely, many enterprising strangers, thought the traditions of Tyre too great and tempting to allow it to be long abandoned; and if not so glorious as it had been, this queen of commercial cities soon became a highly respectable mart, though its trade was reduced within much narrower limits: it had embraced the world; it was now confined to the neighboring countries, and it had lost the empire of the sea. Seconded by the famous Demetrius Poliorcetes, his son, Antigonus presented himself before the place with a numerous fleet, which made him master of the sea, and cut the besieged off from supplies of provisions. As the siege was too protracted to accord with the other views of Antigonus, he left the operations under the command of Andronicus, one of his generals, who, by pressing the Tyrians very closely, and by making frequent assaults, obliged them at length to capitulate. This important conquest was made B.C. 313.

Third Siege, A.D. 638.—The curse that was said to be upon Tyre, was removed after a considerable time: it received the gospel at an early period, and was for ages a flourishing city. Before the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, a place so situated as Tyre was, could not fail of being a mart of trade; and as soon as the back of a conqueror, attracted by its wealth, was turned, it was quickly partially re-peopled, and its industry revived.

But at length came the great Mussulman eruption; Mohammed and his generals led their triumphant armies through Asia, with that astonishing rapidity and success which have ever attended eastern conquests. In the West, a conquest may be compared to a shower, which, insidiously, and with time, permeates the soil; in the East, it is a flood or an avalanche, which overwhelms, devastates, and changes every thing in a moment.

While the intrepid Amrou was making Syria tremble with the fame of his victories, the perfidious Ioukinna accelerated the triumphs of Mohammedanism by his stratagems. The master of a fleet which had come to the succor of Tripoli, he hoisted the Roman standard, and presented himself before Tyre. His arrival caused much joy, for he was supposed to bring ammunition and troops to put the place in a state of defense. He landed with 900 men, and was admitted into the city, but

being betrayed by one of his own people, the little band were surrounded, and taken prisoners. Their lives were only saved by a new subject of alarm. Jëzid, a Saracen captain, appeared off Tyre with a force of 2,000 men. The governor, with his garrison, went out to meet him, and, while the two parties were on the walls, Ioukinna and his soldiers were set at liberty by a Roman, who was looking for an opportunity to win the favor of the Saracens. Ioukinna conveyed the intelligence of his freedom to the soldiers he had left on board the fleet; they joined him, and he informed Jëzid of what was going on in Tyre. Jëzid not only defeated the governor and his party, but cut off his retreat. The gates were thrown open, and the Saracens, within and without, made a frightful slaughter of the inhabitants. Most of those who escaped embraced Islamism, to avoid death or slavery.

Fourth Siege, A.D. 1123.—The Venetians, who for several ages had enjoyed the commerce of the East, and dreaded breaking useful relations with the Mussulmans of Asia, had taken but very little part in the first crusade, or the events which followed it. They awaited the issue of this great enterprise, to associate themselves without peril with the victories of the Christians; but at length, jealous of the advantages which the Genoese and Pisans had obtained in Syria, they became desirous of likewise sharing the spoils of the Mussulmans, and equipped a formidable expedition against the infidels. Their fleet, while crossing the Mediterranean, fell in with that of the Genoese returning from the East, attacked it with fury, and put it to flight in great disorder. After having stained the sea with the blood of Christians, the Venetians pursued their route toward the coasts of Palestine, where they met the fleet of the Saracens, which had come out from the ports of Egypt. A furious engagement ensued, in which the Egyptian vessels were dispersed, and covered the waves with their wrecks.

While the Venetians were thus destroying the Mussulman fleet, an army, sent by the caliph from Cairo, was beaten by the Christians under the walls of Jaffa. The Doge of Venice, who commanded the fleet, entered the port of Ptolemaïs (Acre), and was conducted in triumph to Jerusalem. While celebrating the double victory gained over the infidels, it was determined to turn this important expedition to advantage. In a council held in presence of the regent of Jerusalem, and the Doge of Venice, it was proposed to besiege the city of Tyre, or that of Ascalon. As opinions were divided, it was determined to consult God, according to the superstitions of the time, and be guided by the expression of his will. Two strips of parchment, upon which were written the names of Tyre and Ascalon, were deposited upon the altar of the Holy Sepulchre. Amid an immense crowd of spectators, a young orphan advanced toward the altar, took one of the two strips, and it proved to be that of the city of Tyre.

The Venetians, more devoted to the interests of their commerce and their nation, than to those of the Christian kingdom, demanded, before they laid siege to Tyre, that they should have a church, a street, a free oven, and a national tribunal in all the cities of Palestine. They demanded still further advantages, among which was one third of the conquered city. The conquest of Tyre seemed so important that the regent, the chancellor of the kingdom, and the great vassals of the crown, accepted without hesitation the conditions of the Venetians; in an act which history has preserved, they engaged not to acknowledge as King of Jerusalem either Baldwin du Bourg, or any other prince who should refuse to subscribe to it.

When they had thus shared by treaty a city they had not yet conquered, they commenced their operations for the siege. The Christian army left Jerusalem, and the Venetian fleet the port of Ptolemaïs, toward the beginning of spring. The historian of the kingdom of Jerusalem, William of Tyre, was for a long time archbishop of this celebrated commercial city, and he pauses here to describe the ancient wonders of his metropolis. In his recital, at once religious and profane, he invokes by turns the evidence of Isaiah and Virgil; after speaking of King Hiram and the tomb of Origen, he does not disdain to celebrate the memory of Cadmus and the country of Dido. The good archbishop particularly vaunts the industry and the commerce of Tyre, the fertility of its territory, its dyes, so celebrated in all antiquity; its sand, which changes itself into transparent vases, and its sugar-canes, which began to be sought for by all regions of the universe. The city of Tyre, in the time of Baldwin, was no longer that sumptuous city, whose rich merchants, according to Isaiah, were princes; but it was still considered as the best-peopled and most commercial of the cities of Syria. It stood upon a delightful shore, screened by mountains from the blasts of the north; it had two large moles, which, like long arms, advanced into the sea, to inclose a port to which storm or tempest could find no access. The city of Tyre, which had stood out during more than seven months against the victorious Alexander, was defended on one side by a stormy sea and steep rocks, and on the other by a triple wall, surmounted by high towers.

The Doge of Venice at once penetrated into the port, and closed up all issue or access on the side of the sea. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Pontius, Count of Tripoli, regent of the kingdom, commanded the land army; the king, Baldwin de Bourg, being at that time a captive to the Saracens. In the early days of the siege, the Christians and the Mussulmans fought with obstinate ardor, but with equal success; this disunion of the infidels, however, soon powerfully assisted the efforts of the Franks. The Caliph of Egypt had yielded half of the place to the Sultan of Damascus, in order to engage him to defend it against the Christians. The Turks and the Egyptians were divided among themselves, and refused to fight together; the Franks took advantage of these divisions, and daily gained a superiority. After a siege of a few months the walls crumbled away before the machines of the Christians; provisions began to be short in the place; the Mussulmans were about to capitulate, when discord, in turn disunited the Christians, and was on the point of rendering useless the prodigies of valor and all the labors of a long siege.

The land army loudly complained that it had to support alone both battles and fatigues; the horse and foot threatened to remain as motionless under their tents as the Venetians in their ships. To remove the cause of their complaint, the Doge of Venice came into the Christian camp, with his sailors, armed with their oars, and declared himself ready to mount to the breach. From that time a generous emulation inflamed the zeal and the courage of both soldiers and seamen; and the Mussulmans, being without hope of succor, were obliged to succumb, after a siege of five months and a half. The standards of the King of Jerusalem and the Doge of Venice floated together over the walls of Tyre; the Christians made their triumphal entrance into the city; while the inhabitants, according to the terms of the capitulation, with their wives and children, departed from it. On whichever side our sympathies may be, the end of a great siege is a melancholy object of contemplation; nothing can convey a sadder idea to the mind than this compulsory exodus of a people.

The day on which the news of the conquest of Tyre was received at Jerusalem, was a festival for the inhabitants of the Holy City. *Te Deum* and hymns of thanks were chanted, amid the ringing of bells and the shouts of the people; flags were flying over the towers and ramparts of the city; branches of the olive and wreaths of flowers were hung about the streets and public places; rich stuffs ornamented the outsides of houses and the doors of churches. The old talked about the former splendor of the kingdom of Judah, and the young virgins repeated in chorus the psalms in which the prophets had celebrated the city of Tyre.

The Doge of Venice, on returning to the Holy City, was saluted by the acclamations of the people and the clergy. The barons and magnates did all in their power to detain him in Palestine; they even went so far as to offer him Baldwin's crown, some believing that that prince was dead, and others acknowledging no king but at the head of an army and on the field of battle. The doge declined the crown, and, satisfied with the title of Prince of Jerusalem, led back his victorious fleet to Italy.

Fifth Siege, A.D. 1188.—Tyre is most conspicuously associated with great names; next to having had the glory of checking the career of Alexander for seven months, it may reckon that of having successfully resisted the greatest Saracen general that, perhaps, ever lived.

While a new crusade was being earnestly preached in Europe, Saladin was following up the course of his victories in Palestine. The battle of Tiberias and the capture of Jerusalem had spread so great a terror, that the inhabitants of the Holy Land were persuaded the army of the Saracens could not be resisted. Amid general consternation, a single city, that of Tyre, defied all the united forces of the East. Saladin had twice gathered together his fleets and his armies to attack a place of which he so ardently desired the conquest. But all the inhabitants had sworn rather to die than surrender to the Mussulmans; which generous determination was the work of Conrad, who had just arrived in that place, and whom Heaven seemed to have sent to save it.

Conrad, son of the Marquis of Montferrat, bore a name celebrated in the West, and the fame of his exploits had preceded him to Asia. In his early youth he had distinguished himself in the war of the Holy See against the Emperor of Germany. A passion for glory and a thirst for adventures afterward led him to Constantinople, where he quelled a sedition which threatened the imperial throne, and, with his own hand, killed the leader of the rebels on the field of battle. The sister of Isaac Angelus and the title of Cæsar were the rewards of his courage and his services; but his restless character would not allow him to enjoy his good fortune in quiet. Amid peaceful grandeur, roused all at once by the fame of the holy war, he stole away from the tenderness of a bride and the gratitude of an emperor, to fly into Palestine. Conrad landed on the shores of Phœnicia a few days after the battle of Tiberias. Before his arrival, the city of Tyre had named dep-

uties to demand a capitulation of Saladin; his presence revived the general courage, and changed the aspect of affairs. He caused himself to be appointed commander of the city, he widened the ditches, repaired the fortifications; and the inhabitants of Tyre, attacked by sea and land, become all at once invincible warriors, learned, under his orders, how to repel the fleets and armies of the Saracens.

The old Marquis of Montferrat, the father of Conrad, who, for the sake of visiting the Holy Land, had left his peaceful states, was at the battle of Tiberias. Made prisoner by the Mussulmans, he awaited, in the prisons of Damascus, the time when his children would deliver him or purchase his liberty.

Saladin sent for him to his army, and promised the brave Conrad to restore his father to him, and give him rich possessions in Syria, if he would open the gates of Tyre. He at the same time threatened to place the old Marquis de Montferrat in the front of the ranks of the Saracens, and expose him to the arrows of the besieged. Conrad replied with haughtiness, that he despised the presents of infidels, and that the life of his father was less dear to him than the cause of the Christians. He added that nothing should impede his endeavors, and that if the Saracens were barbarous enough to put to death an old man who had surrendered on his parole of honor, he should think it a glory to be descended from a martyr. After this reply the Saracens recommenced their assaults, and the Tyrians defended themselves with firmness and courage. The Hospitalers, the Templars, and most of the bravest warriors left in Palestine, hastened within the walls of Tyre, to share in the honor of so great a defense. Among the Franks who distinguished themselves by their valor, was a Spanish gentleman, known in history by the name of *The Green Knight*, from the color of his armor. He alone, say the old chroniclers, repulsed and dispersed whole battalions; he fought several single combats, overthrowing the most intrepid of the Mussulmans, and made the Saracens wonder at and admire his bravery and skill in arms.

There was not a citizen in the place who would not fight; the children, even, were so many soldiers; the women animated the men by their presence and by their words. Upon the waters, at the foot of the ramparts, fresh combats were continually taking place. In all parts the Saracens met with the same Christian heroes who had so often made them tremble.

Despairing of taking the city of Tyre, Saladin resolved to raise the siege, in order to attack Tripoli, and was not more fortunate in that expedition. William, King of Sicily, being informed of the misfortunes of Palestine, had sent succors to the Christians. The great Admiral Margarit, whose talents and victories had obtained for him the name of the King of the Sea and the New Neptune, arrived on the coast of Syria with 60 galleys, 300 horse, and 500 foot-soldiers. The Sicilian warriors flew to the defense of Tripoli, and, led on by the Green Knight, who had so distinguished himself at Tyre, forced Saladin to abandon his enterprise.

Thus was Saladin foiled; but the fate of Tyre was only deferred. Toward the end of the crusades, which European passions and interests had made abortive, the Sultan Chalil, after taking and destroying Ptolemais, sent one of his emirs with a body of troops to take possession of Tyre; and that city, seized with terror, opened its gates without resistance. The conquerors likewise possessed themselves of Berytus, Sidon, and all the other Christian cities along the coast. These cities, which had not afforded the least succor to Ptolemais in the last great struggle, and which believed themselves protected by a truce, beheld their population massacred, dispersed, or led into slavery; the fury of the Mussulmans extended even to the stones; they seemed to wish to destroy the very earth which the Christians had trod upon; their houses, their temples, the monuments of their piety, their valor, their industry,—every thing was condemned to perish with them by the sword or by fire.

TYROL.—We have not space in our work to give under their separate heads, descriptions of the various battles which occurred during the glorious struggle of the Tyrolese, in which they five times in the course of one year cleared the country, from one end to the other, of its invaders; and will therefore give the following dates, which may be useful for reference:

1805, Dec.—Tyrol yielded up by the Treaty of Presburg to the hated rule of Bavaria.

1808.—An insurrection organized toward the latter part of the year.

1809, April.—Austria declares war against France. Tyrolese rise in Pusterthal, and drive the Bavarians out of the valley: 2,000 French made prisoners at Botza.

April 10, Spechbacher drives the Bavarians out of Hull. April 11, Innspruck taken by the Tyrolese.

12, French and Bavarians under Wrede descend from the Brenner to Innspruck, are defeated, and surrender to General Chastelan.

22, Surrender of Trent, and expulsion of the French from every place in Tyrol, except Kuffstein.

May 13, Chastelar, the Austrian general, defeated at Wörgl.

May 19, Bavarians re-enter Innspruck; Austrians retire.
20–25, Second rising of the Tyrolese.
29, Victory of Berg Isel, gained by the Tyrolese, under Hofer, Spechbacker, Huspinger, and Teimer.
31, Second entry of the Tyrolese into Innspruck.
July, In consequence of the armistice of Znoym, the Austrian troops withdraw from Tyrol. Tyrolese left to themselves, appoint Hofer leader.
31, Duke of Danzig enters Innspruck at the head of a French army.
Aug. 4–11, Desperate contests along the Brenner. Battle of the Sterzingumons.
10, Duke of Danzig defeated in attempting to cross the Brenner.
13, Great battle of the Isel Berg; the Duke of Danzig, at the head of 25,000 men, defeated and driven out of Innspruck, by 18,000 Tyrolese; followed by the evacuation of Tyrol by the French.
15, Hofer's triumphal entry into Innspruck.
Sept. Money sent to the Tyrolese, and a golden chain to Hofer, by the emperor.
Oct. 16, Spechbacher worsted at the Malek.
25, French again in the possession of Innspruck.
Nov., Peace of Schönbrunn. Tyrolese ordered to lay down their arms; they disobey, believing the document to be a forgery. Hostilities continued to the end of December. Tyrolese finally put down, their leaders dispersed, and forced to conceal themselves.
1810, Jan. 20, Hofer made prisoner in a châlet on the mountains.
Feb. 10, Hofer shot at Mantua.

TZOMPACH, Battle of, A.D. 1519.—Although beaten in several battles by the troops of Cortez, the Tlascalans were not conquered. They still refused all the friendly overtures tendered by the Spanish commander. Cortez beheld in them an enemy to be feared, and would gladly have entered into an alliance with them; but they sent back his envoys with words of scorn, bidding him prepare for battle, for they were about to come forth to meet him.

Upon receiving this answer, Cortez determined to march against the enemy himself, rather than wait to receive their attack. On the morning of the 5th of September, the Spanish army was under arms at sunrise. Cortez rode through the ranks, and exhorted his men to fight manfully in the approaching struggle. Victory was their only hope; defeat would lead only to a shameful, cruel, and lingering death.

Enthusiastic shouts arose from the ranks as the general ceased, and when the word to march was given, each man stepped forward with the determination to conquer in the coming fight, or to die. They had marched but a short distance when they came within sight of the lines of the Tlascalan army. The Spaniards were startled by the magnitude of the concourse before them. Occupying a space of level ground, nearly six miles square, stood 60,000 warriors, clothed in fantastic guise, with banners fluttering in the air, and shouting aloud their terrible cry of defiance and war. The Indians were armed with spears and darts, which were tipped with a brightly-polished metal, and bows, and arrows. Their chieftains wore richly-ornamented helmets, whose tall, gayly-colored plumes, waved over their heads, rising and falling at each motion of their persons, and rendering them conspicuous marks for the aim of the Spanish arquebussers. The naked bodies of the common soldiers were painted in red, purple, yellow, and other gaudy colors. Barbaric splendor and magnificence were displayed in their strongest aspect. Banners and streamers floated in the air, in every quarter of the field, and everywhere gold, and silver, and precious stones, appeared, until the whole army glistened in the bright rays of the sun, like a burnished morning cloud.

The sounds of trumpets and of drums arose from every quarter of this dense and bright array, and shouts, and yells, and gestures wild; brandished spear and lance together, proved how eager were the warriors for the fray.

The army was divided into two companies, each company commanded by a chieftain whose armor of feathers corresponded in color with the painted bodies of his soldiers. The chieftains alone wore any defensive armor; they also carried shields of wood covered with leather, and of reeds quilted with cotton. Their shields were profusely ornamented, and were fringed with brightly-colored feathers. Music from shells and trumpets arose from various quarters of the Indian army, filling the air with wild sounds.

With steady step the Spaniards marched toward this great army. They arrived within bow-shot. Instantly the air was darkened by a cloud of arrows, spears, javelins, darts, and stones, which were hurled by the Indians upon their approaching foe. Amid this storm of missiles the gallant Spaniards held their way. Not a shot did they fire; and deep silence pervaded their ranks as they moved on toward the cloud of enemies before them. At length they halted; the artillery was placed in position, and at the command of their general the allied army opened a destructive fire along the whole line. The Spaniards plied their weapons with terrible effect. At point-blank range their cannon

balls told with fearful accuracy upon the dense masses of the enemy. In vain did the Indians endeavor to bear off the dead and wounded from the field. They fell before that iron and leaden hail by scores. For a moment the Tlascalans stood motionless. Dismayed and astonished at the terrible slaughter inflicted by the mysterious weapons of their enemies, they apparently knew not what to do. At length, goaded to madness, with one universal shout of rage, they rushed in one mass upon the Spanish army.

Like a huge billow, on they came, with a force so irresistible, that the Spaniards, overwhelmed and engulfed, were there thrown back in the utmost confusion. And now ensued a terrible hand-to-hand conflict. The Spaniards fought with the desperate courage of despair—death on the field, or a lingering death on the sacrificial altar, stared them in the face—they fought like tigers—crushed to the earth by the weight of their enemies, the Spanish soldiers used their keen swords upon the naked bodies of their adversaries, with obstinate energy. The artillery was moved to a distance, planted in a favorable position, and opened on the Indian army, shaking it to the very center. The cavalry, headed by Cortez himself, plunged into the struggling mass, overthrowing and trampling down the enemy, and at length compelled them to retreat with the utmost precipitation. Again and again did the Indians renew these tremendous attacks, but they were as often driven back, with greater and increasing slaughter. Yet they were not defeated, and the result of the battle would have been doubtful had not dissensions broken out in their midst. One of the principal chieftains, who had been defeated in the battle of the defile, quarreled with Xicotoncatl, because the latter had accused him of cowardice, and withdrew from the field with his division, which consisted of 10,000 men. Another chieftain followed his example, and Xicotoncatl, whose force was now reduced to less than one half of its original number, was unable longer to contend against the arms of the Spaniards. But for four hours he maintained the conflict, until at length perceiving no hopes of victory, he ordered a general retreat, and left the severely-contested field to the Spaniards.

In this battle the Spaniards lost but few men killed; but their wounded included nearly the whole of their number. The loss of the Indians was great. The precise number is not stated; but the ground was literally piled with their dead.

The Spaniards were too much fatigued to pursue the flying enemy. Satisfied with their victory they returned triumphantly to the hill of Tzompach.

Although greatly discouraged by their repeated defeats, the Tlascalans, nevertheless, determined upon striking one more blow upon the invaders. They consulted their priests, who told them that the Spaniards were not gods, but were the children of the sun; and that it was only during the shining of the sun they were invincible. A night attack, therefore, was decided upon. Xicotoncatl, the Tlascalan general, conducted his operations with such care that the Spaniards, reposing within their works on the hill of Tzompach, little thought that an army of 10,000 men was stealing toward the camp. But unfortunately for the success of the Tlascalan general, he had selected a moonlight night for his expedition, and as he neared the camp of the enemy, a Spanish vidette discovered his army moving across the plain. He instantly gave the alarm. Soon the camp was in confusion. The horsemen, aroused from their slumbers, sprang to their horses, who stood ready saddled; the soldiers, half asleep, leaped from their hard couches, and flew to their arms; and all was hurry, bustle, and disorder. But soon the confusion ceased and the whole camp was under arms. They had scarcely formed in order of battle, when they beheld the black columns of the enemy moving through the fields of waving corn which covered the plain in patches. Onward came the Indians, creeping stealthily toward the Christian lines. They neared the foot of the hill. Deep silence pervaded their ranks. They commenced the ascent. Instantly—like a whirlwind—the Spaniards rushed down the slope, pouring repeated and deadly volleys of musketry and showers of arrows upon the ascending foe. At their head were the horsemen, who, plunging into the mass of affrighted Indians, cut them down to left and right. The Indians replied to the charge by a shower of arrows, and then, turning retreated with the utmost precipitation The Spanish horse pursued, and, easily overtaking the fugitives, slaughtered them mercilessly, until, sated with blood, they returned, leaving the plain covered with the carcasses of dead and dying men. The victory was decisive. Without the loss of a single man, the Spaniards put to rout and almost cut to pieces an army of 10,000 men.

After this disastrous defeat, the Tlascalans no longer rejected the proffered friendship of the Spaniards. No longer able to successfully resist, they made friends with the conquerors, and Xicotoncatl, the valorous chieftain of the Tlascalans, visited the camp of the Spaniards, and tendered Cortez the obedience of himself and his countrymen.

Massacre of Cholula.—The fame of Cortez's brilliant victories spread far and wide, and reached the ear of Montezuma himself. That prince heard with gloomy forebodings

of the rapid approach of the invaders toward his capital, and determined once more to endeavor by smooth means to prevent him from advancing to the city. Accordingly he sent an embassy with munificent presents to the Spanish camp. Upon tendering the presents to Cortez, the Aztec nobles, in their emperor's name, expressed their regrets that he could not invite them to visit his capital, because he feared that they would receive some personal injury from the citizens, who were numerous and ungovernable. Cortez dismissed the embassy, assuring them that at a future day he would repay the emperor for all his kindness. Shortly after this interview the Spaniards finally accepted the pressing invitations of the Tlascalans, and left their camp, and proceeded to the city of Tlascala, where they were received by their former enemies, but now friends, with great rejoicings. Some time afterward Montezuma sent a third embassy to the Spanish commander. The friendly alliance which the invaders had entered into with the Tlascalans caused Montezuma the utmost uneasiness, and he was determined, if possible, to break that alliance. The present embassy, like the former ones, was loaded with costly presents of gold and silver; but the message which they now brought was so different from the others, that Cortez at once suspected treachery. Instead of forbidding the strangers to visit his capital, in plain words he invited them to come, assuring them that they would meet with a hearty welcome. He requested them to take the road which led through Cholula to the capital. The Cholulans, he said, were their friends, and had made arrangements, by his orders, to receive them in a suitable manner. At the same time, he warned them against the friendship of the Tlascalans, whom he styled base barbarians. Although Cortez could not but suspect the motive of the emperor in this sudden change of opinion, and although the Tlascalan chieftains endeavored to their utmost to dissuade him from accepting Montezuma's invitation, he, nevertheless, resolved to march toward the city of Mexico through Cholula. Accordingly, on an appointed morning he set forth with his whole army, accompanied by 6,000 Tlascalan warriors, whom he selected from nearly 100,000 who had volunteered. Arriving within sight of Cholula, he encamped, and the next morning he entered the city with his army and the Cempoallan Indians, leaving the Tlascalans at the camp in the rear. The Spaniards were received by the people of Cholula with every demonstration of welcome. For a few days they were treated with unswerving kindness; but soon Cortez discovered a marked change in the demeanor of the people, and at length, through the adroitness of Marina, he learned that a plot had been formed for the destruction of himself and army. Cortez saw that no time was to be lost. He informed the Caciques of his intention to leave the town early the next morning. They did not refuse their consent, but retired with the determination to fall upon the Spaniards, while they were entangled in the intricate streets of the city, and thus, they thought, destroy them with the greater ease.

Cortez then called together the Mexican embassadors, and bluntly charged them with the crime of plotting the ruin of his army, saying, that they had acted under Montezuma's directions; and that now, instead of marching to his capital as a friend, he would go thither an enemy. The embassadors denied all knowledge of the plot, and Cortez affecting to believe them, allowed them to depart, but ordered his men to watch them closely. Cortez spent an anxious and sleepless night. His soldiers who had been apprised of their danger, slept on their arms, and every horse was saddled and bridled, to be ready at a moment's warning. Cortez also dispatched orders to the Tlascalan chieftains to enter the city at a given signal. At early daybreak Cortez was in the saddle, giving his last directions to his soldiers. He drew up the main body of his men in a great square, which was partially inclosed with buildings and a high wall. At each of the three gates of this court, Cortez posted a troop of soldiers, armed with muskets. He then planted his cannon outside of the enclosure, so that they commanded the various streets; and behind the guns stood his main line.

Soon the Cholulan governors appeared at the head of a numerous body of men, whom they had agreed to furnish Cortez, to aid in the transportation of his baggage-wagons and artillery. They marched into the inclosed square. After all had entered, Cortez drew the caciques aside, and at once accused them of conspiring against him. Overpowered with astonishment and dismay at the suddenness of the accusation, they confessed at once, and declared that Montezuma was the author of the conspiracy. Cortez, however, would listen to no excuses; he gave the fatal signals, and instantly every musket, every cross-bow discharged its deadly missile into the mass of Cholulans who filled the courtyard. Words can not describe the terrible affright of the unfortunate creatures; they had heard nothing of the conversation between Cortez and their rulers, and for a moment they remained motionless. The musketry ceased, and amid the cloud of sulphurous smoke which filled the area, the Spanish soldiers rushed into the swaying

crowd, and with their keen swords hewed them down without mercy. In vain did they strive to escape—none thought of resistance—those who strove to scale the wall, were shot down by the musketeers, and those who franticly rushed toward the gates were received on the points of Spanish lances. None escaped, save a fortunate few who concealed themselves beneath the heaps of the dead.

In the mean time, the citizens without, warned by the terrible sounds which issued from the interior of the court-yard, of the slaughter of their fellow-countrymen, rushed toward the spot from all quarters; but the dreadful artillery commanded every street, and as the crowds approached, they belched forth volleys of destruction upon them. Between each volley the Spanish horse rushed forward and kept the struggling mass back. Yet as fast as the foremost fell, their companions pushed forward to fill their places, while the balls from the cannon plowed through them, leaving bloody furrows in their tracks. At this moment the Tlascalans rushed into the city, and fiercely attacked the rear of the Cholulans. Thus attacked in front and rear, the brave citizens were forced to fly. Scattering in every direction, many of them sought shelter in the neighboring houses. These buildings their implacable enemies fired, and they perished miserably in the flames.

A numerous body of the Cholulans threw themselves into the great temple, and mounting into its wooden towers, hurled down stones, beams, and burning javelins upon the heads of the Spaniards. The Spaniards mounted the great stair-case, and by the aid of the burning javelins of their enemies, they set fire to the towers. Soon the wooden edifices were wrapped in flames; many of their despairing defenders cast themselves from the summits, and were crushed; and many died in the flames. At length the cruel butchery ceased. Moved by the prayers of the caciques, Cortez ordered his men to cease. Gradually the direful tumult ceased, and the blood-stained streets of Cholula were once more quiet.

On that dreadful day, 3,000 Cholulans were slain; and the fame of Cortez, from that time, spread throughout the plateau, filling the whole country with horror and fear.—*Prescott.*

UDEVALLA, A.D. 1678.—In the year 1678 a fierce battle was fought between the Danes and Swedes near Udevalla, a town of South Sweden. The Danes had crossed the mountains from Norway, when they were attacked by the Swedes, and an engagement ensued which was characterized by all that stubborn valor on both sides which distinguishes the hardy Scandinavians. At length after a protracted battle, the Swedes were defeated.

ULM, A.D. 1805.—The city of Ulm, in Germany, was the scene of several important military operations, in 1805. Austria having declared war against France, pushed forward a strong army into Bavaria, under General Mack, who established his head-quarters at Ulm. But Napoleon, having succeeded by a series of masterly movements in cutting off Mack's communication with Austria, the latter was cooped up in the city, with all that portion of his army, amounting to about 30,000 men, that had not already fallen into the hands of the French. Considering the strength of the place, and the numbers of the garrison, a vigorous resistance might have been anticipated; but instead of this, on the 17th of October 1805, Mack capitulated and delivered up the town, and his army as prisoners of war, without so much as firing a shot!

UTICA, B.C. 203.—Scipio Africanus having entered upon the country dominated over by the Carthaginians, turned all his attention toward Utica, with the purpose of making a place of arms of it advantageous to his ulterior plans; he attacked it at once, both by land and sea. Carthage exerted itself earnestly to save a city which might be said to protect the capital of its empire. Asdrubal raised a numerous body of troops, and Syphax, King of Numidia, fixed his camp within sight of that of the Roman general. The rival of Rome flattered itself with the hope of soon putting Scipio to flight; but that skillful captain soon dispersed these smiling expectations. He at once conceived the great project of burning both camps; and this was the happy manner in which he executed it. He amused Syphax with proposals for an accommodation. A crowd of Roman officers disguised as slaves went with the deputies into the enemy's camps, to observe the entrances and places of issue, and to ascertain what sort of watch was kept day and night. After having taken measures and precautions according to the information thus gained, he silently attacked the intrenchments of the King of Numidia, in the obscurity of the night, and the soldiers set fire to the barracks, covered with mats, reeds, and dry wood. The whole camp ap-

peared to be in a blaze; and the Numidians and Carthaginians, thinking the fire the effect of accident, were more intent at first in extinguishing it than upon defending themselves. Scipio attacked the lines of Asdrubal, while the flames were consuming those of Syphax. The enemies who were occupied in suppressing the fire, were put to the sword; 40,000 men were left dead upon the spot, and 7,000 were reserved for slavery. The news of this defeat spread consternation among the Carthaginians. Asdrubal and Syphax raised fresh troops, while the Roman general pressed the siege of Utica. This second army obliged him to suspend his attacks; but another victory, more glorious than the first, maintained the reputation of the Roman general. Carthage, in despair, recalled Hannibal—its only and last resource. The arrival of this great man entirely suspended the siege of Utica; but his defeat by Scipio terminated the war.

Second Siege, B.C. 46.—Cæsar, conqueror of Thapsus, pursued Scipio into Utica, and invested it. This city would not have fallen an easy conquest, if Cato, who had shut himself up in it, together with most of the senators opposed to tyranny, had found in all hearts a courage and a patriotism equal to his own. In vain this noble Roman endeavored to awaken in those around him the sublime sentiments which had animated the early citizens of Rome; in vain he went through the streets to calm the alarm of the people—the dread of the conqueror closed all ears against his exhortations: love of country had given place to love of life. Despairing then of defending Rome by defending Utica, he gave his whole care to the preservation of the senators, the companions of his misfortunes, whom the inhabitants wished to give up to Cæsar. When he had taken all the necessary precautions, he prepared to terminate his days in a manner worthy of himself. Some of his friends exhorted him to have recourse to the clemency of the dictator. "He who is conquered," said he, "may servilely flatter the hand which has subdued him. Cato is invincible; he acknowledges neither master nor conqueror." He then assembled his friends, and, after a long conversation upon the state of affairs, he strictly forbade his son ever to take any part in the government. "You can not do so," said he, "in a manner worthy of the name you bear; and to do it in any other way, would be to cover yourself with eternal ignominy." He then took a bath, and while in it, remembered Statilius, his friend, who had refused to escape with the other senators. He had charged the philosopher Apollonius to persuade him to save himself. "Have you succeeded with Statilius," said he—"can he have gone without bidding me farewell?" "He! no," replied the philosopher; "he is intractable: he declares he will positively remain here, and imitate you in every thing." "It will soon," replied Cato, with a smile, "be seen how that will be." After his bath, he gave a magnificent banquet to all his friends and the magistrates of Utica. They sat long at table, and the conversation was animated, lively, and learned, chiefly turning upon points of moral philosophy. Demetrius, a Peripatetic philosopher, undertook to refute, after the principles of his sect, the two Stoic paradoxes: "The wise alone are free; all the vicious are slaves." But Cato replied to him with a fire, a vehemence, and in a tone of voice which betrayed his intentions, and changed the suspicions his friends had entertained into certainty. All at once, a dismal silence prevailed; sadness was painted in every countenance, and no one durst venture his tear-dewed eyes toward Cato. This tender friend perceived the effect his rigid philosophy had produced; he changed the subject, and to drive away melancholy ideas, he spoke of those who had just left them, showing the anxious inquietude he experienced respecting them. After the repast, he walked about for some time, according to his usual custom, and then retired to his apartment. There he spoke more affectionately than he had before done, to his son and his friends, which revived and strengthened the idea they had conceived of his determination.

When he went into his inner chamber, he threw himself upon the bed, and meditated for a long time upon Plato's dialogue on the immortality of the soul. He had already read a considerable part of it, when, turning his eyes upon his bolster, he perceived that his sword was not in its customary place; his son had had it removed while they were at supper. Cato called to a slave, and asked him what had become of his sword. The slave made no answer, and his master resumed his reading. A few minutes after, he made the same question, without any eagerness or warmth, but like a man who has no particular desire. At last, when he had finished his reading, seeing that nobody seemed disposed to obey him, he called all his slaves, one after the other, and in the tone of a master, said that he insisted upon having his sword; he even went so far as to give one of them so violent a blow, that he made his hand bloody. "What!" cried he, indignantly, "what! are my son and my people conspiring to deliver me up to my enemy, without arms, and without defense?" At this moment, his son, coming into the apartment with his friends, burst into tears. He threw himself at his feet, he embraced his knees, and conjured him to depart from his purpose.

Cato, angry at seeing his son in such an attitude of supplication, and darting at him glances denoting displeasure—"Since when," cried he, "am I fallen into imbecility, to make it necessary for my son to be my curator? I am treated like an insane man; I am not allowed to dispose of my own person; I am to be disarmed too! Brave and generous son, why do you not chain up your father till Cæsar arrives, so that that enemy of his country may find him destitute of defense? Do I stand in need of a sword, if I wished to deprive myself of life? Could I not hold my breath? could I not dash my head against the wall? If a man really wish for death, there are a thousand ways of obtaining it." A young slave then brought him back his sword. Cato drew it, examined it, and finding that the point was quite straight and sharp, he exclaimed—"Now, then, I am my own master." He laid down his sword, took up his book, and read it through again from beginning to end; he then fell into so profound a sleep, that the anxious friends who listened at the door heard him snore; but the fatal moment approached. Cato called for his freed-man, and asked him if all was quiet; and when he was assured that it was, he threw himself upon the bed, as if to take his repose for the night; but the moment he was left alone, he plunged his sword into his body, a little below the breast. The blow did not kill him at once; he struggled a little, and fell off the bed on to the ground. At the noise of his fall, his people rushed in, and, as he still breathed, his surgeon bound up the wound. But the instant he recovered his senses, he tore away the bandages, and with them dragged out his bowels, and expired. "Oh, Cato!" cried Cæsar, when he heard of his noble end, "I envy thee the glory of thy death, since thou hast envied me that of sparing thy life." And he entered triumphantly into Utica.—*Robson.*

VACHTENDONCK, A.D. 1588.—This little city, at a small distance from Venloo, but whose advantages of situation, in a country that could be flooded, and the fortifications which the Dutch had added to its natural defenses, rendered its capture difficult, was besieged by the Spanniards, under the command of Pierre Ernest de Mansfeld. Its weak garrison made a noble resistance. Nevertheless, the works of the Spaniards advanced so rapidly, the fire of the batteries, and the sapping and mining were so effective, that on the 3d of December, the besieged capitulated. The reason for our noticing this siege, is the circumstanee that it was the first time bombs were used; they had been invented a short time before, by a man of Venloo, a maker of artificial fireworks. The garrison and the citizens, terrified at these globes of fire, which crushed their houses, and set fire to every thing around them, made but a feeble resistance after they had seen their effects. This destructive arm has been perfected with time, and gave birth to grenades, pot-grenades, and many other murderous machines.

VALENCIENNES, A.D. 1557.—Philip II., King of Spain, son and successor to the Emperor Charles V., who, from the depths of his cabinet, like another Tiberius, shook all Europe with his often cruel policy, wishing to stop the rapid progress of Lutheranism in the provinces of Flanders, put weapons into the hands of executioners, and endeavored to establish the Inquisition in those happy and tranquil countries. This barbarous tribunal, conforming so little with scriptural precepts and mildness, disgusted the Flemings, and gave birth to that famous confederation, at the head of which, was William of Nassau, surnamed the Taciturn, Prince of Orange. All the confederates were clothed in gray, wore upon their caps little wooden porringers, and round their necks a medal, upon one side of which was the portrait of the king, and on the reverse a *wallet* suspended from two hands, crossed and pressed together in sign of faith, with this inscription: "*Faithful to the king, and to the wallet.*" This was in allusion to the name of beggars, which the Count of Barlemont had given them. They exhibited themselves in this guise before Marguerite of Austria, Duchess of Parma, and gouvernante of the Netherlands. They presented, in a manner sufficiently humble, a petition to this princess, in which they asked for liberty of conscience, and the revocation of the edict which established the Holy Office. An answer to these prayers was eluded, and the yoke of the Protestants, and even of the Catholics, was made so intolerably heavy, that the people in all parts prepared for revolt. The inhabitants of Valenciennes were the first to raise the standard; they were almost all Huguenots, and had intimate connections with what are called the heretics of France. The gouvernante charged the Seigneur de Noircarmes, commanding in Hainault, to establish a sufficient garrison in Valenciennes to restrain the audacity of the burgesses. Noircarmes preferred employing mildness; before he approached the walls of

the city, he agreed to undertake nothing, if the public exercise of heresy were proscribed. The people consented to this, but retracted the moment after. Noircarmes presenting himself at the gates, for the purpose of entering the city, and completing the agreement, some of the populace had the temerity to shut the gates in his face, and to drive him from them by a discharge of arquebuses. Valenciennes was then declared to be in a state of rebellion, and its siege was commanded. The news soon spread. Some French Huguenots immediately flew to the aid of the proscribed city, and these were soon followed by 3,000 foot, and a few horse, got together in the nearest cantons of Flanders. These troops, provided with several pieces of cannon, advanced under the orders of John Soreas, who had assembled them. Noircarmes immediately got together a few companies of infantry, with some horse, and set forward to combat this rash and inexperienced body of soldiers. Their defeat was the work of a moment: Soreas perished in the action, and his followers were massacred. Some, in vain, attempted to find refuge in Tournay; the peasants of the neighborhood pursued and dispersed them. Noircarmes, animated by this success, after having subdued Tournay, advanced toward Valenciennes. The rebels, still obstinate, rejected all his propositions with disdain, and he was therefore forced to think seriously of besieging the city. He quickly established a formidable battery, which destroyed the ramparts, and spread terror and despair among the besieged. They had expected powerful assistance, but, frustrated in their hopes, their courage was changed into consternation, and after several rude attacks, they surrendered at discretion. Noircarmes imposed such laws as the gouvernante dictated. The submission of Valenciennes for a time depressed the spirits of the confederates, and the vigorous government of Marguerite seemed to prognosticate obedience; but the glorious results of these beginnings are the best and most instructive in the pages of history.

Second Siege, A.D. 1667.—One of the greatest military exploits of Louis XIV. was the conquest of Valenciennes. Since the wars which had procured liberty for Holland, the possessors of that city had neglected nothing to render it impregnable. The project of the French monarch was considered as the height of temerity. In the first place, it was necessary to gain possession of two half-moons on the right and on the left. Behind these half-moons was a grand crown-work, pallisaded, frased (strengthened with pointed stakes), and surrounded by a fosse intersected by many traverses. In this crown-work there was yet a second, well covered, and surrounded with another fosse. After these had been mastered, there was an arm of the Scheld to be crossed; this being done, a fresh work was encountered, called a *pâté;* behind this pâté flowed the great stream of the Scheld, deep and rapid, which served as a fosse between the pâté and the wall; and this wall was supported by large ramparts. All these works were covered with cannon. A garrison of nearly four thousand men, a great quantity of munitions of war and provisions, the hatred of the citizens for the French and their affection for their Spanish governor, seemed to promise a long and firm resistance. At the head of a formidable army, Louis XIV. advanced, seconded by his brother and the Marshals, Humiéres, Schomberg, Feuillade, Luxembourg, and Lorges. The celebrated Vauban directed all the operations. On the 9th of March, 1677, they opened the trenches. A few days after, the king called a council upon the best means of attacking the outworks with greatest regard to the lives of the soldiers. Vauban proposed to attack them in open day; but all the marshals exclaimed strongly against such a plan; Louvois condemned it, and yet Vauban held firm to his opinion with the confidence of a man perfectly understanding all he advanced. "You wish," said he, "to spare the blood of your soldiers, and this will be best effected by fighting in the daylight, without confusion and without tumult, without the fear of one part of our men firing upon another, as too frequently happens. Our object is to surprise the enemy; and they are always in expectation of an attack by night; we shall indeed surprise them when they will be fatigued by watching all night, and they will not be in a condition to resist our fresh troops. Add to this, there may be men among our soldiers who have but little courage, and night will favor their timidity; whereas, during the day the eye of the master inspires valor, and elevates men, particularly the French, above themselves." The king yielded to the reasoning of Vauban in opposition to his minister Louvois and five marshals of France.

On the evening of the 16th, the two companies of musketeers, a hundred grenadiers of the king's household, a battalion of the guards, and one of the regiments of Picardy, were commanded to be in readiness, and on the 17th, at nine o'clock in the morning, these warriors marched to the attack of the crown-work, after having overcome the two advanced half-moons. Nothing seemed able to resist them; they mounted the intrenchments in all directions; they seized them; they effected a lodgment. This was all that had been required or hoped for in this attack; but the valor of the musketeers was warmed,

and could not be checked. There was across the small arm of the Scheld, a bridge, which communicated with the pâté. The passage over this bridge was closed by a barrier of immense pieces of pointed timber, with a wicket in the middle, through which only one man could pass at a time. While one party of the musketeers was endeavoring to force the wicket, the rest climbed over the barrier, and in spite of pikes and musketry, leaped down on the other side sword in hand. The enemy, surprised by this extraordinary feat, abandoned the defense of the wicket. The musketeers pursued them, and on reaching the pâté, attacked it with great fury, and carried it in spite of its defenders; but the cannon of the ramparts now threatened destruction to the conquerors. The gray musketeers perceived a little door; they broke it in, and discovered a private staircase constructed in the thickness of the wall; they rushed up this narrow passage and arrived at the top of the pâté. They there remarked another door, which gave entrance to a gallery built over the grand canal of the Scheld. They broke that in; they gained the ramparts, and intrenched themselves. They then turned against the city the cannon they found there, and, sheltered from their thunders, descended into the place with the fugitives. They pursued them from intrenchment to intrenchment, from street to street; and they triumphed before the king could have imagined the first work they attacked was taken. But this was not the most astonishing part of this marvelous affair.

It was probable that young musketeers, carried away by the ardor of success, should rush blindly upon the troops and the citizens —that they would perish, or that the city would be plundered; but these warriors, scarcely adolescent, led by a cornet named Moissac, and a quarter-master named Labarre, formed behind some wagons, and while the troops which came in crowds, were forming leisurely, other musketeers got possession of some neighboring houses, in order to protect by their fire those who defended the bridge with incredible bravery. They were three times charged by the cavalry of the garrison; but notwithstanding the smallness of their numbers, they maintained all they had won. The infantry endeavored to take them in rear, but they there encountered the greater part of the black musketeers and the grenadiers of the king's household, who repulsed them vigorously. The citizens were astonished; the city council assembled. They entered into a parley with Moissac, who received and gave hostages. Deputies were sent to the king; and all this was done without confusion, without tumult, and without the commission of a fault of any kind. The city was obliged to submit without capitulation. The king made the garrison prisoners of war, and entered Valenciennes, to his own great surprise, as master. The conquest only cost him 40 men. "I do not know," says Larrey, "if history furnishes many examples of an action so sharp and prompt, and at the same time so fortunate, and of the capture, in so short a time, and with so little loss for the conquerors, of a great and strong city which wanted nothing for its defense. The whole looks like a miracle; and all was attributed to the fortunate rashness of the musketeers." "It was fortunate," adds M. de St. Foix, "because coolness and prudence completed that which impetuous courage had begun. Every thing in this affair is characteristic of true valor, that valor which elevates man above himself, and which often makes him triumph against all probability, and in spite of the evident danger into which he seems to precipitate himself."

Third Siege, A.D. 1793.—In this siege the English have an interest, the Duke of York, second son of George III., having had the command of the besiegers.

The allies, having taken Condé in the month of April, directed their forces against Valenciennes. General Ferrand commanded in the place, with a garrison of 9,000 men. To favor the siege, the allies posted an army of observation in the plains of Hérin, in front of the city, a strong force on the other side of Valenciennes, and a third between Lille and Tournay. At the moment that city was invested, these faubourgs were attacked; that named Marli was set fire to on the 24th of May, and taken the day following. The allies opened the attack very close to the place. The Duke of York summoned the city on the 14th of June. The governor replied: "The garrison and myself will sooner bury ourselves beneath the ruins than surrender the city." The bombardment instantly commenced. When the Tournay side was in ashes, the allies transported their bombs to the south-west, and then the conflagration became general; there seemed to be no wish entertained to preserve either the walls or fortifications. An opinion was general in the city, that destruction, rather than conquest, was the object of the allies, and despair became more tenacious than courage. During the conflagration, the fire caught the arsenal, which blew up. Treachery was suspected, and the sub-director of the artillery, Monestier, destroyed himself. The object of this was to raise the inhabitants, which it succeeded in doing; but order was quickly restored by the two representative commissioners. The works of the besiegers came up to the walls by the 21st of July. A breach was made in the bastion called the Huguenots,

and a first assault upon the covered way was repulsed. There was a second on the 26th, while the allies, with another body of 10,000 men, assaulted in a different point, in which they gained possession of an advanced work, which was blown up by three mines. The fire drove them from the ramparts, and the work was retaken; but a panic seized upon the garrison, they became deaf to the voices of their officers, rushed *pêle mêle* into the city, and nothing could bring them back to the advanced work, which had been retaken and abandoned by both parties. At this time, the Duke of York addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants and the soldiers, while he sent a second to the municipality and the general. From that moment the disorder was irreparable; the assembled inhabitants, supported by the soldiers, compelled the council of war to enter into a capitulation: it was signed on the 28th of July. The companies of the cannoneers of Douai and Valenciennes alone took no part in this riot: they had served with distinction. The allies lost a great many men in the sieges of Condé, Cateau, Cambresis, and Valenciennes.—*Robson.*

VALLS, A.D. 1809.—Near Valls, in Spain, in 1809, the French troops, under General St. Cyr, gained a decisive victory over the Spaniards; but the French were in their turn defeated in 1811, near the same place.

VALMY, A.D. 1792.—At the village of Valmy a battle was fought in 1792, between the allies under the Duke of Brunswick and the French under General Kellerman, father of the officer of that name who distinguished himself by his gallant cavalry charge at Marengo. The battle resulted in the total defeat of the Prussians; and from "the cannonade of Valmy may be dated the commencement of that career which carried the French armies to Vienna and the Kremlin."

Serving under Kellerman on that day was one who experienced, perhaps, the most deeply of all men the changes for good and for evil which the French Revolution has produced. It was the Duc de Chartres (the title he then bore), afterward Louis Philippe, King of the French. He commanded on the right. General Valence was on the left, and Kellerman himself was in the center.

The lines of the allies, also, contained one man who claims our special attention. This was the German poet Göthe, then in early youth, and who had, out of curiosity, accompanied the allied army on its march into France, as a mere spectator. The King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick were also in the allied lines; but Göthe's name is greater than that of king, duke, or general. Göthe has given us a curious record of the sensations which he experienced during the cannonade, which we insert in place of a description of the battle:

"I had heard so much of the cannon fever that I wanted to know what kind of a thing it was. *Ennui*, and a spirit which every kind of danger excites to daring, nay, even to rashness, induced me to ride up quite coolly to the outwork of La Lune. This was again occupied by our people; but it presented the wildest aspect. The roofs were shot to pieces, the corn-shocks scattered about, the bodies of men mortally wounded stretched upon them here and there, and occasionally a spent cannon-ball fell and rattled among the ruins of the tile roofs.

"Quite alone, and left to myself, I rode away on the heights to the left, and could plainly survey the favorable position of the French. They were standing in the form of a semicircle, in the greatest quiet and security, Kellerman, then, on the left wing, being the easiest to reach.

"I fell in with good company on the way, officers of my acquaintance, belonging to the general staff and the regiment, greatly surprised to find me here. They wanted to take me back again with them; but I spoke to them of particular objects I had in view, and they left me without further dissuasion, to my well-known singular caprice.

"I had now arrived quite in the region where the balls were playing across me; the sound of them is curious enough, as if it were composed of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water, and the whistling of birds. They were less dangerous by reason of the wetness of the ground; wherever one fell it stuck fast. And thus my foolish experimental ride was secured against the danger at least of the balls rebounding.

"In the midst of these circumstances, I was soon able to remark that something unusual was taking place within me. I paid close attention to it, and still the sensation can be described only by similitude. It appeared as if you were in some extremely hot place, and, at the same time quite penetrated by the heat of it, so that you feel yourself, as it were, quite one with the element in which you are. The eyes lose nothing of their strength or clearness; but it is as if the world had a kind of brown-red tint, which makes the situation, as well as the surrounding objects more impressive. I was unable to perceive any agitation of the blood; but every thing seemed rather to be swallowed up in the glow of which I speak. From this, then, it is clear in what sense this condition can be called a fever. It is remarkable, however, that the horrible uneasy feeling arising from it is produced in us solely through the ears. For the cannon thunder, the howling

and crashing of the balls through the air, is the real cause of these sensations.

"After I had ridden back and was in perfect security, I marked, with surprise, that the glow was completely extinguished, and not the slightest feverish agitation was left behind. On the whole, this condition is one of the least desirable; as, indeed, among my dear and noble comrades, I found scarcely one who expressed a really passionate desire to try it."*

VARNA, A.D. 1444.—On the 10th of November 1444, a battle was fought at Varna, on the south-west shore of the Black Sea, in European Turkey, between the Hungarian army, under Ladislaus and John Huniades, and the Turks, under Amurath II., in which the former were defeated with terrible slaughter. In 1828, Varna was taken by the Russians.

VEII, B.C 271.—The Veientes were the most powerful of the twelve nations who inhabited Etruria. Their capital, Veii, situated on a steep rock, was only twelve miles from Rome; and the inhabitants were, for more than three hundred and fifty years, the most persevering enemies of the growing republic.

The Romans, tired of seeing their projects constantly thwarted by the Veientes, declared war against them, after a truce of twenty years; and in order the better to carry out that great design, resolved to lay siege to their capital. Situated upon a steep rock, abundantly provided with every thing, famine alone could reduce it. The task was a long one, but it did not terrify the Romans. It became necessary to defend the soldiers from the rigors of winter, and tents made of skins were erected, which proved as good as houses to them. This being an innovation, the tribunes of the people opposed it strongly; but a check soon silenced their vain clamors. The Veientes, in a sortie, took the besiegers by surprise, burned their machines, and destroyed most of their works. All orders of the Romans swore not to leave the camp till the city was taken. The horsemen, whom the republic was bound to supply with horses, offered to find them at their own expense. The senate, only anxious for the glory and interest of the state, charmed with this unanimous zeal, assigned for the first time a pay to the horsemen, and to all the volunteers who would repair to the siege. The works were quickly re-established, with the addition of much more considerable new ones. Rome was beginning to look for the most favorable results, when the hatred of the military tribunes, L. Virginius and M. Sergius, who commanded the army, almost annihilated their hopes. The Capenates and the Falerii, neighbors of the Veientes, armed secretly, and surprised and attacked the camp of the Romans. The two tribunes carried their quarrel so far as to separate and divide the army into two parts. While in this state the enemy fell upon Sergius. The besieged in concert with them, made a sortie, and attacked him on their side. The astonished Romans fought feebly, and soon sought safety in flight. All were in disorder, and the rout became general. Virginius might have saved his colleague, but he preferred enjoying the spectacle of his defeat. The exasperated senate obliged them both to abdicate their commands; they were brought to trial, and very heavily fined for so great a crime. The Falerii returned to the charge, but they were repulsed with great loss. In the mean time, the siege did not advance, and the efforts of the Roman armies terminated in ravaging the lands of their enemies. The following year, the war was still more unsuccessful. Under vain pretenses of religion, the military tribunes, with whom the Romans were dissatisfied, were deposed, and a dictator was chosen, as was the custom on all the pressing emergencies of the republic. M. Furius Camillus, whose rare valor and high capacity had been displayed more than once in command, was raised to this supreme dignity. The presence of this great man soon restored the military discipline which had been weakened by the disunion of the leaders, and brought good fortune back to the standards of Rome. The city was pressed more closely, and the forts which the besieged had destroyed were reconstructed. Camillus defeated the Falerii and the Capenates, and after that victory, he pushed on the attack with additional ardor. At length, despairing of succeeding by force, he had recourse to sapping and mining. His soldiers, by dint of hard labor, opened for themselves a subterraneous passage into the castle; thence, dispersing themselves about the city, while the general amused the besieged by an assault, some charged those who defended the walls, while others broke down the gates, and let the army into the place in crowds. The terrified citizens knew not which way to fly; all issues were occupied by their enemies. Some were crushed beneath the ruins of the houses, others were consumed by the flames; the image of death was everywhere. The furious soldiery immolated all that came in their way; nothing was heard but cries and lamentations. The dictator put an end to the carnage, and disarmed the prisoners; but in accordance with his promise, gave the city up to the pillage of his victorious troops. The republic received the news of this victory with transports of the liveliest joy, and

* Göthe's "Campaign in France in 1792," Farie's translation, p. 77.

all orders of the state vied with each other in doing honor to the triumph of Camillus.—And yet, they afterward banished him.—*Robson.*

VERA CRUZ, A.D. 1847.—On the 1st of January, 1847, General Winfield Scott arrived at the river Brazos, in Texas, and, with a view of invading the territories of Mexico, began to collect his forces. He had been ordered by his government to withdraw 4,000 men from Generel Taylor's army, and ten new regiments were to be sent forward to him from the United States, without delay. Having made all his arrangements he directed his transports to rendezvous at the small island of Lobos, about 120 miles northwest of Vera Cruz, and the sloop of war *St. Mary's* under commander Saunders, was dispatched by Commodore Conner, to show the various transports the way to a safe anchorage, as they should arrive. After the transports were all assembled Saunders was to conduct them all to Anton Lizardo. The ships began to arrive, and in a short time Anton Lizardo was crowded with a magnificent fleet of American steamers and sail vessels. On the 6th of March General Scott arrived at Anton Lizardo in the steamer *Massachusetts.* On the 7th, Scott and Commodore Conner made a reconnoisance of the city of Vera Cruz, the castle, and the coast adjacent, in the steamer *Petrita.* The Mexicans greeted the steamer with a shot or two in token of defiance. The Americans now prepared to land. All the preliminaries having been made, the greater part of the troops were removed from the transports to the larger vessels of war, and on the morning of the 9th, the fleet—the flag-ship *Raritan,* under Captain Forest, leading, and General Scott following at a short distance in the steamer *Massachusetts*—weighed anchor, and soon in gallant style were plowing their way through the water from Anton Lizardo toward Sacrificios. In two hours the fleet arrived at Sacrificios, and the landing of the troops was immediately commenced. Sixty-seven surf-boats, manned by experienced seamen, were hauled alongside the ships; the soldiers, fully armed, were passed into them; as each boat was filled with them, she was moored a short distance from the ship, the seamen laid on their oars and waited till the others should be ready. The command of the vanguard was given to Brevet Brigadier-General Worth. After all was ready General Worth entered his boat, and placing himself at the head of his troops (the first division of regulars), the boats moved in a semicircle toward the shore, under cover of the guns of two steamers, the *Spitfire* and the *Vixen.* The disembarkation of the troops on this occasion presented a spectacle of almost unparalleled beauty and magnificence. The sun was fast sinking in the west, the sea was as smooth as glass, and the walls of the town and castle, the domes of the churches, and the rigging and mast-heads of the foreign men-of-war at anchor in the harbor of Sacrificios, were black with crowds of eager and excited spectators. The landing was made without difficulty. A few days afterward Commodore Conner was relieved of his command by Commodore Perry, and returned to the United States. Perry hoisted his flag on board the steamer *Mississippi.*

On the night of the landing, the Americans, having thrown forward their advanced guards, bivouacked on the beach without tents. The next day they drove in the Mexican pickets, and began to invest the city of Vera Cruz in due form, and on the evening of the third day the besiegers had drawn their line around the city, the line being five miles in extent. During these operations several skirmishes had taken place with cavalry parties of the Mexicans. General Scott had his head-quarters in the American line immediately southeast of the city, near the point where the troops first landed. General Worth with his division occupied this part of the line, and General Twiggs, with the second division of regulars, took up his position at Vegara on the north side of the city, while General Patterson, with the division of volunteers, was stationed on that portion of the line west of the city. Brigadier-Generals Quitman, Pillow, and Shields acted under the direction of General Patterson. A terrible gale of wind arose while these preparations were being made, and for a time all communication with the shipping was suspended, preventing the landing of stores and provisions. On the 13th the storm abated, and the officers and seamen of the navy labored with the utmost zeal and activity in taking on shore the necessary articles, and commenced landing the artillery and mortars. By the 17th the necessary intrenching tools, carts, etc., and a number of mortars, with a quantity of shells were landed. The Mexicans, meanwhile, had kept up a desultory fire from the batteries of Vera Cruz, and the guns of the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa; but upon the American lines their efforts were of little effect. The Americans lost only three men killed and four or five wounded. Among the slain was Captain Alburtis. Lieutenant-Colonel Dickinson, who afterward was killed in the valley of Mexico, was wounded. By the night of the 18th every thing was ready, the trenches were opened and taken possession of by the troops. On the 22d seven mortars were placed in battery, and General Scott formally summoned the city to surrender. General

Morales, however, the governor of both city and castle, declined in a polite note to surrender, and announced his intention to defend himself to the last extremity. Commodore Perry now prohibited all communication with the town by neutral vessels (which thus far had been unrestricted), and General Scott ordered the batteries to open upon the town. The batteries were number twelve and three. After a short practice the artillerists got the exact range of their shells, and threw them into those portions of the town which they selected as their targets with surprising accuracy. The Mexicans feebly replied to the fire of the Americans. Captain Vinton, who was in the command of battery No. 3, was killed.

The efforts of General Scott on the land were ably seconded by Commodore Perry on the water. He directed Commander Tattnall, of the *Vixen*, and Commander Sands, of the *Vixen*, with the gun-schooners, *Bonita*, *Reefer*, *Petrel*, *Falcon*, and *Tampico*, to take up a position within a proper distance of the city, and open their guns upon the enemy. This order was promptly obeyed, and the fleet anchoring in a line about a mile from the city walls, opened a destructive fire upon the besieged. The Mexicans now opened their fire in earnest, and the battle raged with fury. The castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, was provided with some very heavy mortars, which threw with terrible force, shells of an immense size. The spectacle presented by the contending parties was awful; yet it was grand and beautiful. The terrible shells of the Mexicans, rose in rapid succession from the castle walls, and making a fiery arch in the air, descended into the American lines, where, burying themselves in the ground, they burst with a detonation, which shook the very earth. The mortars of the Americans on land, and the heavy thirty-two pounders of the "Mosquito fleet," filled the air with their deadly missiles, and seemed to shake the earth and water with their thunders. At nightfall both parties ceased the fire of their cannon; and the fleet withdrew; but the mortars on either side continued their work, and the work of death, still went on.

Early in the morning of the 23d, the "Mosquito fleet," under Tattnall, was ordered to take up a position within 800 yards of the castle, and to open its guns upon that fortress. Commander Tattnall, with his vessels, advanced boldly to his assigned position, and maintained his dangerous post, to the admiration and astonishment of all beholders on sea and land, for nearly an hour, when he was recalled by a signal. In spite of the terrible fire to which his fleet was exposed, the gallant commander retired without having sustained any material loss. A gale arose in the forenoon, and continued through the day, preventing any intercourse between the land and sea forces. The progress of the siege, therefore, was materially retarded. The fire of the besiegers gradually slackened; three mortars, however, which had been landed previously, were placed in the battery, and two batteries for sieging pieces were constructed. The heavy siege-pieces did not arrive in time, and General Scott was obliged to ask for assistance from Commodore Perry. Scott discovered that the shells were producing but little effect, in quarters where it was desirable. Houses were shattered, and women and children killed, and a shell fell through the dome of the church of Saint Domingo, killing a number of wounded, who had been sent thither to have their wounds dressed, and the inhabitants suffered greatly; but the fortifications, and the troops were scarcely injured. Scott, therefore, saw the necessity of carrying the place by assault. He accordingly applied to Commodore Perry for some of his guns. The commodore tendered him the proper pieces, and sent a detachment of seamen to man them.

These pieces were placed in the battery on the night of the 23d. The battery was located south of the center of the city in General Patterson's portion of the line of investment, and was placed under his direction. The battery consisted of three sixty-eight pounder shell guns, and three thirty-two pounder solid shot guns, each weighing sixty-three cwt. At the same time, Colonel Bankhead, chief of artillery, had caused three twenty-four pounders to be placed in the battery, to which subsequently were added a fourth twenty-four pounder, and two eight-inch howitzers.

As before stated, the mortar batteries were number 1, 2, and 3; the twenty-four pounder battery was marked number 4, and the navy battery, 5. The following were all the batteries erected during the siege of Vera Cruz: Numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4, erected by the army, were comprised of ten mortars, two howitzers, and four twenty-four pounders. Number 5, erected by the navy, consisted of three sixty-eight pounder shell-guns, and three thirty-two pounder solid shot guns. The gale having abated toward evening, Perry made arrangements for opening his battery on the next day. The besiegers, meanwhile, had continued to throw shells into the city, but had not damaged its defenses. At daybreak on the 24th, Captain Aulick, the second in command of the squadron, with a party of officers and seamen, took possession of the navy battery, and opened a rapid and destructive fire upon the besieged. The effect of this fire was apparent at once. The walls crumbled beneath the heavy shot, and

the Mexicans, in the hope of silencing that fearful battery, concentrated upon it the fire of three forts. The navy battery, however, maintained its fire until four o'clock in the afternoon, when his ammunition being exhausted, Captain Aulick ceased for the night. The mortars, however, continued to throw their shells. The battery number 4 was not completed, and had as yet taken no part in the siege. The next day Captain Aulick was relieved by Captain Mayo, of the flag-ship *Mississippi*, with a fresh body of officers and seamen.

On the same day (the 25th) an engagement took place between the troops of Colonel P. F. Smith, who were stationed at Vergara, and a body of 300 or 400 Mexicans, near a bridge which crosses a small stream that empties into the river Antigua. The Mexicans were defeated after a brief conflict.

In the afternoon, the consuls of Great Britain, France, Prussia, and Spain, sent a memorial to General Scott, requesting him to grant a truce, to enable the neutral residents, and the women and children of the Mexicans to withdraw from the city. General Scott replied: 1st, that he had given the consuls early and sufficient warning of the dangers that were impending; 2dly, that a free communication between the place and the foreign ships of war, had been left open until the 22d; and 3dly, that in his summons to General Morales to surrender the city, "he had fully considered the impending hardships and distresses of the place, including those of the women and children." The memorialists were obliged to be satisfied with this reply, and the besiegers pushed their work of destruction with vigor. The Americans maintained their fire from all their batteries till five o'clock in the afternoon, when the batteries of the besieged were nearly silenced. Shortly afterward, a white flag was passed from the city into General Scott's camp. The garrison of the city at the prospect of an assault, became disheartened, and began to make preparations to surrender. During the night of the 25th, General Morales, with the commandant of the Mexican militia, made his escape from the city in a small boat; and the command of the garrison devolved upon General Landero. As the garrison had not formally surrendered, Colonel Bankhead maintained a moderate fire on the place during the night; but at eight o'clock on the morning of the 26th, another flag appeared with definite propositions; and General Scott ordered the fire to be discontinued at all points.

The Americans threw during the siege 2,500 shot and shells. The besiegers lost in killed only 19 men, while nearly 1,000 persons were slain in the city.

The following is General Scott's dispatch, announcing the result:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
Vera Cruz, March 29, 1847.

"SIR: The flag of the United States of America floats triumphantly over the walls of this city and the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa.

"Our troops have garrisoned both since ten o'clock. It is now noon. Brigadier-General Worth is in command of both places.

"Articles of capitulation were signed and exchanged, at a late hour night before the last. I inclose a copy of the document.

"I have heretofore reported the principal incidents of the siege up to the 25th instant. Nothing of striking interest occurred until early in the morning of the next day, when I received overtures from General Landero, on whom General Morales had devolved the principal command. A terrible storm of wind and sand made it difficult to communicate with the city, and impossible to refer to Commodore Perry. I was obliged to entertain the proposition alone, or to continue the fire upon a place that had shown a disposition to surrender; for the loss of a day, or perhaps several, could not be permitted. The accompanying papers will show the proceedings and results.

"Yesterday, after the norther had abated, and the commissioners appointed by me early in the morning before, had again met those appointed by General Landero, Commodore Perry sent ashore his second in command, Captain Aulick, as a commissioner on the part of the navy. Although not included in my specific arrangement with the Mexican commander, I did not hesitate, with proper courtesy, to desire that Captain Aulick might be duly introduced and allowed to participate in the discussions and acts of the commissioners who had been reciprocally accredited. Hence the preamble to his signature. The original American commissioners were Brevet Brigadier-General Worth, Brigadier-General Pillow, and Colonel Totten. Four more able or judicious officers could not have been desired.

"I have time to add but little more. The remaining details of the siege; the able co-operation of the United States squadron, successively under the command of Commodores Conner and Perry; the admirable conduct of the whole army—regulars and volunteers—I should be happy to dwell upon as they deserve; but the steamer *Princeton*, with Commodore Conner on board, is under way, and I have commenced organizing an advance into the interior. This may be delayed a few days, waiting the arrival of additional means of transportation. In the mean time, a joint operation, by land and water, will be made upon Alvarado. No lateral expedition, how-

ever, shall interfere with the grand movement toward the capital.

"In consideration of the great services of Colonel Totten, in the siege that has just terminated most successfully, and the importance of his presence at Washington, as the head of the Engineer Bureau, I intrust this dispatch to his personal care, and beg to commend him to the very favorable consideration of the Department."

VIENNA, from its geographical position and its political importance, has been subjected to several sieges, and has occasionally, like Rome, sometimes escaped those fearful visitations when it might have expected them.

First Siege, A.D. 1529.—After having subdued Asia, Soliman II. determined to make Europe tremble by the terrors of his constantly victorious arms. In 1529 this redoubtable conqueror entered Hungary with fire and sword; he pillaged, ravaged, and destroyed every thing in his passage, and marched over these melancholy ruins to lay siege to Vienna, the capital of Austria and of the whole western empire, since the house of Austria was said to occupy the throne of Charlemagne. The Ottoman army was immense, and was composed of the brave janizaries who had just subdued Persia. But Vienna contained within its walls both warlike citizens and intrepid soldiers. The sultan commenced his operations by mining the walls. This immense labor was frequently interrupted by the counter-mines of the besieged; but at length some of these concealed volcanoes burst forth all at once, and threw down a great part of the walls. In an instant, the Viennese, men, women, and children, flew to construct a new rampart; and when the infidels came to the assault, they were surprised to find themselves stopped, at a few paces from the breach, by this barrier, which twenty pieces of cannon and tens of thousands of defenders rendered impregnable. They then turned their attention to another side, where there had been only time to intrench with pallisades. At this point the bodies of the inhabitants served as bulwarks. The combat here was terrible; rivers of blood and heaps of slain rolled beneath the steps of the warriors. Twice the Turks were repulsed with loss; twice the sultan and his officers rallied them, and led them back against the enemy, and twice were they on the point of carrying the city. During four hours they fought and immolated each other without being able to imagine to which side victory would be favorable. At length the thunders which were incessantly launched from all quarters of the place, crushed whole ranks of the infidels, and the invincible courage of the inhabitants drove off an enemy who had more than once shouted clamorous cries of victory. The first check only seemed to inflame the valor of the Turks. On the 12th of October, Soliman harangued them, and gave orders for a general assault. They were preparing for it during a great part of the night; and on the 13th, at break of day, all the bodies of the Turkish army advanced in good order, armed, some with blazing torches, others with muskets, arrows, and axes, and a great number with ladders, and all sorts of machines to force or to get over the walls. But they were expected: the Austrians had placed on the walls all their artillery, all their mortars, and all their soldiers. The city was attacked on more than twenty points at once, and from every one the infidels were obliged to retreat with great loss and disgrace. The fight lasted for twelve hours, without either side thinking of food or rest, and night alone put an end to the fearful slaughter. Soliman, in despair, sounded a retreat: he had vainly consumed forty days before Vienna, and had lost more than 40,000 men in his different assaults upon that city. As a crowning misfortune, snows, frosts, and tempests made still greater havoc with his army than the enemy had done. Even Soliman the Great, the invincible Soliman, could not overcome these obstacles; he raised the siege, and Vienna was saved.

Second Siege, A.D. 1683.—The grand vizier, Kara Mustapha, charged with the humiliation of the empire, and Leopold its master, advanced toward the capital of the states of that prince with terrible preparations. Very unlike what we have seen in the former siege, at the approach of the enemy's legions the emperor quitted Vienna, with two empresses, his mother-in-law, and his wife, with the archdukes and archduchesses, and 60,000 inhabitants. The country round exhibited nothing but fugitives, equipages, carts laden with goods, the laggard of all which became the prey of the Tartars, who pillaged, ravaged, burned, slaughtered, and led them away into slavery. On the 7th of July, 1683, the city wis invested, and all Europe tremblingly watched the issue of this famous enterprise.

Vienna, bathed by the Danube on the north, was fortified by twelve great bastions in the remainder of its inclosure. The curtains were covered by good half-moons, without any other outworks; the ditch was partly filled with water, and partly dry, and the counterscarp was much neglected. The side of the city which was bathed by the river had no defense but strong walls, flanked by large towers, the whole well terraced. In a plain of three leagues, environed by a circle of mountains, the vizier fixed his camp, which he had the audacity to leave undefended ex-

cept with lines of circumvallation and countervallation. Every thing was in abundance in the camp—money, munitions of war, and provisions of all sorts. The different quarters boasted pachas as magnificent as kings, and this magnificence was effaced by that of the vizier; to use the phrase of a historian, "he swam in luxury." The court of a grand vizier generally consists of 2,000 officers and domestics; Mustapha had double that number. His park, that is to say, the inclosure of his tents, was as large as the besieged city. The richest stuffs, gold and precious stones, were there contrasted with the polished steel of arms. There were baths, gardens, fountains, and rare animals, as well for the convenience as the amusement of the general, whose effeminacy and frivolity did not in the least relax the operations of the siege. His artillery, composed of 300 pieces of cannon, was not the less formidable; and the bravery of the janizaries was not at all enervated by the example of their leader.

The Count de Staremberg, a man perfect in the art of war, the governor of Vienna, had set fire to the faubourgs, and to save the citizens, he had destroyed their buildings. He had a garrison estimated at 16,000 men, but which in reality consisted of about 11,000 at most. The citizens and the university were armed; the students mounted guard, and had a physician for their major. Staremberg's second in command was the Count de Capliers, the emperor's commissary-general, one of those men whom knowledge vigilance, and activity point out as fit for the highest posts.

The approaches to Vienna were easy. The trenches were opened on the 14th of July, in the faubourg of St. Ulric, at fifty paces from the counterscarp; the attack was directed against the bastion of the court, and that of Lebb. Two days only advanced the work as far as the counterscarp, where the ditch was dry. The Duke of Lorraine, who had posted himself in the isle of Leopoldstadt, using every exertion to preserve there a communication with the city, then found himself obliged to retreat by the bridges he had thrown over the Danube, and which he broke down behind him. The country houses, of which the island was full, then lodged the Turks. This proceeding has been considered a great mistake; but if it was one, the duke thoroughly repaired it by his behavior during the whole siege. With an army which never amounted to 30,000 men, he covered Hungary, Moravia, Silesia, and Bohemia; he protected Vienna; he checked Tekeli; and he stopped the progress of more than 40,000 Turks and Tartars, who scoured and devastated the country.

But he could not prevent the infidels from carrying on the siege with vigor. With the Turks, there were daily mounds raised, works advanced, new batteries, and a fire which augmented every instant; with the Austrians, it was, in an equal degree, a display of the most intrepid valor and firm resistance. Staremberg, who at the first approaches had been wounded by a fragment of stone struck off from the curtain by a ball, though only half-cured, animated the whole defense by his looks, his actions, and his humanity. He treated all his soldiers like brothers; he praised and recompensed all distinguished actions; and, not content with being with them during the day, he passed the night upon a matrass in the *corps de garde* of the emperor's palace, which adjoined a bastion of the court comprised in the attack. By the 22d of July, the besiegers were at the pallisade, which was only defended by the sword. They were so near, that they grappled each other across the pikes in death-stuggles. The Count de Daun, a general officer of distinguished merit, had scythes fastened to long poles, which destroyed a vast number of the infidels, but which could not diminish the presumptuous confidence which animated them. So certain were they of victory, that they came forward to make bravadoes similar to those of which we read in ancient wars. A champion of extraordinary stature advanced with a threatening air, insulting with both voice and saber. A Christian soldier, unable to endure this affront, sprang out to encounter him: he at first was wounded, but quickly wounded and disarmed his enemy, cut off his head with his own cimeter, and found fifty gold pieces stitched up in his vest. One would suppose that this brave fellow would be rewarded; not so: he remained a private soldier, and his name, which the Romans would have consecrated in the *fasti* of history, is not even known to us. The besieged, who beheld the action from the top of the ramparts, drew a good augury from it; it redoubled their constancy and courage.

The enemy did not obtain possession of the counterscarp before the 7th of August, after 23 days' fighting, with a great effusion of blood on both sides. The Count de Serini, nephew of the famous Serini whom Leopold had brought to the scaffold, had retarded the taking of this work by a thousand actions of bravery. There was no sortie in which he was not conspicuous. His ardor on one occasion prevented his feeling that he had received an arrow in his shoulder. The Turks had come to the descent of the ditch; no people equal them in turning up the ground. The depth of their work was astonishing: the earth they threw out was carried to the height of nine feet, surmounted by planks and posts in the form of floors, beneath which

they worked in safety. Their trenches differ from those of Europeans in shape: they are cuttings in the form of a crescent, which cover one another, preserving a communication like the scales of fish, which conceal a labyrinth from whence they fire without inconveniencing those who are in front, and whence it is almost impossible to dislodge them. When the janizaries had once entered them, they scarcely ever left them. Their fire became progressively more active, while that of the besieged relaxed: the latter began to husband their powder, and grenades were short. The Baron de Kielmansegge invented a powder-mill and clay grenades, which proved of great service. Industry employed all its resources; but the hope of holding out much longer began to diminish. The enemy's mines, the continual attacks, the diminishing garrison, the nearly exhausted munitions and provisions, every thing conspired to create the greatest anxiety; and not content with so many real evils, they invented imaginary ones. A report was spread that traitors were working subterranean passages by which to introduce the infidels. Every one was commanded to keep watch in his cellar; and this increase of fatigue completed the weakness of the defenders of Vienna, by robbing them of their necessary rest. Others spoke confidently of incendiaries hired to second the Turks. A young man found in a church which had just been set fire to, although most likely innocent, was torn to pieces by the people. But the Turkish artillery was more to be dreaded than all these phantoms. The inhabitants were incessantly employed in extinguishing the fires which the bombs and red-hot balls kindled in the city, while the outworks were falling in one continued crash. The half-moon had already suffered greatly; the ramparts presented in all parts vast breaches; and, but for the invincible courage of the inhabitants and the soldiers, Vienna must have been taken.

In this extremity, Leopold turned his eyes toward Poland. John Sobieski, the terror of the Ottomans, and perhaps the only sovereign of his age who was a great captain, was supplicated to come to the assistance of the empire and the whole Christian world. This monarch instantly responded to the summons by marching thither at the head of 25,000 men. He traversed two hundred leagues of country, and on the 5th of September he crossed the bridge of Tuln with his army, five leagues above Vienna. The Polish cavalry was remarkable for its horses, uniform, and noble bearing. It might be said that they were equipped at the expense of the infantry: among the latter, there was one battalion extremely ill-clothed. Prince Lubomirski advised the king, for the honor of the country, to order them to pass in the night. Sobieski judged otherwise; and when that troop was on the bridge, he said to the spectators—"Look well at them; that is an invincible troop of men, who have taken an oath never to wear any clothes but those of the enemy. In the last war they were all clothed in the Turkish fashion." "If these words did not clothe them, they cuirassed them," pleasantly observes the Abbé Cayer, whose account we follow.

The Poles, after crossing the bridge, extended themselves to the right, exposed during twenty-four hours to being cut to pieces, if Kara Mustapha had taken due advantage of their position. On the 7th, all the German troops joined their allies, and the army was then found to amount to about 74,000 men. There were four sovereign princes among them—John Sobieski of Poland, Maximilian Emanuel, Elector of Bavaria; John George III., Elector of Saxony, and Charles V., Duke of Lorraine; and twenty-six princes of sovereign houses.

Vienna was driven to bay. The Turks and diseases carried off, as if in concert, both officers and soldiers. Almost all the leaders had disappeared; the warrior exhausted by fatigue, and want of good food, dragged himself to the breach; and he, whom the fire of the enemy spared, expired with languor and debility. The people, who had at first undertaken the labors of the siege with such eagerness, now dreamed of no other defense but prayer. They filled the churches, into which bombs and cannon-balls constantly brought terror and death. On the 22d of August, it appeared certain that they could not hold out more than three days, if the Turks gave a general assault. From that melancholy period, one mine seemed to precipitate itself upon another. The half-moon was taken; breaches of from eighteen to twenty toises laid open the two bastions and the curtain; soldiers served instead of walls. A mine was advancing under the emperor's palace, already beaten to pieces with bombs, and close to the bastion of the court. Other mines, like snakes, were winding about in all directions; several were discovered; but the Austrian miners were timid, and could not be persuaded to go under ground, when once they had heard the enemy at work there. The artillery was no longer able to respond, most of the cannons being either broken or dismounted. Staremberg scarcely preserved a ray of hope, or rather, he did not longer dare to hope; and the general, who at the commencement of the siege, had said, "I will only surrender the place with the last drop of my blood," wrote to the Duke of Lorraine in this critical moment: "No more

time to be lost, monseigneur—no more time to be lost." Even the most rapid activity would have been of no avail, but for the stupid inaction of the grand vizer, who, for the sake of the riches with which he thought Vienna filled, waited in the expectation of its surrendering by capitulation. Such was his blindness, that he was ignorant of the preparations of the Christians, when they were upon the point of overwhelming him.

When about to march, Sobieski gave out the following order of battle, written with his own hand: "The *corps de bataille* shall be composed of the imperial troops, to whom we will join the regiment of cavalry of the Marshal De la Cour, the Chevalier Lubomirski, and four or five squadrons of our gendarmes, in the place of whom, some dragoons, or other German troops, shall be given. This corps shall be commanded by M. the Duke of Lorraine.

"The Polish army will occupy the right wing, which will be commanded by the Grand-general Jublonowski, and the other generals of that nation.

"The troops of MM. the Electors of Bavaria and Saxony shall form the left wing, to whom we will give also some squadrons of our gend'armes, and of our other Polish cavalry, in the place of whom, they will give us some dragoons, or some infantry.

"The cannons shall be divided; and in case MM. the electors have not enough, M. the Duke of Lorraine will furnish them with some.

"The troops of the circles of the empire will extend along the Danube, with the left wing falling back a little on their right; and that for two reasons: the first, to alarm the enemy with the fear of being charged in flank; and the second, to be within reach of throwing succors into the city, in case we should not be able to drive the enemy as soon as we could wish. M. the Prince of Waldeck, will command this corps.

"The first line will consist entirely of infantry, with cannons, followed closely by a line of cavalry. If these two lines were mixed, they would doubtless embarrass each other in the passages of the defiles, woods, and mountains. But as soon as they shall be on the plain, the cavalry will take its posts in the intervals of the battalions, which will be arranged with this view, particularly our gend'armes, who will charge first.

"If we were to put all our armies in three lines only, it would require more than a German league and a half, which would not be to our advantage; and we should be obliged to cross the little river Vien, which must be our right wing: it is for this reason we must make four lines; and this fourth shall serve as a body of reserve.

"For the greater security of the infantry against the first charge of the Turkish cavalry, which is always impetuous, it will be desirable to employ *spanchéraistres*, or *chevaux de frise*, but very light, for convenience of carriage, and at every halt, place them in front of the battalions.

"I beg all the messieurs the generals, that as fast as the armies shall descend from the last mountain, as they shall enter the plain, every one will take its post as it is set down in this present order."

There were but five leagues between them and the Turks, from whom they were separated by that chain of mountains which surrounded the vast plain on which they were encamped. Two routes presented themselves: one by the more elevated part; the other, by the side where the summit, sinking, became more practicable. The first was fixed upon: it was true it was the more difficult, but it was the shorter. On the 9th of September, all the troops moved forward. The Germans, after many attempts to bring up their cannons, gave the matter up in despair, and left them in the plain. The Poles had more spirit and perseverance. By manual strength and address they contrived to get over twenty-eight pieces, and these alone were used on the day of battle. This march, bristling with difficulties, lasted three days. At length they approached the last mountain, called Calemberg. There was yet plenty of time for the vizier to repair his faults: he had only to take possession of this height, and mark the defiles, and he would have stopped the Christian army. But he did not do so; and it was at this moment, that the janizaries, indignant at so many blunders, exclaimed: "Come on, come on, ye infidels! The sight of your hats alone will put us to flight."

This summit of Calemberg, still left free, discovered to the Christians, an hour before nightfall, both the innumerable hosts of the Turks and Tartars and the smoking ruins of Vienna. Signals incontinently informed the besieged of the succor at hand. We must have suffered all the dangers and miseries of a long siege, and have felt ourselves, our wives, and our children doomed to the sword of a victor, or slavery in a barbarous country, to have an idea of the joy the city experienced. Sobieski, after having examined all the positions of the vizier, said to the German generals, "That man is very badly encamped; he is an ignorant fellow: we shall beat him." The cannon, on both sides, played the prelude to the grand scene of the morrow. It was the 12th of September. Two hours before dawn, the king, the Duke of Lorraine, and several other generals, performed a religious duty, very little practiced in our time—they received the communion; while the

Mussulmans were crying to the only and solitary God of Abraham, *Allah! Allah!*

At sunrise, the Christian army descended with slow and measured steps, closing their ranks, rolling their cannon before them, and halting at every thirty or forty paces to fire and reload. This front widened, and took more depth as the space became greater. The Turks were in the greatest astonishment. The Khan of the Tartars drew the vizier's attention to the lances ornamented with banderoles of the Polish gendarmerie, and said, "The king is at their head!"—and terror seized upon the heart of Kara Mustapha. Immediately, after having commanded the Tartars to put all their captives to death, to the amount of 30,000, he ordered half of his army to march toward the mountain, while the other half approached the walls of the city, to give a general assault. But the besieged had resumed their courage. The hope, and even certainty of victory, had rendered them invincible.

The Christians continued to descend, and the Turks moved upward. The action commenced. The first line of the imperialists, all infantry, charged with so much impetuosity, that it gave place for a line of cavalry, which took part in the intervals of the battalions. The king, the princes, and the generals gained the head, and fought, sometimes with the cavalry, and sometimes with the infantry. The two other lines urged the first on warmly, protected by the fire of the artillery, which was incessant, and very near. The field of the first shock, between the plain and the mountain, was intersected with vineyards, heights, and small valleys. The enemy having left their cannon at the beginning of the vineyards, suffered greatly from those of the Christians. The combatants, spread over this unequal ground, fought with inveteracy up to mid day. At length, the infidels, taken in flank, and driven from hill to hill, retired into the plain, lining their camp.

During the heat of the *mêlée*, all the bodies of the Christian army having fought sometimes on the heights, and sometimes in the valleys, they had necessarily doubled over each other, and deranged the order of battle. A short time was given to re-establish it; and the plain became the theater of a triumph which posterity will always feel difficulty in believing. Seventy thousand men boldly attacked more than two hundred thousand! In the Turkish army, the Pacha of Diarbecker commanded the right wing, the Pacha of Buda the left. The vizier was in the center, having by his side the Aga of the janizaries and the general of the Spahis. The two armies remained motionless for some time, the Christians in silence, while the Turks and Tartars emulated the clarions with their cries.

At length Sobieski gave the signal, and, saber in hand, the Polish cavalry charged straight upon the vizier in the center. They broke through the front ranks, they even pierced through the numerous squadrons which surrounded Mustapha. The Spahis disputed the victory; but all the others—the Wallachians, the Moldavians, the Transylvanians, the Tartars, and even the janizaries, fought without spirit. In vain the Ottoman general endeavored to revive confidence: they despised him and disregarded his words. He addressed himself to the Pacha of Buda, and to other chiefs, but their only reply was desponding silence. "And thou!" cried he then to the Tartar prince, "wilt thou not assist me?" The khan saw no safety but in flight. The Spahis were making their last efforts: the Polish cavalry opened and dispersed them. The vizier then turned his back, and spread consternation by his flight. The discouragement extended to the wings, which all the bodies of the Christian army pressed at once. Terror deprived of both reflection and strength this immense multitude of men, who ought, in an open plain like that they fought on, to have completely enveloped and crushed their enemy. But all dispersed, and all disappeared, as if by magic; that vast camp, which the eye could not measure, resembled a frightful desert. Night stopped the victorious progress of the Christians, who remained upon the field of battle till daybreak. At six o'clock in the morning, the enemy's camp was given up to the soldiery, whose cupidity was at first suspended by a horrible spectacle: mothers lay stretched about in all directions, with their throats cut, many of them with their infants still clinging to their breasts. These women were not like those who follow Christian armies—courtesans, as fatal to health as to morals; these were wives, whom the Turks preferred sacrificing thus to exposing them to becoming the victims of unbridled conquerors. They had spared a great part of the children. Five or six hundred of these little innocent victims of war were collected by the bishop of Neustadt, and were fed and brought up in the Christian religion. The Germans and the Poles were greatly enriched by the spoils of the Mussulmans. It was upon this occasion the king wrote to the queen, his wife: "The grand vizier has made me his heir, and I have found in his tents to the value of many millions of ducats. So you will not have to say of me as the Tartar wives say when they see their husbands return empty-handed: 'You are not men, you come home without booty.'" Thus, without much bloodshed, the valor and skill of John Sobieski saved Vienna, the empire, and religion. In fact, if Vienna had been taken, as

at Constantinople, churches would have been changed into mosques, and nobody can say where Mohammedanism, which already was spread over so much of the globe, might have ended. Staremberg came, immediately after the victory, to salute the preserver and liberator of Vienna, into which city the hero entered over ruins, but amid the acclamations of the people. His horse could scarcely pierce through the crowd who prostrated themselves before him, who would kiss his feet, calling him their father, their avenger, the greatest of monarchs. Leopold seemed to be forgotten—they only saw Sobieski.—*Robson.*

VILLAVIOSA, A.D. 1710.—At Villaviosa, a town in Spain, was fought, in the year 1710, a battle between the French army and the Spaniards, under Vendome, which resulted in the defeat of the former. This battle put an end to the War of Succession, and seated Philip V. on the Spanish throne.

VILLIMPENTA, A.D. 1796.—Near Villimpenta, a town of Austrian Italy, an engagement took place in 1796, between a body of French troops and an Austrian detachment. After a severe contest the French troops were almost cut to pieces by the enemy.

VILMANSTRAND, A.D. 1741.—In the year 1741 a battle took place near Vilmanstrand, in Finland, between the Swedes and Russians. The battle was obstinately contested, but finally resulted in the defeat of the Swedes.

VIMEIRA, A.D. 1808.—On the 21st of August, 1808, a battle was fought near Vimeira, in Portugal, between the English army under Sir Arther Wellesley, afterward Duke of Wellington, and the French and Spanish forces under Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantes. After a severe struggle the latter were defeated, and for this victory Wellesley and the officers and soldiers under his command were voted the thanks of the British Parliament, the first of the many similar honors which afterward were showered so bountifully on the head of the "Iron Duke."

VITTORIA, A.D. 1813.—On the 21st of June 1813 was fought the famous battle of Vittoria, in Spain, between the Anglo-Spanish army, under the Duke of Wellington, and the French under Joseph Bonaparte and Marshal Jourdan. The battle was obstinately contested; but resulted finally in the defeat of the French. The loss of men in the battle was about equal; but the French were totally defeated, with the loss of all their baggage, artillery, ammunition, and treasure, and obliged to make a rapid retreat across the Pyrenees. Napier devotes nearly thirty pages in his History of the Peninsular War to this battle; but our limited space compels us to simply mention it. See *Pyrenees.*

WAGRAM, A.D. 1809.—The battle of Wagram was one of Napoleon Bonaparte's greatest victories. It was fought in the vicinity of Wagram, a village of the archduchy of Austria, on the 6th of July, 1809, between the grand army of France and the army of Charles, Archduke of Austria. The battle was one of the most bloody and obstinate of the war. The Austrians were totally defeated, losing over 20,000 men taken prisoners, beside a vast number killed and wounded. This victory led to an armistice which was soon followed by the treaty of Schönbrun.

WAKEFIELD, A.D. 1460.—This town is situated on the Colder, in York county, England. The battle of Wakefield was fought on the 24th of December, 1460, between the Lancastrians and the Yorkists. The Lancastrians were commanded by Queen Margaret, the Yorkists by the Duke of York. After an obstinate conflict the Yorkists were defeated with a loss of 2,000 men, killed. The Duke of York was slain, and his son, the Earl of Rutland, was assassinated immediately after the battle. During the night the Earl of Salisbury fell into the hands of the Lancastrians, and was decapitated the next day at Pontefract. But no one was more lamented than the Earl of Rutland, who had only reached his eighteenth year. Accompanied by one to whose care he had been intrusted, he fled from the conflict, but was stopped on the bridge of Wakefield, when he was asked his name. Unable to speak through terror he fell on his knees, and his attendant thinking to save him said he was the son of the duke. "Then," exclaimed Clifford, "as thy father slew mine, so will I slay thee and all of thy kin," and plunging his dagger into the breast of the young prince, bade the tutor go and bear the news to the boy's mother. The queen, on her arrival, was presented with the head of the Duke of York, and ordered it to be encircled with a crown of paper, and placed on the walls of York.

WARSAW.—Warsaw, the metropolis of Poland has been the scene of many bloody conflicts. In 1703, Warsaw surrendered to Charless XII. In 1793 the Emperor of Russia put a garrison into this city in order to compel the Poles to acquiesce in the

usurpations she had in view; but the citizens, on the 17th of April, 1793, expelled this garrison with a loss of 2,000 killed and 500 wounded, and 36 pieces of cannon. The King of Prussia besieged Warsaw in July 1794; but was compelled to raise the siege by the heroic resistance of Kosciusko and his gallant comrades. But on the 10–12th of October 1794 the Poles suffered a great defeat in a battle with the Russians, and Suwarrow, on the 8th of November, took and sacked the suburb of Praga, and cruelly butchered 30,000 Poles of all ages and conditions, in cold blood. Warsaw after this submitted to the conquerors. We have thought fit to give an account of the Polish revolution of 1831, in which Warsaw played such an important part, and feel obliged from want of space to limit ourselves to a mere mention of the battles which took place near and in Warsaw prior to that time.

Ever since the year 1825, a secret society had existed in Poland, having for its principal object to restore the national independence. The disgust occasioned by the brutality of the Grand Duke Constantine, commander-in-chief of the Russian forces, in the kingdom of Poland, and the belief that England and France were ready to assail Russia, in the year 1830 precipitated the Poles into an insurrection. The insurrection broke forth on the 29th of November, 1831, in Warsaw; the Russian troops, with the grand duke were expelled from the city, and a provisional government was appointed. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia made immediate preparations to crush the rebellion; he warned the Poles that "the first cannon-shot fired would be the signal of the ruin of Poland." At the same time he declared that he knew how to distinguish the guilty from the innocent, and offered unconditional amnesty to all except the leaders of the revolt. The Poles refused these terms, and all classes prepared with resolution for a decisive conflict with the Emperor of Russia. The situation of Poland was most critical; Austria and Prussia, virtually took the side of Russia, and the little kingdom was surrounded on all sides by a hedge of bayonets, leaving it no chance of foreign succor in maintaining the contest with its gigantic enemy. On the 5th of February, the Russians under General Diebitch, advanced in three columns from Lithuania toward Warsaw. The army consisted of 100,000 men, with 320 guns. The right wing under Generals Szachoffskoi and Manderstein entered the Polish territory by Kowno and Grodno; the left under General Geismar, debouched by Wlodawa, and moved upon Lukow and Lublin; and the center, 80,000 strong, with 280 guns, under Diebitch in person, and divided into four corps under the orders of Generals Pachlen, Rosen, the Grand Duke Constantine, and General Dewitt, advanced by Tykoczyn on the direct road to Warsaw. To oppose this immense army the Poles could calculate on an army of only about 50,000 men ready for immediate service; but they expected an addition to their force of 40,000 men who were yet unequipped. The Russians had also a great superiority in artillery; the Poles having only 126 pieces. The Poles endeavored to check the advance of the Russians toward their capital; the battles of Grochow and Praga ensued, and the insurgents were driven into Warsaw. The Polish general, Kadziwil, had not displayed military talents in the battle of Grochow and Praga, equal to the emergency, and the command of the armies was taken from him and bestowed upon Skrzynecki, whose exploits and military talents ere long justified the choice. Skrzynecki's first care, on being elevated to the supreme command, was to endeavor to open a negotiation with Marshal Diebitch for the restoration of peace; but his efforts were fruitless. The Russian commander had no power to treat except on the terms of unconditional surrender, and to these conditions the Poles would not listen. Both parties, therefore, made preparations to renew the conflict. Diebitch spread his army out in extended cantonments, reaching over a breadth of eighty English miles, for the sake of provisions and lodgings for his numerous followers; and Skrzynecki made the utmost efforts to raise the spirits and increase the number and efficiency of his troops. Hostilities were soon resumed. The troops of the Polish general now amounted to 55,000 men of whom 16,000 were cavalry, with 125 guns. His plan was to take advantage of his central position, protected by the fortifications of Warsaw, and fall with his concentrated forces upon Diebitch's men while still dispersed in their cantonments. At midnight on the 30th, he set out from Warsaw, with the divisions of Rybinski, Malachowski, and Gielgud, consisting in all of about 25,000 men, and advancing in the utmost silence across the bridge of the Vistula, favored by a thick fog, fell by surprise on the Russians under Geisman and routed them with great loss. The victorious pursued the fugitives who fell back on the corps of Rosen which was in battle array at Dembewielkie sixteen miles from Warsaw. The position of the Russians was strong; but the gallant Poles attacked them with great fury. The Russians made an obstinate resistance, and the battle continued with various success until the evening of the 31st, when the Poles by a vigorous charge of cavalry broke the enemy's center, and put the whole of Rosen's

corps to flight. The Poles were too much exhausted by the two battles and their long march, to pursue; but as it was, they took six thousand prisoners, and inflicted an equal loss in killed and wounded on the enemy, who dispersed in all directions, no longer preserving even the appearance of an army. Such of the fugitives as could be reached by the Polish horse surrendered without resistance; the peasants brought in great numbers who were straggling in the woods; and so great was the consternation of the Russians that the next morning presented the extraordinary spectacle of two persons, unarmed, hurrying to the Polish head-quarters twelve Russian soldiers, whom they allowed to carry their muskets, to avoid the trouble of carrying the burden themselves. Rosen, after this terrible disaster, retired to Siedlece with the shattered remnant of his army, and Skrzynecki advanced his head-quarters to Kalackzyn, where he was joined on the 30th of April by General Milberg with 7,000 men, which more than repaired the losses of the preceding action. On the 10th of April the Polish general, with 25,000 of his best troops, advanced against Rosen who was in a position with an equal force on the Kostrzyn, covering the approach to Siedlece. A battle ensued at the bridge of Igaine; the Russians were again defeated, and put to flight, abandoning twelve guns and 1,500 prisoners to the victorious Poles.

Meanwhile, the right wing of the Polish army under Sierawiki and Pac, 15,000 strong, advanced from Warsaw across the Vistula against the Russians under General Kreutz at Lublin.

Kreutz's force consisted of 12,000 men, and he was observing the movements of Dwernecki, who, with the left wing of the Polish army, was at Zamose, ready to throw himself into Volhynia, to stir up an insurrection in that province. The Polish generals, in two divisions, 9,000 being under Sierawiki, and 6,000 under Pac, crossed the Vistula, and advanced cautiously against Kreutz, who lay at Belzyec, in a strong position, at the entrance of a forest, with twenty-four guns. Unfortunately, Sierawiki, when alone, and with his cavalry in part detached, on the 18th of April, came upon Kreutz; and the brave Poles, undaunted by the superior numbers of the enemy, rushed to the conflict. The Poles numbered only 6,000, with six guns: the Russians 12,000, yet the former maintained the strife with the utmost gallantry, and finally, when compelled to retreat, withdrew in good order, without the loss of a single gun or prisoner. In killed and wounded, they lost 1,500 men. The Russian loss was nearly as great, and they were unable to follow up their advantage. This disaster was followed by another still greater. Dwernecki, who was to have been supported by Sierawiki, advanced early in April, into Volhynia, with only 4,000 men, of whom, 2,700 were horse, with twelve field pieces. He crossed the Bug at Krilow, on the 10th of April, and marched against 13,000 Russians, under General Rudiger, who was to be supported by Roth, with 12,000 more. Dwernecki relied on the insurrection, which was ready to break out in Volhynia, for aid against the immense forces of the enemy. He defeated a Russian detachment which tried to oppose a passage, and addressed an animated proclamation to the Volhynians, calling on them "now or never" to combat for their ancient liberties. Few, however, at first, answered the appeal. Ignorant of the number of his opponents, whom he estimated at 12,000 men, the Russian general retired before the Poles, and in several skirmishes the Russians were defeated; but at length, learning the real number of the Poles, Rudiger stood firm, and a general action ensued. Despite their inferior numbers, Dwernecki's hussars made several successful charges, and took eight pieces of cannon, and 800 prisoners, and finally drove the Russians, four times their number, from the field of battle. Next day the Polish general advanced to Podolia, and on the 23d of April, reached Kolodon; but there he was assailed by Rudiger on one side, and Krasucki with a part of Roth's corps on the other; and thus pressed by forces nine times as great as his own, the Polish general was compelled to cross the Austrian frontier, and enter Gallicia, where his men were immediately disarmed, and conducted into the interior. But they were so negligently guarded by the Austrian government, that almost all, though without arms, regained the standards of independence. The irruption of Dwernecki, and his early success, roused a formidable insurrection in Podolia, the southern parts of Volhynia, and the Ukraine; but the insurrectionists were soon overpowered by the host of Russians, which were spread through the country.

The two grand armies in the center, meanwhile, were inactive. Diebitch was awaiting reinforcements; and Skrzynecki did not deem it expedient to resume the offensive. At length yielding to the solicitations of the patriots in Lithuania, the Polish general sent two detachments under Lowuiski, and Sankowski, to endeavor to penetrate into Russian Poland, and enable the people of Lithuania to commence their insurrection; but the Poles were met by superior bodies of Russians, and compelled to retreat. The insurrection, however, headed by some brave partisans, broke out in that province, and gave the Russians great uneasiness, as it lay directly on their

line of operations. At length on the 26th of April, Diebitch having been largely reinforced, resumed the offensive, and advanced with 40,000 men to Jerusalem, while 15,000 marched on Kaluckzyn. Skrzynecki, instead of attacking him, retreated on his approach. On the 28th of April, the Russians were again in Minsk, where they remained a few days, and then retired to their old position behind Siedlece, while the Poles again resumed the ground on their front. Skrzynecki, having been informed of the first success of Dwernecki in Volhynia, and not yet being apprised of his ultimate disasters, detached Chrzanowski with 6,300 men, with orders to march upon Lublin, attack Kreutz, and march by Zamose into Volhynia. The Polish general, in the first instance, gained several advantages in detached combats, in one of which, near Lubarton, on the 9th of May, he made 800 prisoners; but Kreutz having collected his forces, attacked him with greatly superior numbers on the following day, and, although the Poles displayed the most heroic valor, they were obliged to retire with considerable loss; the insurrection in Volhynia was effectually quelled: the defeat of Dwernecki having extinguished all the hopes of the patriots in that quarter.

On the 12th of May, Skrzynecki, with 46,000 men, and 100 guns advanced from his position in front of Kostrzyn, against the Russian guards, who formed the right wing of the Russian army, and were cantoned in and around Ostrolenka, hoping to overwhelm them before the remainder of Diebitch's corps could come up to their relief. Umrinski with 6,000 men, was left to make head against Diebitch, who, little suspecting what was going on on his right, advanced with 24,000 men against him, expecting to encounter the bulk of Skrzynecki's army. The Russian guards did not venture to await the attack of the Poles even in the intrenchments they had raised around Ostrolenka, and retired toward Bialystok, closely followed by Skrzynecki, who, on the 21st of May, attacked and defeated the rear guard with great slaughter at Jykoczyn. By this advance, the Russian right was driven so far back, that the road to Lithuania, was thrown open, and a division of 4,000 Poles, under Chlapowski was immediately pushed forward into that province. The Polish general had thus succeeded in opening a communication with, and throwing succors into Lithuania; but the difficulty was, for him to get back and regain his communications with Warsaw, after having gained this advantage. Diebitch resolved to concentrate his forces, and attack the Polish army.

Fearful of being assailed in rear, the Polish general rapidly retired, crossed the Narew, and occupied Ostrolenka, with part of his forces. But the advance of Diebitch had been so swift that it had in a manner cut the Polish army in two. The divisions of Gielgod and Lubienski were separated from the remainder of the army in Ostrolenka. On the night of the 25th, Diebitch advanced close up to the two last Polish divisions, and early in the morning of the 26th commenced an attack on Lubienski's division with greatly superior forces. If the attack of Diebitch had been as vigorous as his night march had been rapid, Lubienski's division would have been totally destroyed; but the assault was so feeble that Pac had time to issue from Ostrolenka, recross the Narew, and advance to the support of Lubienski.

Battle of Ostrolenka.—This brought on a general battle. Lubienski, seeing his communications so seriously threatened, and that certain destruction awaited him if his retreat were turned into a rout, made the most vigorous efforts to maintain his ground; but his troops at length were overwhelmed by numbers and driven back in disorder to the bridges of the Narew, over which the Russians passed pell-mell with the last of the fugitives. The bulk of Lubienski's men got safely over, and drew up in two lines in good order on the left bank of the river. The Russians, however, passed rapidly over, and supported the passage by two powerful batteries, one of 34 and another of 36 guns, on the right bank, which thundered with terrible effect on the Polish lines on the opposite side. The moment was in the last degree critical; for if the Russians succeeded in establishing themselves in Ostrolenka, the Polish army was cut in two, and Gielgod's division, which was still on the opposite bank, would in all probability be destroyed. Skrzynecki did all that skill and courage could effect to repair the check which he had sustained. Both parties brought up fresh forces every minute to the field of battle, which was extremely narrow, and was speedily crowded with combatants; the Poles straining every nerve to drive back the Russians to the left bank; the Russians to make good the footing they had got on the right. In despair Langerman made a gallant charge with the bayonet, which checked the Russians, and two battalions laid down their arms; but the Poles were unable to collect the prisoners for want of cavalry, and they all escaped. Skrzynecki, who arrived on the field of battle at eleven o'clock, made the most incessant efforts to prevent the enemy from extending themselves on the right. Wherever danger was greatest, he was to be seen animating the troops by his voice and example; his clothes were pierced with balls, and nearly all his aid-de-camps were killed or wounded. The

Polish artillery of Colonel Bem, which was at last brought up, replied with effect to the enemy's batteries, and made deep chasms in their ranks. Toward evening the fire slackened on both sides, owing to the want of ammunition and the fatigue of the combatants; and at nightfall, the Russians withdrew all their forces to the left bank of the river, leaving only detachments to guard the *têtes-du-pont* on the right. In this terrible battle the Poles lost 7,000 men killed and wounded, including Generals Kichi and Kaminsky, who fell gloriously on the field. The Russian loss was not less than 10,000 men, owing to the dense masses in which they fought, and to the unerring precision of the Polish gunners. But to the Poles 7,000 men was a much greater loss than 10,000 to the Russians, and in a council of war held the next day, all the generals, with the exception of Skrzynecki, who resolutely maintained that they should keep their ground, counseled a retreat. This opinion prevailed, and the army retired leisurely and unmolested by Pultusk to Praga, opposite Warsaw; but they were permanently severed from the division of Gielgod. Diebitch, the Russian general, died of the cholera, which epidemic was raging in his army, on the 10th of June; and on the 27th of the same month, this event was followed by the death of the Grand Duke Constantine, who also fell a victim to the epidemic.

After the battle of Ostrolenka, the two principal armies remained nearly a month in a state of inactivity. Skrzynecki lay under cover of the guns of Praga, recruiting his shattered ranks; while the Russian army, which, after the death of Diebitch, was intrusted to the skillful hands of Paskiewitch, was engaged in reorganizing its divisions and receiving reinforcements from the interior. Chlapowski and Gielgod, having been by the retreat of the Russians from Ostrolenka entirely cut off from the main body of the Polish army, had no alternative but to throw themselves into Lithuania, and endeavor to find support in the insurrection in that province. The two generals formed a junction at Minsk, and with their united forces, 12,000 strong, with 24 guns, advanced into the heart of Lithuania, where a powerful and enthusiastic party only awaited their arrival to join the insurrection. The contest had begun there some time before; when Chlapowski had entered the country some thousand insurgents had joined the Polish standard; but they were poorly armed, and destitute of artillery or magazines, and were repeatedly defeated by the Russians in detached bodies; yet so great was their spirit and patriotism, that they rose above their defeats, and continued the contest under every disadvantage. At the time of the battle of Ostrolenka, Chlapowski was at the head of an army of 7,000 men, in which a heroine, Mademoiselle Plater, held a command; and the arrival of Gielgod's corps, which nearly doubled his forces, encouraged the Poles to make an advance on Wilna, the capital of the province, which was occupied by the Russians. General Sacken, with 4,000 Russians, advanced to stop their progress, and was defeated with the loss of 2,000 men. The Poles crossed the Niemen and advanced with 11,000 men to the neighborhood of Wilna. This movement roused the whole country. The Lithuanians, to the number of 11,000, flocked to the Polish standards, but there was no time to organize or arm them before the contest was decided under the walls of Wilna.

Battle of Wilna.—The city of Wilna was occupied by 21,000 Russians, 18,000 of whom were posted in an intrenched camp, under General Sacken, in front of the town, while 3,000 were kept in reserve within its walls, to overawe the discontented citizens, who on the first reverse were ready to break out into insurrection. The Polish generals had only 14,000, of whom not more than one half were old troops fit to engage in a regular combat, and what was even worse, they had little confidence in Gielgod, who had the chief command. Dembinski, with 4,000 more, was at a distance, but took no part in the conflict. The battle took place on the 18th of June; the Polish right, under Zalewski, defeated the Russian left; but Gielgod was repulsed in the center, and his guns dismounted by the superior fire of the Russian artillery; and in the end the Poles were obliged to retreat with a loss of 1,000 men. This check proved fatal to the Polish cause in Lithuania. Zalewski, who remained last on the field of battle, was cut off from Gielgod, and driven to Merecz, where he passed the Niemen, and sought refuge in the forests of the palatinate of Augustow. Gielgod, himself, whose forces were weakened at every step by the desertion of the Lithuanian levies, who despaired of the cause, retreated with the troops which still remained with him, toward the Polish frontier, leaving Dembinski and Zalewski to their fate. He was vigorously pursued by Sacken, and nothing but disaster attended his retreat. Repulsed in an assault on Szawle on the Niemen, on the 7th of July, the Polish division rapidly melted away, and, at length, tracked by different corps of Russians, compelled to take refuge in Prussian territories, on the 12th, where the men were immediately disarmed.

Such was the indignation of the Polish officers at this catastrophe, that one of them, named Skalski, dashed out of the ranks mounted on a fiery steed, and galloping up to Gielgod, discharged a pistol at his breast.

The unfortunate general instantly fell, and died a few moments after, protesting with his last breath his fidelity to his country. The event proved that he had been the victim of unmerited vengeance; for Roland's corps, to which the assassin belonged, was on the 16th of July obliged to follow his example and take refuge in Prussian territory, where it was also disarmed. Dembinski, more fortunate than either, passing between the divisions of the grand Russian army stationed to intercept him, made his entry on the 3d of August, into Warsaw, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the inhabitants. Sixty thousand persons went out to meet him; the crowd pressed round his horse, embraced and kissed his feet, imploring on him the blessings of heaven. They might well be proud of their hero. He had marched five hundred and fifty miles in twenty-five days, crossed ten rivers, and brought his corps intact through a host of enemies to Warsaw. The annals of war do not record a more memorable exploit.

The disastrous issue of these attempts to spread the insurrection in Volhynia and Lithuania, and the irreparable loss of nearly 20,000 men to the grand army, with which they were attended, were fatal to all the hopes of Polish independence. Nothing remained to its supporters, but, like Cæsar, to meet their fate with resolution and fall with honor. Prussia now openly and in an efficient manner espoused the cause of Russia, and Skrzynecki in vain endeavored to bring back that government to a system of neutrality. Paskiewitch, in view of this state of affairs, resolved to adopt an entirely different plan of operations than that which had proved so unfortunate under Diebitch. He resolved to cross the Vistula, and carry the war into the hitherto unprotected country on the left bank between that river and the Polish frontier. It is true, by doing this he lost all his communications with Lithuania and Russia; but the conduct of Prussia had secured him a base even superior in utility and convenience to that of his predecessor. In the end of June the Russian general assembled the bulk of his forces, 60,000 strong, with 300 pieces of cannon, at Pultusk on the Narew, while Golowin and Rudiger, with 23,000 men were in reserve behind the Bug and the Wieprz. Russian vessels of war, laden with provisions, stores, and munitions of war, landed at Dantzic, Prussia, whence their cargoes were forwarded to the Russian head-quarters; and the country everywhere was crossed by convoys of all kinds, from the Prussian territory. "Time will show," says Alison, "whether that country has not put the seal to her own ultimate subjugation" by her conduct in this struggle.

Finding themselves assailed by such immense forces, to which Skrzynecki had not 25,000 men to oppose, the Polish government called upon the people to rally for the cause of liberty, and the whole inhabitants worked day and night with incredible diligence at the fortifications of the capital. An energetic proclamation was issued by the government, which began with these words, "In the name of God; in the name of the liberty of the nation now placed between life and death; in the name of its kings and heroes, who have combated in former days for its religion and independence; in the name of justice and the deliverance of Europe, we call on all classes to come forward to defend their country." All nobly met the appeal. The nobles and senators who were absent, all flocked to Warsaw to share the danger, and, if necessary to die in the cause of liberty. The Russian army broke up from Pultusk on the 4th of July, and advanced toward Plock, making a circuit around Modlin where Skrzynecki had established himself with 21,000 men, who, with the garrison of that fortress, brought up his forces to 30,000 combatants. The Polish troops were too much depressed by their recent defeats to hazard a battle, and the Russian general advanced by Plock to Osick, on the Vistula, where the material of three bridges had been prepared by the Prussian government. The bridges were quickly thrown across, and the army passed over. The Polish army, upon this, quitted Modlin and marched rapidly to Warsaw, while Paskiewitch drew the corps of Rudiger from Volhynia, which, crossing the Vistula above Warsaw, advanced down the left bank of that river in order to enter into communication with the main army, and join the assault of the capital.

The approach of these vast armies, numbering between them 70,000 combatants, to whom the Poles could not at the utmost oppose more than 30,000, excited the utmost sensation at Warsaw, and roused to the very highest degree both the patriotic spirit and the savage passions of the people. Several councils were appointed to inquire into the conduct of the military operations, and the causes of the disasters which had recently been experienced. Skrzynecki, finding the current in the capital too strong to be resisted, resigned the command, and was succeeded by Dembinski. Krukowieckski was soon after appointed President of the Council of Government. On the day following the dismissal of Skrzynecki a grand review of all the troops, was held around Warsaw, at which the displaced general rode beside his successor. The troops beheld their beloved chief in his misfortune with the most poignant sorrow. Tears ran down their cheeks;

but soon their sorrow was turned into enthusiasm, when Skrzynecki exhorted them to exhibit the same submission to their new general that they had shown to him; and Dembinski promised to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor. But different scenes were transpiring in the city. On the 15th and 16th of August the mobs excited by the approach of the Russians, and the declamation of the clubs, assembled in the streets, and with loud shouts of "Treason! treason!" first invaded the palace, and overturned the government, and then breaking into the prisons they murdered all the state prisoners, including Jankowski and Bukowski, who had been tried to please the clubs for their want of success in Volhynia, but had been acquitted. The government resigned the next day, and was succeeded by a new set of rulers at the head of which was Krukowieckski. But the doom of Warsaw was sealed. The last hour was rapidly approaching. The different factions of the city were united by common danger and resolved to defend the city to the last extremity. On the 18th of August the Polish army was posted in the intrenched camp, upon which the inhabitants had long been laboring, before the town. Skrzynecki gave proof of his greatness of soul and true patriotism, by taking the command which was offered him of one of the columns. The whole Polish army consisted of 57,500 men in the intrenched camp at Warsaw, with 136 guns harnessed, besides 20,000 other troops with 10 guns at Modlin and Zarnosc. At the close of August the Russian general having concentrated his forces, appeared before the city with 77,000 men. Rudiger with 12,000 Russians approached Praga on the opposite side of the river, and thus Warsaw was threatened by an army of nearly 90,000 men, with no less than 386 pieces of cannon. Paskiewitch gave the government of Warsaw till the 5th of September to surrender at discretion. The Polish government, instead of despairing at this crisis, resolved on the offensive, and sent 20,400 men under Ramorino to the right bank of the Vistula into the palatinate of Podlachia; while Lubienski, with 2,800 horse was dispatched into that of Plock to threaten the Polish communications. The remainder of the Polish army, 34,000 strong, guarded the intrenched camp of Warsaw, with 216 pieces of cannon. The intrenchments consisted of two lines, the first of which was mounted with 47 pieces of position; the second with 78; while the remainder, consisting of 84 pieces harnessed, were ready to carry assistance to any point which might require it. Ramorino defeated the united forces of Rosen and Golowin which were opposed to him with the loss of a thousand killed and wounded, besides 1,500 prisoners, and drove them back in confusion to Biala. But this success, great as it was, and important as it might have been at an earlier period, was attended with no material results. The contest was to be decided under the walls of Warsaw, and bitterly was the want of Ramorino's 20,000 veterans felt in the decisive conflict which then ensued.

The 6th of September, 1831, was an eventful day. The struggle of liberty against tyranny was about to be brought to a close; and, unlike the conflict of right against might in the western continent forty years before, it was to be decided in favor of tyranny. Those noble men who had struggled with such energy for the blessed privilege of enjoying those rights which belong to every man, high or low, were about to be crushed by the immense horde of minions which the tyrant of Russia had sent against them. At daybreak on the 6th, the Russian artillery opened on the Polish lines. The Poles replied with equal spirit, and the thunder of the cannon shook the ground while the air was torn by contending storms of iron. The Russians made their chief attack on the village of Wola, in the first Polish line, which was garrisoned by only three battalions and ten guns, and in the end the assailants brought up no less than 100 pieces of cannon to concentrate their fire upon it. The Poles, unable to withstand the fearful tempest, were compelled to evacuate the village at ten o'clock, and the Russians immediately occupied it in strength, and armed it with several additional batteries of their own, of heavier caliber than any the Poles could oppose to it. The Poles under Malchaowski made several desperate attempts to recover this important point, but all in vain. Wola was occupied by four strong battalions, which were fed by sixteen more placed in its rear; and the efforts of the Poles to retake it, only led to a terrific slaughter, which ended in their troops being forced back in that quarter with the second line. There the Poles made a most obstinate resistance. The troops fought like tigers; the gunners worked their pieces with the most admirable precision and rapidity; the officers animated their soldiers to desperate deeds by voice and example, and above all several heroines clothed in men's attire, fought for their country with the valor of the other sex, and by their brilliant deeds aroused the courage of the troops to enthusiasm. While this bloody conflict was going on around Wola, the Russian general directed strong columns of attack against the village of Kruli Karnia, and soon the fire was general as far as the barrier of Jerusalem close to Warsaw. The Polish commanders upon this ordered a general advance. The troops

obeyed with alacrity; and a fight of the utmost obstinacy ensued. The Russians were slowly driven back; and the slaughter during this conflict was terrible. But it was too late.

The capture of Wola had decided the fate of Warsaw, and Krukowieckski, who had never been beyond the second line, returned at three o'clock to the seat of government, declaring that all was lost and that nothing remained but to surrender. He demanded, and had, during the night, a secret conference with the Russian general; but, after a considerable delay, it led to no result, as Paskiewitch insisted on an unconditional surrender. At one o'clock on the next day the battle was renewed, the Poles having retired at all points to their second line, while the Russians, with 190 guns in front, advanced in dense columns to the attack. The weight of the attack was directed against the faubourg of Wola, and the bridge of Czysto, defended by two strong redoubts on one side and three on the other. A tremendous fire was opened on the works by the Russian guns which preceded their columns; but notwithstanding this, the fire of the redoubts was so vigorous that the Russian columns of assault were shaken, and Uminski by a flank charge completed their defeat near the first of these points. The 20,000 men absent under Ramorino might then have saved Poland, and as it was, the result was for some time doubtful. But toward four o'clock the Russian fire had established a superiority over that of the redoubts which defended the bridge of Czysto, and the corps of Pahlen and Kreutz, the *élite* of the Russian army, was formed in columns of assault. At a signal given these veterans rushed forward, with drums beating, colors flying, and amid warlike cries, toward the intrenchments. The Poles awaited the approach of the enemy with iron firmness. A terrible shower of cannister and grape was hurled through the ranks of the Russians as they came within range; but the assailants pushed resolutely on, and, reaching the intrenchments, their attack was received by the Poles with desperate courage. But the superiority of the Russian artillery prevailed, and several of the redoubts fell into the hands of the Russians. Upon learning of this disaster Krukowieckski, finding the resistance could no longer be prolonged, agreed to surrender at discretion, on condition that the Polish army was permitted to retire to Plock. Next day the Russians entered Warsaw in triumph at the northern gates, while the Polish troops, in the deepest dejection, wended their way through the southern. Five thousand of their number had fallen; 4,000 prisoners and 130 guns remained in the hands of the conquerors, whose loss in these two bloody days was nearly 20,000. The whole Polish army finally retreated, the troops of Ramorino into Austria, and the principal army under Rybinski, who was elected commander-in-chief after the capitulation of Warsaw, into Prussia, where they were disarmed. Thus terminated the war, after it had continued, with scarce any intermission, for eight months. Short as this campaign had been, it cost the Russians dear. They had lost 180,000 men, more than twice the number that the Poles had at any time brought into the field. The Emperor Nicholas avenged himself on the unfortunate Poles with implacable resolution and cruelty. The noblest families of Warsaw were dragged into exile in Siberia; the oath of allegiance forced from the soldiers by the terror of the knout and threats of death, and the sons of the patriotic families torn from their mothers' arms, and sent off to distant military colonies to serve as common soldiers, where numbers of them perished of fatigue and misery. Liberty was crushed beneath the iron hand of Despotism.

WASHINGTON, A.D. 1814.—After the battle of Bladensburg, in which the Americans were shamefully defeated, the British army, under General Ross, advanced against Washington, the capital of the United States. The invaders entered the city on the 25th of August, 1814, without opposition, and immediately set fire to the public buildings; the capitol, the President's house, and the public offices, with the exception of the patent office, were consumed to ashes, together with the valuable library of Congress. We will not dwell on this subject so painful to all Americans. Whether the British acted on this occasion as becomes an enlightened and civilized nation or not, we leave in the hands of their own historian. "Yet it is to be regretted," writes Alison, "that the luster of the victory has been much tarnished to the British arms by the unusual, and, in the circumstances, unwarrantable extension which they made of the ravages of war to the *pacific* or ornamental edifices of the capital. The usages of war, alike in ancient and modern times, have usually saved from destruction, *even in towns taken by storm*, edifices which are dedicated to the purposes of religion or embellishment."

The capture of their capital city aroused the Americans to the highest pitch of indignation and excitement. They no longer remained divided on the subject of the war; but with the utmost enthusiasm prepared to drive the invaders from their territory, and at the battles of Plattsburg, Baltimore, and New Orleans, amply avenged the insults of the enemy at Washington, and proved that Americans *united* are invincible when defending their own soil.

WATERLOO, A.D. 1815.—Waterloo, ever memorable in military history for the great battle fought in its vicinity, on the 18th of June, 1815, is situated at the verge of the forest of Soignies, on the road from Brussels to Charleroi, nine miles south of the former place, in the province of Brabant in Belgium.

Wellington had resolved to invade France, direct from Flanders, between the Mars and the Oise; but in order to conceal this design from the enemy, he suggested that the Austrians and Russians should invade in the first instance, by Brefort and Huningen, in order to attract Napoleon's forces to that quarter; and as soon as this was done, the British and Prussians united were to march direct upon Paris from Mons and Namur. The armies of Blucher and Wellington united, amounted to 250,000 men, and to oppose this mighty host, Napoleon could only bring into the field 120,000 men.

Napoleon, in order to make his army as strong as possible against the superior numbers of his enemies, resolved to collect all his forces into one mass, and boldly throw them between the British and Prussian armies, separate them from each other, and strike with the utmost vigor, first on the right hand, and then on the left. On the 2d of June, Soult was appointed major-general of the army; and at daybreak on the 15th, the French army crossed the frontier, and moved against Charleroi. The Prussian army, which occupied that town, evacuated it on the approach of the enemy, and retired to Fleurus. The French army crossed the Sambre at Marchiennes, Charleroi, and Chatelet. The French had evidently taken the enemy by surprise, and Napoleon's project of separating the Prussian and British army, seemed about to be carried into effect. With this view, the French emperor dispatched Ney, with the left wing, 46,000 strong, to Quatre-Bras; an important position situated at the point of intersection of the roads of Brussels, Nivelles, Charleroi, and Namur. By the possession of this important post, the French would have entirely cut off the communication between the Prussian and British armies. Meanwhile, Napoleon with 72,000 men, marched toward Fleurus, directly against the Prussian army, which was falling back toward Ligny.

THE BATTLE OF LIGNY.—The Prussian army under Blucher, consisted of 80,000 men, (without the fourth corps, which had not yet come up) of whom 12,000 were cavalry, with 280 pieces of cannon. On the 16th of June, the Prussian army was concentrated on the heights of Brie and Sombref, with the villages of St. Arnaud and Ligny strongly occupied in its front. This position was good, and well chosen, for the villages in front afforded an admirable shelter to the troops, and the artillery placed on the semicircular convex ridge between them, commanded the whole field of battle, and the slope behind, surmounted by the windmill of Bussy, formed a strong *point d'appui* in case of disaster. Napoleon's force was less numerous than that of the enemy; it consisted of 72,000 men, of whom 8,000 were cavalry, with 240 guns. The emperor's orders to Ney had been to move early in the morning, and occupy Quatre-Bras, before the English army were assembled, and having left a strong detachment there, move with half his forces on Brie, so as to fall on the rear of the Prussians and complete their destruction. The attack in front was not to commence until Ney's guns in the rear showed that he had reached his destined point; and Napoleon, with his army ready drawn up, waited impatiently till three o'clock in the afternoon, expecting the much wished-for signal; but not a sound was heard in that direction, while the loud and increasing cannonade on the side of Quatre-Bras, which was only three miles and a half distant, told clearly that a desperate conflict was going on there. There was now not a moment to lose, if the Prussians were to be attacked before the fourth corps which was stationed between Liege and Hannut, under Burlow, should come up, and at four o'clock, Napoleon gave the signal for attack. In order to conceal his real designs, Napoleon made great demonstrations against St. Arnaud, on the Prussian right, but meanwhile he collected his principal force, concealed from the enemy, opposite the Prussian center at Ligny, which was to be the actual point of attack. The French, under Vandamme, assailed St. Arnaud with great vigor, and after an obstinate struggle, carried that village. Blucher immediately sent reinforcements to this quarter, and Napoleon's center, 30,000 strong, under Gerard, issued from its concealment, crossed the streamlet of Ligny, and pushing up the opposite bank, furiously assaulted the village of Ligny. But if the attack was vehement, the resistance was not less obstinate. Each army had behind its own side of the village immense masses of men, with which the combat was constantly fed; and at length the conflict became so desperate, that neither party could completely, by bringing up fresh columns, expel the enemy, but they fought hand-to-hand in the streets and houses with unconquerable resolution; while the fire of 200 pieces of cannon, directed on the two sides against the village, spread death equally among friend and foe. At seven o'clock, after three hours of furious but indecisive conflict, D'Erlon's corps, part of Ney's force, which had been stationed by that marshal in reserve, two leagues from Quatre-Bras, was withdrawn from there by

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

the positive orders of the emperor, made its appearance on the extreme right of the Prussians beyond St. Arnaud. On their arrival, Napoleon brought forward his Guards and reserves for a furious attack on the enemy's center. Milhaud's terrible cuirassiers advanced at the gallop, shaking their sabers in the air; the artillery of the Guard under Drouot, moved up, pouring forth with extraordinary rapidity its dreadful fire; and in the rear of all, the dense columns of the Old Guard were seen moving forward with a swift pace and unbroken array. This attack, supported by D'Erlon's infantry, and a charge of twenty squadrons of his cuirassiers on the Prussian right flank, proved decisive; the Prussian infantry behind Ligny began to retire, the blood-stained streets of the village fell into the hands of the French; and the Prussians fled in the utmost disorder. The cannon got entangled in the narrow lanes behind Ligny, and the French captured twenty-one pieces. Blucher himself, had his horse shot under him while leading a body of cavalry to a charge to retard the enemy's pursuit, and the Prussian horse were driven back, and the victorious French rode straight over the prostrate general, as he lay entangled beneath his dying steed.

The Prussians returning in great force, drove back the French horse, rescued their general, and resumed their flight in great confusion toward Wavres. In this battle the French lost 6,800 men, in killed and wounded; the Prussians were weakened by 25,000 men, 4 standards, and 21 pieces of cannon.

Battle of Quatre-Bras.—While this desperate conflict was raging at Ligny, an engagement on a less extended scale, but equally bloody, took place between the armies of Ney and Wellington at Quatre-Bras. The forces of the allies amounted to 36,000 men; the French army consisted of 23,000 men. The fight was most obstinate, and was continued until nightfall without success to either party. At length, at dusk, Ney retired to Frasnes, a mile from the field of battle; and Wellington's men, wearied alike with marching and fighting, lay on the ground on which they had fought at Quatre-Bras, surrounded by the dead and dying. In this bloody combat the allies lost 5,200 men, killed, wounded and prisoners. The French lost 4,000 men. Among the killed on the English side was the gallant Duke of Brunswick, who nobly fell while heading a charge of his hussars, in the latter part of the day.

The Battle of Waterloo.—During the night of the 16th, Wellington received intelligence of the defeat of the Prussians at Ligny, and perceiving that he could not maintain his position at Brussels, since his left flank was exposed, he, on the morning of the 17th, retreated through Genappe to Waterloo. Napoleon, on the 17th, proceeded to Quatre-Bras, and followed with the great bulk of his army, arranging them nearly opposite the English, on both sides of the high road leading from Charleroi to Brussels. His headquarters were established at La Belle Alliance. Napoleon had detached Grouchy, with 35,000 men, to observe the Prussians who were retiring toward Wavres; his army was therefore, with the losses at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, reduced to about 70,000 men. Wellington's army consisted of about 75,000 men, of whom only about 60,000, composed of British, Hanoverians, and Brunswickers, could be depended upon. The remainder was composed of Belgians, or recently raised Hanoverians. "The field of Waterloo," says Alison, "rendered immortal by the battle which was fought on the preceding day, extends about two miles in length from the old château, walled garden, and inclosures of Hougoumont on the right to the extremity of the hedge of La Haye Sainte on the left. The great road from Brussels to Charleroi runs through the center of the position which is situated somewhat less than three quarters of a mile to the south of Waterloo, and 300 yards in front of the farm-house of Mount St. Jean. This road, after passing through the center of the British line, goes through La Belle Alliance and the hamlet of Rossomme, where Napoleon spent the night. The position occupied by the British army followed very nearly the crest of a range of gentle eminences cutting the high-road at right angles, 200 yards behind the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, which adjoins the highway, and formed the center of the position. An unpaved country road ran along this great summit, forming nearly the line occupied by the British troops, and which proved of great use in the course of the battle. Their position had this great advantage, that the infantry could rest on the reverse of the crest of the ridge, in a situation in great measure secured from the fire of the French artillery; while their own guns on the crest swept the whole slope, or natural glacis, which descended to the valley in their front. The French army occupied a corresponding line of ridges nearly parallel, on the opposite side of the valley, stretching on either side of the hamlet of La Belle Alliance. The summit of these ridges afforded a splendid position for the French artillery to fire upon the English guns; but their attacking columns, in descending the one hill and mounting the other, would of necessity be exposed to a very severe cannonade from the opposite batteries. The French army had an open country to retreat over in case of disaster; while the British, if defeated, would in all probability lose their

whole artillery in the defiles of the forest of Soignies, although the intricacies of that wood afforded an admirable defensive position for a broken array of foot soldiers. The French right rested on the village of Planchenois, which is of considerable extent, and afforded a very strong defensive position to resist the Prussians, in case they should so far recover from the disaster of the preceding day as to be able to assume offensive operations, and menace the extreme French right. At ten o'clock in the night of the 17th, Napoleon sent a dispatch to Grouchy, announcing that the allies had taken a position in front of the forest of Soignes, and directing Grouchy to detach from his corps, at about four o'clock in the morning, a division of 7,000 men, with 16 pieces of cannon, with orders to proceed to St. Lambert, and after putting themselves in communication with the right of the main army, to operate against the British left flank. Wellington, on his side, communicated with Blucher during the night, who promised to support him with his whole army. He assured the British general that he would be on the ground by one o'clock. His line of march was to be in three columns, by St. Lambert and Ohain upon Planchenois, so as to fall perpendicularly on the French flank after the combat was fully engaged."

The morning of the 18th of June, opened with a drizzling rain; but by five o'clock the weather cleared, and the sun in occasional glimpses broke through the hazy atmosphere. Both armies were soon in motion. The plains of Waterloo now presented a most magnificent spectacle. On the French side, eleven columns deployed simultaneously to take up their ground; like huge serpents clad in glittering scales, they wound slowly over the hills, amid an incessant clang of trumpets, and rolling of drums from 100 bands of musicians, playing the Marseillaise, the Chante du Depart, the Veillons au Salut de l'Empire, and other popular French airs. The British army, concealed by the swell of the ridge on which they stood, did not present so imposing a spectacle to either army. No clang of trumpets or rolling of drums was heard from their ranks; silently the men took up their ground, and hardly any sound was heard from the vast array, but the rolling of guns, and an occasional word of command from the officers. The French army was soon standing in order of battle. Their artillery was arrayed along the crest of the hill in front. The first line was composed of infantry flanked by dense masses of cavalry; the second line also of infantry was likewise flanked by squadrons of horse; the third line was composed of the grenadiers and lancers of the Guard, and in the rear of all the battalions of the Old Guard occupied each side of the road near La Belle Alliance. D'Erlon with his corps was on the right of the road of La Belle Alliance; Reille and Foy in the center; Jerome on the left, and Ney with the Old Guard in the rear. The allied army was drawn up in the following order: the chateau, garden, and wood of Hougoumont were strongly occupied by General Byng's brigade of guards, as was the farm of La Haye Sainte by a battalion of the king's German legion; Picton's division and Clinton's stood on the left of La Haye Sainte along the line of a rugged hedge; Coll's, the Brunswickers, Hanoverians and Belgians were in the center. The cavalry was all in the rear behind the second line. The left was uncovered, except by a deep ditch impassable for artillery. The artillery was arrayed along the whole front of the positions, and swept the gentle slope which descended from it to the low ground which separated the two armies, wholly unbroken by inclosures or impediments of any kind.

The village clock of Nivelles was striking eleven, when the first gun was fired from the French center. The report of this solitary piece awakened the echoes of 1,000 muskets from the left, as the weighty column, commanded by Jerome, approached the inclosures of Hougoumont. They were received by the English with a stout resistance; but the French pressing forward with the utmost vigor, drove the enemy from the wood around the chateau. The castle and garden, however, defended by a high brick wall, in which a double set of loop-holes had been struck out, presented a strong resistance, and the fight raged here in this quarter more or less during the whole day, until at length, Napoleon caused a battery of howitzers to play upon the building, which soon set it on fire, and the English found it necessary to abandon it. Marshal Ney, with D'Erlon's corps, full 20,000 strong, arrayed in four massy columns, was now ordered to attack the right center of the British army. The troops were already in motion, when Napoleon perceived on his extreme right, in the direction of St. Lambert, a dark mass of troops in the openings of the wood. The emperor was in doubt whether the advancing troops were those of Grouchy or Blucher, and pointing out the moving cloud to Soult, he asked his opinion. "I think," replied Soult, "that it is 5,000 or 6,000 men, probably a part of Grouchy's army." The French emperor, thereupon, sent Generals Damont and Lubervie with 3,000 cavalry, with orders to clear the road in case it should be Grouchy, and if Blucher, to keep him in check; and an order was also dispatched to Grouchy, wherever he might be, to hasten to the field of action. Ney received orders to direct his

attack on the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte; it was now noon, and Ney, pushing forward his batteries on his own side of the valley, advanced to the attack in four weighty columns. Wellington no sooner perceived the formidable attack preparing against his left center, than he drew up the noble brigade of horse under Sir William Ponsonby, close in the rear of Picton's division, and stationed Vandeleur's light brigade of the cavalry on the extreme left.

The French advanced steadily driving before them the Belgians, which formed the first line of the enemy, and pushing forward through a tempest of cannon-balls from the British batteries, halted within twenty yards of the British line, and opened a murderous fire which told with fearful effect, and the British under Kempt began to yield. Picton now advanced with his troops and poured in a fire so close and well-directed that for an instant the French columns wavered; but they soon rallied and returned the fire with the utmost vigor, and the gallant Picton, as he was waving his troops on with his sword, fell to the ground pierced through the brain with a musket-ball.*

Kempt immediately took the command; and the British cavalry, rushed from its concealment behind the hedge, and dashing through the openings of the infantry, charged the French columns so furiously, that they faltered; but Napoleon ordered up Milhaud's cuirassiers from the second line, and the French horse, rushing like the wind to the charge, overthrew the English horsemen, and drove them back in disorder. Ponsonby was killed in the hurried retreat; but in the moment of victory the English troops had seized the eighty guns of Ney, or rendered them useless for the remainder of the day. Yet Ney continued to advance upon La Haye Sainte, and the conflict raged around the hill with the greatest fury. The battle soon extended along the whole British front, and the combatants fought with a sternness and obstinacy unparalleled in modern warfare. The air was rent asunder by the terrible and incessant explosion of the mighty artillery of both parties, the sharp rattle of musketry; the heavy tramp of immense masses of horse, moving rapidly one against the other; the crash of the opposing bodies; the shouts, the screams, the groans of the dying and the curses of the combatants, were all mingled in dire confusion, while over the scene of carnage hung the black pall of battle, hiding the face of the sun from the bloody scene below. Never was a battle more furiously contested; never were soldiers animated by such a spirit of deadly animosity, and never were performed greater deeds of personal valor than during the three mortal hours of this terrible strife. The wearisome day of bloody conflict was wearing away, and the battle was not yet decided. Evening was approaching, and Wellington, as well as Napoleon, looked anxiously for the appearance, the one of Blucher, the other of Grouchy.

The English squares had resisted every attempt of the French cavalry to penetrate their ranks; in vain did the dragoons charge and charge again upon the solid squares; the writhing fire of the British troops hurled them back, with fearful loss; the gallant Frenchmen re-forming, hurried again and again into the fiery tempest which thinned their ranks, and burdened the earth with their slain, and after sustaining frightful carnage the cuirassiers were compelled to retire. At length the French heard a firing on their right, and supposing it to come from Grouchy's troops, a cheer arose from their ranks which rung over the field of battle; but, alas! Grouchy had not come. Blucher with his army was at hand, and the French emperor saw that unless a decisive blow was struck immediately the victory was lost. He resolved to make a grand effort with his Young and Old Guards, supported by all the remaining cuirassiers, against the British center, in hopes of piercing it through and destroying Wellington before the bulk of the Prussian forces came up. The Imperial Guard was divided into two columns, which advanced from different parts of the field, to the decisive point on the British right center, about midway between La Haye Sainte and the nearest inclosures of Hougoumont. Reille commanded the first column, which was supported by all the infantry and cavalry which remained of his corps on either flank, and advanced up the hill in an oblique direction beside the orchard of Hougoumont. The second was led by Ney, in person, and moving down the road of Charleroi, to the bottom of the slope, also in a slanting direction, converging toward the same point whither the other column was directing its steps. Wellington, meanwhile, had not been idle. Sir Frederic Adams's brigade, and General Maillaud's brigade of gards, which had been drawn from Hougoumont with Chasse's Dutch troops, yet fresh, were ordered to bring up their right shoulder and wheel inward, with their guns in front, toward the edge of the ridge, and the whole battalion in that quarter inclined to the left, so as to expose the advancing columns coming up to a concentric fire on either flank; the central point where the attack seemed likely to fall, was strengthened by nine heavy guns; the troops at that point were drawn up four deep in the form

* Picton had been severely wounded at Quatre-Bras, and had two of his ribs broken; but his ardent spirit led him to conceal an injury which had already, as was afterward discovered, left a mortal wound.—*Robinson.*

of an interior angle; the guards forming one side, and the 73d and 30th the other; while the light cavalry of Vivian and Vandeleur was brought up behind the line at the back of La Haye Sainte, and stationed close in the rear, so as to be ready to make the most of any advantage which might occur.

It was quarter past seven when the first column of the Old Guard under Reille advanced to the attack. The British guns opened a destructive fire on the flank of the advancing column; but it steadily advanced through the storm, melting under it like hoar-frost beneath the rising sun. Ney's column approached with an intrepid step, and pushed forward through the blinding tempest which sweeping through its ranks committed frightful havoc. General Friant was killed by Ney's side; the marshal's horse was shot under him; but the gallant general, on foot, with drawn sword led on his troops, who, fired by his example, charged furiously upon the enemy, forced back the English guns, and came within forty paces of the English foot guards, and the 73d and 30th regiments who were lying four deep in a small ditch behind the rough road which there goes along the summit of the ridge; but their ranks were fearfully thinned by the terrible storm through which they had passed while crossing the valley and ascending the slope; a skeleton of the noble column only remained, and they were unable to resist the powerful charge of the British guards and infantry, whom Wellington now, in a brief and energetic sentence* ordered to advance. The feeble ranks of the French column were overwhelmed before the furious charge of the English guards, and hurled back in the utmost disorder down the slope. Yet they fought with the utmost valor, refusing to accept quarter, and, it is said, that not one man of the Old Guard escaped alive. With the defeat of the Old Guard the whole French army was put to flight. Blucher, meanwhile, had arrived on the field of battle, and driving the few French troops from La Haye Sainte, opened up a communication with the British left. Wellington now assumed the offensive at all points; the French army was flying in great disorder from the field; the defeat of the Old Guard, heretofore unconquered, had spread a panic through their ranks which no efforts of Napoleon could remove; and the cavalry and artillery of the English and Prussians spread terror and death on every side. The Prussians gave no quarter; but pursued the fugitives with relentless cruelty. Napoleon, at length, finding every thing lost, was moved by the entreaties of his officers and consented to be led from the field. He arrived at Genappe at about ten o'clock at night. The Prussians pursued the French during the whole night. Nine times the wearied French, ready to drop down with fatigue, tried to form bivouacs; nine times they were startled by the dreadful sound of the Prussian trumpet, and obliged to continue their flight. Napoleon's star had sunk forever. We will not dwell upon the recital of his misfortunes. Shorn of his honors, he was soon a captive in the hands of his enemies; a prisoner in the lonely island of St. Helena; and his throne and country were at the mercy of his conquerors.

In this battle the French lost on the field and in the flight upward of 30,000 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The allies lost 17,000 men in killed and wounded.

WATTIGNIES, A.D. 1793.—The town of Wattignies is in France, three miles southwest of Lille. The battle of Wattignies was fought by the Austrians and the French republicans, on the 15th of October, 1793. The Austrians having, on the 29th of September, laid siege to the city of Mauberge, and having pushed forward their works with a vigor which promised early success, the French army, about 100,000 strong, advanced to raise the siege. The Austrians, with their allies, upon this, concentrated their entire forces between Mauberge and Avennes, and awaited the arrival of the army destined to raise the siege. They numbered 20,000 men, and were possessed of a numerons and efficient body of cavalry, and in all respects were far superior in strength to the army of the republicans. The Duke of York, also, upon hearing of the concentration of the Austrians, was rapidly approaching with an army of 25,000 English soldiers. The French army had been intrusted to the command of Jourdan, whom the republican Convention ordered to clear the French territory of the enemy. Rapidly did the Austrians progress with the siege of Mauberge; their batteries erected near the city, spread terror throughout all the inhabitants. With the utmost speed Jourdan approached the Austrian position, the key of which was the village of Wattignies. On the night of the 15th, Jourdan accumulated his forces in order to make a decisive movement against the village, which, once occupied, would secure the victory. Early on the morning of the 16th, the French army, in three columns, advanced against Wattignies, while from a semicircular battery their artillery poured forth destructive volleys upon the defenders of the village. With the thrilling music of republican airs, which sounded above the roar of the cannon and musketry, the French soldiers dashed into the village, and drove out the

* This order has always been quoted, "Up, guards, and at them!" The English prints, however, since the death of Wellington have denied that he used such language.

Austrians at all quarters. The village won, the victory was gained. After sustaining a loss of 6,000 men, the Austrian commander ordered a general retreat, and the siege of Mauberge was abandoned.

WAVRES, A.D. 1815.—The battle of Wavres was fought on the same day on which the battle of Waterloo took place, between the French troops, under Marshal Grouchy, and the Prussians under General Theilman. The Prussians were defeated; but the time spent by Grouchy in this engagement, prevented him from taking part in the more important battle which was raging at the same time; and to his absence on this occasion has been attributed the decisive defeat of the Emperor Napoleon at Waterloo.

WAXHAW, A.D. 1780.—About nine miles north of the present Lancaster Court-House, and between twenty and twenty-three miles above Hanging-Rock, upon the Waxhaw creek, in South Carolina, an American regiment under Colonel Abraham Buford was massacred by the British, under Tarleton, on the 29th of May, 1780. On the 12th of May Sir Henry Clinton took possession of Charleston, and immediately set about subjugating the whole State. For this pupose he sent out three strong detachments. Cornwallis, with the first, was directed to advance toward the frontier of North Carolina; Colonel Cruger, with the second, was ordered to cross the Saluda, and march against Ninety-six; and Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, with the third, was ordered to advance against Augusta. Shortly after passing the Santee, Cornwallis received intelligence that parties of Americans, who had entered South Carolina to assist Lincoln at Charleston, were retreating toward the north. Among these were the troops of Colonel Buford. This force consisted of about 400 continental infantry, and a small detachment of Colonel William Washington's dragoon corps, with two pieces of cannon. Buford had recently evacuated Camden, and in fancied security was leisurely retreating toward Charlotte, in North Carolina. Cornwallis resolved to cut off Buford, and accordingly detached Tarelton with 700 cavalry. Tarleton marched 105 miles in 54 hours, and overtook the Americans on the Waxhaw; and before Buford was aware of his danger, succeeded almost in surrounding him. The British officer demanded an immediate surrender upon humiliating terms. Buford refused compliance. While the negotiations were pending, Tarleton, in defiance of military rules, was making preparations for an attack, and at the very instant he received Buford's reply, his cavalry charged furiously upon the Americans. The patriots, taken by surprise, were thrown into confusion; some endeavored to defend themselves, others threw down their arms and entreated for quarter. But the British troops were merciless. The unarmed patriots were hewn down in scores: 113 were thus slain; 150 were cruelly maimed, and 53 were made prisoners by the brutal murderers. Only 5 of the British were killed, and 15 wounded. Tarleton, with his blood-stained soldiers, all of Buford's artillery, ammunition, and baggage, and his prisoners, entered Camden in triumph.

The name of Tarleton has become synonymous with that of cruelty, and his memory is branded with deserved infamy. With the defeat of Buford, the continental army in South Carolina was swept away. The inhabitants of that region were filled with consternation and dismay; and whole families abandoned their homes, and fled to more distant settlements to seek refuge from the cruelties of the British. Among the fugitives was the mother of Andrew Jackson, and the massacre of Buford's regiment kindled the first spark of hatred to tyranny in young Jackson's bosom. That spark was fanned into a blaze, which forty years afterward burned as vigorously at the battle of New Orleans, as it did when the youthful hero saw the murder of his countrymen on the banks of the Waxhaw.

WESTROOSEBEKE, A.D. 1382.—In the year 1382, a great battle was fought near Westroosebeke, a village of Belgium, between the united Flemings and French, under Count Louis de Maele, and the revolted men of Ghent, under Philip Van Artevelde. The fight was maintained for many hours, and was one of the most obstinate and bloody actions of the age. The men of Ghent were finally totally defeated, with great loss. Their leader was slain, with over 20,000 men, in the fight.

WHITE PLAINS, A.D. 1776.—This village is situated in White Plains township, Westchester county, New York, twenty-six miles north-east from the city of New York.

The defeat of the Americans in the battle of Brooklyn, cast a cloud over the hopes of the patriots; the timid were disheartened, and a general spirit of insubordination reigned throughout the army. Hundreds deserted the cause, and returned to their homes. The British general was preparing to make an immediate attack upon New York, with troops flushed with a recent victory, and greatly superior in numbers to those of the Americans; and Washington himself was filled with gloomy misgivings. He called a council of war, and the evacuation of the city was decided upon. The military stores were to be removed to Dobbs's Ferry, on the Hudson for security, and the army was to retreat

to and fortify Harlem heights, near the head of Manhattan island. This was speedily accomplished; and on the 16th of September, Washington established his head-quarters on the heights of Harlem river, about ten miles from New York. A rear guard of 4,000 men, under Putnam, was left in the city, with orders to join the main body if necessary. The Americans exerted themselves to their utmost to strengthen their postion, and before the British took possession of the city, they were strongly fortified. Howe now prepared to enter New York. Strong detachments of the British army were sent in boats from Hallet's Point, Long Island, to take possession of Buchanan's and Montressor's (now Ward's and Randall's) islands in the East river, at the mouth of the Harlem, and on the morning of the 15th of September, Sir Henry Clinton with 4,000 men, crossed the East river, and landed at Kip's bay, under the cover of the guns of ten ships of war. A division of Hessians were also landed at the same place. The American brigades of Parsons and Fellows, who had been left to guard this point, terror-stricken by the cannonade, fled in confusion on the approach of the vanguard of the British. Washington, at Harlem, had heard the fire of the guns of the fleet, and leaping into his saddle, spurred forward toward Kip's bay. He arrived in time to meet the fugitives. Their officers were vainly endeavoring to rally them. Dashing into their midst, Washington entreated them to follow him against the enemy; but they heeded him not; and almost frantic with mortification and despair at their cowardice, Washington, throwing his hat to the ground, turned his horse toward the enemy, and with drawn sword, was about to charge singly upon the enemy; but his bridle-rein was seized by an officer, and he suffered himself to be conducted from the scene of danger. The British finally effected a landing, and encamped upon an eminence nearly in the center of the island. The Americans retreated to Bloomingdale, and Washington sent a messenger to Putnam, with orders to evacuate the city immediately. Putnam succeeded in gaining the heights of Harlem, with the loss of a few men only. At sunset the British troops were encamped in a line extending from Hook's Point across the island to Bloomingdale. The hostile armies were divided by Harlem plains. Early on the morning of the 16th of September, a British force under Brigadier Leslie, advanced toward the American position on Harlem heights, by M'Gowan's pass. The Americans at Mount Morris and Harlem Cove, met Leslie at the mouth of a very deep rocky ravine, and kept them in check. Washington at his quarters heard the firing, and hastened to his outpost, where he was met by Colonel Knowlton, who had been engaged with the advancing enemy; and had now come for orders. The British force in Harlem plains consisted of about 300 men; and they had a strong reserve corps posted in the woods. Washington ordered Knowlton with his rangers, and Major Leitch with three companies of a Virginian regiment, to gain the rear of the advance of the enemy, while a feigned attack should be made in front. Knowlton moved forward to carry the plan into execution; but Leslie, anticipating the intention of the enemy, ordered his troops to advance rapidly to gain an advantageous position on the plains. Knowlton and Leitch upon this, attacked the British immediately on the flank. The Americans were reinforced from the heights, and the British changed their front, and charged the enemy briskly. A severe skirmish ensued. Leitch fell, pierced with three bullets; and a few moments afterward Knowlton was struck in the head by a bullet, and was moved, mortally wounded, from the plains. The Americans maintained their ground, fighting fiercely with their obstinate foes; the British pushed forward gallantly, and for a season, victory seemed hung in a balance. At length, Washington sent a part of a Maryland regiment to reinforce the Americans, and the British were driven back across the plain.

Washington fearing an ambush, now ordered a retreat. In this affair the British lost eighteen killed and about ninety wounded. The American loss was trifling in numbers; but they deeply regretted the death of their gallant commanders, Knowlton and Leitch. Knowlton died on the evening of the day of battle; Leitch lingered until the 1st of October, when he expired. On the 20th of September a conflagration broke out in the city of New York, and in spite of the efforts of the British, it was not extinguished until nearly 500 houses were consumed. Lord Howe saw that the Americans were too strongly intrenched upon Harlem heights, to warrant the hope of a successful attack; and therefore resolved to get in their rear and cut off their communication with the east and north, and hem them in on the narrow head of the island. Having left a force of British and Hessians sufficient to guard the city, under Lord Percy, and other troops to maintain his lines toward Harlem, he embarked the balance of his army in ninety flat boats, and proceeding up the East river, landed on the 12th of October upon Throck's Neck. When Washington observed this movement on the part of the enemy, he sent strong detachments under General Heath to oppose their landing, and occupy Westchester. The Americans had constructed a redoubt on the hills near Williams's Bridge; a detach-

ment was at White Plains, busily engaged in throwing up intrenchments; and all the passes to King's Bridge were strongly guarded. The causeway to Throck's Point, was also well defended, and Colonel Hand with his riflemen was stationed on the causeway to Pell's Neck. On the night of Howe's landing on Throck's Point, the bridge was removed, and the British formed themselves on an island. Howe advanced along the causeway, when he was met by Hand's riflemen, and after a brief struggle was driven back. The next day he crossed in boats from Throck's to Pell's Point a little above. Having landed he marched over Pelham Manor, toward New Rochelle. On his march he encountered Glover's brigade of Sullivan's regiment, and after a hot skirmish in which the Americans were repulsed, the British encamped upon some high grounds between Hutchinson's river and New Rochelle village. On the 21st of October he removed his encampment to the heights of New Rochelle, on the road to White Plains.

On the 17th of October, troops from Montressor's island* and Flushing, landed on Throck's Point. Knyphausen with the second division of German mercenaries, arrived at New York on the 18th of October, and on the 22d landed upon Myer's Point, near New Rochelle; and immediately joined the main body of the British army under Howe. The position of the Americans on Harlem heights was highly critical. Washington saw the danger of his army, and on the 16th of October called a council of war; and it was decided that Manhattan island should be speedily evacuated. The entire American army numbered nominally about 19,000 men; but the troops were in a wretched condition, half clothed and poorly armed. The army in four divisions, under Generals Lee, Heath, Sullivan, and Lincoln, slowly moved up the western side of the river Bronx, and formed a series of intrenched camps from the heights of Fordham to White Plains. The American lines therefore extended a distance of about thirteen miles. The Bronx separated the hostile armies. Frequent skirmishes occurred between the two parties, resulting generally in favor of the Americans. These events caused Howe to be slow and cautious in his movements. Fort Lee, situated on the Pallisades on the right bank of the Hudson, nearly opposite Fort Washington, was garrisoned by General Greene with a small force; and Fort Washington was also occupied by an adequate garrison. On the 21st of October, Washington established his head-quarters at White Plains, where the Americans plied spade and pick with the utmost energy, in casting up breast-works. These works were intended as a defense for an intrenched camp, which the Americans were preparing upon the heights of Newcastle, two miles north of White Plains. Upon the approach of the English to White Plains, Washington called in all his detachments, and abandoning the positions he had occupied along the Bronx, assembled his troops in the vicinity of White Plains. On the morning of the 28th of October, both armies were within sight of each other. The Americans were posted behind their breast-works near White Plains; and the British occupied the hills to the south, on the east bank of the Bronx. On the evening of the 27th, Colonel Haslett, with about 1,600 American troops, had taken possession of Chatterton's Hill, a commanding eminence on the west bank of the stream; and on the next morning, McDougall was ordered to reinforce Haslett, with a small body of men, and two pieces of cannon under Captain Alexander Hamilton. McDougall accordingly proceeded thither and assuming general command, fortified his position as well as time would allow. At ten o'clock in the morning of the 28th, the British advanced in two columns, the right commanded by General Clinton, the left by De Heister, and Sir William Erskine. Both columns numbered 13,000 men. Howe was with the second division. When the British army had arrived within a short distance of the village, Howe, having observed the importance of the position taken by General McDougall, and feeling assured that the right of the enemy, which was the only assailable point of the American army, could not be forced so long as it should be protected by a post of such strength, held a council of war with his officers on horseback, in which it was decided to wrest Chatterton Hill from the Americans. A battery of twenty pieces of cannon was erected upon the slope of a hill to the left of the British army, and under cover of its fire, a strong detachment under General Leslie constructed a rude bridge over the Bronx, and then attempted to pass over the stream and ascend the hill occupied by McDougall, to attack him in front. A Hessian regiment, under Colonel Rall, was ordered, meanwhile, to cross the Bronx, a quarter of a mile below, and taking a circuitous route, to fall upon the flank of the enemy. The Americans had planted their artillery on a rocky ledge; and as the British attempted to ascend the hill, whole platoons were swept down before the murderous fire of the enemy. The British recoiled. Colonel Rall, having joined the force of General Leslie, the

* On the 24th of September, 240 Americans, under Colonel Jackson and Major Henley, made a descent on the British at Montressor's island, in flat boats. The British repulsed them with a loss of twenty-two men. Major Henley was among the slain.

whole body advanced against the Americans. The patriots made a gallant resistance. Twice were Leslie's troops repulsed and hurled back down the acclivity in confusion; they rallied and pushed forward, and aided by the troops of Rall, who fiercely attacked the Americans in flank, succeeded in forcing the enemy from their position. McDougall retreated in good order to the American intrenchments at White Plains, carrying off his wounded and artillery, and leaving the British in the possession of the hill. The British troops rested on their arms the night after the battle.

The next day a skirmish took place between Glover's brigade and a British detachment. The Americans were driven in, and the British encamped within cannon-shot of the front of the American lines. Howe, having reconnoitered the American intrenchments, found them apparently too strong to attack them, and resolved to await the arrival of Lord Percy, with four battalions from New York, and some troops from Mamaroneck. The loss of the Americans from the 26th to the 28th, was about 300 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The British loss was about the same. Lord Percy joined Howe on the evening of the 30th, and preparations were made to attack the American lines the following morning. A violent storm of wind and rain arose during the night, and continued for twenty hours. All operations were delayed, and the Americans taking advantage of this circumstance, withdrew on the night of the 31st, and encamped on the heights of Newcastle, where they had constructed strong breast-works. The British were afraid to attack the Americans at this place; and on the 4th of November Howe withdrew his army to the juncture of the Hudson and Harlem rivers, and encamped upon Fordham heights, with his left wing extending nearly to King's Bridge. Washington called a council of war, and it was unanimously decided to retreat into New Jersey with the greater part of the army. By the 12th of November the main body of the American army was in New Jersey, and Washington established his head-quarters at Hackensack, in the rear of Fort Lee. All the New England troops under General Heath were left on the east side of the Hudson to defend the Highlands. General Lee, with a rapidly-dwindling force of about 8,000 men,* remained at North Castle, with orders to join Washington if the British should manifest an intention of assailing that quarter. Meanwhile Howe was making preparations to attack Fort Washington. See *Fort Washington.*

WILNA.—Wilna, or Vilna, is a city of Poland, situated at the confluence of the Vilieka and Vilia, ninety miles north-east of Grodno. A battle occurred at this place, on the 18th of June, 1831, between the Poles, 14,000 strong, and a Russian army of 21,000 men. The Poles were defeated after an obstinate conflict, with a loss of 1,000 men killed and wounded. See *Warsaw.*

WINDMILL POINT, A.D. 1837.—A battle occurred at this point during the late Canadian rebellion. Windmill Point is on the Canada side of the river St. Lawrence, nearly opposite Ogdensburg. The patriots were about 200 strong, while the British force consisted of nearly six hundred regular troops. The insurgents were defeated with a loss of thirty-six killed and ninety made prisoners. The British lost a hundred and fifty men and twenty officers killed. Among the slain was Captain Drummond. Eleven of the prisoners were hung and the remainder banished to Van Diemen's Land.

WINNEFELD, A.D. 9.—The precise locality of the great battle between the Roman legions under Varus, and the Germans under Arminius, is unknown; but it is supposed that it took place in the eastern part of the woody and hilly region which intervenes between the Lippe and the Ems, round Detmold, the modern capital of the principality of Lippe. This locality is described by Dr. Plate, a modern German scholar, as being "a table-land intersected by numerous deep and narrow valleys, which, in some places, form small plains, surrounded by steep mountains and rocks, and accessible only by narrow defiles. All the valleys are traversed by rapid streams, shallow in the dry season; but subject to sudden swellings in autumn and winter. The vast forests which cover the summits and slopes of the hills consist chiefly of oak; there is little underwood, and both men and horse would move with ease in the forests if the ground were not broken by gulleys, or rendered impracticable by fallen trees." This is the district to which Varus is supposed to have marched, and Dr. Plate adds, that the names of several localities on and near the spot seem to indicate that a great battle has once been fought there. We find the names, "das Winnefeld"* (the field of Victory), "die Knochenbahn" (the bone lane), "die Knochenbach" (the bone-brook), "der Mordkessel" (the kettle of slaughter), and others.

Dark and disheartening even to heroic spirits must have seemed the prospects of Germany when Arminius planned the general rising of his countrymen against Rome. Half the land was occupied by Roman garrisons; and, what was worse, many of the Germans

* The time of the greater portion of these men was to expire during the latter part of November.

* We have selected this name, it will be observed, for the heading of the present article.

seemed patiently acquiescent in the state of bondage. The resources of Rome seemed boundless; her tenacity of purpose was believed to be invincible. Vast, however, and admirably organized as the fabric of Roman power appeared outwardly, yet there was rottenness in the core. The foulest profligacy was general in all ranks. In universal weariness of revolution and civil war, and in consciousness of being too debased for self government the nation had submitted itself to the absolute authority of Augustus. Adulation was now the chief function of the senate, and the gifts of genius and accomplishment of arts were devoted to the elaboration of eloquently false panegyrics upon the prince and his favorite courtiers. With bitter indignation must Arminius have beheld all this, and contrasted it with the rough worth of his own countrymen, their bravery, their fidelity to their word, and their manly independence of spirit. His soul must have burned within him at the contemplation of such a race yielding to these debased Italians.

Still, to persuade the Germans to combine, in spite of their frequent feuds among themselves, in one sudden outbreak against Rome; to keep the scheme concealed from the Romans until the hour for action arrived; and then, without possessing a single walled town, without military stores, without training, to teach his insurgent countrymen to defeat veteran armies and storm fortifications, seemed so perilous an enterprise, that probably Arminius would have receded from it had not a stronger feeling even than patriotism urged him on. Among the Germans of high rank who had most readily submitted to the invaders, and become zealous partisans of Roman authority, was a chieftain named Segestes. His daughter, Thusnelda, was pre-eminent among the noble maidens of Germany. Arminius had sought her hand in marriage; but Segestes, who probably discerned the young chief's disaffection to Rome, forbade his suit, and strove to preclude all communication between him and his daughter. Thusnelda, however, sympathized far more with the heroic spirit of her lover, than with the time-serving policy of her father. An elopement baffled the precautions of Segestes, who, disappointed in his hope of preventing the marriage, accused Arminius before the Roman governor of having carried off his daughter, and of planning treason against Rome. Thus assailed, and dreading to see his bride torn from him by the officials of the foreign oppressor, Arminius delayed no longer, but bent all his energies to organize and execute a general insurrection of the great mass of his countrymen, who hitherto had submitted in sullen hatred to the Roman dominion.

A change of governors had recently taken place, which, while it materially favored the ultimate success of the insurgents, served by the immediate aggravation of the Roman oppressions which it produced, to make the native population more universally eager to take arms. Tiberius, who was afterward emperor, had recently been recalled from the command in Germany, and sent into Pannonia to put down a dangerous revolt which had broken out against the Romans in that province. In the room of Tiberius, Augustus sent into Germany Quintilius Varus, who had lately returned from the proconsulate of Syria.

Varus was a true representative of the higher classes of the Romans. Accustomed to govern the depraved and debased natives of Syria, a country where courage in man and virtue in woman had for centuries been unknown, Varus thought that he might gratify his licentious and rapacious passions with equal impunity among the high-minded sons and pure-spirited daughters of Germany. When the general of an army sets the example of outrages of this description, he is soon faithfully imitated by his officers, and surpassed by his still more brutal soldiery. The Romans now habitually indulged in those violations of the sanctity of the domestic shrine, and those insults upon honor and modesty, by which far less gallant spirits than those of our Teutonic ancestors have often been maddened into insurrection.

Arminius found among the other German chiefs many who sympathized with him in his indignation at his country's abasement, and many whom private wrongs had stung yet more deeply. There was little difficulty in collecting bold leaders for an attack on the oppressors, and little fear of the population not rising readily at those leaders' call. But to declare open war against Rome, and to encounter Varus's army in a pitched battle, would have been merely rushing upon certain destruction. Varus had three legions under him, a force which, after allowing for detachments, can not be estimated at less than 14,000 Roman infantry. He had also 800 or 900 Roman cavalry, and at least an equal number of horse and foot sent from the allied states, or raised among those provincials who had not received the Roman franchise.

It was not merely the number, but the quality of this force that made them formidable; and, however contemptible Varus might be as a general, Arminius well knew how admirably the Roman armies were organized and officered, and how perfectly the legionaries understood every maneuver and every duty which the varying emergences of a stricken field might require. Stratagem was, therefore, indispensable; and it was necessary to blind Varus to their schemes until a favorable

opportunity should arrive for striking a decisive blow.

For this purpose, the German confederates frequented the head-quarters of Varus, which seem to have been near the center of the modern country of Westphalia, where the Roman general conducted himself with all the arrogant security of the governor of a perfectly submissive province. There Varus gratified at once his vanity, his rhetorical tastes, and his avarice, by holding courts, to which he summoned the Germans for the settlement of all their disputes, while a bar of Roman advocates attended to argue the cases before the tribunal of Varus, who did not omit the opportunity of exacting court-fees and accepting bribes. Varus trusted implicitly to the respect which the Germans pretended to pay to his abilities as a judge, and to the interest which they affected to take in the forensic eloquence of their conquerors. Meanwhile, a succession of heavy rains rendered the country more difficult for the operations of regular troops; and Arminius, seeing that the infatuation of Varus was complete, secretly directed the tribes near the Weser and the Ems to take up arms in open revolt against the Romans. This was represented to Varus as an occasion which required his prompt attendance at the spot; but he was kept in studied ignoranae of its being part of a concerted national rising; and he still looked on Arminius as his submissive vassal, whose aid he might rely on in facilitating the march of his troops against the rebels, and in extinguishing the local disturbance. He therefore set his army in motion, and marched eastward in a line parallel to the course of the Lippe. For some distance his route lay along a level plain; but on arriving at the tract between the curve of the upper part of that stream and the sources of the Ems, the country assumes a very different character; and here, in the territory of the modern little principality of Lippe, it was that Arminius had fixed the scene of his enterprise.

Contrary to the usual strict principles of Roman discipline, Varus had suffered his army to be accompanied and impeded by an immense train of baggage-wagons and by a rabble of camp-followers, as if his troops had been merely changing their quarters in a friendly country. When the long array quitted the firm level ground, and began to wind its way among the woods, the marshes, and the ravines, the difficulties of the march, even without the intervention of an armed foe, became fearfully apparent. In many places, the soil, sodden with rain, was impracticable for cavalry, and even for infantry, until trees had been felled, and a rude causeway formed through the morass.

The duties of the engineer were familiar to all who served in the Roman armies. But the crowd and confusion of the columns embarrassed the working parties of the soldiery, and in the midst of their toil and disorder the word was suddenly passed through their ranks that the rear guard was attacked by the barbarians. Varus resolved on pressing forward; but a heavy discharge of missiles from the woods on either flank taught him how serious was the peril, and he saw his best men falling round him without the opportunity of retaliation; for his light-armed auxiliaries, who were principally of Germanic race, now rapidly deserted, and it was impossible to deploy the legionaries on such broken ground, for a charge against the enemy. Choosing one of the most open and firm spots which they could force their way to, the Romans halted for the night; and faithful to their national discipline and tactics, formed their camp amid the harassing attacks of the rapidly thronging foes, with that elaborate toil and systematic skill, the traces of which are impressed permanently on the soil of so many European countries, attesting the presence in the olden time of the imperial eagles.

On the morrow the Romans renewed their march, the veteran officers who served under Varus now probably directing the operations, and hoping to find the Germans drawn up to meet them, in which case they relied on their own superior discipline and tactics for such a victory as should reassure the supremacy of Rome. But Arminius was far too sage a commander to lead on his followers with their unwieldy broadswords and inefficient defensive armor, against the Roman legionaries, fully armed with helmet, cuirass, grieves, and shield, who were skilled to commence the conflict with a murderous volley of heavy javelins, hurled upon the foe when a few yards distant, and then, with their short cut-and-thrust swords, to hew their way through all opposition, preserving the utmost steadiness and coolness, and obeying each word of command in the midst of strife and slaughter with the same precision and alertness as if upon parade. Arminius suffered the Romans to march out from their camp, to form first in line for action, and then in column for marching, without the show of opposition. For some distance Varus was allowed to move on, only harassed by slight skirmishes, but struggling with difficulty through the broken ground, the toil and distress of his men being aggravated by heavy torrents of rain, which burst upon the devoted legions, as if the angry gods of Germany were pouring out the vials of their wrath upon the invaders. After some little time their van approached a ridge of high woody ground, which is one of the offshoots of the great

Hercynian forest, and is situate between the modern villages of Driburg and Bielefeld. Arminius had caused barricades of hewn trees to be formed here, so as to add to the natural difficulties of the passage. Fatigue and discouragement now began to betray themselves in the Roman ranks. Their line became less steady; baggage-wagons were abandoned from the impossibility of forcing them along; and, as this happened, many soldiers left their ranks and crowded round the wagons to secure the most valuable portions of their property; each was busy about his own affairs, and purposely slow in hearing the word of command from his officers. Arminius now gave the signal for a general attack.

The fierce shouts of the Germans pealed through the gloom of the forests, and in thronging multitudes they assailed the flanks of the invaders, pouring in clouds of darts on the encumbered legionaries, as they struggled up the glens, or floundered in the morasses, and watching every opportunity of charging through the intervals of the disjointed column, and so cutting off the communication between its several brigades. Arminius, with a chosen band of personal retainers round him, cheered on his countrymen by voice and example. He and his men aimed their weapons particularly at the horses of the Roman cavalry. The wounded animals, slipping about in the mire, and their own blood, threw their riders, and plunged among the ranks of the legions, disordering all round them. Varus now ordered the troops to be countermarched, in the hope of reaching the nearest Roman garrison on the Lippe. But retreat now was as impracticable as advance; and the falling back of the Romans only augmented the courage of their assailants, and caused fiercer and more frequent charges on the flanks of the disheartened army. The Roman officer who commanded the cavalry, Numonius Vala, rode off with his squadrons, in the vain hope of escaping by thus abandoning his comrades. Unable to keep together, or force their way across the woods and swamps, the horsemen were overpowered in detail, and slaughtered to the last man. The Roman infantry still held together and resisted, but more through the instinct of discipline and bravery than from any hope of success or escape. Varus, after being severely wounded in a charge of the Germans against his part of the column, committed suicide to avoid falling into the hands of those whom he had exasperated by his oppressions. One of the lieutenant-generals of the army fell fighting; the other surrendered to the enemy. But mercy to a fallen foe had never been a Roman virtue, and those among her legions who now laid down their arms in hope of quarter, drank deep of the cup of suffering, which Rome had held to the lips of many a brave, but unfortunate enemy. The infuriated Germans slaughtered their oppressors with deliberate ferocity, and those prisoners who were not hewn to pieces on the spot, were only preserved to perish by a more cruel death in cold blood.

The bulk of the Roman army fought steadily and stubbornly, frequently repelling the masses of assailants, but gradually losing the compactness of their array, and becoming weaker and weaker beneath the incessant shower of darts, and the reiterated assaults of the vigorous and unincumbered Germans. At last, in a series of desperate attacks, the column was pierced through and through, two of the eagles captured, and the Roman host, which on the yester morning had marched forth in such pride and might, now broken up into confused fragments, either fell fighting beneath the overpowering numbers of the enemy, or perished in the swamps and woods in unavailing efforts at flight. Few, very few, ever saw again the left bank of the Rhine. One body of brave veterans, arraying themselves in a ring on a little mound, beat off every charge of the Germans, and prolonged their honorable resistance to the close of that dreadful day. The traces of a feeble attempt at forming a ditch and mound attested in after years the spot where the last of the Romans passed their night of suffering and despair. But on the morrow, this remnant also, worn out with hunger, wounds, and toil, was charged by the victorious Germans, and either massacred on the spot, or offered up in fearful rites at the altars of the deities of the old mythology of the North.

A gorge in the mountain ridge, through which runs the modern road between Paderborn and Pyrmont, leads from the spot where the heat of the battle raged to the Extersteine, a cluster of bold and grotesque rocks of sandstone, near which is a small sheet of water, overshadowed by a grove of aged trees. According to local tradition, this was one of the sacred groves of the ancient Germans, and it was here that the Roman captives were slain in sacrifice by the victorious warriors of Arminius.

Never was victory more decisive, never was the liberation of an oppressed people more instantaneous and complete. Throughout Germany the Roman garrisons were assailed and cut off; and, within a few weeks after Varus had fallen, the German soil was freed from the foot of an invader.—*Creasy.*

WORCESTER, A.D. 1651.—This city is situated on the east bank of the river Severn, in Worcester county, England, twenty-five miles south-west of Birmingham. There, on

the 3d of September, 1641, was fought a battle between the army of Charles II., and the forces of Parliament under Oliver Cromwell. A large body of Scots had marched into England, with a view to reinstate Charles II.; and that monarch expected that all his friends, and all those who were discontented with the existing government, would flock to his standard. He summoned, by proclamation, all his male subjects between the age of sixteen and sixty to join his standard at the general muster of his forces, on the 26th of August, in the Pitchcroft, the meadows between the city of Worcester and the river. A few of the neighboring gentlemen, with their tenants, not 200 in number, obeyed the call, and it was found that the whole amount of his force did not exceed 12,000 men, of whom 2,000 only were Englishmen. Cromwell, meanwhile, made preparations to attack the royal army. With an army of about 30,000 men, Cromwell advanced against Worcester. The royalists had broken down an arch of the bridge over the Severn at Upton; but a few soldiers passed on a beam in the night, the breach was repaired, and Lambert with 10,000 men crossed to the right bank. A succession of partial but obstinate actions alternately raised and depressed the hopes of the two parties; but Cromwell reserved the grand attempt for his auspicious day, the 3d of September, on which, twelve months before, he had defeated the Scots at Dunbar. On the morning of that day, Fleetwood, who had advanced from Upton to Powich, was ordered to force the passage of the Zeam, while Cromwell, to preserve the communication, threw a bridge of boats across the Severn, at Bunshill, near the confluence of the two rivers. About one in the afternoon, while Charles with his staff observed from the tower of the cathedral of the city, the positions of the enemy, his attention was drawn by a discharge of musketry near Powich. He descended instantly, rode to the scene of action, and ordered Montgomery with a brigade of horse and foot to defend the line of the Zeam, and oppose the formation of the bridge. After a long and desperate struggle, Fleetwood effected a passage just at the moment when Cromwell, having completed the work, moved four regiments to his assistance.

The Scots, though assailed by superior numbers, maintained the most obstinate resistance; they disputed every field and hedge, repeatedly charged with the pike to check the advance of the enemy, and animated by the shouts of the combatants on the opposite bank, sought to protract the contest with the vain hope that, by occupying the forces of Fleetwood, they might insure the victory to their friends, who were engaged with Cromwell. That general, as soon as he had secured the communication across the river, ordered a battery of heavy guns to play upon Fort Royal, a work lately raised to cover the Sidbury gate of the city, and led his troops in two divisions to Perrywood and Red-Hill. To Charles this seemed a favorable opportunity of defeating one half of the hostile force, while the other half was separated from it by the Severn. Leading out the whole of his disposable infantry, with the Duke of Hamilton's troop of horse, and the English volunteers, he marched to attack the enemy in their position. The fight which ensued was terrible. With all the animosity which private feuds and partizan hatred could arouse, the combatants grappled fiercely with each other. Fortune favored the first efforts of the king. The militia regiments shrunk from the shock, and the guns of the enemy became the prize of the royalists. But Cromwell had some veteran battalions in reserve. He called them into action, and the line of battle wavered; the Scots, borne back by superior numbers, slowly retreated contesting every inch of soil with stubborn valor. They still remained unbroken, availing themselves of every advantage of ground to check the enemy, and anxiously expecting the aid of their cavalry under Leslie, which had remained in the city. From what cause it happened, is unknown; but that officer did not appear on the field, till the battle was lost, and the infantry, unable to resist the superior pressure of the enemy, was flying in confusion to the gate under the shelter of the fort. The fugitives rallied in the city in Friar-street, and Charles riding among them, endeavored by his words and gestures to reanimate their courage; but instead of replying, they hung down their heads and threw away their arms. "Then shoot me dead," exclaimed the unhappy prince, "rather than let me live to see the sad results of this fatal day." But his despair was as unavailing as had been his entreaties; and his friends admonished him to provide for his safety, for the enemy had already penetrated within the walls. Meanwhile Fleetwood, on the right bank of the Severn, was slowly pushing the Scots before him. At length they abandoned the hope of resistance; their flight opened to him the way to St. John's, and its timid commander yielded at the first summons. On the other hand Cromwell stormed the fort, put its defenders, 1,500 men to the sword, and turned the guns on the city. Within the walls dire confusion reigned, and the troops of Cormwell began to pour into the city, by the quay, the castle hill, and Sidbury gate. Charles had not a moment to spare. Placing himself in the midst of the Scottish cavalry he took the northern road by

the gate of St. Martin's, while a few devoted spirits, with such troopers as dared to follow them, charged down Sidbury-street in a contrary direction. They accomplished their purpose. The royal party cleared the walls, while they arrested the advance, and distracted the attention of the enemy. It was past the hour of sunset; and before dark all resistance ceased. Colonel Drummond surrendered Castle hill on conditions; the infantry in the street were killed or led prisoners to the cathedral, and the city was abandoned during the obscurity of the night to the licentious passions of the victors. In this disastrous battle, the army of the king was nearly annihilated. Three thousand men were slain, and eight thousand made prisoners. Charles, after undergoing many distresses, and passing through adventures the narrative of which affords striking instances of hair-breadth escapes on the part of the king, and of unshaken fidelity on the part of his adherents, finally arrived in safety, on the 7th of October, forty-four days after the battle, at Fecamp, on the coast of Normandy.

WURTZBURG, A.D. 1796.—An engagement took place at Wurtzburg, in Bavaria, on the 3d of September, between the imperial troops of Austria and the republicans. Wurtzburg was occupied by the Austrians under the command of Hotze, while the archduke had also a large force on the right bank of the river. The French army commanded by Jourdan was drawn up on the Maine, from Wurtzburg to Schweinfurt, partly on a series of heights which formed the northern barrier of the valley, and partly on the plain which reached to the river. Jourdan was not aware that the archduke had returned to the head of his troops, but supposing he had only a part of the Austrian forces to contend with, was overwhelmed with surprise to find the numbers so greatly superior. A thick fog which concealed the armies from each other, greatly favored the operations of the imperialists, and when at eleven o'clock the sun shone through the clouds, it glittered on the large forces of the Austrians, drawn up in double lines, in the meadow adjoining the river. They commenced the battle by an attack on the left flank of the French, while Lichtenstein occupied the plain, and Wartensleben, at the head of the troop of horse, threw himself into the river and followed close after the infantry, who had defiled along the bridge. Grenier, the French general, being stationed at the point of attack, made a vigorous resistance with the republican light infantry and cavalry; but the Austrians having brought up the cuirassiers they had in reserve, Jourdan was compelled to come to their support with his troop of horse; a desperate attack now took place, the Austrians were at first repulsed, but the cuirassiers, taking advantage of the disorder of the French cavalry, at this moment, broke through their lines, and drove them back in great confusion. At the same time the French center had been entirely routed, and Kray had driven the divisions under Grenier off the field into the woods. The Austrians were victorious at every point, although Jourdan was fortunate enough to reach the forests, without being broken by the imperial squadron.

The battle of Wurtsburg, delivered Germany and determined the fate of the campaign. The trophies of the victorious party were not large, consisting of only seven pieces of cannon and a few prisoners. But the effect produced upon the spirit of the two armies was important. The Austrians were elevated by the victory, as it gave them the possession of the direct line of communication from the Maine to the Rhine. The republicans were very much depressed by their defeat, notwithstanding the battle was highly honorable to them, for they had to contend with 31,000 infantry, and 13,000 cavalry, while their whole number amounted to only 30,000.

WYOMING.—Wilkesbarre, near which the first settlement in the valley of Wyoming was located, is the capital of Luzerne co., Pennsylvania. It is situated on the left bank of the north branch of the Susquehanna, 110 miles north-east from Harrisburg.

Poets have sung, and historians have written, of the beautiful valley of Wyoming. From the earliest time, that land of hills and dales, of pure mountain-streams, and lovely plains, where the grape, the wild plum, the butter-nut and the hazel-nut, grow spontaneously, has floated in a mist of romance.

In 1743, the peace of the valley was destroyed by the war between the Shawnees, and Delawares. The war originated in the following manner: The Shawnees were a secluded clan, living by permission of the Delawares, upon the western bank of the Susquehanna. One day, when the warriors of both tribes were engaged in the chase upon the mountains, a party of women and children of the Shawnees, crossed to the Delaware side to gather fruit. While thus engaged a quarrel arose between two of the children about the possession of a grass-hopper. The mothers respectively took the part with their children, and the quarrel extended to all the Shawnee and Delaware women. The Delaware women were the more numerous, and drove the Shawnee squaws home, killing several on the way. The Shawnee hunters on their return, espoused the cause of their wives and children, and arming them-

selves, crossed the river and attacked the Delawares. A bloody battle followed; which resulted in the defeat of the Shawnees, who retired to the banks of the Ohio.

In 1762, about 200 whites from Connecticut founded a settlement near the mouth of Mill Creek, a little above the present site of Wilkesbarre, in the valley of Wyoming. The inhabitants of Pennsylvania, were irritated at what they termed an encroachment of the Connecticut people upon the lands which they claimed were included in the charter granted to William Penn. The Indians, however, and among them Teedyuscung, their great chief, were on friendly terms with the new comers, and in spite of the threats of the Pennsylvanians the Yankee colony continued to increase and prosper. But the colony soon received a fatal blow. A feud arose between the Delawares and the Six Nations; and in the autumn of 1763, a party of warriors descended the Susquehanna, and entered the valley on a visit of pretended friendship. As previously planned, on an appointed night they set fire to Teedyuscung's house, and the chief perished in the flames. To shield themselves from the vengeance of the Delawares, the perpetrators of this act charged the whites with this outrage. Their story was believed, and the Delawares resolved upon revenge. At noon on the 14th of October, 1763, they attacked and butchered thirty of the settlers in the fields. Alarm reigned throughout the whole colony, and the settlers, with their wives and children, fled in terror, and passing through the wilderness returned to their homes in Connecticut, a distance of 250 miles. On the night of the massacre the Indians applied the torch, and the once flourishing village was reduced to ashes.

In 1768, the Susquehanna company of Connecticut made a direct purchase of the Wyoming valley, from the Six Nations, and took a deed from some of the chiefs. A lease of the valley was given to three Pennsylvanians, who established a trading house there which they fortified. In 1769, the garrison of this post, consisting of ten men, was invested by forty pioneers of the Connecticut company. Governor Penn was informed of the state of affairs; but the people from Connecticut arrived in such numbers, that Jennings the commander of the garrison finally reported to the governor of Pennsylvania that the whole power of the country was inadequate to dislodge the Yankees. The Connecticut settlers had erected a strong fort, which they called Fort Durkee, in honor of the officer elected to its command, near the Shawnee flats, about half a mile below the site of the old settlement. They had also erected thirty log houses, furnished with loop-holes for musketry, around it. Their whole force consisted of 300 able-bodied men. Hostilities ceased for a short time, and the Connecticut company sent commissioners to Philadelphia, to negotiate a compromise. Governor Penn refused to treat with them, and sent an armed force under Colonel Francis to the valley. He summoned the garrison of Fort Durkee to surrender. They refused, and Francis finding the fort too strong to be assailed, returned to Philadelphia, leaving Ogden, one of the lessees of the valley, with a small force, in the vicinity. The Pennsylvanians now assembled a larger force under Jennings; and Captain Ogden hearing of Jennings's approach, suddenly assailed the Connecticut settlement, with forty men, and succeeded in capturing several of the inhabitants, among whom was Colonel Durkee. Jennings, with 200 men, and a six pounder, appeared before the fort; and the garrison, alarmed, proposed to capitulate on certain conditions. The conditions were accepted and the articles of capitulation drawn up in due form and signed. Ogden, however, acted in bad faith, and the seventeen settlers who, by the articles were allowed to remain in the valley until their crops were harvested, were plundered of every thing and driven from the valley.

In the month of February, 1770, Lazarus Stewart led a body of armed men from Lancaster. They were joined by another armed party from Connecticut, and the whole entered Wyoming valley. He took possession of Fort Durkee, and entered Captain Ogden's house. The owner was absent, and the Yankees seized upon the cannon. Captain Ogden, receiving intelligence of these transactions, marched to Wyoming at the head of fifty men, with whom he garrisoned his own house. Stewart sent a body of fifty men to attack the house. The Yankees assailed the Pennsylvanians with spirit, and a sharp conflict ensued. The assailants were repulsed with a loss of one man killed and several wounded. Colonel Durkee, who had been recently released, now returned from Philadelphia; and under his direction the Connecticut settlers commenced a regular siege upon the fort of the Pennsylvanians. The four pound cannon was mounted on the opposite side of the river, and for nearly a week Ogden's house was cannonaded. Ogden finally surrendered on the same conditions which he had allowed the enemy the previous year; he was to withdraw with all his men from the valley, with the exception of six, who were to remain behind to guard his property.

But the people of Connecticut, remembering Ogden's former behavior, treated him in like manner; his property was seized, and his house was burned as soon as he was gone.

In the fall, Ogden, having collected a force of about 150 men, returned toward the valley and advanced toward Fort Durkee. The settlers were taken by surprise, and the fort again fell into the hands of the Pennsylvanians. The Yankees were driven from the settlement. On the night of the 18th of December, about thirty men under Lazarus Stewart stealthily advanced to the fort, and captured it. The Pennsylvanians were now in turn driven from the valley. The Connecticut people held possession of Fort Durkee until the middle of January, 1771, when it was beleaguered by the sheriff of Northampton county with a strong force. He was accompanied by Captain Ogden and his brother Nathan. A sharp skirmish ensued before the fort, and Nathan Ogden was killed. The garrison, finally perceiving that they could not hold out long, withdrew from the valley on the 20th, leaving twelve men in the fort, who were made prisoners by the Pennsylvanians, and sent to Easton. The victors remained in undisturbed possession of the valley for six months. Ogden's force now numbered about eighty men. On the 6th of July seventy armed men from Connecticut, under Captain Zebulon Butler, and a party under Lazarus Stewart, entered the valley. Ogden had built a second fort and called it Fort Wyoming. This fort was stronger than the other, and stood upon the spot now occupied by the court-house of Wilkesbarre. The invaders commenced a regular siege. The besieged were well supplied with provisions; their defenses were strong, and they defied the assailants. During the progress of the siege Ogden escaped from the fortress by stratagem, and hastened to Philadelphia for reinforcements. The governor granted him a detachment of one hundred men, and he proceeded to Wyoming. Their efforts to compel Butler to raise the siege were unavailing. Butler, after prosecuting the siege until the 11th of August, summoned the garrison to surrender. The besieged refused to comply. The assailants had no artillery; but one of the colonists, named Carey, constructed a cannon of a pepperidge log. This novel piece burst on the second discharge. The garrison, however, surrendered shortly afterward, and the Connecticut settlers were left in undisturbed possession of the valley. Several persons were killed on both sides during the continuance of the siege. Four years Wyoming enjoyed uninterrupted peace, the colony increased, and the whole valley presented a scene of busy activity and rural felicity. But on the 28th of September, 1775, the unsuspecting inhabitants were rudely aroused from their dreams of peace. On that day a branch of the colony located about sixty miles below Wilkesbarre, were suddenly attacked by a body of Northumberland militia, who had grown jealous of the rapidly-increasing prosperity of the settlers. Several of the colonists were slain, and the rest were sent to Sunbury and imprisoned. The Continental Congress was in session at that time in Philadelphia, and to that body the people of Connecticut appealed. Congress heard their prayer, and passed a resolution urging the governments of Pennsylvania and Connecticut to take speedy and effective steps to put an end to the hostilities, and to adjust the differences. But the Pennsylvanians did not heed the voice of Congress. Fearing that the people of Connecticut would retaliate, they resolved to raise a large force, and march against Wyoming to conquer it before the inhabitants could organize a military government. Richard Penn, who was then governor of Pennsylvania, favored the design, and Colonel Plunkett was appointed to the command of the expedition. Congress again called upon the people to cease further hostilities; but its mandate was unheeded, and Plunkett commenced his march toward Wyoming. The invading force made but slow progress, the river being much obstructed with ice. The inhabitants of Wyoming had made ample preparations to receive the invaders. The army, consisting of about 300 men, was under the command of Colonel Zebulon Butler. When Plunkett reached the Nanticoke Rapids, at the southern extremity of the valley, he was obliged to abandon his boats and advance along the shore of the river. Some of Butler's troops occupied a bold rock on the western bank of the river which overhung the road along which Plunkett was marching. As the Pennsylvanians approached they were greeted by a volley of musketry which checked their progress. Plunkett now caused one of his boats to be brought up from the rapids, and by its means succeeded in crossing the river. He was about to march against Fort Wyoming on the eastern side, when he fell into an ambuscade. Unable to cope with the enemy, the Pennsylvanians retreated to their boats, and in a council of war decided to abandon the expedition. Thus ended the Pennymite war. The war of the American Revolution was soon fairly commenced, and common danger united the parties in a peace which common interests had continually broken.

When it was seen that a war with the mother country was inevitable, the inhabitants of Wyoming valley, being especially exposed to the incursions of the Indians, who, despite their repeated assurances of friendship, were objects of suspicion, erected suitable forts as defenses against the enemy, who were momentarily expected. Almost

every one of the original settlers had espoused the cause of Congress; but emigrants from the Hudson and Mohawk valleys had come to the Wyoming valley, and were openly opposed to the patriots. Among the most active of these were the Wintermoots, Van Gordans, Van Alstynes, and other families. The Wintermoots had erected a strong fortification upon the old banks of the Susquehanna, which was called Wintermoot's Fort. The patriots, suspicious of the designs of the Wintermoots, constructed a fort about eight miles above Wilkesbarre, within two miles of Wintermoot's. This work was erected under the supervision of the Jenkins and Hardeys families, and was called Fort Jenkins. Forty Fort was strengthened and enlarged, and sites for other forts selected at Pittstown, Wilkesbarre, and Hanover. The people of Wyoming valley, however, were not disturbed until early in the summer of 1778, when the movements of Brant and his warriors, and the Butlers and Johnsons, with their Tory legions, upon the upper waters of the Susquehanna, and the actions of the Tories in the valley of Wyoming caused the people great alarm. Some of the Tories had been harshly treated by the Whigs, and several had left and joined the force of Colonel John Butler, and the settlers had sufficient grounds to apprehend their return with a power strong enough to appease their thirst for revenge. The people of Wyoming were in a poor condition to repulse the enemy should they appear, and the whole country was in a state of constant alarm and excitement. "Nearly all their able-bodied men," says Mr. Miner, in his able history of Wyoming, "were away in the service. The remaining population in dread of the savages, were building six forts or stockades, requiring great labor, 'without fee or reward.' All of the aged men out of the train-bands, exempt by law from duty, were formed into companies to garrison the forts, one of the captains being also chief physician to the people and surgeon to the military. Of the militia, the whole was in constant requisition to go on the scout and guard against surprise. The small-pox pestilence was in every district." In June, 1778, the Tories and Indians made preparations to fall upon the inhabitants of this defenseless country. The patriots in Wyoming appealed to Congress for aid; yet they were left uncared for, and were obliged to confide in their own meager resources. On the 2d of July, 1778, a force, consisting of Tory Rangers, a detachment of Johnson's Royal Greens, and about 700 Indians, in all numbering 1,100 men, entered the valley through a notch from the west, near the junction of the Lackawana and Susquehanna rivers. The whole army was under the command of Colonel John Butler. The republicans, who had been informed of the approach of the enemy, had made all preparations in their power to receive them. Their whole force consisted of a company of about fifty regulars and a small body of militia under the command of Captain Hewett.

Every man in the valley entered the service. The old men, with trembling hands, grasped their muskets, the middle-aged, the youth, and even women seized such weapons as they could find, and all were resolved to drive the invaders back, or perish. Colonel Zebulon Butler, an officer in the continental service, chanced to be at home, and by unanimous consent was elected commander-in-chief. Having entered the valley, the invaders attacked the people near Jenkins Fort, and killed three of them. Colonel John Butler then established his head-quarters at Fort Wintermoot, whence he sent out occasional parties to scour the country. The patriots made Fort Forty the place of rendezvous, and thither the women and children of the valley fled for safaty. The smaller forts were garrisoned by old men. The patriots had no alternative but to fight, or to submit; both appeared equally fatal. Retirement or flight was alike impossible, and there was no security but in victory. Unequal as was the conflict, therefore, and hopeless as it seemed in the eye of prudence, the young and athletic men fit to bear arms, were enlisted for their special defense, being absent with the main army, the inhabitants, looking to their dependant wives, mothers, sisters, and little ones, took counsel of their courage, and resolved to give the enemy battle. A counsel of war was held in Fort Forty, on the 3d of July; some were in favor of going out to meet the enemy, others were inclined to remain inactive, in the hopes of receiving succor from General Washington, who was then in New Jersey. While they were debating, five commissioned officers, who had obtained leave of absence that they might return home to protect their families, arrived. They were admitted to the council. Colonel John Butler had demanded the surrender of Fort Forty. Fort Jenkins had already fallen into his hands, and the savages were waiting his order to slay such of the inhabitants as had not reached Fort Forty. The invaders must be driven from the country at once was the voice of the majority; and it was resolved to march out and attack them. The whole army consisted of only about 300 men, and was composed of the old, and the infirm, the athletic, and the young. They marched out of the fort at one o'clock in the afternoon, and separating into six companies, marched up the river toward Fort Wintermoot. The women and children were left in the fort.

SURRENDER OF FLAGS AT YORKTOWN.

Who can imagine the anxiety of that group within Fort Forty? What tongue can tell of the prayers which ascended that day for the safety of those gallant men, who went forth to battle for the lives of beloved and loving wives and children? The quivering lips and tearful eyes of wives and mothers pressing their babes to their breasts, and sending forth entreaties to the Most High, that their husbands and sons might be returned in safety to them; all, all, fills the mind, even now, with sorrow, and sends a throb of the deepest sympathy for those unfortunate ones to the breasts of all who have listened to the tale of their sufferings. Colonel Zebulon Butler had hoped to take the enemy by surprise; but the Tories were on the alert, and when the news of the approach of the enemy reached Fort Wintermoot, they were ready to meet them. The left wing of the Tory army was composed of the Rangers under the command of Colonel John Butler, and rested upon the bank of the river near Wintermoot. The right extending into a marsh at the foot of the mountains on the western verge of the plain, consisted principally of Tories and Indians, and was commanded by a celebrated Indian chief, named Gi-en-gwatak. (He-who-goes-in-the-smoke.) On Butler's right were stationed the Royal Greens, under Captain Coldwell, and at intervals along the line, Indian marksmen were posted. The patriots were commanded on the right by Colonel Zebulon Butler, assisted by Major Garratt; on the left, by Colonels Dennison, and Dorrance. The field of action was a level plain, cultivated in patches, and partly covered with yellow pines, and scrub oaks. The Tories set fire to Wintermoot's Fort, to prevent its falling into the hands of the patriots. The Wyoming companies, separately, advanced toward the enemy, and as they were wheeled into line, Colonel Zebulon Butler thus addressed them: "Men, yonder is the enemy. The fate of the Hardings tells us what we have to expect if defeated. We come out to fight not only for liberty, but for life itself, and, what is dearer, to preserve our homes from conflagration, and women and children from the tomahawk. Stand firm the first shock, and the Indians will give way. Every man to his duty." The Americans rushed to the attack, and soon the battle became general. It was about four o'clock, the sky was unclouded, and the sun beat down with intense heat. The British left, where appears Colonel John Butler, stripped of his feathers, and other savage trappings, with a handkerchief tied around his head, encouraging his men with voice and example, begins to give ground. The Americans with shouts of joy rush on; but are checked by a volley of musketry from a band of Indians concealed behind some bushes on the left flank of the enemy. Captain Durkee falls, and for a moment the little band is thrown into confusion. The yells and whoops of the savages rise above the din of battle, and fall upon the ears of the women and children in the fort like a death-knell. The strife continues. The Tories with their savage allies press forward on that devoted band. The Indians gain their rear, and they are furiously assailed by a cross fire. Colonel Zebulon Butler now commands his men to fall back; but his words are misunderstood. "Retreat! retreat!" sounds along the line, and the patriots rush frantically toward the river. "Oh, my children, do not leave me," entreats their gallant commander. "Stay, and the victory is ours." But like famished wolves, the savages, and their still more savage allies, sprung forward; every American captain is slain, and the terror-stricken patriots fly in every direction, followed by a horde of enemies. Some endeavor to gain Fort Forty; others, rush into the river; but only a few escape. Many are killed on the spot, and others are hunted like deer through the woods. Some are lured from their hiding-places by a promise of quarter; but come forth only to be tomahawked, or to be reserved for a more fearful death at the burning fort. The Tories and Indians are everywhere victorious.

Colonel Zebulon Butler escaped to Wilkesbarre Fort, and Colonel Dennison to Fort Forty. Dennison mustered the few soldiers that came in, and resolved to defend the place to the last extremity. The victors continued their pursuit until dusk; the savages then congregated upon the blood-stained field, and a scene of horror followed, at which the soul sickens, and the heart stands appalled. Scores of the wretched prisoners were put to such tortures, as only a savage mind could invent; and white men stood by and saw the agonies of their neighbors, unmoved! Captain Bidtack was thrown alive upon the burning timbers of Fort Wintermoot, and held down upon the glowing coals with pitchforks until death released him from his sufferings. Many of the prisoners were arranged in circles around large stones, and while firmly clasped in the arms of strong Indians, were killed with the tomahawk. A half-breed Indian woman, named Queen Esther, deliberately slaughtered sixteen of the prisoners while thus arranged. Two of the captains broke from the embrace of their tormentors, and, amid a shower of bullets and flying tomahawks, effected their escape.

The whole battle-field was a carnival of blood; and lighted up with immense fires, it appeared to the eyes of some unfortunate

beholders on the opposite shore, like the very impersonation of hell on earth. But we will dwell no longer on this revolting theme. On the evening of the 3d, the garrison at Fort Forty was strengthened by the arrival of thirty-five men under Captain John Franklin. The next day Colonel John Butler summoned the garrison to surrender; and finding that there was no hopes of a successful defense, Colonel Dennison surrendered on the following conditions: That the inhabitants of the settlement lay down their arms, and the garrisons be demolished; that the inhabitants occupy their farms peaceably, and their lives be preserved entire and unhurt; that the continental stores be given up; that the property taken from the Tories should be replaced; and that the inhabitants for whom Dennison capitulated should not take up arms during the war.

The victors, however, did not respect the terms of capitulation. Before night the Indians spread through the valley, plundering the few inhabitants remaining, and burning the houses of those who had taken their departure. The village of Wilkesbarre, which consisted of twenty-three houses, was set on fire, and the people fled in terror to the mountains where many of their friends had sought refuge during the night. Only one life was taken by the victors after the capitulation of Fort Forty; but in their flight a number of women and children perished in the great swamp on the Pocono mountains, and along the paths in the wilderness. The swamp is now known as the Shades of Death. The terrors of that flight of one hundred women and children are thus depicted by Mr. Charles Miner, in his *Hazelton Travelers:* "Let the mind picture to itself a single group," says he, "flying from the valley to the mountains on the east, and climbing the steep ascent; hurrying onward, filled with terror, despair and sorrow; the affrighted mother, whose husband has fallen, with an infant on her bosom, a child by the hand, an aged parent slowly climbing the rugged steep behind them; hunger presses them severely; in the rustling of every leaf they hear the approaching savage; a deep and dreary wilderness before them, the valley all in flames behind; their dwellings and harvests all swept away in this spring-flood of ruin, and the star of hope quenched in this blood-shower of savage vengeance."

The fugitives by various roads made their way to Connecticut; and the tale of their sufferings was spread far and near. On the 8th of July Butler and his troops, after laying waste the whole valley, withdrew. After his departure the Indians that remained committed fearful outrages upon such of the settlers as had not fled; and all who remained at Fort Forty fled in terror from the place. The whole population, with the exception of a few gathered about the fort at Wilkesbarre, abandoned the settlement. On the day of the battle Captain Spalding with a single company was between the Blue and Pocono mountains, about fifty miles from Wilkesbarre. The flying settlers informed him of the event, and he pushed forward until he had arrived within twelve miles of the valley, when he sent scouts forward to reconnoiter. They found the valley in the possession of the invaders, and Captain Spalding returned to Stroudsbury to await the orders of Colonel Zebulon Butler. Butler soon returned to Wyoming, and when the Tories had left the valley Spalding marched thither, and on the 3d of August established his head quarters at Wilkesbarre Fort. Colonel Zebulon Butler assisted by Colonel Hartly of the Pennsylvania line, now arranged an expedition to expel the Indians from the valley. With about one hundred men, they marched in the month of September to Shesequin, Queen Esther's plantation, and attacked the Indians. Several of the savages were slain; and their settlement was broken up. Colonel Hartly returned to Wyoming, and garrisoned Wilkesbarre Fort with one hundred men. He was then called from the valley. Defended by the garrison, the few settlers remaining worked in the fields with their weapons near at hand. Parties of Indians constantly hovered on the outskirts of the settlement, and several whites were murdered in the fields. Until peace was proclaimed the settlers were constantly harassed. "Revenge upon Wyoming," says Stone, "seemed a cherished luxury to the infuriated savages, hovering upon the outskirts on every side. It was a scene of war, blood, and suffering. In the course of this harassing warfare there were many severe skirmishes, several heroic risings of prisoners on their Indian capturers, and many hair-breadth escapes." But we have already exceeded our limits; and must refer the reader for fuller details, to Lossing's admirable work, the "Field-book of the Revolution," and to the works of Miner, Chapman, and Stone.

YORK, A.D. 1813.—Toronto, formerly York, is the capital of Canada West, and is the most flourishing city in British America. It is situated on a nearly circulay bay, on the north-west shore of Lake Ontario.

During the winter of 1812–13, the Americans busied themselves at Sackett's Harbor on the south side of Lake Ontario, in constructing a fleet for the purpose of operating against Kingston, York, and Fort George, that they might cut off all communication between Montreal and Upper Canada. By spring they had completed a fleet composed of thirteen vessels. This fleet was under the command of Captain Isaac Chauncey, and was capable of transporting about 1,700 men. Having learned that the British were preparing three vessels for sea at York, Chauncey recommended that this place should be first attacked in order to destroy the vessels. The American fleet was at length got ready for sea, and Chauncey, with 1,700 men under the command of General Pike, set sail. The fleet anchored off York on the 25th of April, and the landing of the troops was commenced immediately, in the midst of a severe gale of wind. The boats were carried by the force of the tempest west of the designated landing place, which was an open field, to a point on the shore thickly covered with woods, in which a large party of Indians and British marksmen was stationed. Major Forsythe, with a rifle-corps, in two boats, first approached the beach; as he neared the shore he was assailed by a shower of bullets, and ordering the rowers to rest on their oars, he bade his men return the fire. Upon seeing this pause, General Pike with his staff leaped from the deck of his vessel into a boat, and ordering the infantry to follow, was rowed toward the shore. The boat passed safely through the enemy's balls, and Pike landed a little distance from Forsythe. The advanced boats of the infantry having gained the shore at the same time, Pike put himself at their head and led them up the bank to the charge. The Americans advanced with the utmost impetuosity, and put the enemy to rout by a single charge. The arrival of Forsythe with his riflemen, completed the panic, and the affrighted Indians fled on all sides filling the forest with their hideous yells of disappointed rage. The American troops being all landed, they were formed into companies, and advanced through the woods toward Fort York. As they approached the British works their progress was checked by a battery of twenty-four pounders, which kept up an incessant fire on the head of the columns. Captain Walworth of the 16th was ordered to storm the battery. The Americans advanced rapidly to the charge, and in spite of the terrific fire with which the enemy greeted their approach, carried the battery at the point of the bayonet, and the garrison fled. The Americans continued to advance up a slight acclivity, and soon captured the second battery and entered the fort. But the moment they had taken possession of the enemy's works, magazines containing 500 barrels of gunpowder exploded, with a terrific shock; and the air was filled with blackened corpses, huge stones, and fragments of timber, which fell back on the victorious columns, scattering death and destruction on all sides.

Over two hundred Americans and forty of the British were killed or wounded by the explosion. General Pike was crushed beneath the murderous shower, and was mortally injured. At this moment the British flag was struck, and the American standard floated triumphantly in its place. Like Wolfe at Quebec, Pike at York received his mortal wound at the moment of victory. Colonel Pearce assumed the command of the troops after the fall of Pike, and having taken possession of the barracks, advanced on the town. On his way thither he was met by the officers of the Canadian militia, bearing terms of capitulation. While negotiations were pending General Sheaffe and the British regulars made good their retreat toward Kingston, and a magazine of naval and military stores, together with two of the vessels in the harbor, were burned. The third had sailed for Kingston a few days before the attack. The Americans lost in this engagement about three hundred in killed, wounded, and missing. The British lost three hundred and fifty killed and wounded, and three hundred prisoners.

YORKTOWN, A.D. 1781.—Yorktown is situated on the right (south) bank of the York river, directly opposite Gloucester Point, eleven miles from its mouth, in York county, Virginia, seventy miles east of Richmond. The village was established by law in 1705, and was once a flourishing place; but now it contains only about forty houses. In 1781 it contained about sixty houses.

Immediately after the battle of Jamestown Cornwallis, with his army, proceeded by land to Portsmouth, and thence to Yorktown. He immediately commenced fortifying that place. He extended a line of intrenchments completely around the town. On the land side he formed a chain of six redoubts, curtained one to another by a parapet and pallisade. The redoubts were fraized and pallisaded, and covered beside by abatis and

breast-works. On the bank of the river he also erected a line of batteries; one was planted near the church, and consisted of eleven pieces of cannon. On the margin of a ravine to the south-west of the village, three redoubts were erected; one, a little eastward of the road to Hampton, two on the extreme right, near the river, and the fusileers' redoubt on the extreme left, near the margin of the river. Cornwallis also extended a line of intrenchments across the peninsula of Gloucester, in the rear of that village.

Meanwhile, the American and French armies had met in Winchester county, on the Hudson river, for the purpose of attacking the British troops under Sir Henry Clinton, in New York. The American army was commanded by General Washington in person; that of the French was under the command of the Count de Rochambeau. Lafayette was at this time in Virginia, within a few miles of the British army; but the marquis did not feel sufficiently strong to attack Cornwallis, and the British general did not deem it prudent to abandon his position at Yorktown, and impede the progress in fortifying that place, by engaging his troops against the French. The allied armies were about to strike the city of New York, when Sir Henry Clinton was reinforced by the arrival, on the 11th of August, of 3,000 troops from Europe; and Washington, having received a letter from Count de Grasse, stating that he intended to remain in the West Indies, and that the French fleet, therefore, could not co-operate in the attack on New York, the allies were obliged to abandon their designs against that city. Nearly at the same time Washington received a letter from Lafayette, dated at Williamsburg, Virginia, informing him of the movements of Lord Cornwallis; and the American general determined to proceed toward the south to co-operate with Lafayette in Virginia. This resolution was strengthened by receiving intelligence from Count de Barras, the successor of Admiral de Ternay, at Newport, that the Count de Grasse was to sail from the West Indies for the Chesapeake on the 13th of August, with a fleet of about thirty ships of the line, bearing 3,200 land troops under the command of the Marquis St. Simon. The allied generals speedily arranged a plan of the southern campaign; and the whole army crossed the Hudson at Verplanck's point, and marched by different routes to Trenton, New Jersey. Previous to the passage of the Hudson, Washington, in order to conceal his real intentions from Clinton, wrote deceptive letters to General Greene, in New Jersey, and sent them in such a manner as to be intercepted by the enemy. Some of these letters, containing a plan for an attack on the city, fell into the hands of Clinton, and caused him to abandon every other purpose than to make preparations for the reception of the besiegers. The grand object of the Americans was achieved, and the allied armies had crossed the Delaware, and were far on their way toward Elk Head before Clinton was fully aware of their destination. Clinton saw it was too late for a successful pursuit, and sent General Benedict Arnold to devastate the coast of New England. New London was burned by the traitor and his troops; and a terrible massacre was perpetrated by the marauders at Fort Griswold; but these events did not check the march of the allies. On the 31st of August the French fleet, under Count de Grasse, arrived in the Chesapeake Bay. An officer from Lafayette gave De Grasse full information respecting the relative position of the two armies in Virginia. The French admiral immediately sent four ships of the line and several frigates to blockade the mouth of the York river. These vessels also conveyed the land troops, under St. Simon, who was ordered to join Lafayette on the James river. To relieve Cornwallis, Clinton dispatched Admiral Graves with a fleet of nineteen ships of the line, with orders to attack the French squadron which guarded the entrance to the Chesapeake. De Grasse went out to fight the English fleet; but after a partial action both fleets withdrew, and on the 10th of September, the French cast anchor within the capes at Lynn Haven bay. The hostile fleets remained within sight of each other for five days, but neither party wished to renew the conflict.

On the 25th of September the last division of the allied army arrived at Williamsburg, between the James and York rivers, and preparations were made to besiege the British at Yorktown. The main division of the British army occupied the town under the immediate command of Cornwallis. The open grounds in the rear of the place were occupied by the main body of his troops, and at the commencement of the siege, Tarleton's legion and about 700 troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas, were posted at Gloucester. The Duke de Lauzun with his legion, a body of Virginia militia under General Weiden, and some French marines were sent under the command of General de Choisé, to attack the British at Gloucester point.

The allied army, on the morning of the 28th of September, marched from Williamsburg, and approached Yorktown by different routes. Both forces united, consisted of about 12,000 men. On the approach of the besiegers the British abandoned their outposts, and withdrew to their works near the

town. A large body of French troops, and some American light infantry, took possession of the deserted works, and acted as a covering party for the troops while engaged in throwing up intrenchments. The British opened a cannonade upon the besiegers, and during the day made one or two sorties. On the 30th of September Yorktown was completely invested by the besiegers, their line extending in a semicircle, each wing resting on the York river. The French fleet remained at Lynn Haven bay, to contest the entrance of the British fleet should it attempt to advance to the aid of the besieged. The left wing of the besieging army was composed of the West India regiments under St. Simon, and the French light infantry regiments under the Baron and Viscount Viomenil. The right wing consisted of the American light infantry under Lafayette, the New York, New Jersey, and Rhode Island troops under General James Clinton; the Virginia militia under Governor Nelson; the Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania troops under Steuben, and the American artillery under General Knox, assisted by Colonel Lamb, Lieutenant-Colonels Stevens and Currington, and Major Bauman. From the 1st to the 6th of October the besiegers were assiduously employed in making fascines and gabions, and in transporting their heavy cannon, mortars, and stores from Trebell's Landing, on James river.

The trenches were opened on the evening of the 6th, and the besiegers established their first parallel within 600 yards of the enemy's works, amid a continual fire from the town. The 7th and 8th were employed in completing the first parallel, and in erecting batteries somewhat in advance of it. The American battery on the right, having six eighteen and twenty-four pounders, two mortars, and two howitzers, was opened on the enemy at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th; and early on the morning of the 10th, the French batteries on the left were opened, and for eight hours the besiegers maintained an incessant fire upon the enemy's works. Other American batteries were opened, and the fire became so very heavy that the besieged withdrew their cannon from their embrasures, and placed them behind the mulins, scarcely firing a shot during the day. In the evening the British frigate the *Charon* was set on fire by a hot shot from the French battery on the left, and was burned to the water's edge. During the whole night the besiegers maintained their fire upon the place. The night was mild, and the whole landscape was bathed in a starlight which softened every distant object into indistinctness; Yorktown presented an awful contrast to the soft beauties of the night. From the American lines streams of fire arose, and falling into the place, carried death and destruction on all sides, "From the bank of the river," says Dr. Thatcher, in his journal, "I had a fine view of this splendid conflagration. The ships were enwrapped in a torrent of fire, which spreading with vivid brightness among the combustible rigging, and running with amazing rapidity to the top of the several masts, while all around was thunder and lightning from our numerous cannons and mortars, and in the darkness of the night, presented one of the most sublime and magnificent spectacles which can be imagined. Some of our shells overreaching the town, are seen to fall into the river, and bursting, throw up columns of water like the spouting of the monsters of the deep." On the morning of the 11th, two of the British transports were fired by hot shells, and consumed. On this the besieged warped their shipping as far over to the Gloucester shore as possible. In the evening the besiegers advanced their second parallel, with little or no annoyance from the enemy, to within 300 yards of the British works. The 13th and 14th were spent in completing the second parallel; and the engineers pronouncing the two redoubts on the enemy's left sufficiently damaged to make them practicable, an assault on the evening of the 14th was determined upon. These redoubts were about 300 yards in advance of the British line; and flanking the right of the second parallel of the besiegers, the men in the trenches were greatly annoyed by their guns. General Lafayette, with the American light infantry, was directed to assail the redoubt on the extreme left, while Major General, the Baron de Viomenil, with a detachment of French grenadiers and chasseurs, should assail the other. The two detachments advanced to the assault at dusk. The advanced corps of the American detachment was under the command of Colonel Alexander Hamilton, assisted by Colonel Gimat. Colonel Laurens, meanwhile, turned the redoubt in order to cut off the retreat of the garrison. The signal was given; and the troops with unloaded guns and fixed bayonets moved to the assault. The British poured forth volley after volley of musketry upon the assailants; but through the storm of bullets the Americans pushed their way, regardless of the abatis and other obstructions in their path, and entered the redoubt at a bound. So rapid had been their movements that their loss was trifling. Eight of the defenders of the redoubt were slain during the assault; but none were injured after the surrender. The other redoubt was garrisoned by 120 men, a greater force than that stormed by the Americans. The French rushed furiously to the attack, but their prog-

ress was checked by the garrison, who hurled tempests of balls upon them, and fought with the utmost determination for nearly a half hour. At length the French troops effected a lodgment in the work, and the garrison surrendered. The French lost about 100 men in killed and wounded; of the British, 18 were slain, and 42 made prisoners. In this assault the Adjutant-General Count Charles de Lameth was severely wounded. Count Mathieu Dumas behaved with the utmost gallantry. He was in the advanced corps, and was among the first who entered the redoubt. Count de Deuxponts, who led the French grenadiers, was slightly wounded. Washington was highly gratified at the result of these engagements. "Nothing could exceed the firmness and bravery of the troops," said he in his official report; "they advanced under the fire of the enemy without returning a shot, and effected the business by the bayonet only." The captured works were of vast importance. From them the besiegers could enfilade the enemy's whole line, and during the night of the 14th they were included in a second parallel. By five o'clock on the next morning, several howitzers were mounted on the redoubts, and were opened upon the British works. The position of the British army was now highly critical. Cornwallis had received no intelligence of succor from Clinton, and knowing that the town would be untenable should the besiegers complete the second parallel, he resolved to make a desperate effort to retard their progress. Accordingly, early on the morning of the 16th, a detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie was ordered to make a sortie on one of the French and one of the American batteries on the second parallel, which were unfinished. The British advanced gallantly to the assault, and entered the works. They had only time, however, to thrust the points of their bayonets into the touch-holes of four of the French and two of the American cannon, and break them off, when they were driven back by the guards from the trenches. The spikes were easily extracted from the guns. In this sortie the besieged lost 8 killed and 6 prisoners. The French lost 16 killed; the Americans one. Up to this time the allies had lost, during the siege, 75 killed, and 94 wounded. Cornwallis now resolved to make a desperate effort to escape by flight. His plan was to pass the river suddenly with his army, and endeavor to cut his way through the enemy's troops near Gloucester, and pushing forward through Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, to form a junction with the army in New York. The boats were prepared, and the troops embarked on the night of the 16th. The sick and wounded were left behind, with a letter from Cornwallis recommending them to the mercy of the conquerors. Some of the boats passed the river, and the troops landed on Gloucester point; the others were about to follow, when a violent storm of wind and rain arose. The tempest raged till daybreak, and Cornwallis was obliged to abandon his design. At daybreak, the several new batteries in the second parallel being completed, the besiegers opened a tremendous fire from their whole line upon the town. The air was filled with the flying missiles, and not a place of safety could be found in the town. A splendid stone mansion, the property of Governor Nelson, who was at the head of the Virginia militia, was a prominent object within the British lines. "Never," says Mr. Lossing, in his magnificent work, "The Field-book of the Revolution," "did a man display more lofty patriotism than Governor Nelson on this occasion. He commanded the first battery that opened upon the British works that morning. He knew that his house was occupied by Cornwallis with his staff, and was probably in it when he began the cannonade. Regardless of the personal loss that must ensue, he pointed one of his heaviest guns directly toward his house, and ordered the gunner, and also a bombardier, to play upon it with the greatest vigor. "The desired effect was accomplished. Upon the heights of Saratoga, Burgoyne found no place secure from the cannon-balls of the besiegers; in Yorktown, there was a like insecurity." Cornwallis, finally perceiving that his position was now past all remedy, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, sent a flag to Washington, with the proposals that hostilities should cease for twenty-four hours, and that commissioners should be appointed to arrange the terms of surrender. Washington answered that he could grant a truce of two hours only. He was unwilling to waste time in negotiations, for the British fleet with reinforcements for Cornwallis might, meanwhile, arrive, and give the enemy an opportunity to escape.

The British general was forced to submit; and the terms of capitulation were finally adjusted on the 19th of October. The following is an abstract of the articles of capitulation: I. The garrisons at York and Gloucester to surrender themselves prisoners of war; the land troops to remain prisoners to the United States; the naval forces to the naval army of the King of France. II. The artillery, munitions, stores, etc., to be delivered to proper officers to receive them. III. The two redoubts captured on the 16th of October, to be surrendered, the one to the American, the other to the French troops. The garrison at York to march out at two o'clock with shouldered arms, colors cased, and drums beating; there to lay down their

arms, and return to their encampment. The work on the Gloucester side to be delivered to the Americans and French; the garrison to lay down their arms at three o'clock. IV. The officers to retain their side-arms, papers, and private property. Also, the property of loyalists found in the garrison to be retained. V. The soldiers to be kept in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and to be subsisted by the Americans. British, Anspach, and Hessian officers allowed to be quartered near them, and supply them with clothing and necessities. VI. The officers allowed to go on parole to Europe, or to any part of the American confederacy; proper vessels to be granted by Count de Grasse, to convey them under flags of truce to New York, within ten days, if they choose. Passports to be granted to those who go by land. VII. Officers allowed to keep soldiers as servants, and servants, not soldiers, not to be considered prisoners. VIII. The *Bonetta* to be under the entire control of Cornwallis, to go to New York with dispatches, and then to be delivered to Count de Grasse. IX. Traders not to be considered as prisoners of war, but to be granted three days to dispose of their property or remove it. X. Loyalists not to be punished on account of having joined the British army. (Washington considered this matter to be of a civil character, and would not assent to the article.) XI. Proper hospitals to be furnished for the sick and wounded; they to be attended by the British surgeons. XII. Wagons to be furnished, if possible, for the conveyance of the baggage of the officers, attending the soldiers, and of the hospital surgeons when travelling on account of the sick. XIII. The shipping and boats in the harbor, with all their appendages, arms, and clothing, to be delivered up, unimpaired, after the private property was unloaded. XIV. No article of the capitulation to be infringed on pretext of reprisal, and if there be any doubtful expressions in it, these are to be interpreted according to the common meaning and acceptation of the words.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th of October, 1781, the British army marched out of Yorktown, and delivered up their colors, and laid down their arms, according to the terms of surrender, and with this ceremony, the siege of Yorktown was brought to a final close. The allies lost during this siege, which lasted thirteen days, about 300 men in killed and wounded. The British lost 156 men killed, 326 wounded, and seventy missing. The whole number of prisoners was little over 7,000. Seventy-five brass, and 160 iron cannons; 7,794 muskets; twenty-eight regimental standards; a large quantity of cannon, and musket-balls, bombs, carriages, etc., etc., fell into the hands of the victors, together with the military chest which contained $11,000 in specie.

With the fall of Yorktown, the British power in the American States was crushed forever. Joy went up from the hearthstone of every family in the land; and shortly afterward, the mother country acknowledged the independence of the United States. Peace again rested on the land; Washington had fulfilled his mission. His country was free.

ZAMA.—The battle of Zama was fought in the year 202, B.C. Scipio, after conquering all Spain, returned to Rome, and was appointed consul. Not content with the laurels he had already won, he determined upon an enterprise, which, if successful, should eclipse all his former victories. This was the conquest of Africa. Accordingly, he crossed over thither, and made it the seat of the war. The devastation of the country, the siege of Utica, one of the strongest cities of Africa; the total defeat of the two armies under Sphyax and Asdrubal, whose camp was burned by Scipio, and afterward the taking of Sphyax himself prisoner, who was the most powerful resource the Carthaginians had left; all these things forced them at last to turn their thoughts to peace. They therefore sent a deputation of thirty of their principal senators to Scipio. When the senators were introduced into the Roman general's tent, they all prostrated themselves before him, and humbly sued for peace. But the conditions on which Scipio offered them peace were extremely severe, yet the senators feigned a compliance with them, that they might gain time to send for Hannibal and his army to return to their assistance. Scipio granted a truce to the Carthaginians, who immediately sent an express to Hannibal to order his return into Africa. Hannibal obeyed, and returned into Africa with all his forces, and encamped within a short distance of the Roman army, at Zama, which lies at the distance of five days' journey from Carthage. The Carthaginians, in the mean time, had broken their truce with the Romans; first, by seizing a Roman fleet of 200 vessels of burden, richly laden, when it was dispersed near Carthage by a violent storm, while on its way from Sicily into Africa; and secondly, by ill-treating the deputies whom Scipio sent

to the Carthaginian senate to complain of the outrage on the fleet. The courage of the Carthaginians was increased by the presence of Hannibal, and they continually exhorted him to give battle at once to the Romans. But Hannibal, on the contrary, meditated peace. He flattered himself that he could make a peace with Scipio on more honorable terms than had been offered to the deputation from the senate. He, therefore, sent to desire an interview with the Roman general, which was agreed to, and the time and place appointed. They met in an open space between the two armies; in sight of each other, these two generals, who were not only the most illustrious of their own age, but of all who have been recorded in any former time, both stood for some time silent, struck dumb as it were by mutual admiration. Hannibal spoke first, and after representing the mutual advantages which would be derived from a peace between the Romans and Carthaginians, he concluded by declaring that the Carthaginians would willingly relinquish all those places on account of which the war was begun: Sicily, Sardinia, Spain, and all the islands that lie in any part of the sea, between Africa and Italy. That they would confine themselves wholly to Africa, while they beheld the Romans, extending their sovereignty by land and sea over the most remote regions. Scipio replied, that if the Carthaginians were willing to accept the terms which he had formerly offered them, and also to make full restitution for the ships and stores which they had seized during the subsistence of the truce, and for the insult they had offered his embassadors, he would lay the matter before his council. But if they also deemed these conditions severe, Hannibal might return to his camp, and prepare for battle. The two generals now separated without coming to any accommodations. Hannibal could not prevail with himself to accept Scipio's conditions, and returned to his army with the resolution to decide the fate of Carthage by a general battle. Both generals now prepared their armies for the approaching engagement, and both incited their soldiers to valorous deeds. Hannibal recounted the exploits of sixteen years in the heart of Italy; he enumerated the Roman generals he had slain, and the victories he had won. And, as he passed through the lines of his army, whenever he came to a soldier who had distinguished himself in any former battle, he reminded him of the honors he had already received, and promised him tenfold more, if he would behave as valiantly during the coming strife.

Scipio reminded his men of Spain; of his late victories in Africa, and of the fear manifested by the enemy in suing for peace. "The close of the war is nigh at hand," said he, proudly erecting himself, while animation and joy flashed from his eye. "Carthage, with all its wealth is within your reach, and after you have grasped it you shall return to your homes, to your parents, your children, your wives, and your household gods." Scipio then placed his army in battle array; he drew up the spearmen in the van. Behind them he placed the first rankmen, and closed the rear with the veterans. He did not, as usual, place the cohorts in close order, each before their own colors, but posted the companies at some distance from each other, that there might be room to admit the elephants of the enemy, without disturbing the ranks. He planted Lælius with the Italian cavalry on the left wing, and Massinissa and the Numidians on the right. The intervals between the cohorts he filled up with light-armed troops, and gave them directions, on the attack of the elephants, either to retire to the rear of the files, or opening to left and right; to form along with the cohorts. Thus a passage would be left for the elephants, through which they might advance exposed on both sides to the weapons of his soldiers. Hannibal, in order to terrify the enemy, placed his elephants in the front. Of these animals there were eighty, a greater number than he had ever before brought into the field. Next to them he posted the auxiliary Ligurians and Gauls, with the Balcarians and Moors intermixed. In the second line he placed the Carthaginians, Africans, and the Macedonians; and then leaving a moderate opening he formed the line of reserve, consisting of Italian soldiers mostly Bruttians, the chief number of whom had followed him on his departure from Italy by compulsion, and through necessity, rather than from inclination. He covered the flanks with cavalry, the Carthaginians being posted on the right, and the Numidians on the left. Hannibal and his generals now went through the lines, exhorting and encouraging the soldiers. While they were thus engaged, Scipio gave the signal for battle. The trumpets and cornets were sounded, and the Romans raised such a shout, that the elephants, particularly in the left wing, were frightened at the sound, and turned back upon their own men, the Moors and Numidians, throwing them into complete disorder. At this moment Massinissa charged them, and driving them back, divested their line of that flank of the cover of the cavalry. A few of the elephants, however, unaffrighted, were urged on against the Romans. The huge beasts dashed upon the light troops, trampling them under foot, and beating them down with their trunks. At length after committing fearful havoc, they were driven away from the Roman lines

by the weapons showered upon them, from all sides; wild with rage and pain they rushed upon the Carthaginian cavalry in their own right wing, and threw it into disorder. Now Lælius, seeing the enemy in this confusion, charged their disabled troops, who after a feeble resistance, took to flight. The Carthaginian line was therefore exposed on both flanks, not having the cavalry to cover them, when the infantry began to engage. With a shout that struck terror to the hearts of their enemies, the Roman soldiers dashed upon the enemy. At the very first onset the Carthaginian line gave way. The Romans thrust them back with their elbows and the bosses of their shields, and stepping forward into the places from which they had dislodged them, they gained ground rapidly. The rear rank also, on perceiving the enemy's line shrink, pushed forward those who were before them, and in this manner, the enemy were gradually driven back toward the second line. But the Africans and Carthaginians, fearing that the Romans, in case they cut through the first line, might close with them, drew back, instead of advancing to the aid of their auxiliaries. Upon this the auxiliaries fairly turned their backs, and facing about to their own party, some of them retreated into the second line, while others who were not received there, enraged at not being supported before, and being now excluded, fiercely attacked them. Thus the Carthaginians were obliged in a manner to fight two battles; one against their mercenary troops, and the other against the Romans. They vigorously repelled the attack of these craven soldiers, and with great slaughter drove them off, to the wings, and to the open plains around the field of battle. The space formerly occupied by the auxiliaries was piled up with such numbers of the slain, that the Romans found it impossible to force a passage through the great heaps of carcases and weapons.

The ground, deluged with blood, was so slippery that men stumbled at every step, and soon both their battalions and ranks were in disorder. The second line seeing the confusion of the line before them, began to waver, and Scipio, observing this, instantly caused a retreat to be sounded for the spearmen. Carrying the wounded to the rear, he brought up the first rankmen and veterans, to the wings, in order that the line of spearmen in the center might be the more firm and secure. Thus a new battle was begun. The Romans had now to deal with the Africans and Carthaginians, men who were on an equal footing with them, both in respect to the kind of arms they used, the fame of their exploits, and the greatness of their hopes and dangers. But the Romans were superior to the enemy in numbers. They charged upon the first line of the Carthaginian army, with such fury that the enemy was fairly crushed before them. At this critical juncture the cavalry under Lælius and Massinissa who had pursued the flying horse of the Carthaginians to some distance, returned, and charging the rear of the enemy, effectually routed them. Many were surrounded in the field and slain; while many who escaped into the open country adjoining, were pursued and slain by the Roman cavalry. Hannibal, after vainly endeavoring to rally his troops, escaped during the confusion, with a few horsemen, and fled to Hadrumetum. Of the Carthaginians and their allies there were slain in this battle, more than 20,000, about the same number were taken prisoners, with 133 military standards and eleven elephants. The conquerors lost only 2,000 men. This battle closed the Punic war. The Carthaginians accepted the conditions dictated by Scipio, and peace was declared. See *Battle of Cannæ*.

ZAMORA, A.D. 939.—Zamora, in Spain, in early history, was a frontier town of great importance, as a barrier to Moorish invasion. In the month of July, 939, the Moors, under Abdu-er-Rahman, besieged Zamora, with the stern determination of taking it at all hazards. But the Christian army, under Ramiro II., advanced to the relief of the town, and a fierce battle was fought before its walls. Zamora was then surrounded by seven lines of walls; the space between which was defended by moats; and, it is stated, 40,000 Moslems were killed in these trenches during the siege and battle. In 985, Zamora was taken and destroyed by the Moors under the great Al-Mansoor. Zamora was rebuilt by Ferdinand I.

ZELA, B.C. 47.—The battle of Zela was fought between the forces of Cæsar and the army of Pharnaces, king of Pontus. Pharnaces, with his army, occupied a hill in the neighborhood of Zela, which he had fixed upon because it had been the scene of a victory which his father, Mithridates, had obtained over a Roman army under Triarius; and, in order to secure himself, had repaired his father's lines, and seemed determined to maintain this post. Cæsar's army consisted of only about 1,000 men. Having lain for some days within five miles of Pharnaces, he advanced to an eminence separated from the camp of the enemy only by a narrow valley sunk between steep banks. He came upon this ground in the night, and began to intrench himself as usual, having a party under arms to cover the workmen. As at break of day, the greater part of his army appeared to be at work, Pharnaces deemed this a favorable opportunity to attack the Romans, and be-

gan to make his dispositions for the battle. Cæsar, imagining that he only meant to give an alarm, and to interrupt his workmen, even after he was in motion, did not order the Roman legions to desist from their work, nor to arm; but seeing him descend into the valley, and attempt to pass it in the face of his advanced guard, he sounded to arms, and was scarcely formed when the enemy had passed both banks of the valley to attack him. The troops of Pharnaces began the action with an ardor that was suited to the boldness with which they had advanced; and Cæsar's contempt of their designs nearly exposed him to a defeat. But the action, which was doubtful everywhere else, was decided by the veterans of the sixth legion, before whom the enemy began to give way, fled with precipitation down the declivity, and fell into general rout. Pharnaces fled with a few attendants, and narrowly escaped being taken. "How cheap is fame," said Cæsar, as he surveyed the flying enemy, "when obtained by fighting against such an enemy!" Cæsar, in announcing this victory, sent his famous dispatch to the Roman senate, in three words: "*Veni, vidi, vici*,"—"I came, I saw, I conquered." This battle concluded the war. Pharnaces escaped into Bosphorus, where he was slain by his lieutenant Asander; and Pontus was made a province of Rome, while Bosphorus was given to Mithridates of Pergamus.

ZURICH, A.D. 1799.—Near Zurich, a city of Switzerland, a battle took place on the 22d of July, 1443, between the Swiss and the Austrians, in which the latter were defeated. A battle was also fought at Zurich between the French republicans and the Russians and Austrians, on the 26th of August, 1799.

Zurich was occupied by the republican forces, under Massena. Their line extended from the intrenched heights of Zurich, through those of Regensburgh, and to the Rhine, in a direction nearly parallel to the course of the river Aar. The camp around Zurich was strengthened by formidable redoubts, at which, for more than a month, the army had been engaged upon, and the surrounding country being filled with wooded heights and precipitous ravines, rendered the approach to Zurich very difficult. The greater part of the imperial army, commanded by the Archduke Charles and Hotza, were concentrated in the environs of the town. On the 5th of June, the archduke attacked Massena along the whole line. The principal attack was against their center and right. Hotza gained at first, at the latter point, what seemed an important success; his advanced posts even penetrated into the suburbs of Zurich, and carried the whole intrenchments, by which the right of the army was covered; but, before night, Soult coming up with the reserve, the lost ground was retaken, and the Austrians forced back to their former position. At the same time the battle raged in the center with uncertain success, and the archduke seeing the repulse of Hotza, and deeming the heights of Zurichberg the decisive point, detached General Wallis, with a part of the reserve, to renew the attack, while the Prince of Lorraine made a simultaneous attack on the side of the Atlisberg. Wallis was at first successful, carried the farm of Zurichberg, and, after a violent struggle, arrived at the pallisades of the intrenchments; but Massena, discovering the danger, hurried to the spot at the head of a column of grenadiers, and attacked the Austrians in flank, while a terrific fire of grape and musketry from the summit of the works, cut down the foremost of their ranks. With all their desperate efforts, the imperialists were unable to force the intrenchments; Hotza was severely wounded, and, after a bloody conflict, they retired over the Glatt, leaving 3,000 killed and wounded on the battle-field. The archduke was not disheartened by this loss, and, after a day of rest, made arrangements for a renewal of the battle. Before the break of day, on the morning of the 6th, two columns, of 8,000 men each, were destined to attack the heights of Zurich and Wipchengen, while the left, the reserve, and part of the center were to support them. But Massena, fearful of the result, retreated during the night, and took post between Lucerne and Zurich, on Mount Albis, a rocky ridge reaching from the lake of Zurich to the river Aar, a much stronger position than his former one. The retreat was effected without loss, the darkness being in his favor; but the great arsenal, containing 150 pieces of cannon, and a great amount of warlike stores, on the next day fell into the hands of the imperial army.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF THE

BATTLES AND SIEGES RECORDED IN THIS VOLUME.

PAGE		B. C.
74	Bactra, besieged by Ninus, king of Assyria	2184
314	Kings, battle of the, defeat of the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah	1918
513	Red Sea, destruction of the Egyptians	1491
295	Jericho, besieged by Israelites under Joshua	1451
14	Ai, besieged by Israelites	1451
236	Esdraelon, battle of, between Canaanites and Israelites	1316
621	Thebes, in Boetia, siege of	1252
622	Thebes, in Palestine, besieged by Abimelech	1214
648	Troy, siege of	1184
49	Arcadia, the Arcadian women defeat the Spartans	1169
295	Jerusalem, besieged by the Jebusites	1048
295	Jerusalem, besieged by the Egyptians	976
558	Samaria, besieged by the Syrians	907
559	Samaria, besieged by the Syrians	906
559	Samaria, besieged by Joram, king of Syria	891
533	Rome, besieged by the Sabines	747
416	Nineveh, besieged by Medes and Babylonians	747
52	Argives and Spartans, the battle of the 600	735
559	Samaria besieged by Assyrians	721
295	Jerusalem, besieged by Syrians and Israelites	715
70	Azoth, besieged by Egyptians	670
279	Horath and Curatii, Romans and Albans	669
259	Gaza, besieged by Alexander	633
508	Bagan, Medes and Assyrians	625
295	Jerusalem, besieged by Nebuchadnezzar	587
269	Halys (eclipse of the sun), Medes and Lydians	585
625	Thymbra, Crœsus defeated by Cyrus	548
562	Sardis, besieged by Cyrus	548
70	Babylon, besieged by Cyrus	538
73	Babylon, revolt and reduction of	516
602	Sybaris, Crotonians and Sybarites	508
533	Rome, besieged by Porsenna	507
562	Sardis, besieged by Athenians	503
197	Coriolli, besieged by Romans	492
358	Marathon, defeat of the Persians	490
534	Rome, besieged by Coriolanus	488
282	Hymera, Greeks and Carthaginians	480
623	Thermopylæ, Greeks and Persians	480
62	Athens, besieged by Persians	480
55	Artemisium, Greeks and Persians	480
400	Mycale, Greeks and Persians	479
479	Platæa, Greeks and Persians	479
238	Eurymedon, Greeks and Persians	470
139	Byblos, Greeks and Persians	454
167	Chæona, besieged by Athenians	447
283	Ipsus, defeat of Antigonus	431
481	Platæa, besieged by Lacedæmonians	428
427	Olpæ, Eurydochus slain	424
588	Solygia, Corinthians and Athenians	423
634	Torone, besieged by Athenians	422
603	Syracuse, besieged by Athenians	415
569	Selinuntum, besieged by Carthaginians	412
13	Agrigentum, besieged by Carthaginians	409
220	Cyzicum, Athenians and Lacedæmonians	408
139	Byzantium, besieged by Athenians	408
399	Motya, besieged by Dionysius	404
62	Athens, besieged by the Spartans	404
613	Syracuse, besieged by Carthaginians	403
211	Cunaxa, battle of, followed by the retreat of the 10,000 Greeks	400
243	Falerii, Romans and Falerii	394
534	Rome, besieged by Brennus	387
325	Leuctra, Epaminondas and Cleombrotus	371
363	Mantinea, Epaminondas slain	363
515	Rhodes, besieged by Queen Artemisia	352
209	Crimesus, Greeks and Carthaginians	343
140	Byzantium, besieged by Philip of Macedon	341

PAGE		B. C.
167	Chæronea, Macedonians and Athenians	338
621	Thebes, in Boetia, besieged by Alexander the Great	334
649	Tunis, besieged by Carthaginians	334
265	Granicus, Greeks and Persians	334
287	Issus, defeat of Darius by Alexander	333
656	Tyre, besieged by Alexander	332
259	Gaza besieged by Alexander	332
47	Arbela, Darius defeated by Alexander	331
473	Persepolis, besieged by Alexander	330
280	Hydaspes, Porus and Alexander	326
203	Crannon, confederate Greeks and Macedonians	322
658	Tyre, besieged by Antigonus	313
259	Gaza, Ptolemy and Demetrius	312
517	Rhodes, besieged by Demetrius	303
435	Palmyra, besieged by the Romans	273
52	Lacedæmon, besieged by Pyrrhus	272
319	Argos, death of Pyrrhus	272
67	Veii, besieged by the Romans	271
364	Messina, first Punic war commenced	264
400	Mylæ, Carthaginians and Romans	259
149	Carthage, besieged by Romans	252
435	Palermo, captured by Romans	250
195	Corinth, besieged by Aratus	242
568	Salasia, Cleomenes and Antigonus	223
11	Adda, Romans defeated by Insubrians	223
435	Palmyra, besieged by the Romans	219
479	Placencia, Hannibal and the Romans	219
629	Ticinus, Hannibal and Scipio	217
510	Raphia, Ptolemy and Antiochus	217
643	Trebia, Hannibal and Sempronius	217
624	Thrasymenus, Hannibal and Flaminus	217
154	Carthagena, besieged by Romans	216
148	Cannæ, defeat of Romans by Hannibal	216
613	Syracuse, besieged by Romans; Archimedes slain	214
617	Tarentum, besieged by Romans	212
536	Rome, besieged by Hannibal	211
409	Metaurus, Asdrubal defeated by Nero	208
665	Utica, besieged by the Romans	203
711	Zama, Hannibal the Great defeated by Scipio Africanus	202
6	Abydos, besieged by Philip of Macedon	201
207	Cremona, besieged by Gauls	200
221	Octopolophos, Romans and Macedonians	199
25	Ambracia, Romans and Greeks	198
221	Cynocephalæ, Greeks and Romans	197
7	Abydos, besieged by Romans	190
150	Carthage, besieged by Romans	148
197	Corinth, besieged by Romans	146
559	Samaria, besieged by Hyrcanus	120
637	Toulouse, besieged by Cepio	106
536	Rome, besieged by Sylla	87
63	Athens, besieged by Sylla	87
167	Chærona defeat of Archelaus	86
143	Callahorra, besieged by Pompey the Great	72
26	Amisus, besieged by Romans	71
207	Cremona, besieged by Romans	69
296	Jerusalem, besieged by Romans	63
362	Marseilles, besieged by Cæsar	49
523	Rimini, besieged by Cæsar	49
479	Pharsalia, Pompey and Cæsar	48
666	Utica, besieged by Cæsar	46
713	Zela, veni, vidi, vici	47
15	Alexandria, Ptolemy and Cæsar	46
400	Munda, Cæsar and Pompey	45
475	Philippi, Brutus and Cassius, and Octavius and Antony	42
47	Aradus, Romans	38
296	Jerusalem, besieged by Herod	37

PAGE		A. D.
696	Winnefeld, Varus defeated by Arminius	9
584	Shropshire, Caractacus taken prisoner	51
440	Paris, besieged by the Romans	52
106	Boadicea, Queen of England, defeated	61
297	Jerusalem, besieged by Titus	66
264	Grampian Hills, Scots and Picts	79
140	Byzantium, besieged by the Emperor Severus	196
347	Lyons, Albinus and the Emperor Severus	197
16	Alexandria, sacked by Caracalla	213
16	Alexandria, civil war in	260
404	Naisus, Goths and Romans	269
435	Palmyra, besieged by Romans	273
16	Alexandria, besieged by Diocletian	296
362	Marseilles, besieged by Constantine	310
654	Turin, Constantine and Maxentius	312
12	Adrianople, Licinus defeated by Constantine.	323
140	Byzantium, besieged by Constantine	323
383	Milan, besieged by the Goths	338
52	Argentaria, Germans and Romans	378
45	Aquella, Eugenius defeated	388
537	Rome, besieged by Alaric, the Goth	408
537	Rome, taken and sacked by Alaric	410
638	Tournai, besieged by the Franks	438
401	Nantes, besieged by the Huns	445
429	Orleans, besieged by the Huns	451
169	Chalons, defeat of the Huns	451
633	Toledo, besieged by the Goths	457
208	Crayford, Saxons and Britons	457
470	Pavia, besieged by the Goths	476
511	Ravenna, besieged by the Romans	488
233	Edessa, besieged by the Persians	503
401	Naples, besieged by the Romans	537
523	Rimini, besieged by the Goths	538
537	Rome, besieged by the Goths	538
26	Antioch, besieged by Persians	540
402	Naples, besieged by the Goths	543
539	Rome, besieged by the Goths	544
233	Edessa, besieged by the Persians	544
233	Edessa, besieged by the Persians	549
540	Rome, besieged by the Goths	549
511	Ravenna, besieged by Belisarius	550
562	Sarnus, Telas, the Gothic king, slain	553
616	Tagina, Totila killed	552
186	Constantinople, besieged by the Huns	559
470	Pavia, besieged by the Lombards	572
16	Alexandria, taken by Chosroes, King of Persia	611
300	Jerusalem, besieged by the Persians	613
300	Jerusalem, besieged by the Saracens	635
26	Antioch, besieged by Saracens	638
658	Tyre, besieged by the Turks	638
409	Nehawund, Arabs and Persians	638
16	Alexandria, besieged by Amrou	640
223	Damascus, besieged by Saracens	642
223	Ainadin, defeat of Heraclius	642
16	Alexandria, besieged by Amrou	645
187	Constantinople, besieged the Khan of Abares	670
187	Constantinople, besieged by Tezid	672
312	Kairae, Mohammed poisoned	682
562	Saragossa, taken by the Saracens	712
633	Toledo, captured by the Moors	714
365	Merida, taken by the Moors	715
641	Tours, Charles Martel and the Saracens	732
470	Pavia, besieged by the Lombards	774
440	Pampeluna, taken by Charlemagne	778
543	Roncesvalles, Roland slain	778
84	Barcelona, taken by Charlemagne and his allies	801
634	Tortosa, besieged by Louis Debonnaire	811
402	Naples, besieged by the Prince of Beneventum	818
245	Fontenay, the sons of Louis le Debonnaire	841
568	Seefin, Alec and Mowiyah	850
401	Nantes, taken by the Normans	850
120	Boulougne, besieged by the Northmen	882
441	Paris, besieged by the Normans	885
342	Luncarty, Danes and Scots	900
713	Zamora, besieged by the Moors	939
418	Battles of the Northmen in the Western Continent	1004–11
25	Alney, single-handed combat between Edmund Ironsides and Canute	1016
365	Meerut, taken by Mahmoud	1018
187	Clontarf, Danes and Irish	1039
271	Hastings, Saxons and Normans	Sept. 29, 1066
434	Palermo, taken by the Normans	1072
540	Rome, besieged by Henry III. of Germany	1084
633	Toleda, taken by the Spaniards	1085
25	Alnwick, defeat of Malcolm of Scotland	1092
416	Nice, besieged by Crusaders	1097
27	Antioch, besieged by Crusaders	Oct., 1097
234	Edessa, besieged by Crusaders	1097
35	Antioch, besieged by Crusaders	June, 1098
55	Ascalon, Crusaders and Saracens	1099
301	Jerusalem, besieged by the Crusaders	1099
562	Saragossa, taken by Alphonso of Arragon	1106
648	Tripoli, taken by the Crusaders	1108
659	Tyre, besieged by the Venetians	1123
336	Lisieux, taken by the Saxons	1130
359	Marcinago, Ghibellines of Pavia defeated	1132
123	Brompton, *Battle of the Standard*	1138
333	Lincoln, Stephen defeated	Feb. 2, 1141
510	Ransbeck	1143
335	Lisbon, besieged by Alphonso	1147
634	Tortosa, captured by Eugenius III.	1148
223	Damascus, besieged by the Crusaders	1148
634	Tortosa, besieged by the Moors	1149
383	Milan, besieged by Frederick Barbarossa	1159
650	Turin, besieged by the Arabs	1159
155	Cassano, Germans and Milanese	1160
16	Alexandria, taken by sultan of Damascus	1171
309	Jerusalem, besieged by Saladin	1187
662	Tyre, besieged by Saladin	1188
333	Limoges, besieged by Matilda, queen of Richard the Lion-hearted	1189
8	St. Jean d'Acre, besieged by Crusaders	1191
256	Fretevat, defeat of Philip Augustus	1194
336	Lisieux, taken by Philip Augustus	1203
188	Constantinople, besieged by the Crusaders	1203
544	Rouen, besieged by Philip Augustus	1204
408	Navas de Tolosa, Moors and Spaniards	1212
390	Montenacke, Brabançons and Liegeois	1213
120	Bouvines, French and Germans	July 27, 1214
226	Dover, besieged by the French	1216
334	Lincoln, Count de Perche killed	May 14, 1217
637	Toulouse, death of Simon de Montfort	1217
474	Perth, captured by Edward I.	1228
365	Merida, taken by Spaniards	1229
402	Naples, besieged by the Emperor Conrad	1253
328	Lewes, Henry III. defeated by De Montfort	May 14, 1264
240	Evesham, De Montfort slain	Aug. 4, 1265
99	Benevento, defeat of Manfred	1266
616	Tigliacozzo, Conrad IV. defeated	1268
650	Tunis, death of Louis IX.	Aug. 25, 1270
171	Chalons, English and French knights	May 1, 1274
435	Palmerno, (*Sicilian Vespers*)	1282
366	Messina, besieged by Charles of Anjou	1282
9	St. Jean d'Acre, besieged by Saracens	1291
395	Montgomery, Welsh and English	1294
104	Berwick, besieged by the English	1296
229	Dunbar, English and Scots	1296
243	Falkirk, Sir William Wallace defeated	1298
588	Spurs, first battle of, French and Flemings	July 11, 1302
341	Loudon Hill, Robert Bruce defeated	1307
83	Bannockburn, defeat of English by Robert Bruce	June 24, 1314
397	Morgarten, Swiss and Austrians	Nov. 15, 1315
230	Dundalk, English and Irish	Oct. 14, 1318
26	Amfing, Austrians defeated by Bavarians	Sept. 28, 1322
269	Hallidon Hill, English and Scots	1333
638	Tournai, besieged by Edward III.	1340
14	Aiguillon, English and French	1345
208	Cressy, Cannons first introduced	Aug. 26, 1346
231	Durham, David, King of Scotland, made prisoner	1346
141	Caen, English and French	1346
143	Calais, besieged by the English	1346
144	Calais, besieged by the French	1349
84	Battle of the Thirty, English and Bretons	March 27, 1351
486	Poictiers, English and French	Sept. 19, 1356
543	Romorantin, besieged by the Black Prince	1356
513	Rennes, besieged by the English	1357
515	Rheims, besieged by Edward III.	1359
408	Naxera, Peter the Cruel, and Don Henry	April 2, 1367
333	Limoges, taken by Nothilda	1370
530	La Rochelle, retaken from the English	1372
487	Portsmouth, French and English	1377
402	Naples, besieged by Charles Duras	1381
397	Moscow, taken by Tamerlane	1382
693	Westroosebeeke, defeat of the men of Ghent	1382
570	Sempach, Arnold von Winkelreid slain, July 9,	1386
286	Ispahan, besieged by Timour	1387
244	Falköping, Swedes and Danes	1388

PAGE		A. D.
434	Otterburn (Chevy Chase), Douglas slain.... Aug. 15,	1388
156	Cassova, death of Amurath I.....June 15,	1389
416	Nicopolis, Hungarians and Turks.....	1396
365	Meerut, taken by Timour.....	1399
584	Shrewsbury, Hotspur slain.....July 21,	1403
126	Brechin, besieged by English.....	1403
441	Paris, besieged by the Armanacs.....	1411
318	Laon, taken by the Burgundians.....	1411
69	Azincour, French and English.....Oct. 25,	1415
336	Lisieux, taken by the English.....	1415
544	Rouen, taken by the English.....	1417
142	Caen, taken by the English.....	1417
318	Laon, besieged by the English.....	1419
26	Anjou, English defeated by French....April 3,	1421
389	Mons, taken by Jean IV.....	1425
429	Orleans, besieged by the English.....	1428
470	Patay, Joan of Arc and the English...July 10,	1429
442	Paris, besieged by Charles VII.....	1429
365	Mayence, besieged by the English.....	1429
318	Laon, taken by the French.....	1429
649	Troyes, besieged by Joan of Arc.....	1429
197	Compiegne, Joan of Arc made prisoner ..May,	1430
402	Naples, besieged by Alphonso of Arragon....	1442
714	Zurich, Swiss and Austrians.....July 22,	1443
548	Saint Jacob, Swiss and French.....Aug. 16,	1444
670	Varna, Hungarians and Turks.....Nov. 10,	1444
336	Lisieux, taken by Charles VII.....	1448
544	Rouen, taken by the French.....	1449
246	Formigny French and English.....	1450
157	Castillon, General Talbot slain.....July 23,	1452
193	Constantinople, besieged by the Turks.....	1453
547	St. Albans, Yorkists and Lancasterians, May 22,	1455
105	Bloreheath, Yorkists and Lancasterians.... Sept. 23,	1459
680	Wakefield, Yorkists and Lancasterians..... Dec. 24,	1460
547	St. Albans, Yorkists and Lancasterians..... Feb. 17,	1461
642	Towton, Yorkists and Lancasterians, March 29,	1461
275	Hexham, Lancasterians and Yorkists.....	1464
443	Paris, besieged by "The League for the Public Good".....	1465
226	Dinant, besieged by Philip the Good.....	1466
318	Laval, taken by the French.....	1466
332	Liege, besieged by Philip the Good....Oct. 30,	1468
588	Stamford, Sir Robert Welles defeated, Mar. 13,	1470
84	Barnet, Edward IV. and Earl of Warwick.... April 14,	1471
619	Tewkesbury, final defeat of Lancasterians.... May 4,	1471
94	Beauvais, besieged by Charles the Bold.... July 10,	1472
474	Perpignan, taken by Louis XI.....	1474
401	Nancy, besieged by Charles the Bold.....	1475
325	Lepanto, besieged by the Turks.....	1475
336	Morat, Charles the Bold and the Swiss, June 22,	1476
401	Nancy, taken by Duke of Lorraine.....Oct. 6,	1476
401	Nancy, Charles the Bold slain.....June 5,	1477
434	Otranto, taken by the Turks.....	1480
118	Bosworth Field, Richard III. slain...Aug. 22,	1485
543	Ronda, besieged by the Spaniards.....	1485
562	Sauchie Burn, death of James III. of Scotland	1488
400	Malacas, Spaniards and Moors.....	1488
94	Baza, besieged by the Spaniards.....	1489
264	Granada, besieged by Ferdinand V.....	1491
246	Fornova, Charles VIII. and the Milanese.....	1495
104	Blackheath, defeat of the Cornish rebels..... June 22,	1497
384	Milan, besieged by the Chevalier Bayard.....	1499
275	Hemmingstedt, Ditmarshers and Danes.....	1500
598	Stockholm, besieged by the Swedes.....	1501
402	Naples, besieged by Ferdinand V.....	1503
365	Mendavia, Cæsar Borgia slain.....	1507
638 / 624	Therouanne, besieged by the English, Aug. 22,	1513
638	Tournai, besieged by Henry VIII.....	1513
588	Second Battle of the Spurs, French and English.....Aug. 16,	1513
245	Flodden, James IV. of Scotland slain, Sept. 19,	1513
361	Marignan, Swiss and French.....	1515
223	Daritz, Egyptians and Turks.....Aug. 7,	1516
523	Rio Tobasco, Cortez and Indians.....Feb.,	1519
165	Cuetla, Cortez and the Indians..... March,	1519
223	Battle of the Defile, Spaniards and the Indians.....	1519
631	Tlascalans and Spaniards.....	1519
161	Cempoalla, Spaniards and Mexicans.....	1520
366	Mexico, Spaniards and Mexicans.....	1520
373	The Melancholy Night, Spaniards and Mexicans.....	1520
427	Otumba, Spaniards and Mexicans.....July 7,	1520
598	Stockholm, besieged by Christian II.....	1520
375	Mexico, besieged by Spaniards.....May 10,	1521
520	Rhodes, besieged by Solyman II.....	1521
95	Belgrade, besieged by the Turks.....	1521
617	Temeswar, besieged by Solyman II.....	1522
90	Bayonne, bayonets first used.....	1523
471	Pavia, besieged by the French.....	1525
385	Mohacz, Solyman the Magnificent and Hungarians.....Aug. 29,	1526
541	Rome, besieged by the Duke of Bourbon.....	1527
155	Cassel, besieged by the French.....	1528
675	Vienna, besieged by Soliman II.....Oct. 12,	1529
496	Puna, Spaniards and Peruvians.....	1531
159	Caxamalca, Spaniards and Peruvians, Nov. 16,	1532
624	Therouanne, besieged by Charles V.....	1533
653	Tunis, besieged by Charles V.....	1535
216	Cuzco, Pizarro and the Peruvians.....Feb.,	1536
654	Turin, captured by the French.....	1536
5	Abancay, Alvarado defeated by Almagro.... July 12,	1537
142	Caen, taken by the French.....	1540
19	Algiers, defeat of Charles V.....	1541
588	Solway Moss, English and Scots.....Nov. 25,	1542
548	St. Dizier, besieged by the French.....	1544
163	Ceresole, Austrians and French.....April 14,	1544
120	Boulogne, besieged by Henry VIII ..July 25,	1544
362	Marseilles, besieged by the Constable de Bourbon.....	1544
95	Bedlis, defeat of Solyman.....	1544
26	Ancram, English defeated by Scots.....	1545
478	Pinkey, English and Scots.....Sept. 10,	1547
312	Ket and Warwick.....	1549
95	Bedlis, defeat of Solyman the Magnificent....	1554
359	Marcians, Tuscans and French.....	1555
143	Calais, besieged by the English.....	1557
403	Naples, besieged by the French.....	1557
558	St. Quentin, French and Allies.....Aug. 10,	1557
667	Valenciennes, defeat of Huguenots.....	1557
294	Jerba, Spaniards and Turks.....	1558
145	Calais, besieged by the French.....	1558
81	Bagdad, taken and sacked by Holakoo.....	1559
229	Dreux, Condé and Montmorency.....	1562
432	Orleans, besieged by Duke of Guise.....	1563
356	Malta, besieged by the Turks.....June,	1565
247	Fort Caroline, Spaniards and Huguenots.... Sept. 21,	1565
318	Langside, defeat of Mary, Queen of Scots... May 15,	1568
291	Jarnac, death of Prince of Condé....March 14,	1569
325	Lepanto, Cervantes wounded.....Oct. 7,	1571
397	Moscow, captured by the Tartars.....	1571
336	Lisieux, taken by the Leaguers.....	1571
268	Haarlem, besieged by the Spaniards.....	1572
21	Alkmaer, besieged by the Spaniards.....	1573
531	La Rochelle, besieged by Henry III.....	1573
330	Leyden, a celebrated siege.....	1574
336	Livron, besieged by Henry III. of France....	1574
350	Maestricht, besieged by the Spaniards.....	1576
350	Maestricht, besieged by Prince of Parma....	1579
142	Cahors, besieged by Henry IV. of France.... May 5,	1580
689	Tournai, besieged by Prince of Parma	1581
40	Antwerp, besieged by French.....Jan. 17,	1583
40	Antwerp, besieged by Spaniards..... Aug. 17,	1585
103	Bergen-op-zoom, besieged by Spaniards,.....	1585
559	San Domingo, taken by the English.....	1586
667	Vachtendonck, besieged by the Spaniards....	1588
444	Paris, Death of Henry III..... July 22,	1589
336	Lisieux, taken by Henry IV. of France	1589
26	Anet, victory of Henry IV. of France.....	1590
318	Laon, captured by Henry IV.....	1594
264	Glenlivit, Huntley and Argyle	1594
141	Cadiz, besieged by the English ..... June 12,	1596
106	Bommel, besieged by the Spaniards..... May,	1599
62	Athenry, Irish and English	1599
433	Ostend, besieged by the Spaniards.....	1601
433	Ostend, surrendered to Spaniards..... Sept. 9,	1604
103	Bergen-op-zoom, besieged by the Spaniards ..	1622
273	Heidelberg, besieged by Tilly.....	1622
81	Bagdad.....	1625
532	La Rochelle, besieged by the Cardinal de Richelieu.....	1627
319	Leipsic, Gustavus Adolphus and Tilly. Sept. 7,	1631
843	Lutzen, Gustavus Adolphus slain ..... Nov. 6,	1632

PAGE		A. D.
351	Maestricht, besieged by the Prince of Orange,	1632
417	Nordlingen, Swedes aud Allies,	1634
81	Bagdad, besieged by Amurath IV,	1634
401	Nancy, taken by Louis XIII,	1634
473	Pequot Hill, English and Indians, June 5,	1637
353	Magdeburg, taken and sacked by Tilly,	1637
81	Bagdad, besieged by Amurath IV,	1638
235	Edgehill Fight, defeat of the Earl of Essex, Oct. 23,	1642
390	Leipsic, Protestants and Imperialists, Nov. 2,	1642
474	Perpignan, taken by Louis XIII,	1642
602	Stratton, Edward Waller defeated, May 16,	1643
410	Newbury, Charles I. and Parliamentary army Sept. 20,	1643
410	Newark, besieged by Parliamentary troops,	1643
362	Marston Moor, Charles I. defeated, July 3,	1644
410	Newbury, Charles I. and Parliamentary army Oct. 27,	1644
400	Mowbray, Parliament troops defeated,	1644
230	Dundee, English and Scots,	1645
19	Alford, Royalists defeated by Covenanters,	1645
407	Naseby, Charles I. defeated, June 14,	1645
569	Selkirk, Montrose defeated,	1645
410	Newark, surrendered to the Scots, May 11,	1646
230	Dungan Hill, English and Irish,	1647
570	Senneffe, Prince of Condé and the Confederates, Aug. 11,	1647
227	Drogheda, besieged by Cromwell,	1649
229	Dunbar, Oliver Cromwell and the Scots,	1650
149	Canton, taken by the Tartars,	1650
230	Dundee, besieged by General Monk, Aug. 28,	1651
699	Worcester, Charles II. defeated, Sept. 3,	1651
474	Perth, taken by Oliver Cromwell,	1651
19	Algiers, bombarded by Admiral Blake,	1653
53	Arras, Condé and Turenne, Aug. 24,	1654
488	Praga, Poles and Swedes,	1656
83	Barranow, Poles and Swedes,	1656
231	Dunkirk, Spaniards and Allies, June 4,	1658
425	Nyeborg, Danes and Swedes,	1659
259	Frontiera, Spaniards and Portuguese,	1663
668	Valenciennes, captured by Louis XIV, March 17,	1667
640	Tournai, besieged by Louis XIV,	1667
351	Maestricht, besieged by Louis XIV, June 10,	1673
244	Fehrbellen, Swedes and Prussians,	1675
602	Sudbury, Americans and Indians, April 18,	1676
352	Maestricht, besieged by the Prince of Orange, July 19,	1676
665	Udevalla, Danes and Swedes,	1678
119	Bothwell Bridge, Covenanters and Royalists	1679
567	Sedgemoor, Lord Monmouth defeated, July 5,	1685
385	Mohacz, defeat of Turks,	1687
273	Heidelberg, taken by General Melac,	1688
337	Londonderry, besieged by army of King James II, April,	1688
95	Belgrade, besieged by the Elector of Bavaria,	1688
313	Killiecrankie, English and Scots, July 27,	1689
120	Boyne, King William and King James, July 1,	1690
171	Charleroi (Fleurus), Luxemburg and the Allies, July 1,	1690
566	Schenectady, massacre of the settlers, Feb. 8,	1691
389	Mons, besieged by Louis XIV,	1691
67	Aughrim, Irish and the English, July 12,	1691
333	Limerick, besieged by English,	1691
237	Enguien, Marshal Luxemburg and the British, Aug. 3,	1692
401	Namur, taken by Louis XIV,	1692
273	Heidelberg, taken by the French,	1693
408	Neerwindin, Marshal de Luxemburg and the English, July 29,	1693
126	Brest, besieged by English,	1694
401	Namur, taken by the English,	1695
229	Drumclog, Claverhouse defeated, June 1,	1697
81	Ballinahinch, Irish and English, June,	1698
405	Narva, Peter the Great and Charles XII, Nov. 30,	1700
401	Namur, taken by the French,	1701
350	Madras, besieged by Dahood Khan,	1702
208	Cremona, besieged by Prince Eugene,	1702
680	Warsaw, taken by Charles XII,	1703
495	Pultusk, Charles XII. and the Saxons, May 1,	1703
624	Thorn, besieged by Charles XII, Oct. 30,	1703
105	Blenheim, English and Dutch, and French and Bavarians, Aug. 2,	1704
277	Hochstadt, do. do., do. do, Aug. 2,	1704
84	Barcelona, Prince of Darmstadt slain,	1705
508	Ramillies, English and the Allies, May 23,	1706
312	Kalisk, Swedes and Poles,	1706

PAGE		A. D.
24	Almanza, French and Allies, April 9,	1707
825	Lerida, taken by the French,	1707
435	Oudenarde, Prince Eugene and Burgundians, July 11,	1708
490	Pultowa, Peter the Great and Charles XII, July 8,	1709
355	Malplaquet, Prince Engene and the Duke of Marlborough, Sept. 11,	1709
680	Villaviosa, French and Spaniards,	1710
126	Brihuega, French and Allies,	1710
600	Straslund, besieged by Charles XII,	1713
155	Cassano, Prince Eugene and Vendome,	1715
617	Temeswar, besieged by Prince Eugene,	1716
230	Dumblane (*Sheriffmuir*), Charles the Pretender, Nov. 12,	1715
473	Peterwardin, Prince Eugene and the Turks,	1716
385	Mokhause, besieged by the Tartars,	1717
95	Belgrade, besieged by Prince Eugene, June 19,	1717
254	Frederichshald, Charles XII. slain, Dec. 11,	1718
549	St. Sebastian, taken by the French,	1719
286	Ispahan, besieged by the Afghans,	1722
286	Ispahan, retaken by Nadir Shah,	1727
384	Milan, blockaded by Sardinians,	1733
470	Parma, Austrians and Allies, June 29,	1734
120	Bovino, Spaniards and Imperialists,	1734
434	Otchakov, besieged by the Russians,	1737
386	Molwitz, Prussians and Austrians, April 10,	1741
488	Prague, taken by the French,	1741
680	Vilmanstrant, Swedes and Russians,	1741
14	Aiguebelle, French and Spaniards,	1742
225	Dittengen, gained by George II, June 26,	1743
701	Wyoming, Delawares and Shawnees,	1743
488	Prague, taken by the Prussians,	1744
350	Madras, besieged by the French,	1744
245	Fontenoy, Allies defeated by Marshal Saxe, April 30,	1745
256	Friedburg, Frederic the Great and Allies, June 4,	1745
384	Milan, blockaded by Spaniards,	1745
640	Tournai, besieged by Louis XV,	1745
488	Prestonpans, Charles the Pretender Sept. 21,	1745
264	Gladsmuir, Charles the Pretender Sept. 21,	1745
244	Falkiek, Charles the Pretender, Jan. 18,	1746
210	Culloden, defeat of Charles the Pretender, April 16,	1746
401	Namur, taken by the French,	1746
103	Bergen-op-zoom, besieged by the French,	1747
159	Caverypauk, French and English,	1754
122	Braddock's Defeat (Fort du Quesne), July 9,	1755
433	Oswego, English and French, July,	1755
479	Pirna, Frederic the Great and the Saxons,	1756
146	Calcutta, *The Black Hole*, June,	1756
543	Rossbach, Frederic the Great and the Allies, Nov. 5,	1757
126	Breslau, Austrians and Prussians, Nov. 22,	1757
341	Louisburg, besieged by the English, June,	1758
630	Ticonderoga, besieged by the British, July 6,	1758
427	Oldmutz, besieged by Frederic the Great,	1758
277	Hochkirchen, Prussians and Austrians Oct. 14,	1758
252	Foet St. David, taken by the French,	1758
350	Madras, besieged by the French,	1758
545	Sagan, Prussians and Russians,	1759
103	Bergen, French and Allies, April 13,	1759
284	Minden, defeat of the French, Aug. 1,	1759
216	Cunnersdorf, Russians and Prussians Aug. 12,	1759
365	Maxen, Austrians and Prussians,	1759
250	Fort Niagara, besieged by the English, July 7,	1759
501	Quebec, besieged by the English, July 30,	1759
502	Montmorenci, English and French, July 9,	1759
508	Plains of Abraham, death of Wolfe and Montcalm, Sept. 30,	1759
504	Quebec, besieged by the French, May 18,	1760
566	Schweidnitz, captured by the Austrians,	1761
244	Almeida, taken by the English,	1762
567	Schweidnitz, besieged by the Prussians Oct. 9,	1762
702	Wyoming, massacre of the settlers, Oct. 14,	1763
566	Schellenberg, Marlborough and the Bavarians,	1764
433	Ostrak, defended against 30,000 Turks,	1768
99	Bender, besieged by the Russians,	1770
585	Silistria, besieged by the Russians,	1773
329	Lexington, Americans and English, April 19,	1775
329	Concord, Americans and English, April 19,	1775
112	Boston, invested by the Americans, April,	1775
113	Bunker's Hill, Americans and English, June 17,	1775
631	Ticonderoga, captured by Col. Ethan Allen, May 10,	1775

PAGE		A. D.
702	Wyoming, civil war among the settlers	1775
417	Great Bridge (Dismal Swamp), Americans and English, Dec. 9,	1775
504	Quebec, Montgomery slain, Dec. 31,	1775
417	Norfolk, Americans and English, Jan. 1,	1776
396	Moore's Creek Bridge, Americans and English, Feb. 27,	1776
173	Charleroi (Fleurus), French and Austrians, May 26,	1776
249	Charleston, Moultrie's defense, June 28,	1776
127	Brooklyn (Long Island), Americans and English, Aug. 27,	1776
276	Harlem Heights, Americans and English, Sept. 16,	1776
693	White Plains, Americans and English, Oct. 28,	1776
258	Fort Washington, captured by the British Nov. 16,	1776
646	Trenton, Americans and English, Dec. 25,	1776
488	Princeton, Americans and English, Jan. 3,	1777
280	Hubbarbton, Americans and English, July 7,	1777
99	Bennington Heights, Americans and English, Aug. 16,	1777
250	Fort Schuyler, besieged by the English, Aug. 6,	1777
251	Oriskany, Fort Schuyler relieved, Aug. 22,	1777
589	Bemis' Heights, Americans and English, Sept. 19,	1777
590	Stillwater, Americans and English, Oct. 7,	1777
596	Saratoga, surrender of Burgoyne, Oct. 17,	1777
124	Brandywine, Americans and English, Sept. 11,	1777
470	Paoli, Americans and English, Sept. 20,	1777
260	Germantown, Americans and English, Oct. 3,	1777
512	Red Bank, Americans and English, Oct. 22,	1777
387	Monmouth, Americans and English, June 28,	1778
705	Wyoming, massacre of the settlers, July 2,	1778
566	Schoharie, Americans and Indians, July 2,	1778
501	Quaker Hill, Americans and English, Aug. 29,	1778
179	Cheery Valley, massacre of the settlers, Nov. 11,	1778
563	Savannah, captured by the British, Dec. 29,	1778
126	Briar Creek, Americans and English, March 3,	1779
175	Charleston, besieged by the English, May 11,	1779
598	Stono Ferry, Americans and English, June 20,	1779
423	Norwalk, burnt by the British, July 12,	1799
599	Stony Point, captured by General Wayne, July 15,	1799
564	Savannah, besieged by Americans, Sept. 23,	1799
176	Charleston, besieged by the British, May 9,	1780
693	Waxhaw, massacre of Buford's men, May 29,	1780
509	Ramsour's Mills, American patriots and royalists, June 19,	1780
583	Springfield, Americans and English, June 23,	1780
271	Hanging Rock, Americans and English, Aug. 7,	1780
147	Camden, Americans and English, Aug. 15,	1780
315	King's Mountain, Americans and English, Oct. 7,	1780
201	Cowpens, Americans and English, Jan. 17,	1781
201	Cowan's Ford, Americans and English, Feb. 1,	1781
273	Haw, Americans and English, Feb. 25,	1781
266	Guilford, C. H., Americans and English, March 16,	1781
275	Hobkirk's Hill, Americans and English, April 19,	1781
250	Fort Ninety-Six, besieged by Americans, May 22,	1781
68	Augusta, besieged by Americans, May 23,	1781
290	Jamestown, Americans and English, July 9,	1781
410	New London, taken by Benedict Arnold, Sept. 5,	1781
411	Fort Griswold, captured by the British, Sept. 5,	1781
239	Eutaw Springs, Americans and English, Sept. 8,	1781
707	Yorktown, surrender of Lord Cornwallis, Oct. 19,	1781
105	Blue Licks, Americans and Indians, Aug. 19,	1782
487	Porto Novo, Hyder Ali and the British, Dec.,	1782
314	Kinburn, Russians and Turks,	1787
447	Paris, the French Revolution,	1789
523	Rimnik, Turks and the Allies,	1789
98	Belgrade, besieged by the Austrians,	1789
284	Ismail, besieged by the Russians,	1790
570	Seringapatam, besieged by the English,	1791
80	Bangalore, besieged by British, March 6,	1791
566	Savindroog, taken by the British,	1791

PAGE		A. D.
112	Bossut les Walcour,	1792
670	Valmy, French and the Allies, Sept. 28,	1792
291	Jemappes, French and Austrians, Nov. 6,	1792
640	Tournai, taken by the French, Nov. 8,	1792
401	Namur, taken by the French, Nov. 30,	1792
408	Neerwinden, French and Austrians, March 18,	1793
681	Warsaw, Poles and Russians, April 17,	1793
640	Tournai, captured by the French, April 30,	1793
347	Lyons, besieged by the French, May 29,	1793
357	Manheim, French and Allies, May 30,	1793
669	Valenciennes, besieged by the English, July 21,	1793
635	Toulon, Napoleon first distinguishes himself, Aug. 23,	1793
231	Dunkirk, besieged by the English, Sept. 5,	1793
474	Peripignan, French and Spaniards, Sept.,	1793
353	Maestricht, besieged by the French, Sept.,	1793
473	Permasin, French and Prussians, Sept. 14,	1793
335	Lisle, French and Austrians, Sept. 14,	1793
693	Maubeeg, besieged by the Austrians, Sept. 29,	1793
692	Wattignies, Austrians and French, Oct. 15,	1793
183	Cholet, Vendeans and Republicans, Oct. 17,	1793
179	Chateau Gothieke, Vendeans and Republicans Oct. 23,	1793
254	Fougieris, Vendeans and Republicans, Nov. 15,	1793
548	Saint Florent, besieged by the English,	1793
357	Mons, Vendeans and Republicans, Dec. 12,	1793
186	Coblentz, taken by the French,	1794
204	Gemblioux, French and Austrians,	1794
655	Tuscoing, French and Austrians, May 17,	1794
237	Espierres, French and Austrians, May 22,	1794
172	Charleroi (Fleurus), French and Allies, June 26,	1794
681	Warsaw, besieged by the Russians, July,	1794
120	Boxtel, French and Allies, Aug. 14,	1794
549	St. Sebastian, taken by the French,	1794
640	Tournai, besieged by the French,	1794
147	Calvi, taken by the British,	1794
618	Warsaw, Poles and Russians, Oct. 10–12,	1794
543	Roncq, French and Austrians,	1794
104	Bergen-op-Zoom, besieged by the French,	1794
389	Mons, besieged by the French,	1794
353	Maestricht, besieged by the French,	1794
357	Manheim, French and Allies, Sept. 20,	1795
53	Aenheim, Prussians and French,	1795
336	Loano, French and Austrians, Nov. 23,	1795
149	Cannstadt, General Moreau and the Austrians,	1796
390	Montenotte, French and Austrians, April,	1796
387	Mondovi, French and Sardinians, April 21,	1796
387	Lodi, French and Austrians, May 10,	1796
513	Ienchen, French and Austrians, June 28,	1796
341	Lonato, French and Austrians, Aug. 3,	1796
156	Castiglione, French and Austrians, Aug. 5,	1796
25	Amberg, French and Austrians, Aug. 24,	1796
701	Wurtzberg, French and Austrians, Sept. 3,	1796
84	Bassano, French and Austrians, Sept. 9,	1796
50	Arcola, French and Austrians, Nov. 15, 16, 17,	1796
50	Caldiero, French and Austrians,	1796
680	Villimpenta, French and Austrians,	1796
472	Pavia, captured by Napoleon,	1796
542	Rome, besieged by the French,	1796–9
384	Milan, besieged by Napoleon,	1796
417	Nonnngen, Austrians and French,	1796
357	Mantua, besieged by the French, Jan. 7,	1797
530	Rivoli, French and Austrians, Jan. 14,	1797
246	Forli, taken by the French,	1797
141	Cadore, French and the Austrians,	1797
245	Fishguard, Lord Cawder defeats French,	1797
264	Gorey, English and Irish, June 4,	1797
18	Alexandria, besieged by Napoleon,	1798
497	Pyramids, French and Turks, July 21,	1798
158	Castlebar, English and Irish, Aug. 22,	1798
434	Ofricolli, French defeat General Mack,	1798
397	Morgarten, Swiss and French,	1798
634	Tortosa, besieged by the French,	1798
298	Jaffa, besieged by Napoleon, March 13,	1798
597	Stockach, French and Austrians, March 26,	1798
84	Bardis, Turks and French, April 6,	1799
399	Mount Tabor, French and Turks, April 9,	1799
12	Adda, French and Allies, April 26,	1799
570	Seringapatam, Tippoo slain, May 4,	1799
19	Alessandria, French and Allies, May 17,	1799
714	Zurich, French and Allies, June 5,	1799
644	Trebia, French and Allies, June 19,	1799
399	Mount Tabor, French and Turks, May,	1799
9	St. Jean D'Acre, besieged by the French, May 20,	1799

PAGE		A. D.
5	Aboukir, French and Turks	July 25, 1799
357	Mantua, besieged by the Allies	July 30, 1799
423	Novi, French and Allies	Aug. 4, 1799
263	Gibraltar, besieged by French	Sept. 12, 1799
566	Savigliano, French and Austrians	Sept. 18, 1799
103	Bergen, Allies and French	Sept. 19, 1799
21	Alkmaer, Allies and French	Sept. 19, 1799
84	Bassano, French and Austrians	Oct. 2, 1799
260	Gaza, besieged by the French	1799
400	Muolta, French and Russians	1799
384	Milan, besieged by Suwarrow	1799
274	Heliopolis, French and Turks	1800
237	Engen, French and Austrians	May 2, 1800
384	Moeskirch, French and Austrians	May 5, 1800
389	Montebello, Austrians and French	June 9, 1800
359	Marengo, French and Austrians	June 14, 1800
277	Hohenlinden, French and Austrians	Dec. 3, 1800
384	Milan, besieged by Napoleon	1800
18	Alexandria, French and English	March 21, 1801
318	Lasawaree, English in India	1803
19	Alighur, taken by the English	Sept. 4, 1803
61	Assaye, Wellesley and Schindah	Sept. 23, 1803
12	Agra, English defeat Mahrattas	Oct. 10, 1803
52	Argaum, Wellesley and Schindah	Nov. 29, 1803
147	Caldiero, French and the Austrians	1805
428	Oporto, taken by the French	1805
231	Durrenstein, French and the Allies	1805
665	Ulm, surrender of General Mack	Oct. 17, 1805
68	Austerlitz, Napoleon and the Allies	Dec. 2, 1805
135	Buenos Ayres, besieged by the British	June 21, 1806
544	Saalfeld, French and Republicans	Oct. 10, 1806
292	Jena, French and Prussians	Oct. 14, 1806
64	Auerstadt, French and Prussians	Oct. 14, 1806
269	Halle, French and Prussians	Oct. 17, 1806
495	Pultusk, French and Russians	Dec. 26, 1806
127	Breslau, taken by the French	Jan. 8, 1807
240	Eylau, French and Russians	Feb. 8, 1807
223	Dantzic, besieged by the French	May 5, 1807
136	Buenos Ayres, besieged by the British	May 9, 1807
273	Heilsberg, French and Russians	June 9, 1807
256	Friedland, French and Russians	June 14, 1807
136	Buenos Ayres, defeat of the English	July 6, 1807
195	Constantinople, besieged by the English	1807
357	Kiöge, Danes and English	1807
385	Mohrungen, French and Russians	1807
585	Sieta Agnas, French and Spaniards	1808
523	Rio Seco, French and Spaniards	July 14, 1808
630	Vimiera, Wellington and the French and Spaniards	Aug. 21, 1808
549	St. Sebastian, taken by the French	Feb. 23, 1808
649	Tudela, French and Spaniards	1808
80	Barcelona, taken by the French	1808
562	Saragossa, besieged by the French	1808–9
200	Coeunna, Sir John Moore slain	Jan. 16, 1809
661	Innspruck, taken by the Tyrolese	April 10, 1809
5	Abensburg, Austrians and French	April 20, 1809
232	Echmuhl, Napoleon and the Austrians	April 22, 1809
510	Ratisbon, taken by Napoleon	April 23, 1809
428	Oporto, French and English	May 11, 1809
661	Worgl, defeat of Austrians	May 13, 1809
56	Asperne, Napoleon and Archduke Charles	May 22, 1809
58	Essling, French and Austrians	May 22, 1809
15	Alcaniz, French and Spaniards	May 23, 1809
507	Raab, Austrians and French	June 14, 1809
98	Belchite, French and Spaniards	June 18, 1809
680	Wagram, French and Austrians	July 6, 1809
616	Talavera, French and Allies	July 27, 1809
662	Brenner, Tyrolese and French	Aug. 4 to 11, 1809
662	Sterzingumons, Tyrolese and French	Aug. 11, 1809
25	Almonacid de Zorita, French and Spaniards	Aug. 11, 1809
662	Berg Isel, Duke of Danzig defeated	Aug. 13, 1809
245	Flushing, bombarded by the British	Aug. 15, 1809
662	Malek, Tyrolese and French	Oct. 16, 1809
585	Silistria, besieged by the Russians	1809
670	Valls, French and Spaniards	1809
99	Bender, stormed by the Russians	1809
325	Leeida, taken by the French	1810
184	Ciudad Rodrigo, besieged by the French	June 11, 1810
24	Almeida, besieged by the French	Aug. 15, 1810
138	Busaco, Wellington and the French	Sept. 26, 1810
94	Baza, Spaniards and French	1810
684	Tortosa, surrender of General Lille	Jan. 2, 1811
84	Barrosa, French and Allies	March 6, 1811
75	Badajoz, besieged by French	March 11, 1811

PAGE		A.D.
259	Fuentes d'Onore, French and English	May 4, 1811
24	Almeida, besieged by the French	May 16, 1811
14	Albuera, French and English	May 16, 1811
546	Saguntum, French and Spaniards	Sept. 28, 1811
55	Arroyo del Molino, English and French	Oct. 28, 1811
631	Tippecanoe, Americans and Indians	Nov. 7, 1811
617	Tarifa, besieged by the French	Dec. 20, 1811
223	Dantzic, surrendered to the Allies	Jan. 1, 1812
185	Ciudad Rodrigo, besieged by the English	Jan., 1812
77	Badajoz, besieged by the English	March, 1812
24	Almaraz, French and English	May 18, 1812
433	Ostrovno, French and Russians	July 20, 1812
557	Salamanca, French and Allies	July 22, 1812
433	Ostrovno, French and Russians	July 26, 1812
126	Brownstown, Americans and English	Aug. 5, 1812
225	Detroit, surrender of General Hull	Aug. 16, 1812
585	Krasnoi, Russians and French	Aug. 15, 1812
585	Smolensko, Russians and French	Aug. 16, 1812
109	Moskwa, French and Russians	Sept. 7, 1812
107	Borodino, French and Russians	Sept. 7, 1812
397	Moscow, burnt by the Russians	Sept. 9, 1812
136	Burgos, Castle of, besieged by the Allies	Sept. 18, 1812
426	Ogdensburg, Americans and English	Oct. 2, 1812
226	Dorogoboozh, Russians and French	Oct. 12, 1812
506	Queenstown, Americans and English	Oct. 13, 1812
355	Malo-Yaroslavetz, French and Russians	Oct. 23, 1812
585	Krasnoi, French and Russians	Nov. 17, 1812
101	Beresina, French and Russians	Nov. 26, 1812
317	Kowno, French and Russians	Dec. 13, 1812
255	Frenchtown, Americans and English	Jan. 23, 1813
426	Ogdensburg, Americans and English	Feb. 21, 1813
156	Castalla, French and the Austrians	April 13, 1813
707	York, Americans and English	April 25, 1813
344	Lutzen, French and Allies	April 30, 1813
248	Fort Meigs, Americans and English	May 1, 1813
85	Bautzen, French and Allies	May 20, 1813
269	Hampton, Americans and English	May 25, 1813
248	Fort George, Americans and English	May 27, 1813
544	Sackett's Harbor, Americans and English	May 29, 1813
598	Stony Creek, Americans and English	June 8, 1813
312	Kanth, French and Prussians	1813
566	Schellendorf, French and Prussians	1813
126	Breslau, taken by the French	1813
680	Vittobia, French and English	June 21, 1813
440	Pampeluna, French and Allies	June, 1813
203	Craney Island, English and Americans	June 22, 1813
104	Black Rock, Americans and English	July 11, 1813
498	Pyrenees, French and Allies	July 26, 1813
252	Fort Stephenson, Major Crogan's defense	Aug. 2, 1813
226	Dresden, Napoleon and the Allies	Aug. 26, 1813
312	Katzbach, French and Prussians	Aug. 26, 1813
317	Kulm, French and Allies	Aug. 30, 1813
249	Fort Mimms,	Aug. 30, 1813
561	San Marcial, French and Allies	Aug. 31, 1813
224	Denewitz, French and Allies	Sept. 6, 1813
549	St. Sebastian, besieged by the English	Sept. 8, 1813
620	Thames, Americans and English	Oct. 5, 1813
321	Mockern, Blucher and Ney	Oct. 14, 1813
320	Leipsic, French and Allies	Oct. 16–18, 1813
269	Hampton's Defeat, in Canada	Oct. 21, 1813
269	Hanau, French and Bavarians	Oct. 30, 1813
53	Arnheim, French and Prussians	Nov., 1813
205	Tullushatchee, Americans and Indians	Nov. 3, 1813
95	Beaverdams, Americans and English	Nov. 11, 1813
183	Cheyslee's Fields, Americans and English	Nov. 11, 1813
206	Talladega, Americans and Indians	Nov. 8, 1813
90	Bayonne, French and Allies	Dec. 13, 1813
250	Fort Niagara, taken by the British	Dec. 19, 1813
206	Tallapoosa, Americans and Indians	Jan. 9, 1814
206	Emucfau Americans and Indians	Jan. 22, 1814
206	Enotochopeo,	Jan. 23, 1814
207	Tohopeka, Americans and Indians	Jan. 27, 1814
129	Brienne, Napoleon and Blucher	Jan. 29, 1814
179	Champaubert, French and Allies	Feb. 10, 1814
395	Montmirail, French and Allies	Feb. 11, 12, 1814
390	Fontainebleau, French and Allies	Feb. 17, 1814
390	Montereau, French and Allies	Feb. 18, 1814
93	Orthes, French and Allies	Feb 27, 1814

PAGE		A. D.
84	Bar-sur-Aube, French and Allies	Feb. 27, 1814
244	Fere Champenoise, French and Allies	Feb. 28, 1814
104	Bergen-op-Zoom, besieged by the English	March 8, 1814
318	Laon, French and Allies	March 9, 1814
515	Rheims, Russians and French	March 13, 1814
49	Arcis-sur-Aube, French and the Allies	March 20, 1814
318	La Cole Mill, Americans and British	March 30, 1814
464	Paris, entered by the Allies	March 31, 1814
638	Toulouse, French and English	April 10, 1814
434	Oswego, Americans and English	May 5, 1814
548	St. Dizier, French and Allies	June 27, 1814
181	Chippewa, Americans and English	July 3, 1814
413	Niagara (Lundy's Lane)	July 25, 1814
247	Fort Erie, Americans and English	July 25, 1814
598	Stonington, bombarded by the British	Aug. 8, 1814
105	Bladensburg, Americans and English	Aug. 25, 1814
687	Washington, burnt by the British	Aug. 25, 1814
484	Plattsburg, Americans and English	Sept. 11, 1814
81	Fort McHenry, Americans and English	1814
81	Baltimore, Americans and English	Sept. 12, 1814
247	Fort Boyer, Americans and English	Sept. 15, 1814
472	Pensacola, taken by Gen. Jackson	Nov. 20, 1814
410	New Orleans, Americans and English	Jan. 8, 1815
333	Ligny, French and Allies	June 16, 1815
689	Quatre Bras, French and Allies	June 16, 1815
689	Waterloo, Napoleon and Wellington, June 18,	1815
690	Wavres, Grouchy and Prussians	1815
464	Paris, surrendered to the Allies	July 3, 1815
216	Curnoul, besieged by the British	Dec. 14, 1815
20	Algiers, bombarded by the English	Aug. 2, 1816
561	Santiago, battles of, in Peru	1817-1818
508	Ragdier, taken by the British	1818
623	Thermopylæ, Greeks and Turks	July 18, 1821
367	Messolonghi, Marco Bozzaris slain	1823
365	Meagui, taken by the British	1824
266	Guamaga, Spaniards and Peruvians	1824
69	Ayacucho, Spaniards and Peruvians	Dec. 9, 1824
365	Megaspelion, besieged by the Turks	1828
648	Tripolitza, besieged by the Greeks	1826
648	Tripolitza, taken by Ibrahim Pacha	1828
671	Varna, taken by the Russians	1828
81	Balkan, Turks and Russians	July 26, 1829
585	Silistria, besieged by the Russians	1829
465	Paris, French Revolution	July, 1830
266	Grochow, Poles and Russians	Feb. 19, 1831
432	Ostrolenko, Poles and Russians	Feb. 30, 1831
682	Siedlece, Poles and Russians	April 10, 1831
483	Ostrolenko, Poles and Russians	May 26, 1831
684	Wilna, Poles and Russians	June 12, 1831
685	Wilna, Poles and Russians	June 18, 1831
488	Prague, Poles and Russians	Aug., 1831
686	Warsaw, Poles and Russians	Sept. 6, 1831
44	Antwerp, besieged by the French	Dec. 8, 1832
247	Fort Dade, massacre of Major Dade and troops,	Dec., 1835
559	San Jacinto, Texans and Mexicans	April 21, 1836
104	Bilboa, besieged by the Carlists	Dec. 25, 1836
508	Ramales, Carlists defeated	1837
245	Fonterabia, defeat of the Carlists	1837
696	Windmill Point, Canadian patriots and royalists	1837

PAGE		A. D.
186	Constantina, French and Arabs	Oct. 13, 1837
397	Morella, taken by the Carlists	1838
262	Gnuznee, taken by the British	July 23, 1839
417	Nisib, Ibrahim Pacha and Turks	1839
318	Kurrochee, taken by the British	1839
149	Canton, bombarded by British	June 28, 1840
11	St. Jean d'Acre, bombarded by the English,	Nov. 3, 1840
397	Morella, taken by Espartero	1840
149	Canton, bombarded by British	Feb. 26, 1841
149	Canton, bombarded by the British	May 25, 1841
26	Amoy, bombarded by the British	Aug. 27, 1841
313	Khurd Kabool, English and Afghans	1841
268	Gundamuck, massacre of British troops	1842
396	Moodkee, British and Sikhs	1845
21	Aliwal, British and Sikhs	Jan. 28, 1846
588	Sobraon, British and Sikhs	Feb. 10, 1846
439	Palo Alto, Americans and Mexicans, May 7,	1846
513	Resaca de la Palma, Americans and Mexicans	May 9, 1846
391	Monterey, Americans and Mexicans	Sept. 24, 1846
131	Buena Vista, Americans and Mexicans	Feb. 27, 1847
672	Vera Cruz, besieged by Gen. Scott, March 26,	1847
163	Cerro Gordo, Americans and Mexicans	April 17, 1847
180	Cherubusco, Americans and Mexicans	Aug. 10, 1847
490	Puenta Nacional, Americans and Mexicans	Aug. 11, 1847
198	Contreeras, Americans and Mexicans	Aug. 18, 1847
385	Molino del Rey, Americans and Mexicans	Sept. 8, 1847
170	Chapultepec, Americans and Mexicans	Sept. 12, 1847
381	Mexico, Americans and Mexicans	Sept. 15, 1847
280	Huamaulta, Americans and Mexicans, Oct. 9,	1847
617	Stuhleweissenburg, Hungarians and Austrians	Sept. 29, 1848
618	Buda, besieged by the Hungarians	April, 1849
618	Szoregh, Hungarians and Austrians	Aug. 5, 1849
619	Temeswar, Hungarians defeated	1849
283	Isted, Danes and Slcheswck-Holsteiners	1850
427	Oltenitza, Russians and Turks	Nov. 4, 1853
312	Kalafat, Russians and Turks	March 11–16, 1854
426	Odessa, bombarded by the Allies	April 21, 1854
586	Silistria, besieged by the Russians	May 17, 1854
184	Citate, Russians and Turks	June 6, 1854
22	Alma, Russians and Allies	Sept. 20, 1854
571	Balaklava, charge of the 600	Oct. 25, 1854
571	Sevastopol, invested by the Allies	Sept. 28, 1854
283	Inkeemann, Russians and Allies	Nov. 5, 1854
237	Eupatoria, Russians and Turks	Feb. 25, 1855
577	Tchernaya, Russians repulsed	Aug. 16, 1855
578	Sevastopol, final assault	Sept. 5, 1855
237	Eupatoria, Russians and Turks	Sept. 29, 1855
312	Kars, Russians and Turks	Sept. 29, 1855
283	Ingour, Russians and Turks	Nov. 6, 1855
312	Kertch, Russians and Allies	Dec. 16, 1855
525	Rivas, Gen. Walker and Nicaraguans, June 29,	1855
527	Santa Rosa, Nicaraguans and Costa Ricans	March 20, 1856
527	Rivas, Nicaraguans and Costa Ricans, April 11,	1856
530	Massaya, Walker and Nicaraguans	Oct. 12, 1856
530	Granada, Walker and Nicaraguans	Oct. 13, 1856

ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

A.

Abares, the khan of, besieges Constantinople, 187.
Abel de Beidiers de la Gardampe, a knight of Malta, killed at the siege of Malta, 356.
Abderame, or Abderrahman, king of the Moslems, killed at the battle of Tours, 642.
Abdoulmoumen, an Arab monarch, at siege of Tunis, 650.
Abdu-er-Rahman, a Moorish chieftain at siege of Zamora, 713.
Abimelech, son of Gideon, killed at siege of Thebes in Palestine, 622.
Aboo-Melik, a Moorish chieftain, at the siege of Ronda, 543.
Abou-Obeidah enters Antioch, 27.
Abaux Aioue, captain at third siege of Constantinople, 187.
Abradates, king of Lusiana, anecdote of, 627; his death, 628.
Abrahjam, the patriarch, 314.
Abrahim Bey, at battle of Heliopolis, 274.
Abured, colonel, at Dundee, 230.
Abydenians, defeated, 6.
Accien, grandson of Malek Schah, besieged in Antioch, 28; unsuccessful attack of, on Crusaders, 30; makes a truce with Crusaders, 32; his death, 35.
Accius Varus, killed at battle of Munda, 400.
Achab, king of Palestine, at the battle of Samaria, 559.
Achæans, at Corinth, 195.
Achæan League, 197.
Achai, reduced to a Roman province, 197.
Achan, the Judean, stoned to death with his family, 14.
Achard, General, 44.
Achmet, Pacha, at Citate, 184.
Achland, Major, at battle of Bemus' Heights, 589; wounded at battle of Stillwater, 593.
Adad, king of Syria, at the siege of Samaria, 558.
Adams, Brigadier, at battle of the Alma, 24.
Adams, Sir Francis, at Waterloo, 691.
Adams, Samuel, ordered to be arrested, 329.
Adhemar, bishop, at Antioch, 30.
Admetus, a general of Alexander the Great, killed at siege of Tyre, 657.
Adrian, a magistrate of Leyden, his heroism at the siege of Leyden, 332.
Adrian, Pope, calls upon the aid of Charlemagne against Didier, king of the Lombards, 470.
Adrastus, king of the Argives, 621.
Ælius Adrianus, 300.
Æmilius, L., chosen consul of Rome, and fights Hannibal at Cannæ, 148.
Ætius, the Roman general at the siege of Orleans, 428; at battle of Châlons, 170.
Afdhal, Emir, in command of Egyptians at Arcola, 55; his sorrow and despair, 56.
Afghans, at Ghuznee, 262; at Gundamuck, 268; at Khurd Kabool, 313.
Afranius, at the battle of Pharsalia, 474.
Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, at siege of Troy, 649.
Agesilaus, appointed to the command of the Lacedæmonian army, 326; at the battle of Mantinea, 368.
Agias, an Arcadian, killed by the Persians, 216.
Agnew, Brigadier-General, killed at Germantown, 262.
Agricola, in command of Scots, at Grampian Hills, 264.
Ahaz, king of Judah, at siege of Jerusalem, 295.
Ahenobarbus, in command of the fleet of Brutus, 477.
Ainadin, battle of, 223.
Aisquith, captain, at skirmish of Bear's Creek, 82.
Alaric, king of the Goths, at the siege of Rome, 537; besieges Rome a second time, *ibid.*
Alava, General, at the battle of Salamanca, 556.
Albert, Archduke of Austria, at the siege of Lisle, 335.
Albert, Constable d', slain, 70.
Albert, king of Sweden, at battle of Falköping, 244.
Albergoti, Lieutenant-General, at siege of Turin, 655.
Albigeois, crusade against the, 637.
Albinus, a Roman general at the battle of Lyons, 347; death of, 347.
Albion, king of the Lombards, at the siege of Pavia, 470.
Alburtis, Captain, killed at the siege of Vera Cruz, 672.
Alcibiades, besieges Byzantium, 189.
Alcaldes, appointed by Pizarro, at Cuzco, 216.
Alcimus, a general of Demetrius, at the siege of Rhodes, 519.
Aldebete, an officer of Cortez, at the siege of Mexico, 379.
Alexander, the Great, heroism of, at Arbela, 48; defeats Darius, *ibid.*; at Athens, 63; first distinguishes himself at battle of Chæronea, 167; at the battle of the Granicus, 265; at the siege of Gaza, 259; at the siege of Thebes, 621; takes Jerusalem, 296; at the siege of Tyre, 656; his cruelty, 658; visits the camp of the Athenians before the battle of Platæa, 480; at the battle of Issus, 287; at the battle of the Hydaspes, 281; divides his kingdom among his generals, 516; at Persepolis, 472.
Alexander I., Emperor of Russia, 130; at Warsaw, 680; at the battle of Dresden, 228; at Bautzen, 87; at battle of Leipsic, 320.
Alexander, or Paris, son of Priam, carries off Helena of Troy, 649.
Alexander, Prince of Wirtemberg, in command of infantry at Belgrade, 97.
Alexandrian, library destroyed, 16.
Alee, adherents of, in the battles of Seefin, 568.
Alencon, Duke of, at the siege of Pavia, 471; slain at Azincour, 70.
Alexius, son of Isaac Angelus, Emperor of Constantinople, implores succor for his father from Christian princes, 187; his cowardice, 36; crowned Emperor of Constantinople, 189; assassinated, 191.
Ali, Hyder, at the battle of Porto Novo, 487.
Ali Khan, proclaimed Viceroy of Bengal, Bahar, and Arixa, 146; puts Suraja-ul-Dowlah, the Nabob, to death, 147.
Allatus, a Syracusan, discloses scheme of Marcellus to capture Syracuse by intrigue, 615.
Allen, Mr., a clergyman, bravery of, at Bennington, 100.
Allen, General Charles, in command of British troops at Bayonne, 90.
Allen, Ethan, Col., at the capture of Ticonderoga, 631.
Allonville, General, at battle of Eupatoria, 237.
Almonte, a Mexican General, at battle of San Jacinto, 560; made prisoner, 561.
Almagro, an officer of Pizarro, 5.
Alonzo el Sabio, at the battle of Merida, 365.
Alton, General, wounded at Salamanca, 558.
Alphonso I., at Saragossa, 563.
Alphonso, a prince of the house of Burgundy, assumes the title of King of Portugal, 335.
Alphonso VI., at Toledo, 633.
Alphonso, king of Arragon, at siege of Naples, 402.
Alva, Duke of, in command of the army of Philip II., 553; at siege of Naples, 403.
Alvarado, an officer of Cortez, at battle of Ceutla, 165; cruel scheme of, at Mexico, 366; at the siege of Mexico, 375; his famous leap, 375.
Alvarez, General, in command of Mexicans in battle of Molina del Rey, 386.
Alvinzi, an Austrian general, at battle of Arcola, 51; at battle of Rivoli, 530.
Ambercrombie, General, at Ticonderoga, 630.
Ambercrombie, Col., killed at battle of Bunker's Hill, 116.
Ambercrombie, Lieutenant, at siege of Yorktown, 710.
Americans, at siege of Augusta, 68; at Baltimore, 81; at Fort McHenry, *ibid.*; at skirmish of Bear's Creek, 81; at Beaverdams, 94; at Bemus' Heights, 592; at Bennington Heights, 99; at Black Rock, 104; at battle of Bladensburg, 105; at battle of Blue Licks, 105; at

the siege of Boston, 112; at Bunker's Hill, 112; at the battle of the Brandywine, 124; at Briar Creek, 126; at Brooklyn (Long Island), 127; at Buena Vista, 131; at Briar Creek, 126; at Brownstown, 126; at Camden, 147; at Cerro Gordo, 163; at Chapultepec, 170; at Charleston, 173; at Cherry Valley, 179; at battle of Chippewa, 181; at Chrystler's Fields, 183; at Contreras, 198; at Cowan's Ford, 201; at battle of the Cowpens, 201; at Craney Island, 203; at Detroit, 225; at battle of Eutaw Springs, 238; at Fairfield, 243; at Fort Boyer, 247; at Fort Brown, 515; at Fort du Quesne, 122; at Fort Erie, 247; at Fort Griswold, 411; at Fort George, 248; at Fort Meigs, 249; at Fort Mimms, 249; at Fort Niagara, 250; at Fort Ninety-Six, 250; at Fort Schuyler, 250; at battle of Oriskany, 251; at Frenchtown, 255; at Fort Washington, 253; at Fort Stephenson, 252; at Fort Talladega, 206; at Germantown, 260; at Guilford C. H., 266; at Hampton, 269; at Hanging Rock, 271; at Harlem Plains, 271; at battle of the Haw, 273; at Hobkirk's Hill, 275; at Hubbardton, 280; at Huamantla, 280; at Jamestown, 290; at La Cole Mill, 318; at Lexington, 329; at Mexico, 381; at Molina del Rey, 385; at Monmouth, 387; at Moore's Creek Bridge, 396; at Monterey, 391; at New London, 410; at New Orleans, 411; at Niagara (Lundy's Lane), 413; at Norfolk, 417; at Norwalk, 423; at Ogdensburg, 426; at Paoli, 470; at Palo Alto, 439; at Pequot Hill, 473; at the battle of Plattsburg, 484; at battle of Princeton, 488; at Puenta Nacional, 490; at Quaker Hill, 501; at Quebec, 504; at Queenstown, 506; at Ramsom's Mills, 509; at Red Bank, 513; at Resaca de la Palma, 513; at Sackett's Harbor, 544; at Saratoga, 592; at siege of Savannah, 562; at Schoharie, 566; at Springfield, 588; at Stillwater, 592; at Stonington, 598; at Stony Point, 599; Stony Creek, 598; at Stono Ferry, 598; at Talapoosa, 206; at Tallushatchee, 205; at battle of the Thames, 620; at Ticonderoga, 631; at Tippecanoe, 641; at Trenton, 646; at Tripoli, 648; at Vera Cruz, 672; at Waxhaw, 693; at White Plains, 693; at Windmill Point, 696; at York, 707; at Yorktown, 707.

Amanus, Admiral, of fleet of Licinius, defeated by fleet of Constantine, 140.

Amherst, Lord, at the siege of Louisburg, 341.

Amilcar, a Carthaginian general, killed at first siege of Cremona, 207.

Amilcar, at battle of Crimesus, 210.

Amilcar, Barca, a Carthaginian general, at siege of Tunis, 649.

Ampudia, General, in command of Mexicans at Monterey, 394.

Amurath I., his singular dream, and its fulfillment in his death, 156.

Amurath II., at battle of Varna, 671; besieges Belgrade, 95.

Amurath IV., at siege of Bagdad, 81; anecdote of, *ibid.*

Amrou, Lieutenant of the Caliph Omar, besieges Pelisium, and Alexandria, 16; destroys the Alexandrian library, *ibid;* razes the walls of Alexandria, 17; at the siege of Gaza, 260.

Anchiala, city of, built by Sardanapulus in one day, 287.

Angres, an Ostrogoth noble, kills Theodoric, king of the Visigoths, 170.

Andelot, brother of Coligny, at siege of Calais, 146.

André, John, Major, his capture, trial, and execution, 590.

André, a Spanish commander, at battle of Jerba, 294.

Andreken, Marshal, made prisoner at battle of Poictiers, 487.

Andrews, Colonel, at battle of Molina del Rey, 386.

Anduslu, Pacha, made prisoner at the siege of Ismael, 285.

Anecdotes, of Philip of Macedon, at Abydos, 7; of Colonel Vernon, at St. Jean d' Acre, 11; of Constantine the Great, 12; of Amrou, the Saracen, 17; of Caliph Omar, 27; of Florine, wife of Eudes I., Duke of Burgundy, 29; of Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, 30; of the Bishop of Puy, 30; of Peter the Hermit, 37; of Arbogastes the Frank, 46; of Napoleon Bonaparte, 49; of the same, 51; of Pyrrhus, 52; of Marshal Turenne, 54; of Bonaparte and Lannes, 61; of the dog of Xantippus, 62; of Sylla, 63; of same, 64; of Darius, king of Persia, and Zopyrus, 73; of Semiramus, 75, of Colonel Ridge at siege of Badajoz, 89; of the Sultan Amurath IV. and the musician, 81; of Francis Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," 82; of Croquart, 85; of Napoleon and Duroc, 89; of General Stark and the parson, at Bennington Heights, 100; of Major McGarry, at battle of Blue Licks, 106; of Napoleon, 108; of Colonel Prescott at Bunker Hill, 114; of Major Pitcairn at battle of Bunker Hill, 116; of Richard III., 119; of Philip I., of France, 120; of Otho, Emperor of Germany, 120; of William, Prince of Orange, 122; of George Washington, 123; of General Braddock, 123; of Napoleon at Brienne, 130; of Napoleon at Smolensko, 587; of General Taylor at Buena Vista, 135; of Edward III., of England, his queen, and the knights of Calais, 145; of the heroic citizens of Calais, 144; of Mary, queen of England, 146; of Asdrubal, the treacherous Carthaginian, 152; of the wife of Asdrubal, 154; of Colin Zannequin, the fisherman, 155; of Amurath I., 156; of General Talbot, 158; of Attila, king of the Huns, 169; of St. Just, commander of the French before Charleroi, 172; of Serjeant Jasper at siege of Fort Moultrie, 175; of the American deserters at Cherubusco, 181; of General Scott at Chippewa, 182; of Dandolo, Doge of Venice, 188; of Mourzoufle, 191; of Caius Marcius at Coriolli, 197; of Joan d'Arc, 188; of Colonel Washington and Tarleton, 203; of the king of Bavaria at Cressy, 205; of Edward III. at Cressy, 204; of Prince Eugene at the siege of Cremona, 209; of Xenophon and Cyrus, 213; of Hernando Pizarro and the Inca Manco, 217; of Caulah, sister of Derar, 223; of Philip the Good at Dinant, 226; of Condé and Montmorency, 239; of James II., 231; of Mohammed the Prophet, 312; of Major Ferguson at battle of King's Mountain, 315; of Archidamia, a heroic woman at the siege of Lacedæmon, 318; of Adrian, governor of Leyden, 332; of the women of Livron and Henry III, 336; of Gustavus Adolphus at battle of Lutzen, 343; of Napoleon at battle of Lutzen, 346; of Marshal d'Estrades, 352; of Mustapha Pacha and the gallant knights of Malta, 357; of Calias, a treacherous Greek, 359; of the Constable de Bourbon, 362; of Isodus, son of Phœbidas, 363; of Epaminondas, 365; of Cortez and a Mexican warrior, 371; of Montezuma, 367; of Alvarado at the battle of the Causeway, 375; of the Chevalier Bayard and the Duke of Milan, 384; of Prince Eugene and the Marquis de la Florida, 384; of Duncan at battle of Molina del Rey, 386; of General Washington and General Lee at battle of Monmouth, 388; of Cæsar at the battle of Munda, 400; of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, at siege of Nancy, 401; of a tailor at the siege of Naples, 402; of the Duke of Alva, 403; of Charles XII. at Battle of Narva, 405, 407; of the Czarafis Artemchelon, 406; of Hannibal the Great, 410; of Colonel Ledyard and his murderer, Bromfield, 411; of Colonel Miller at battle of Niagara, 414; of Colonel Jessup and a serjeant at Niagara, 415; of Joan of Arc and Charles VII., 431; of Sir William Douglas and Hotspur, 435; of Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, 438; of Bishop Gauzlin, 441; of Henry III. and his murderer, the monk Clement, 445; of M. Foulon, 454; of Romulus Augustulus, 470; of Molac de Kercado at the siege of Pavia, 472; of Thais, an Athenian courtezan, 473; of Brutus and Cassius, 477; of Porcia, wife of Brutus, 478; of the Cardinal de Perigord before the battle of Poictiers, 486; of Edward the Black Prince, and King John of France, 487; of General Mercer, at the battle of Princeton, 489; of Peter the Great, 494; of Wolfe and Montcalm at the siege of Quebec, 503; of Count Raymond of Toulouse, 638; of Brennus and the Romans, 536; of Burbot in the defense of the mill, 532; of the Duke of Anjou, 531; of Jean Guiton, 532; of Porus and Alexander, 282; of the woman who ate her child at Jerusalem, 293; of the pig and elephant at siege of Edessa, 234; of Camillus, Dictator of Rome, 243; of the dog Mustapha at the battle of Fontenoy, 246; of Baldwin and the Prince of Edessa, 234; of Caliph Amrou, 260; of Megrel, upon witnessing the death of Charles XII., 255; of the Horatii and Curiatii, 279; of Francisco, a brave Virginian, at battle of Guilford, 268; of Philip II. of France, 264; of Charles XII., 255; of Alexander the Great at Gaza, 260; of Napoleon at Friedland, 257; of Egesimachus and Nicanor, 281; of Napoleon and Caulaincourt at battle of Hanau, 270; of Henry III. of England, 240; of Caractacus, 555; of Marshal Ney, 587; of a citizen of La Rochelle, 533; of Rutilus, a Roman officer, at the siege of Rome, 539; of Chorsamantes at the siege of Rome, 538; of Alaric, king of the Goths, 537; of the death of Count Fulci at Rome, 541; of the Hermit of Rome, 541; of the Duke of Bourbon, 541; of Trajan, a Roman officer, 539; of a Goth at the siege of Rome, 538; of Totila, king of the Goths, 540; of Azzes, a Roman officer, 539; of the Duke of Wellington, 556; of Joram, King of Pal-

estine, and the woman of Samaria, 559; of Elijah the Prophet, 559; of Deaf Smith at the battle of San Jacinto, 560; of Lord Monmouth, 568; of Arnold von Winkelreid, 570; of Lieutenant Kidd at siege of Sevastopol, 576; of a wounded soldier at Sevastopol, 576; of Tarmut, an ally of the Romans, 589; of Sergeant Jasper at Savannah, 595; of the Hessians at the surrender of Burgoyne, 594; of Colonel Cilley at battle of Stillwater, 593; of Colonel Windham at siege of Sevastopol, 582; of Burgoyne and Gates at the surrender of Burgoyne, 596; of Peter the Hermit, 605; of Colonel Zebulon Butler, 705; of Sinan, the Jew, and Barbarossa II., the celebrated pirate, 653; of General Wayne at Stony Point, 696; of Conrad, son of Marquis of Montferrat, 661; of Vauban, a French general, at siege of Valenciennes, 668; of Nicias, commander of the Athenian army besieging Syracuse, 607; of Milo, the Crotonian Hercules, 608; of Charles XII. and his secretary, 602; of two monks at battle of St. Jacob, 548; of Archimedes, the mathematician, 616; of Timoclea, a Theban lady, 622; of Marcellus at siege of Syracuse, 614; of Col. Aves at siege of Buda, 618; of Leonidas, the Spartan, 623; of Cohorn, the engineer, 654; of Alexander the Great, 621; of Marshal de Marsin, 655; of the Green Knight, 660; of Abradates, King of Lusiana, and his wife Panthea, 627; of Eteocles and Polynices, sons of Œdipus, King of Thebes, 621; of Louis XII. at siege of Tournai, 639; of Philip VI. of France, 638; of Fontrailles, a French officer, at siege of Therouanne, 638; of Charles Martel at battle of Tours, 642; of Joan d'Arc at Troyes, 649; of Picton at Waterloo, 69; of Cato, 666; of Julius Cæsar, 667; of the Indian women in Wyoming, 701; of the Princess D'Epinoi, 639; of the Count de Serini at siege of Vienna, 676; of Edward IV. and the Lancasterian Prince of Wales, 679; of Esther, an Indian queen, 705; of Abimeleeh, son of Gideon, 672; of Andrew Jackson, 698; of a soldier at siege of Vienna, 676; of Charles II., 700; of Colonel Ethan Allen, 681.

Anello, a mason, conducts troops of Alphonso into Naples, 402.

Angelus, Isaac, emperor of Constantinople, dethroned and imprisoned by his brother, 187; reinstated, 189; his death, 191.

Angoulême, Duke d', insults Marshal Marmont, 469.

Anhalt, Prince of, at siege of Stralsund, 691.

Anjou, Duke of, at battle of Jarnac, 291.

Anne of Austria, death of, 640.

Anschieng, Bishop, conduct of, at siege of Paris, 441.

Antigonus, one of the Generals of Alexander the Great, attains great power in Macedon, 516; at siege of Tyre, 658; killed at battle of Ipsus, 284.

Antigonus, Deson, at siege of Corinth, 195.

Antiochus, king of Syria, at the battle of Raphia, 510.

Antipater, a general of Alexander the Great, 63, 621; at Cranon, 203.

Anthony, Lieutenant, at Fort Stephenson, 253.

Antony, Mark, at the battle of Philippi, 476; at the battle of Pharsalia, 474.

Ap-Thomas, Sir Rhice, 118.

Appius Claudius, at the siege of Messina, 365; at siege of Syracuse, 613.

Appolonides, deprived of his rank and occupation for opposing Xenophon, 216.

Aqueduct of Naples, used to gain admittance to that city, 401, 402.

Arabs, at Constantina, 186; at Tunis, 650–653; at battle of the Pyramids, 497; at battle of Tours, 640; at Aquileia, 46; at Jerusalem, 300; at battle of Nehawund, 402.

Araspes, a Median nobleman, at battle of Thymbra, 626.

Aratus, chief of the Achæans, forms project of taking Corinth, 195.

Arbaces, governor of Media, at siege of Nineveh, 417.

Arbogastes the Frank, assassinates Augustus, 46; his character and intrigues, *ibid.*; elevates Eugenius to the throne of the Empire of the West, *ibid.*; defeated at battle of Aquileia, 47; his death, *ibid.*

Arbuthnot, Admiral, at Charleston, 1780, 176.

Arc, d', *see* Joan.

Archelaus, a lieutenant of Mithridates, king of Pontus, heroism of, 64, at battle of Chæronea, 167; takes possession of Athens, 63.

Archimedes, the mathematician, invents machines for the defense of Syracuse, 614; killed by a Roman soldier, 616.

Archidamus, son of Agesilaus, at the battle of Leuctra, 327; at Mantinea, 363; at the siege of Platæa, 481.

Archias, a Spartan governor of Thebes, killed, 621.

Archidamia, a heroine at the siege of Lacedæmon, 318.

Arcon, Chevalier D', at siege of Gibraltar, 263.

Ardaric, king of the Gepidæ in command of the left wing of the army of Attila, at battle of Châlons, 170.

Arentschild, General, at the battle of Salamanca, 557.

Argenteau, D', General, at battle of Montenotte, 390.

Arget, kills twenty-seven of the enemy, in the siege of Odessa, with his own hand, 283.

Argives, battle of the, 52; at Argos, 52.

Argyle, Earl of, at battle of Flodden, 245.

Argyle, Duke of, at battle of Dumblane, 230.

Arimnestus, kills Mardonius, 481.

Arista, General, in command of the Mexicans at the battle of Palo Alto, 459.

Aristaphernes, a general of Darius, at the battle of Marathon, 358.

Aristides, the Athenian general, at battle of Marathon, 358; at the battle of Platæa, 480.

Aristius, 52.

Ariston, death of, 64.

Aristobulus, 296.

Armagnac, D', general at the battle of Bayonne.

Armagnacs, the, at siege of Paris, 441.

Arminius, his famous victory over the Romans under Varus, 696.

Armstrong, John, general, at battle of Germantown, 261; at Charleston, 173.

Armstrong, Major, his gallant defense of Fort McHenry, 82.

Arnold, Benedict, at Quebec, 504; wounded, 506; at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 590; his valor at the battle of Stillwater, 593; wounded, 594; his treason, 590; at New London, 410; character of, 590.

Arnold, of Winkelried, a knight of Unterwalden, slain at the battle of Sempach, 569.

Arnoul, of Rohes, chaplain of the Duke of Normandy, 304.

Arnsa, Don Joseph de, at the siege of Magdeburg, 355.

Arran, Earl of, at the battle of Pinkey, 478.

Arræs, a Persian general, in command of barbarian forces collected by Cyrus, 211.

Arsinoe, wife and sister of Ptolemy, heroism of, 510.

Artagnan, Count d', killed at the siege of Maestricht, 351.

Artapolis, the favorite of Cyrus, killed at Cunaxa, 214.

Artaxerxes, elevated to the throne of Persia, 211; at Cunaxa, 213.

Artaxerxes Longimanus, king of Persia, sends an army against Inarus, 139.

Artemisia, widow of Mausolus of Caria, besieged by Rhodians in Halicarnassus, 515.

Artescheelon, son of the king of Georgia, taken prisoner at Narva, 406.

Arthur, Prince, killed by John of England, 544.

Artillery, used first at battle of Cressy, 204; first used at sieges, 543; enormous pieces of, cast by Mohammed, 194; a novel piece of, constructed by Carey at Wyoming, 703.

Artimisia, at the siege of Rhodes, 516; at the battle of Salamis, *ibid.*

Arundel, Earl of, at the siege of Paris, 442.

Assassinations, of the Duke of Guise by Poltrot, 432; of Adjutant General Duphot, 542; of Amurath I., 156; of the governors of Syracuse, 616; of Henry VI. by the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III., 620; of Odoacer and his son, by Theodoric, 511; of Odenathus, king of Palmyra, by Malonis, 435; of Herod, son of Odenathus, 436; of Henry III., 446; of the Prince of Condé, 291; of James III., 562; of Ledyard, by Bromfield, 411; of the Cardinal de Lorraine, 444.

Asdrubal, revenges an insult given him by the Carthaginians, 152, 154; his wife, deserted by her husband when in danger, destroys her children and then herself, 154.

Asdrubal, brother of Hannibal, at Utica, 665; defeated and killed at battle of Metaurus, 409.

Aspasia, the mistress of Cyrus, captured by Artaxerxes, 214.

Asu, John, General, with Lincoln, 176; at battle of Briar Creek, 126.

Ashworth, General, in command of Portuguese at Bayonne, 91; wounded, 91.

Aston, Sir Arthur, at the siege of Drogheda, 229.

Astyages, king of Media, death of, 625.

Assyrians, at the battle of Ragau, 508; at Samaria, 559.

Atheling, Edgar, at siege of Jerusalem, 302.

Athenians, at Byblos, 139; at Byzantium, 139; at siege

of Chæronæa, 167; at battle of Platæa, 480; at siege of Platæa, 481; at siege of Sardis, 562; at Solygia, 588; at siege of Syracuse, 603; at Torone, 637.
Atlee, Colonel, made prisoner at battle of Long Island, 129.
Athuallpa, Inca of Peru, vanquishes his brother, 159; taken prisoner by Pizarro, 161; death of, 161.
Attalus, at battle of Issus, 288.
Attila, king of the Huns, at the siege of Orleans, 428; his disastrous defeat at Châlons, 169.
Audeley, Lord, at the battle of Poictiers, 486.
Audley, Lord, a leader of the Cornish rebels, executed, 104.
Audley, Lord, commander of Lancasterian army at battle of Blorcheath, slain, 105.
Auer, Colonel, death of, 618.
Augereau, Marshal, wins battle of Castiglione, and receives title of Duke of Castiglione, 157; wounded in the battle of Eylau; at Jena, 293; at Loano, 336; at Leipsic, 320.
Augustus, Prince, at battle of Leipsic, 323.
Augustulus, Romulus, Emperor of the West, banished by Odoacer, king of the Heruli, 470.
Aulick, Captain, at siege of Vera Cruz, 673.
Aurelian, Emperor of Rome, at siege of Palmyra, 437; celebration of his "triumph," 438.
Auerpp, General, killed at battle of Mobrunger, 385.
Austrians, at Abensburg, 5; at the battle of the Adda, 11; at Alessandria, 19; at Almanza, 24; at Amberg, 25; at Amfing, 26; at Arcis-sur-Aube, 49; at Arcola, 50; at Aspern and Essling, 56; at Austerlitz, 68; at Barcelona, 84; at Bassano, 84, at Bautzen, 86; at Belgrade, 95; at Bossut-les-Walcour, 112; at Breslau, 126; at Brienne, 129; at Caldero, 144; at Caldiero, 147; at Cannstadt, 149; at Castiglione, 157; at Ceresole, 163; at Charleroi, 172; at Coblentz, 186; at Dennewitz, 224; at battle of Dresden, 226; at Eckmuhl, 232; at Engen, 237; at Espieries, 237; at battle of Friedburg, 256; at Gembloux, 260; at battle of Hanau, 269; at Hochkirchen, 277; at battle of Hohenlinden, 277; at battle of Jemappes, 291; at battle of Leipsic, 320; at siege of Lisle, 335; at battle of Loano, 335; at Bridge of Lodi, 337; at Lonato, 341; at battle of Lutzen, 342; at the siege of Magdeburg, 355; at battle of Marengo, 359; at Maxen, 365; at Moeskirch, 384; at Molwitz, 386; at siege of Mons, 389; at Montebello, 389; at Montenotte, 390; at Montereau, 391; at Morgarten, 397; at Neerwinden, 409; at Nordlingen, 417; at battle of Novi, 423; at Parma, 470; at Peterwarden, 473; at Prague, 488; at battle of Raab, 507; at Ratisbon, 510; at Renchen, 513; at Rimnik, 523; at Rivoli, 530; at Roncq, 543; at battle of Sacile, 544; at Savigliano, 566; at Schweidnitz, 567; at Sempach, 570; at Stockach, 597; take part in the Hungarian war, 618; at the Trebia, 644; at Tuscolog, 655; at Ulm, 655; at the siege of Vienna, 675; at Villeinpenta, 689; at Wattignies, 681; at Wurtzburg, 701; at Zurich, 714.
Autemarre, Gen. d', at the storming of the Malakoff, 579.
Avila, Alonzo de, an officer of Cortez, at the battle of Tabasco, 524.
Aylva, Baron d', in command of the garrison of Maestricht, 353.
Azzes, a Roman officer, wounded at the siege of Rome, 539.

B.

Babel, Tower of, 71.
Babylon, description of, 71; destruction of, 74.
Babylonians, Inslaved by Cyrus, 73; throw off Persian yoke, 74; 3,000 impaled alive by Cyrus, 75; at siege of Jerusalem, 235; at battle of Thymbra, 625.
Bacchus, Captain, at siege of Monterey, 392.
Backus, Lieutenaut, killed at battle of Sackett's Harbor, 544.
Bagrathion, Prince, at battle of the Adda, 11; of Eylau, 241; at battle of Friedland, 257; at battle of Novi, 424; at battle of the Trebia, 644; at battle of Smolensko, 586; mortally wounded at battle of Borodino, 12.
Bailey, General, at battle of Bemus' Heights, 589.
Bailey, M., Mayor of Paris, his conduct during the Revolution in France of 1789, 455.
Bailie, General, in command of Covenanters at battle of Alford, 19.
Baird, David, Sir, wounded at battle of Corunna, 200.
Baird, James, Sir, at the siege of Savannah, 563.
Balcarra, Earl of, at battle of Bemus' Heights, 589.
Baldwin, the Crusader, at siege of Jerusalem, 301; taken prisoner by the Saracens, 301.
Baldwin I., crowned Emperor of Constantinople, 192.
Baldwin II., 192.
Baldwin, brother of Godfrey the Crusader, at siege of Edessa, 234.
Balfour, William, Sir, at Edgehill Fight, 235.
Balist, an arrow from, transfixes a Goth to a tree, 538.
Balloon, made use of by the French for reconnoitering purposes, 173.
Bankhead, Colonel, at the siege of Vera Cruz, 673.
Barbarossa, Frederic, Emperor of Italy, at siege of Milan, 653.
Barbarossa II., at Algiers, 19; at siege of Tunis, 653.
Barbesieux, commander of the French at siege of Marseilles, 362.
Barbot, condemned to the galleys for his valorous defense of Lebrand, 532.
Barclay de Tolly, General, defeats troops of Bertrand, 86; at Arcis-sur-Aube, 49; at battle of Bautzen, 86; at Borodino, 109; at Brienne, 130; at Pultusk, 495; at Smolensko, 586.
Barak, at the battle in the plains of Esdraelon, 236.
Barry, Lieutenant, at siege of St. Sebastian, 553.
Barré', Colonel, wounded at Quebec, 503.
Barnard, Colonel, at Badajoz, 78; at Ciudad Rodrigo, 185.
Barnesfare, Captain, in command of the battery at Quebec which killed Montgomery, 505.
Barnes, General, at the battles of the Pyrenees, 499; wounded at Bayonne, 92.
Barney, Commodore, heroic conduct of, at Bladensburg, 105.
Bartholomey, Pierre, a priest, discovers hiding-place of the Holy Lance, 37.
Basset, Lord, at siege of Calais, 143.
Basset, Philip, at battle of Lewes, 328.
Basseville, the French envoy at Rome, massacred, 542.
Bastile, capture of the, 450.
Battel Roll, the, made by William the Conqueror after the battle of Hastings, 272.
Batteries, floating, constructed by the Chevalier d'Arcon at siege of Gibraltar, 263.
Battle, the first fully recorded in history, 621.
Baudincourt, governor of Vanconlers, his interview with Joan of Arc, 431.
Bavaria, Duke of, at battle of Blenheim, 105.
Bavarians, at Blenheim, 105; at battle of Hanau, 269; of Nordlingen, 417; of Schellenberg, 566; at siege of Vienna, 677.
Baxter, Colonel, at Fort Washington, 254.
Bayard, Chevalier, made prisoner at Milan, 384.
Baylor, Lieutenant, heroism of, at Fort Stephenson, 283.
Bayonets, when invented, 90.
Beajeau, Captain de, at battle of Fort du Quesne, 122.
Bearnais, at siege of Cahors, 143.
Beaseley, Major, at Fort Mimms, 249.
Beaumonoir, Marshal of, killed in battle of the Thirty, 85.
Beauvais, Bishop of, singular bravery of at battle of Bouvines, 120.
Beck, General de, at siege of Schweidnitz, 517.
Beckwith, General, at battle of Hampton, 269.
Beresford, General, in command of British at Buenos Ayres, 135.
Begarnd, Sieur, massacred after the capture of the Bastile, 452.
Berkley, Admiral, defeated at Brest, 126.
Beggars, King of the, 31.
Belesis, governor of Babylon, at siege of Nineveh, 417.
Belknap, Lieutenant, at battle of Palo Alto, 439.
Belgians, at Dinant, 226.
Belisarius, the Roman general, called to the defense of Constantinople, 186; at siege of Naples, 401; at siege of Ravenna, 512; succors Rimini, 523; at siege of Rome, 538; repeoples Rome, and repulses Tortila, 540; his character, 511.
Bellegarde, General, at battle of Novi, 424; at Aspern and Essling, 57.
Belshazzar, king of Babylon, terrified by a vision, 77; killed by the Persians, 73.
Bem, General, takes part in the Polish Revolution, 681; espouses the cause of the Hungarians, 618; wounded at battle of Temeswar, 619.
Bembeug, Anhalt, Prince, at battle of Stockach, 598.
Bembro, killed, 85.
Benbeck, Deist, lords of, at the battle of Ransbeck, 510.
Beneventum, Prince of, at siege of Naples, 402.
Benningsen, General, at battle of Eylau, 242; of Friedland, 257; of Heilsburg, 274; of Mohrungen, 385; of Pultusk, 495.

Berg, Major, at the battle of Pultowa, 492.
Beresford, General, at battle of Albuera, 15; at Bayonne, 90; at Salamanca, 557; wounded, 558; at Pultowa, 492; at Olevenza, 76.
Bermier, General, destroys fortifications of Almeida, 25.
Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, afterward Charles XIV., King of Sweden, at battle of Austerlitz, 68; at battle of Auerstadt, 57; at battle of Charleroi, 172; of Dennewitz, 224; of Halle, 269; of Mohrungen, 385.
Bernard, de, St. Vallier, at siege of Jerusalem, 307.
Bernard, Duke of Weimar, at battle of Lutzen, 343; of Nordlingen, 417.
Berry, Duke de, rebels against his brother, Louis XI., 443.
Bertrand, General, at battle of Leipzic, 321; at Bautzen, 88; at Lutzen, 344.
Bertrand, of St. Giles, at Tripoli, 648.
Berthier, Alexander, General, at Rome, 542.
Berthier, M., son-in-law of M. Foulon, his death, 455.
Berwick, Duke of, at battle of Almaraz, 24.
Berwick, Marshal, at siege of St. Sebastian, 550.
Beruret, General, at the storming of the Malakoff, 580.
Bessieres, Marshal, Duke of Istria, at battle of Austerlitz, 68; of Asperne and Essling, 57; at battle of Rio Seco, 523; killed, 344.
Bessus, a Roman governor, cupidity of, 539.
Betis, commander of Gaza, cruelly put to death by Alexander, 259.
Beveen, Prince of, at Belgrade, 97.
Beyeen, Prince, at battle of Breslau, 126.
Bey, Achmet, defeated at Constantina, 186.
Bey, Rustem, General, killed at battle of Enpatoria, 287.
Bey, Skender, Colonel, at battle of Citate, 104.
Bicetre, castle of (formerly Wicestre), pillaged, 442.
Biddack, Captain, burnt alive by the Indians, 705.
Bigod, Hugh, at the battle of Lewes, 329.
Bird, Lieutenant-Colonel, killed at battle of Germantown, 262.
Bisemberg, a mountain in Austria, 57.
Bishop, Colonel, killed at Black Rock, 104.
Bissel, Colonel, at battle of Buena Vista, 132.
Black Hole of Calcutta, 146.
Blake, General, at battle of Alcaniz, 15; at Belchite, 99; at Baza, 94; at Rio Seco, 523; at siege of Saguntum, 547.
Blake, Admiral, his expedition to Algiers, 19.
Blenheim, battle of, called by the Germans and French, the battle of Hochstadt, 277.
Blois, Count de, the standard-bearer of the Crusaders, his desertion, 36.
Blount, Walter, Sir, killed at the battle of Shrewsbury, 584.
Blucher, Marshal, at battle of Auerstadt, 65; of Bautzen, 87; of Brienne, 129; his imminent danger, 129; at battle of Jena, 292; at Katzbach, 312; of Laon, 318; of Moekern, 321; of Lutzen, 344; of Ligny, 688; of Waterloo, 692.
Boabdil, king of the Moors, defeated by the Spaniards, 261.
Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, her defeat and death, 106.
Boestler, Colonel, defeated at battle of Beaverdams, 95.
Bogue Forts, at Canton, taken by the English, 149.
Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, a Crusader, at siege of Antioch, 28; his barbarous expedient to prevent the enemy's spies from entering his camp, 29; defeats Sultans of Aleppo and Damascus, and takes city of Harem, 30; defeated by Saracens, *ibid.*; slighted by Baldwin, Prince of Edessa, 32; quarrels with the chiefs of the Crusaders, 32; his jealousy, and his stratagem to take Antioch, 32; wounded, 36.
Bohm, Henry de, killed by Robert Bruce in single-handed combat, 83.
Boiroimhe, Brian, king of Ireland, defeated at battle of Clontarf, 186; his death, *ibid.*
Bombs, invented by Venloo, 667.
Bomilcar, a general of Carthage, at siege of Syracuse, 616.
Bon, General, at St. Jean d'Acre, 10; at the battle of the Pyramids, 399; at battle of Mount Tabor, 399; killed, 11.
Bonami, General, made prisoner at battle of Borodino, 110.
Bonaparte, Jerome, at battle of Waterloo, 690.
Bonaparte, Joseph, in command of the city of Paris, 464; appointed ambassador to Rome, 542; at battle of Talavera, 616.
Bonchamps, General, at battle of Cholet, 183.
Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, instructs Alexius, emperor of Constantinople, in the art of war, 190.
Bonnet, General, wounded, 557.
Bonneval, General, at the siege of Paris, 443.
Bonnevet, Admiral, his heroic conduct at the siege of Pavia, 471; his death, 472.
Boone, Daniel, with his son, at the battle of Blue Licks, 105.
Boscha, General, in command of the army of Nicaragua at the battle of Rivas, 525.
Boscawen, Admiral, at the siege of Louisburg, 341.
Boroia, Cæsar, killed at Mendovia, 365.
Borosdin, General, at battle of Borodino, 109.
Bose, General, at battle of Guilford Court House, 268.
Bosquet, General, at the storming of the Malakoff, 578; wounded, 579.
Bothwell, Earl of, at battle of Flodden, 245.
Bougainville, General de, at siege of Quebec, 503.
Bourbakie, General, wounded at the storming of the Malakoff, 580.
Bourbon, Constable de, at siege of Marseilles, 362.
Bourbon, Duke of, killed at the siege of Rome, 541; funeral obsequies of, 542.
Bourbons, 94; at siege of Rome, 541.
Bourchier, Sir Thomas, joins army of the Earl of Richmond, at Bosworth Field, 118.
Bourdonnaye, General, at the siege of Tournai, 640.
Boulogne, Earl of, valor of, at battle of Bouvines, 120.
Bowles, Colonel, at battle of Buena Vista, 132.
Boyd, General, at siege of Gibraltar, 263.
Boyd, General, at battle of Chrystler's Fields, 183.
Bozzaris, Marco, killed at battle of Messolonghi, 366.
Brabant, Duke of, slain at Azincour, 70.
Braddock, General, his defeat and death, 122.
Branchi, General, at battle of Dresden, 226; of Montereau, 391.
Bradshaw, Colonel, at Ticonderoga, 630.
Brandon, Sir William, standard bearer of the Earl of Richmond, slain by Richard III., 119.
Brandon, Captain, at battle of Ramsom's Mills, 509.
Bragg, Captain, at battle of Buena Vista, 133; at siege of Monterey, 392.
Brahe, General, at the battle of Lutzen, 342.
Brant, Joseph, an Indian Sachem, joins British army, 250; at siege of Fort Schuyler, 251.
Brass, Corinthian, origin of, 197.
Bravo, General, at battle of Chapultapec, 171.
Breckenbridge, Captain, wounded at battle of Rivas, 528.
Bremoi, General, wounded, 346.
Bremer, Sir George, at Canton, 149.
Brenniere, General, at battle of Salamanca, 556.
Brennus, at siege of Rome, 536; defeated by Camillus, 536; in command of the Gauls at the siege of Clusium, 534.
Brentano, General, at the siege of Schweidnitz, 567.
Breten, General, killed at storming of the Malakoff, 579.
Breteuil, Baron, appointed President of Finance of France, 448.
Bretons, in the battle of the Thirty, 85.
Breton, Cape, falls into the hands of the English, 342.
Breyman, Colonel, at battle of Bemus' Heights, 589; of Bennington Heights, 99; mortally wounded, 594.
Bricketts, General, at battle of Bemus' Heights, 589.
Bridge, famous one, of Prince of Parma, at Antwerp, 42.
Brierfield, Colonel, killed at battle of Ramillies, 509.
Brissac, Duke of, at siege of Paris, 447.
Britons, defeated by Romans, 106; at battle of Crayford, 203; of Shropshire, 584.
Brock, Isaac, General, at Detroit, 225; killed at Queenstown, 506.
Brockenbury, Sir Robert, killed at Bosworth Field, 119.
Broglio, Marshal, appointed French Minister of War, 443.
Bromfield, Major, murders Colonel Ledyard, after the capture of Fort Griswold, 441.
Brompton, battle of, 126.
Brooke, Colonel, in command of British in attack on Fort McHenry, 82.
Brooks, Major, at battle of Bunker's Hill, 113.
Brooks, Captain, at battle of Chapultepec, 171.
Brooks, Colonel, at battle of Bemus' Heights, 589.
Brown, Colonel, at Augusta, 67; at Hanging Rock, 271; at Eutaw Springs, 239.
Brown, General, at battle of Alkmaer, 22.
Brown, Sir George, General, wounded at battle of the Alma, 24.
Brown, Christian, Captain, at Schoharie, 566.
Brown, Lieutenant-Colonel, at siege of Burgos, 188.
Brown, General, at battle of Chippewa, 181; at siege of Fort Erie, 248; at battle of Lundy's Lane, 247;

of Ogdensburg, 427; of Sackett's Harbor, 544; of Niagara, 414.
Brown, Major, his gallant defense of Fort Brown in Mexico, 513; his death, 514.
Bruce, David, king of Scotland, invades England, 232; made prisoner at the battle of Durham, *ibid.*
Bruce, Edward, besieges castle of Stirling, 83; killed at battle of Dundalk, 230.
Bruce, Robert, the "hero-king" of Scotland, at battle of Bannockburn, 83; at battle of Dundalk, 230.
Brunet, General, killed at the siege of Sevastopol, 576.
Brunswick, Duke of, wounded at battle of Auerstadt, 66; killed at battle of Quatre-Bras, 689.
Brutus, in command of Corinthians at battle of Solygia, 588.
Brutus, Marcus, at the battle of Philippi, 477; his death, 478.
Buchan, Earl of, at battle of Dunbar, 229.
Buche, Captai d', at the battle of Poictiers, 486.
Bucker, Lieutenant, at battle of Buena Vista, 133.
Buford, Colonel, massacre of his troops at Waxhaw, 693.
Bugawourth, General, at Borodino, 109.
Burgoyne, Lieutenant-Colonel, wounded at siege of St. Sebastian, 553.
Burgoyne, General, 99; arrives in America, 112; at battle of Bemus' Heights, 590; surrender of, at Saratoga, 596.
Burgundians, at siege of Baza, 94; at battle of Châlons, 170; at siege of Compiegne, 197; at siege of Dinant, 226; of Laon, 318; of Liege, 332; at battle of Morat, 396; at siege of Nancy, 401; of Paris, 441; of Troyes, 649.
Burleson, Colonel, at the battle of San Jacinto, 560.
Butler, John, General, at battle of Guilford Court House, 266.
Butler, Colonel, at Stony Point, 599.
Butler, Major-General, at siege of Monterey, 502.
Butler, John, Colonel, at siege of Fort Schuyler, 251; his conduct in the valley of the Wyoming, 704.
Butler, Walter N., his incursion into Cherry Valley, 179.
Butler, Zebulon, Captain, his conduct in the valley of the Wyoming, 703.
Buyson, De, General, wounded at Camden, 147.
Buzes, Governor of Edessa, cupidity and treachery of, 233.
Byng, General, at the battle of the Pyrenees, 500.
Byron, Lord, his "Childe Harold" quoted, 396.
Byzantines, defend themselves against Alcibiades, 139; decree a crown of gold to Athens, 140.

C.

Cabrera, General, at the battle of Morella, 397.
Caen, General de, at battle of Hohenlinden, 279.
Cæsar, Julius, at Alexandria, 15; defeats army of Ptolemy Bacchus, king of Egypt, 16; at the siege of Marseilles, 362; at battle of Munda, 400; at battle of Pharsalia, 474; at siege of Rimini, 523; at siege of Utica, 666; at battle of Zela, 713.
Cadwallader, Lambert, Colonel, at the attack on Fort Washington, 254.
Cadwallader, John, General, at battle of Monmouth, 387.
Cadwallader, General, at battle of Chapultepec, 171; at Mexico, 382; at battle of Molino del Rey, 385; at Contreras, 199.
Cairo, fall of, 223.
Caleb, the "Sword of God," defeats the Romans, 223.
Calias, cupidity of, after the battle of Marathon, 359.
Callicrates, a Spartan, kills Epaminondas, 364.
Calverly, made prisoner by the Bretons, 85.
Calvinus, Dominitus, defeated at sea by fleet of Brutus and Cassius, 477.
Calvo, Count, at the siege of Maestricht, 352.
Cameron, General, at Bayonne, 92.
Cameron, Captain, killed at Savannah, 563.
Camels, used at battle of Thymbra, 626.
Camillus, Furius, defeats the Gauls,535; at war with the Falerii, 243; at siege of Veii, 671.
Campans, General, wounded at battle of Borodino, 109; wounded at Leipsic, 324.
Campbell, Sir Colin, at battle of the Alma, 24.
Campbell, Sir John, killed, 575.
Campbell, Colonel, at the siege of Quebec, 506.
Campbell, Colonel, at battle of Cerro-Gordo, 164.
Campbell, Colonel, sent with British troops into Georgia, 175; at siege of Savannah, 563.
Campbell, Thomas, the poet, his ode to Hohenlinden, 279.
Campbell, William, Colonel, of Virginia, at battle of Eutaw Springs, 239; of Guilford, 267; of Hobkirk's Hill, 276; of King's Mountain, 315; wounded, 240.
Campo-Basso, Count of, treachery of, at Nancy, 401.
Camulogenes, in command of the Gauls, and killed in the defense of Paris, 440.
Camville, Nichola, 334.
Canaanites, at the siege of Jericho, 294; at the battle of Esdraelon, 236.
Canadians, at battle of Bennington, 99; of Bemus' Heights, 590; at Fort du Quesne, 122; of La Cole Mill, 318; at Schenectady, 566.
Candocier, John, mayor of La Rochelle, his conduct during a siege of that city, 521.
Cannon, first employed in battle, 204; first used at sieges, 543; enormous cannon founded by Mohammed II., 194; leathern cannon constructed by Gustavus Adolphus, 318; portable cannon used at battle of Leipsic, 318; novel piece constructed by Carey of Wyoming, 703.
Canrobert, General, at battle of Alma, 23.
Canute, king of Denmark, wounded in single combat by Edmund Ironsides, 25.
Capliers, Count de, at siege of Vienna, 676.
Capius, a friend of Sylla, sent to receive the treasures of the temple of Delphi, 63.
Cappadocia, defiles of, 29.
Caracalla, emperor of Rome, orders a general massacre at Alexandria, 16.
Caractacus, made prisoner at battle of Shropshire, 584; anecdote of, 585.
Carbo, at the siege of Rome, 537.
Cardigan, Lord, at battle of Balaklava, 571.
Cardonna, Pierre de, 403.
Carew, Sir George, at siege of Cadiz, 141.
Carlists, at battle of Fonterabia, 245; of Ramales, 508; of Sieta Aguas, 585.
Carlton, Colonel, wounded at Quebec, 503.
Carroll, General, at battle of Enotochopeo, 207; of New Orleans, 413.
Carrocio, the sacred car of the Milanese, described, 155.
Cartaux, General, at battle of Toulon, 634.
Cartel, for the exchange of prisoners, first example of in history, 516.
Carthage, ancient, description of, 150; contrasted with ancient Rome, 536.
Carthaginians, at siege of Agrigentum, 18; defend their city against the Romans, 149; at Cannæ, 148; at siege of Carthagena, 156; of Crimesus, 209; of Hymera, 282; of Motya, 399; at battle of the Metaurus, 409; of Placencia, 479; at siege of Rome, 536; of Saguntum, 545; of Seliuntum, 569; of Syracuse, 613; of Tarentum, 617; at battle of Thrasymenus, 624; of Ticinus, 629; of the Trebia, 643; at siege of Tunis, 649; of Utica, 665; at battle of Zama, 711.
Cartismandan, queen of Brigantes, 585.
Cass, Lewis, Colonel, at the surrender of Detroit, 225.
Cassander, a Macedonian prince, conspires against Antigonus, 516.
Cassius, Caius, at battle of Philippi, 476; his death, 477.
Castles, ancient, detailed description of their defenses, 334.
Castor and Pollux, 649.
Caswell, General, at battle of Camden, 147; of Moore's Creek Bridge, 396.
Cato, of Utica, 667; his death, 667.
Caulah, sister of Derar, made prisoner, 223.
Caulaincourt, General, his valor at the battle of Bautzen, 89; at battle of Hanau, 270; killed, 111.
Cavadez, king of Persia, repulsed at Edessa, 233.
Celestial Horsemen, seen by Crusaders at Antioch, 39.
Censorinus, Marcius, Roman consul, advances against Carthage, 150.
Cephicus, a river, drawn from its channel by Sylla, 168.
Cepio, Roman consul, avarice of, 637; takes city of Toulouse, 637.
Ceres, temple of, at Syracuse, plundered by the Carthaginians, 613.
Cervantes, author of "Don Quixote," wounded at Lepanto, 325.
Chabrey, Louisa, her interview with Louis XVI., 458.
Chæroneans, at the siege and battle of Cheronea, 168.
Chalier, a revolutionary commissioner at Lyons, condemned to death, 347.
Chalil, Sultan, at siege of Tyre, 661.
Chalons, Jean de, Prince of Orange, at siege of Paris, 441.
Chambers, General, at Fort Stephenson, 252.
Champeaux, General, at battle of Marengo, 360.
Championnet, General, defeats army of General Mack, 542.

Chandos, Sir John, at the battle of Poictiers, 486.
Chandler, General, made prisoner at Stony Creek, 598.
Charlemagne, the Great, takes Barcelona, 84; subdues Lombardy and dethrones Didier, 470; destruction of his rear-guard at the pass of Roncesvalles, 543.
Charles I., of England, 362; at Edgehill Fight, 235; at battle of Naseby, 407; of Newbury, 410; of Stratton, 602.
Charles II., of England, forms a league with Philip IV., 231; his defeat at Worcester, and his remarkable escape, 701.
Charles II., of Spain, 640; Charleroi named in honor of, 171.
Charles IV., of Spain, compelled by Napoleon to restore sword of Francis I., 472.
Charles V., of France, rewards the Rochellois for recapturing their city, 531; at siege of St. Dizier, 548.
Charles V., Duke of Lorraine, at siege of Vienna, 677.
Charles V. (of Spain), emperor of Germany, his conduct toward Francis I., of France, 472; aids Muley Hassan against Barbarossa II., 653; his expedition to Algiers, 19; urges the Duke of Bourbon against Clement VII., 541; abdication of, 553.
Charles VI., of France, civil wars of, 441; signs Treaty of Troyes, 429.
Charles VII., of France, disinherited by Treaty of Troyes, 429; favored by citizens of Compiegne against the Duke of Burgundy, 197; lays siege to Castillan, 157; at battle of Fornovo, 246; crowned at Rheims, 470; enters Troyes in triumph, 649; at siege of Paris, 443; his indifference to the fate of Joan of Arc, 197.
Charles IX., causes the massacre of St. Bartholomew, 444.
Charles X. (Gustavus), at battle of Barranow, 84; of Praga, 488.
Charles X., of France, abdication of, 469.
Charles XII., king of Sweden, 99; at battle of Narva, 404; defeated at Pultowa, 492; at battle of Pultusk, 495; killed at siege of Fredericshald, 255; at siege of Thorn, 624; at Strasburd, 600; at Warsaw, 680.
Charles XIV., *see* Bernadotte.
Charles, Duke of Anjou, at Benevento, 99; at siege of Messina, 366; his cruelty, the origin of the Sicilian Vespers, 435; at battle of Tazliacozzo, 616; at siege of Tunis, 652.
Charles, Archduke of Austria, at battle of Asperne, 59; at battle of Caldiero, 147; of Cannstadt, 149; of Neerwinden, 409; of Ratisbon, 510; at Zurich, 714.
Charles, Archduke of Austria, defeated at battle of Almanza (1707), 24.
Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, at the siege of Beauvais, 94; the storming of Liege, 332; at battle of Morat, 396; killed at siege of Nancy, 401; at siege of Paris, 443.
Charles le Gros, cowardice of, at siege of Paris, 441.
Charles Martel, his prowess at battle of Tours, 641.
Charles the Pretender, at battle of Culloden, 210; of Falkirk, 244; of Prestonpans, 488.
Charon, a Theban, at siege of Thebes, 621.
Charolais, Count, at siege of Paris, 443.
Chartellar, General, at battle of the Trebia, 644.
Chasse, General, at Antwerp, 44; at Waterloo, 691.
Chastellar, General, at battle of Dresden, 226.
Chatres, Stephen, Count de, at Antioch, 28.
Chatres, Duke of (afterward Louis Philippe), at battle of Jemappes, 292; at Neerwinden, 409; at Valmy, 670.
Chauncey, Isaac, Captain, at the capture of York, 707.
Chavagnac, Governor of New Castle, in Naples, killed by the explosion of a mine, 403.
Cheeseman, Captain, killed at Quebec, 506.
Chernicheff, General, killed at battle of Hanau, 270.
Cheyne, Sir John, vanquished by Richard III. on Bosworth Field, 119.
Chevy Chase, ballad of, 435.
Chew, Judge, house of, occupied by British at battle of Germantown, 261.
Children, formed into bands, and incited to fight in miniature battle, 31; kindness of, to wounded soldiers, at Bautzen, 89; massacred by Romans in Carthage, 154; take part in defense of Constantinople, 195; massacred at Dundee, 230; of Christian parentage, detained prisoners by the Saracens, after the capitulation of Jerusalem, 311; deplorable fate of, at Lincoln, 335; massacred at Mans, 357; assist in the defense of Messina, 366; in the defense of Rhodes, 522; of Tyre, 661; of Vienna, 675; made prisoners at Vienna, 679.
Childs, Colonel, at siege of Monterey, 395; at battle of Palo Alto, 439.
Chilians, at battle of Chocabuco, 561; of Maypu, 562.
Chinese, defend Canton, against the English, 149.
Chorsamantes, one of the guards of Belisarius, his valor at the siege of Rome, 538; killed, 539.
Chosroes, king of Persia, invades Egypt, 16; besieges Antioch, 26; at siege of Edessa, 238; surprises Pelusium, 16; takes Alexandria, *ibid.*; beheaded by order of his son, *ibid.*
Christian II., treachery of, at siege of Stockholm, 598.
Christina, queen of Denmark, at Stockholm, 598.
Christina, Gyllenstierna, her heroic conduct at siege of Stockholm, 598.
Churches, respected by the Goths in Rome, 537; spared by the army of Philip II., 556.
Cilley, Colonel, at battle of Bemus' Heights, 589; of Stillwater, 593.
Cimon, the Athenian, at battle of the Eurymedon, 238.
Cinna, at siege of Rome, 537.
Cities burnt. Antioch, 27; Charlestown, 115; Carthage 154; Cassel, 156; Beaupereau, 183; Fairfield, 248; Liege, 333; London, 106; Lyons, 349; Moscow, 397; New London, 410; Norfolk, 418; Norwalk, 423; Persepolis, 472; Ramales, 509; Rome, 535–536; Sardis, 562; Washington, 687.
Clairborne, General, 206.
Clark, Sir Francis, aide-de-camp to Burgoyne, killed, 594.
Clark, Colonel, at Mexico, 382.
Clark, Joseph, his account of the death of General Hugh Mercer, 489.
Clark, Mrs. Sarah, her kindness to General Mercer after his wound at Princeton, 489.
Clarence, Duke of, concerned in the murder of the Prince of Wales, 620.
Claudius, Emperor of Rome his treatment of Caractacus, the British chief, 585; at the battle of Naissus, 404.
Clausel, General, at Bayonne, 90; at battle of the Pyrenees, 498; of Salamanca, 557; wounded, 558.
Clavershouse, defeated at battle of Drumclog, 229.
Clay, General, at siege of Fort Meigs, 249.
Clay, Lieutenant-Colonel, son of Henry Clay, killed at battle of Buena Vista, 135.
Clay Grenades, invented by Baron de Kielmansegge, 677.
Clearchus, the Lacedæmonian, in command of the Greeks at battle of Cunaxa, 211; killed by the Persians, 216.
Clement, Albric, at St. Jean d'Acre, 9.
Clement, Jacques, a Dominican priest, the assassin of Henry III., 445.
Clement III., Pope, places himself at disposal of Charles V., 541.
Cleombrotus, king of Lacedæmonia, killed at battle of Leuctra, 327.
Clemenus, king of Sparta, at the battle of Selasia, 568.
Cleon, an Athenian general, at siege of Torone, 634.
Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, 16.
Cleret, valet of Louis XVI., his fidelity to his master, 461.
Clermont, Marshal, killed at battle of Poictiers, 487.
Cleveland, Col., at battle of King's Mountain, 315.
Clifford, Sir Convers, at siege of Cadiz, 141.
Clifford, Lord, kills Lord Fitzwalter, and is killed by Lord Falconbridge at battle of Towton, 642.
Clifford, Lord, slain at battle of St. Albans, 547.
Clinton, George, General, 127–173.
Clinton, Sir Henry, arrives at Boston after the battle of Bunker's Hill, 112; makes preparations to attack Charleston by sea and land, 174; arrives on coast of Georgia, with British fleet, 176; advances against Charleston, 176; at battle of Monmouth, 387; at Stony Point, 599; at battle of Whiteplains, 693.
Clinton, James, Col., at battle of Yorktown, 709.
Clinton, Lord, at the battle of Pinkey, 478.
Clinton, General, at battle of Castalla, 156; of Orthes, 93; of Salamanca, 557.
Clitus, preserves life of Alexander the Great, 265.
Clive, Col., his operations in India, 146.
Clodio I., at siege of Tournai, 638.
Cloelia, a Roman maiden, heroism of, 534.
Clovis, the founder of the French monarchy, 441.
Clusium, siege of, 534.
Coburg, Prince of, at battle of Charleroi, 172; of Neerwinden, 409.
Cockburn, Admiral, at Hampton, 269.
Cochran, General, at Baltimore, 81.
Codrington, Sir E., at the assault of the Great Redan, at siege of Sevastopol, 582.

Coffee, General, at the battle of New Orleans, 411; of Tallapoosa, 206; of Tallushatchee, 205; heroism of, 207; wounded, 205.
Coffin, Captain, at the battle of Eutaw Springs, 239.
Colbert, General, at the battle of Raab, 508.
Coldburn, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the battle of Orthes, 93.
Coldwell, Captain, 705.
Cole, General, at the battle of the Pyrenees, 499; wounded at Salamanca, 558.
Colli, General, in command of Sardinians at battle of Mondovi, 387.
Colligni, Admiral, at the battle of St. Quintin, 554; made prisoner, 556.
Collier, Admiral, at Stony Point, 599.
Colloredo, General, at the battle of Dresden, 226.
Collyer, Captain, killed at the siege of St. Sebastian, 553.
Colville, at Badajoz, 78.
Cominius, Consul of Rome, at Coriolli, 197.
Commenus, Isaac emperor of Cyprus, laden with silver chains, by Richard II., 8.
Condé, Prince of, at Arras, 53; made prisoner at battle of Dreux, 229; at battle of Enghien, 237; of Senneffe, 570; assassinated at battle of Jarnac, 291.
Conner, Commodore, co-operates with General Scott in the siege of Vera Cruz, 673.
Conner, Captain, at battle of Buena Vista, 132.
Conon, of Montaign, at Jerusalem, 307.
Conrad III., Emperor of Germany, at the siege of Damascus, 223.
Conrad IV., Emperor of Germany, at the siege of Naples, 616; battle of Tazliacozzo, 616.
Conrad, son of the Marquis de Montferrat, at the siege of Tyre, 660.
Constable, Sir Marmaduke, at battle of Flodden, 245.
Constantine, the Great, at battle of Adrianople, 12; at the siege of Marseilles, 362; besieges Byzantium, 140; at the battle of Turin, 654.
Constantine, Emperor of Constantinople, his noble reply to Mahomet II., 194; his death, 194.
Constantine, the Grand Duke, at battle of Heilsburg, 273; his brutality excites a revolution in Poland, 681; his death, 682.
Constantine, son of the Emperor Heraclius, his attempt to assassinate the Caliph Omar, 29.
Constantinople, fall of, 194; state of in 1453, 193.
"Convention," the, orders General Doppet to reduce Lyons by fire and sword, 348.
Conway, General, at battle of the Brandywine, 125; of Germantown, 261
Cook, General, at battle of Bemus' Heights, 590.
Cooke, General, 205.
Coote, Sir Eyre, at the battle of Porto Novo, 487.
Cope, Sir John, at battle of Prestonpans, 488.
Copts, at battle of the Pyramids, 497.
Corbineau, General, valor of, 101; rescues Napoleon from imminent peril, 130.
Coriolanus, Caius Marcius, raises the siege of Rome on the entreaties of his mother, 534.
Corny, M., at the capture of the Hotel des Invalides, 459.
Cornish Rebels, defeated at Blackheath, 104.
Cornwallis, Lord, 137–173; at Bangalore, 81; at the battle of the Brandywine, 124; of Camden, 147; of Castlebar, 153; at Charlestown, 178; at battle of Guilford, 266; of Jamestown, 290; of Monmouth, 388; of Trenton, 647; his surrender at Yorktown, 709.
Cortez, Fernando, 366; sets sail from Cuba with a force intending to invade Mexico, 523; his standard, *ibid.*; attacked by the natives at Tabasco, 524; at battle of Tzompach, 661; invades Mexico, 631; receives envoys from Montezuma, 632; defeats Tlascalans, 633; at the battle of the defile, 223; of Ceucla, 165; subdues Montezuma, 161; advances against the Spaniards under Narvaez, at Cempoalla, and gains a complete victory, 151, 162; in Mexico, 367; wounded, 369; the battle of the Bridges, 371; at the battle of the Causeway, 372; of Otumba, 427; at siege of Mexico, 427.
Cossacks, at the passage of the Beresina, 102; at battle of Borodino, 107; of Brienne, 129; of Eylau, 241; of Hanau, 270; of Kertch, 312; of Malo-Yaroslavetz, 355; at siege of Ismail, 284; at battle of Pultowa, 495; of Smolensko, 586; of the Trebia, 644.
Costa Ricans, at the battles of Rivas, 527; of Santa Rosa, 526.
Cotton, Sir Stapleton, at the battle of Salamanca, 557.
Courtenay, Robert de, 193.
Couston, General, wounded at the storming of the Malakoff, 579.
Courtrai, siege of, 588.
Couthon, Commissioner, at the siege of Lyons, 349.
Covenanters, at battle of Alford, 19; of Bothwell Bridge, 119; of Drumclog, 229.
Covington, General, killed at battle of Chrystler's Fields, 183.
Covered Way, first used, 107.
Cox, Colonel, killed at the battle of Oriskany, 251.
Cranch, a British officer at the siege of Badajoz, 80.
Craterus, an officer of Alexander the Great, at battle of Cranon, 203; of the Hydaspes, 281; of Issus, 288.
Crawford, General, 25; at battle of Busaco, 139; at siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, 185.
Crealock, Captain, at the assault of the Great Redan at Sevastopol, 582.
Crenan, Marquis de, mortally wounded, 208.
Creutz, General, at the battle of Pultowa, 491.
Crequi, at the siege of Paris, 443.
Crispinus, Consul of Rome, at the siege of Syracuse, 615.
Crispus, son of Constantine the Great, in command of his father's fleet, 140; defeats the fleet of Licinius, 140.
Croats, at the battle of Leutzen, 342.
Crockett, David, Colonel, killed at the Alamo, 559.
Croenus, a general of Alexander the Great, at battle of the Hydaspes, 281; of Issus, 288.
Cresus, king of Lydia, his great wealth, 625; declares war against the Medes and Persians, 628; at the battle of Sardis, 562; of Thymbra, 626.
Croghan, Major, his heroic defense of Fort Stephenson, 252; promoted, 253.
Croi, Duke of, at the battle of Narva, 404.
Cromston, Baron de, at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, 104.
Cromwell, Oliver, the "Protector," captures city of Berwick, 104; at the siege of Drogheda, 229; at the battle of Dunbar, 229; sends troops into Flanders, 231; at the battle of Marston Moor, 363; of Naseby, 407; at Perth, 474; at battle of Worcester, 700.
Croquet, made prisoner by the Bretons, 85.
Crosier. Napoleon's aide-de-camp, killed at St. Jean d'Acre, 9.
Cross, Holy, taken by Persians from Jerusalem, 300.
Crotonians, at the siege of Sybaris, 602.
Cruger, John, Colonel, at the battle of Eutaw Springs, 239; at siege of Fort Ninety-Six, 250.
Crusaders, at the siege of Antioch, 27; at battle of Ascalon, 55; before Constantinople, 187; at the siege of Damascus, 223; of Edessa, 234; of Jerusalem, 301; character of the, 308; at siege of Nice, 416; of Tripoli, 648; of Tunis, 650.
Cuesta, General, at the battle of Rio Seco, 523.
Cuitlahua, brother of Montezuma, elevated to the throne of Mexico, 367; killed by Cortez at the battle of Otumba, 427.
Culpepper Battalion, at Norfolk, 418.
Cummin, of Badenoch, at battle of Falkirk, 244.
Cumberland, Duke of, in command of royalists at battle of Culloden, 210; at battle of Fontenoy, 246.
Cunningham, Major, at the battle of the Cowpens, 201.
Currial, General, at the battle of Haynau, 270.
Curnington, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the siege of Yorktown, 709.
Curtis, a soldier at the battle of San Jacinto, anecdote of, 560.
Cyaxares, king of Media, 625; joins in revolt against the king of Assyria, 417; at the battle of the Halys, 269.
Cynægirus, brother of the poet Æschylus, killed at battle of Marathon, 358.
Cyrus, king of Persia, besieges Babylon, 71; turns the channel of the river Euphrates, 72; at battle of Sardis, 562; of Thymbra, 626.
Cyrus, son of Darius, king of Persia, appointed commander of the Persian army, 625; revolts against his brother, Artaxerxes, king of Persia, 211; slain at the battle of Cunaxa, 213.
Czerwiky, General, killed at the battle of the Tchernaya, 578.

D.

Daood Khan, at the siege of Madras, 253.
Dacres, Lord, at battle of Flodden, 245; of Solway Moss, 585.
Dade, Major, massacred with his troops by the Indians, 247.

Daggerworth, Sir Thomas, 84.
D'Allemagne, General, at the battle of Lodi, 337.
Dalmatians, conquered by Amurath I., 156.
Dames, a Mussulman, defeated in single combat by Nestorius, a Roman, 27.
Damippus, sent as an envoy of the Syracusans to the Macedonians, made prisoner by the Romans, 615.
Dammartin, Count de, at battle of St. Jacob, 548.
Danbury, General, defeats Cornish rebels, 104.
Dandelot, brother of Admiral Colligni, at the battle of St. Quintin, 554; made prisoner, 556.
Dandolo, Doge of Venice, at the siege of Constantinople, 188.
Danes, at battle of Alney, 25; of Clontarf, 186; at Constantinople, 188; at battle of Hemmingstedt, 275; of Flensborg, 245; of Instedt, 283; of Kiöge, 317; of Luncarty, 342; of Nyeborg, 425; of Stockholm, 598; of Straslund, 601; of Udevalla, 665.
Daniel, the Prophet, interprets the vision to Belshazzar, 72.
Dardanelles, castle of, constructed by Mohammed II., 193.
Daremont, General, killed at Constantina, 186.
Darius I., king of Persia, ascends the Persian throne, 73; besieges Babylon, 73; his cruelty, 74; his army defeated by the Greeks at Marathon, 358.
Darius III., king of Persia, at the battle of the Granicus, 265; his magnificent line of march before the battle of Issus, 286; his disastrous defeat, 287; his wife made prisoner, 289; defeated at Arbela, 47.
Darmstadt, General, killed at siege of Barcelona, 84.
Datis, a general of Darius I., defeated at battle of Marathon, 358.
Daum, Count, at the battle of Hochkirchen, 567; at Vienna, 676.
Daum, Marshal, at the siege of Schweidnitz, 567.
David, king of the Jews, at the siege of Jerusalem, 295.
David, king of Scotland, at battle of the Standard, 589.
Davidson, William, General, killed at the battle of Cowan's Ford, 201.
Davie, William, Major, at the battle of Ramsour's Mills, 509.
Davis, Colonel, at the battle of Buena Vista, 135.
Davoust, Marshal, at the battle of Austerlitz, 68; of Aspern, 59; of Auerstadt, 64; wounded at Borodino, 109; at battle of Eckmuhl, 232; of Eylau, 243; of Heilsberg, 273; in command of the army for the defense of Paris, 464; at the battle of Smolensko, 586.
De or D'. Names with these prefixes may be found under the initials of their adjuncts, as, for D' Albert, *see* Albert; De Heister, *see* Heister, etc.
Dead, the plain of the, 470.
Dearborn, Major, made prisoner at Quebec, 506; at battle of Bemus' Heights, 590.
Deborah, the Prophetess, at the battle in the plains of Esdraelon, 256.
Dehac, a Mussulman, defeats Nestorious, a Roman, in single combat, 27.
Delalauerde, Sir Thomas, executed, 588.
Delancy, General, 467.
Delmas, General, at battle of Leipsic, 324.
Delor, Renard, murdered by the Flemish rebels, 156.
Delzon, General, in command of Italians at Borodino, 111; at the battle of Malo-Yuroslavetz, 355.
Dembinski, General, takes part in the Polish Revolution, 634; defeated, 618.
Demetrius, son of Antigonus, at the battle of Gaza, 259; of the Hydaspes, 282; of Ipsus, 283; at the siege of Rhodes, 516; of Tyre, 658.
Demetrius, a Roman, taken prisoner and laden with chains by the Goths, 658.
Demosthenes, the Athenian general at the siege of Syracuse, 609; taken prisoner, 612; his death, 613.
Demosthenes, the Orator, his reply to Python, 167; his timidity on the battle-field, 167.
Denizoff, Orloff, General, at the battle of Hanau, 270.
Denmark, liberated from the dominion of Sweden, 425.
Dennison, Colonel, 705.
Derfelden, General, at battle of Novi, 425.
Des Essarts, Prevot, at the siege of Paris, 442.
Desgardens, General, wounded at the battle of Eylau, 242.
Des Graviers, General, killed at the battle of Salamanca, 558.
Dessaix, General, killed at the battle of Marengo, 361; at the battle of the Pyramids, 497.
Devries, Hubert, a squire of Henry of Anjou, preserves his master's life, 531.
Devon, Earl of, made prisoner and beheaded, 643.
Diaz, Rodrigo, at Toledo, 633.
Dickinson, Philemon, General, at the battle of Monmouth, 387.
Dickinson, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the siege of Vera Cruz, 672.
Dictral, General, killed at the battle of Mondovi, 387.
Didier, king of the Lombards, at the siege of Pavia, 470.
Diebitch, General, establishes the fearful battery of the Beresina, 101; at the passage of the Balkan, 81; at battle of Grochow, 266; in command of the Russian army in Poland, 681; his death, 682.
Dieu et mon Droit, 264.
Dillon, Count, at the siege of Savannah, 565.
Dimick, Major, at the battle of Contreras, 199.
Dimoclus, the Syracusan commander, at siege of Syracuse, 604.
Dinar, Viscount de, at Jerusalem, 302.
Diocles, at Corinth, 195.
Diocletian, emperor of Rome, besieges Alexandria, 16.
Dionysius, defeats Carthaginians, 613; at the siege of Motya, 399.
Dionysius, the Younger, at Syracuse, 618.
Divers, employed at the siege of St. Jean d' Acre, 9.
Doazon, M., a captain of the Paris militia, 460.
Doctoroff, General, at the battle of Borodino, 109; of Malo-Yaroslavetz, 355.
Dog, that of Xantippus, 62; anecdote of the dog, Mustapha, at battle of Fontenoy, 246.
Dolly, Quamino, a negro guide, 563.
Dominitus, at the battle of Pharsalia, 474.
Donop, Colonel, at Bordentown, 647; at battle of Red Bank, 512; killed, 513.
Donaldson, Lieutenant, at the battle of Buena Vista, 134.
Doppet, General, ordered by the "Convention" to reduce Lyons by fire and sword, 348.
Doria, Roger, Admiral, at the siege of Massena, 366.
Doenberg, 67.
Dorokhoff, General, killed, 355.
Dorrance, Colonel, 705.
Dorset, Earl of, taken prisoner, 26.
Douglass, Captain, at the siege of Fort Erie, 248.
Douglass, Sir James, killed, 88.
Douglass, Sir William, killed, 435.
Douglass, Regent of Scotland, killed, 269.
Douza, John, the Latin poet, 330.
Dowlet Row Sinclea, defeated by the English, 318.
Downie, Captain, killed at the battle of Plattsburg, 485.
Dracut, Pacha, besieges Malta, 356.
Drake, Sir Francis, at the siege of San Domingo, 559.
Drinkwater, Captain, his history of the siege of Gibraltar, 264.
Drucar, Chevalier de, 342.
Drum, Captain, at the battle of Chapultepec, 171.
Drummond, General, at the battle of Oswego, 434; of Niagara, 414.
Drummond, Colonel, at the siege of Fort Erie, 247.
Drummond, Captain, killed at the battle of Windmill Point, 696.
Druot, General, at the battle of Hanau, 270; of Leipsic, 320; of Lutzen, 346.
Dubois, General, at the battle of Charleroi, 172.
Dubourg, Herbert, his brave defense of Dover, 226.
Du Camas, Colonel, killed at battle of Inkermann, 572.
Duchesne, General, at the battle of Monteran, 391.
Duckworth, Admiral, his expedition to Constantinople, 195.
Dudley, Colonel, mortally wounded at Fort Meigs, 289.
Dudley, Lord, made prisoner, 105.
Dufay, Godemar, governor of Tournai, 638.
Dugua, General, at the battles of the Pyramids, 497.
Duhesme, General, at the battle of Brienne, 130.
Dulac, General, at the storming of the Malakoff, 579.
Dumas, Mathieu, Count, at the siege of Yorktown, 710.
Dumbrowsky, General, at battle of the Trebia, 644.
Dumont, General, at Waterloo, 690.
Dumourier, 291, 346, 409, 684.
Duncan, Ensign, at Fort Stephenson, 253.
Duncan, Major, at Mexico, 882; at battle of Palo Alto, 439; of Molino del Rey, 585.
Dundas, Admiral, at the bombardment of Odessa, 426.
Dundas, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the battle of Jamestown, 291.
Dundas, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the siege of Yorktown, 708.
Dundee, of Claverhouse, at the battle of Killiecrankie, 313.
Dunmore, Lord, at Norfolk, 417.

Dunois, at Caen, 141; at Orleans, 432.
Dupiet, Adjutant-General, assassinated at Rome, 542.
Duras, Charles, at the siege of Naples, 402.
Dureng, General, killed at the siege of Straslund, 602.
Durkee, Colonel, 702.
Durutte, General, at the battle of Leipsic, 324; of Raab, 507.
Duroc, General, Duke of Fruili, killed, 89; monument ordered to his memory by Napoleon I., 90.
Dutch, at Almanza, 24; at Antwerp, 41: at Bayonne, 90; at Bergen-op-Zoom, 103; at Blenheim, 105; at Bommel, 107; at Boxtel, 120; at the battle of the Boyne, 121; at Cadiz, 141; at Charleroi, 172; at Fontenoy, 246; at Gibraltar, 263; at Haarlem, 268; at Leyden, 330; at Maestricht, 352; at Namur, 401; at Ostend, 433; at Vachtendonck, 667; at Waterloo, 691.
Dyer, the famous one of Cardinal de Richelieu, 532.
Dymock, Captain, killed at the battle of the Ingour, 283.
Dyer, Lieutenant-Colonel, at Fort Talladega, 206.

E.

Earth and Water, the demand of, a token of demanding submission, 622.
Earthquake, account of one that occurred during the battle of Thrasymenus, 624.
Eaton, General, at the battle of Guilford Court House, 266.
Eclipse of the moon, during the siege of Syracuse, 610.
Eclipse of the sun, during the battle of the Halys, 269; before the siege of Jerusalem, 309.
Ecclesiastics, regiment of, formed at Paris, 446.
Edinburg, taken by Cromwell, 230.
Edmund Ironsides, of England, defeats Canute in single-handed combat, 25; murdered, 25.
Edward I., king of England, 229; at the siege of Brechin, 126; accepts the challenge of the Count of Châlons to a friendly tournament, 171; at the battle of Evesham, 240; of Falkirk, 244; of Lewes, 328; captures city of Perth, 474; at the siege of Tunis, 652.
Edward II., king of England, 230; at the battle of Bannockburn, 82.
Edward III., king of England, invades France, 141; lays siege to Calais, 143; his cruel conditions to the citizens of Calais, 145; anecdote of, *ibid.*; at the battle of Cressy, 203; invades Scotland, 232; at the battle of Hallidon Hill, 269; his generous treatment of his prisoner, John II., of France, 46; at siege of Rheims, 515; of Tournai, 638; his character, 638.
Edward IV., king of England, at the battle of Barnet, 84; his coronation, 643; at the battle of Tewkesbury, 619; of Towton, 642.
Edward VI., 312.
Edward, of Caernarvon, son of Edward I., first Prince of Wales, 653.
Edward, the Black Prince, at the siege of Limoges, 333; at the battle of Poictiers, 486; his generous treatment of John II., of France, 487; at the siege of Romorantin, 543.
Effingham, Lord High Admiral, at the siege of Cadiz, 141.
Egesimachus, his death, 281.
Eggleston, Major, in command of Americans at Augusta, 63; at the battle of Eutaw Springs, 239.
Egmont, Count, at the battle of St. Quintin, 555.
Egyptians, at St. Jean d' Acre, 11; at Alexandria, 15; at Azoth, 70; at the battle of Darik, 223; at the siege of Gaza, 269; of Jerusalem, 295; destroyed in the Red Sea, 513; at the battle of Thrymbra, 626.
Elam, king of, 314.
Elbee, General d', at the battle of Cholet, 183.
Elbert, Colonel, at the siege of Savannah, 563.
Eleazer, the Zealot, 297.
Elephants, at the siege of Agrigentum, 14; of Argos, 52; of Carthage, 149; at the battle of Cynocephalæ, 221; at the siege of Edessa, 234; at the battle of the Hydaspes, 281; of Issus, 283; of Raphia, 510; taken over the Alps by Hannibal, 546; at the battle of Thrasymenus, 624; of the Trebia, 644; of Zama, 712.
Elijah, the Prophet, 559.
Elizabeth, queen of England, imprisons Mary, queen of Scots, 318.
Ellershausen, General, at the siege of Schweidnitz, 567.
Elliot, Sir William, at the siege of Gibraltar, 263.
Elliott, Colonel, at Fort Stephenson, 252.
Elliott, Susanna, Mrs., presents flag to the South Carolina Regiment, 565.
Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, at the battle of St. Quintin, 554.
Emerson, William, chaplain of the American army, 117.
Engelbert, of Tournay, at the siege of Jerusalem, 307.
Enghien, Duke d', killed at the battle of St. Quintin, 555.
English, at St. Jean d' Acre, 8; at Agra, 12; at Aiguillon, 14; at Albuera, 15; at Alexandria, 18; at Alighur, 19; at Algiers, 19; at Aliwal, 21; at Alkmær, 21; at the Alma, 22; at Almanza, 24; at Almaraz, 24; at Almeida, 25; at Alney, 25; at Alnwick, 25; at Amoy, 26; at Aneram, 26; at Anet, 00; at Anjou, 26; at Antioch, 29; at Arguam, 52; at Arroyo del Molino, 55; at Assaye, 61; at Aughrim, 67; at Augusta, 67; at Azincour, 69; besiege French in Badajoz, 76; take fortress of Olivenza, 76; atrocities committed at Badajoz by English soldiers, 80; at Bangalore, 81; attack on Baltimore. 81; at Fort McHenry, 81; at Bannockburn, 82; at Barnet, 84; at Barrosa, 84; at Bayonne, 90; defeated by the Bretons, 85; at Baza, 94; at Beaverdams, 94; at Belgrade, 95; at Bennington Heights, 99; at Bergen-op-Zoom, 103; at Bergen-op-Zoom, 104; at Berwick, 104; at Blackheath, 104; at Black Rock, 104; at Bladensburg, 105; at Blenheim, 105; at Bloreheath, 105; besieged in Boston by Americans, 112; at Bunker's Hill, 113; at Bosworth Field, 118; at Bothwell Bridge, 119; at Boulogne, 120; at battle of Bouvines, 120; at Boxtel, 120; at the Boyne, 120; troops of Braddock defeated by French, 123; at the Brandywine, 124; besiege Brechin, 126; at Brest, 126; at Briar Creek, 127; at Brooklyn (Long Island), 127; at Brownstown, 126; at Buenos Ayres, 135; at Burgos, 137; at Busaco, 138: at the siege of Cadiz, 141: at battle of Caen, 141; at siege of Calais, 143; of Calvi, 147; at Camden, 147; at Canton, 149; at Caslatta, 156; at Castlebar, 158; at Caverypauk, 159: at Châlons, 172; at Charleston, 173; at Chippewa, 181; at Chrystler's Fields, 183; at Constantinople, 195; at Compeigne, 197, at Corunna, 200; at Cowan's Ford, 201; at Cowpens, 201; at Cranev Island, 303; at Cressy, 203; at Curnoll, 216; at Detroit, 225; at Dittengen, 225; at Dunbar, 229; at Dumblane, 230; at Dundalk, 230; at Dundee, 230; at Dungan Hill, 230; at Dunkirk, 231; at Durham, 232; at Edgehill Fight, 235; at Enghien, 237; at Espierres, 237; at Evesham, 240; at Fairfield, 243; at Falkirk, 244; at Flodden Field, 245; at Fontenoy, 245; at Formigny, 246; at Fort Boyer, 247; at Fort Erie, 247; at Fort George, 249; at Fort Niagara, 250; at Fort Ninety-six, 250; at Fort Schuyler, 250; at Oriskany, 251; at Fort Stephenson, 252; at Fort Washington, 253; at Freteval, 256; at Fuentes de Onore, 259; at Germantown, 260; at Ghuznee, 262, at Gibraltar, 263; at Gisors, 264; at Gorey, 264; at Guilford Court House, 266; at Hallidon Hill, 269; at Hampton, 269; at Hanging Rock, 271; at Harlem Plains, 271; at Hastings, 271; at Hexham, 275; at Hobkirk's Hill, 275; at Hubbardton, 290; at the Ingour, 283; at Inkerman, 283; at Jamestown, 290: at Kars, 312; at Kertch, 312; at Khurd Kabool, 313; at King's Mountain, 315; at Klüge, 317; at Laon, 318; at Lassawaree, 318; at Laval, 318; at Lewes, 328; at Lexington, 329; at Ligny, 689; at Limoges, 333: at Lincoln, 333; at Lisbon, 335; at Lisieux, 336; at Londonderry, 338; at Loudon Hill, 341; at Louisburg, 341: at Madras, 350; at Mans, 357; at Marston Moor, 363; at Mayenne, 365; at Mergui, 365; at Monmouth, 387; at Montereau, 391; at Moodkee, 396; at Mowbray, 400; at Namur, 401; at Naseby, 407; at Neerwinden, 408; at Newark, 410; at Newbury, 410; at New London, 411; at Fort Griswold, 411; at New Orleans, 411; at Norfolk, 417; at Norwalk, 423; at Odessa, 426; at Ogdensburg, 426; at Oporto, 428; at Orleans, 429; at Orthes, 93, 432; at Oswego, 433; at Otterburn, 434; at Pampeluna, 440; at Paris, 464; at Paoli, 470: at Parma, 470; at Patay, 470; at Pensacola, 473; at Perth, 474; at Pinkey, 478; at Plattsburg, 484; at Poictiers, 486; at Portsmouth, 487; at Porto Novo, 487; at Prestonpans, 488; at Princeton, 488; at the Pyrenees, 498; at Quaker Hill, 501; at Quatre Bras, 689; at Quebec, 503; at Queenstown, 506; at Rajdeer, 508; at Ramillies, 509; at Red Bank, 513; at Rennes, 513, at Rheims, 515; at La Rochelle, 532; at Sackett's Harbor, 544; at St. Alban's, 547; at St. Florent, 549; at St. Sebastian, 549: at St. Quintin, 554; at Salamanca, 556; at San Domingo, 559; at San Marcial, 561; at Savannah. 563; at Savindroog, 566; at Senneffe, 570; at Seringapatam, 570; at Sevastopol, 571; at Shrewsbury. 584; at Sobraon, 588; at Solway Moss, 588; at Springfield, 588; at second battle of

the Spurs, 588; at Stamford, 588; at battle of the Standard, 589; at battle of Bemus' Heights, 589; at Saratoga, 594; at Stillwater, 592; at Stonington, 598; at Stone Perry, 598; at Stony Creek, 598; at Stony Point, 599; at Stratton, 602; at Talavera, 616; at Tarifa, 617; at Tewkesbury, 619; at the Thames, 620; at Therouanne, 624–638; at Ticonderoga, 630; at Toulon, 635; at Toulouse, 638; at Towton, 643; at Trenton, 646; at Vimeira, 680; at Washington, 687; at Waterloo, 689; at Waxhaw, 693; at White Plains, 693; at Windmill Point, 696; at Worcester, 699; at York, 707; at Yorktown, 708.

Enns, a chief of the Isaurians, at the siege of Rome, 539.

Entragues, Chevalier d', at Cremona, 208.

Epaminondas, the Theban, at the battle of Leuctra, 327; of Mantinea, 363; his heroism, 364; his death, *ibid.*

Epicydes, an Athenian general, 623; at Syracuse, 613.

Epinoi, Princess d', her valiant conduct at the siege of Tournai, 639.

Erbillon, General, at the battle of the Tchernaya, 578.

Erginus, the Corinthian, 195.

Erlon, Count d', at battle of Bayonne, 91; of the Pyrenees, 498; of Waterloo, 690.

Ernest, Pierre, at the siege of Vachtendonck, 667.

Erskine, General, 127; at the battle of Trenton, 648.

Esmonde, Captain, at the siege of Sevastopol, 575.

Espartero, General, assisted by several British ships-of-war, defeats Carlists, at the siege of Bilboa, 164; at the battle of Morella, 397; of Ramales, 508.

Essex, Earl of, at the siege of Cadiz, 141; at Edgehill Fight, 235.

Estaing, Count d', in command of the French fleet, 175; at the siege of Savannah, 564; wounded, *ibid.*; in command of the National Guard of Versailles, 456.

Esther, an Indian Queen, her cruelty to prisoners, 705.

Estonville, D', 69.

Eteocles, son of Œdipus, king of Thebes, engages in single combat with his brother, Polynices, in which both are slain, 621.

Eu, Count of, Constable of France, made prisoner at Caen, 141.

Euclides, brother of Cleomenus, at the battle of Selasia, 568.

Eudes, Count, at the siege of Paris, 441; at the battle of Tours, 642.

Eugene (Beauharnais), Prince, at the battle of Borodino, 109; of Leipsic, 320; of Lutzen, 344; of Raab, 507; of Sacile, 544.

Eugene, Prince, of Savoy, at the battle of Blenheim, 105; of Cassano, 155; at siege of Cremona, 208; at the battle of Malplaquet, 355; at siege of Milan, 384; of Mons, 389; at the battle of Oudenarde, 435; of Peterwardin, 473; at the siege of Temeswar, 617; of Turin, 654.

Eugenius, the Rhetorician, made Emperor of the West, by Arbogastes, 46; defeated by Theodosius, 47; his death, *ibid.*

Eupirates, the river, 72.

Eurybiades, in command of Grecian fleet, 623.

Eurylochus, slain at the battle of Olpæ, 427.

Eurymedon, at the siege of Syracuse, 609; his death, 610.

Eustache, brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, the Crusader, at the siege of Jerusalem, 302–306.

Euthydemus, at the siege of Syracuse, 608.

Evans, General, at Fonterabia, 245.

Eyers, Lord, killed, 26.

Eyrard, of Preysaic, a Crusader, at Jerusalem, 307.

Ewing, General, at the battle of Trenton, 647.

Exacestes, in command of the fleet of Rhodes, defeated by Demetrius, 518.

Exmouth, Lord, Admiral, at Algiers, 20.

Eyre, Colonel, killed at Fort Griswold, 411.

Eyre, Major-General, at the siege of Sevastopol, 575.

F.

Fabius, Consul of Rome, at the siege of Tarentum, 617.

Fairfax, Sir Thomas, at the battle of Marston Moor, 363; of Naseby, 407.

Falconberg, Lord, kills Lord Clifford at the battle of Towton, 643.

Falls, Captain, at the battle of Ramsom's Mills, 509.

Falstoffe, Sir John, at the siege of Orleans, 430.

Famines, of Agrigentum, 13; of Antioch, 29; of Athens, 62–64; of Byzantium, 140; of Callahorra, 143; of Calais, 143; of Jerusalem, 295, 298; of Kars, 312; of Leyden, 33?; of Londonderry, 340; of Lyons, 349; of Naples, 402; of Paris, 446; of Ravenna, 511; of La Rochelle, 532; of Rome, 537, 539; of Samaria, 559; of Tunis, 649.

Fannings, Lieutenant, at the battle of Sackett's Harbor, 544.

Farjaux, Governor, at the siege of Maestricht, 351.

Farusbourg, siege of, 548.

Faustus, Cornelius, son of Sylla, 296.

Febiger, Christian, Colonel, at Stony Point, 599.

Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, at the battle of Nordlingen, 417.

Ferdinand IV., of Spain, takes Gibraltar, 263.

Ferdinand V., king of Castile and Arragon, at the siege of Grenada, 264; wrests Naples from France, 403; at the siege of Ronda, 543.

Ferey, Colonel, mortally wounded, 558.

Fergent, Alain, Duke of Brittany, at siege of Jerusalem, 302.

Fellahs, at the battle of the Pyramids, 497.

Fellows, General, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 589.

Ferguson, Major, at the battle of King's Mountain, 315; killed, 316.

Ferte, Marshal de la, at Arras, 54.

Ferrand, General, at siege of Valenciennes, 668.

Ferrars, Lord of Chartlery, slain in Bosworth Field, 119.

Fessart, Albert de, a Swiss knight, at the battle of St. Jacob, 548.

Feuillade, Marshal, at the siege of Valenciennes, 668.

Feversham, General, at the battle of Sedgemoor, 567.

Fielden, Major, at the siege of Sevastopol, 575.

Finlay, Captain, at the battle of Guilford Court House, 268.

Finnlanders, at the battle of Leipsic, 332; of Lutzen, 343.

Fire, balls of, seen in the sky by the Crusaders, 39.

Fire-Pots, used at the siege of Edessa, 233; at Jerusalem, 306.

Fire-Ships, 60, 610.

Fire Worshipers, 300.

Fishback, General, at the battle of Citate, 184.

Fitzwalter, Lord, killed by Lord Clifford, 642.

Flag, Union, first unfurled over American camp, 117.

Flails, armed with iron balls, 56.

Flaminius, Titus Quintius, appointed a consul of Rome, 221.

Flaminus, Caius, the Roman consul, at the battle of Thrasymenus, 624; killed, 625.

Flaminus, Roman consul, at battle of the Adda, 11.

Flanders, Count of, at Constantinople, 187; at Jerusalem, 312.

Flanders, Earl of, wounded and made prisoner at battle of Bouvines, 120.

Flank Movement, of Napoleon, first successful application of, 336.

Fleming, Captain, killed at the battle of Princeton, 489.

Flemings, at Antwerp, 41; at Arras, 53; at Cassel, 156; at Lisbon, 335; at Maestricht, 350; at the first battle of the Spurs, 588; at the siege of Valenciennes, 667; of Westrooseberke, 693.

Flesselles, M. de, killed at the storming of the Bastile, 452.

Fletcher, Sir R., Lieutenant-Colonel, wounded at the siege of St. Sebastian, 550; killed, 553.

Fletcher, Colonel, killed at Badajoz, 77.

Fleury, Colonel de, at Stony Point, 600.

Florine, daughter of Eudes I., Duke of Burgundy, her death, 29.

Floyd, General, 205; wounded, 206.

Flue, Louis de, commander of the Swiss Guards at Paris, 450.

Fontrailles, his stratagem at the siege of Terouanne, 638.

Ford, Colonel, at the battle of Guilford, 268; mortally wounded at Hobkirk's Hill, 276.

Fordyce, Captain, at the battle of Trenton, 647.

Forey, General, at the battle of Inkerman, 572.

Forster, General, at the battle of Novi, 424; of the Trebia, 645.

Forsythe, Major, at Ogdensburg, 427; at York, 707.

Fort Brown, defense of, 514.

Fort Niagara, condition of, during the American Revolution, 250.

Fortescue, Sir Faithful, at Edgehill Fight, 235.

Foster, Captain, at the battle of Molino del Rey, 386.

Foulon, M., appointed Intendant of the French navy, 448; his character and death, 454.

Foulquet, Bishop, his treachery, 637.

Foy, General, at the battle of Bayonne, 91; of Busaco, 139; of Salamanca, 558; of Waterloo, 690.

France, state of, in the time of Louis XIV., 531.

Franceschi, General, at the battle of Corunna, 200.

Francis I., emperor of Austria, at the battle of Leipsic, 320.

Francis I., of France, at the battle of Marignan, 361; at the siege of Marseilles, 362; of Pavia, 471; made prisoner by the Spaniards, 472.

Francis II., of France, 40.

Francis, Duke of Anjou, created sovereign of the Netherlands 40; besieges Antwerp, 40.

Francis Albert, Duke, at battle of Lutzen, 343.

Francis, Duke of Guise, at the siege of Naples, 408.

Francis, of Lorraine, at the siege of Pavia, 471.

Francis, Colonel, 702; killed at battle of Hubbardton, 280.

Francisco, a brave Virginian, his feats at the battle of Guilford, 268.

Francisco, an officer of Cortez, 165.

Frankish Empire, divided between the sons of Louis le Debonnaire, 245.

Franklin, John, Captain, 706.

Franks, at the battle of Châlons, 170; of Roncesvalles, 543; of Tours, 641.

Fraser, General, at the battle of Corunna, 137.

Fraser, Lieutenant, at the siege of Burgos, 137.

Fraser, General, at battle of Bemus' Heights, 589; mortally wounded at second battle of Stillwater, 593.

Franquet, commander of Burgundian army, made prisoner by Joan d'Arc, 197.

Frederic Augustus I., king of Saxony, at the battle of Leipsic, 325.

Frederic I. (Barbarossa), emperor of Germany, at the battle of Bassano, 155.

Frederic II. (the Great), 85, 566; at the battle of Cunnersdorf, 216; of Friedburg, 256; at the siege of Oldmutz, 427; at the battle of Pirna, 479; of Prague, 488; of Rossbach, 543.

Frederic William III., king of Prussia, at the battle of Auerstadt, 65; at siege of Straslund, 601; at battle of Leipsic, 320.

Frederic IV., king of Denmark, at the siege of Straslund, 601.

Frederic, General, killed at the battle of Leipsic, 324.

Frederic, Archduke of Austria, 13, 22; made prisoner at Amfing, 26.

Freibourg, Baron de, killed at the siege of Cremona, 209.

Friere, General, at Baza, 94.

French, at Abensburg, 5; at Aboukir, 5; at St. Jean d' Acre, 8, 9; at the Adda, 11; at Aiguebelle, 14; at Aiguillon, 14; at Albuera, 15; at Alexandria, 18; at Alcaniz, 15; at Allessandria, 19; at Alkmaer, 21; at the Alma, 22; at Almanza, 24; at Almaraz, 24; at Almeida, 25; at Almonacid, 25; at Amberg, 25; at Anjou, 26; at Antioch, 27; at Antwerp, 40, 43; at Arcis-sur-Aube, 49; at Arcola, 50; at Arguam, 52; at Arnheim, 53; at Arras, 53; at Arroyo del Molino, 55; at battles of Aspern and Esslinz, 56; at Auerstadt, 64; at Austerlitz, 68; at Azincour, 69; besiege Badajoz, 75; take fortress of Oliverza, 75; besieged in Badajoz by English, 76; generosity to wounded English soldiers, 77; take Barcelona, 84; at Bardis, 84; at Barrosa, 84; at Bar-sur-Aube, 84; at Bassano, 84; at Bautzen, 86; defeat Prussians, near Weissig, 86; at Bayonne, 90; at Baza, 94; besieged in Beauvais, by Charles the Bold, 94; at Belchite, 98; at Benevento, 99; at the passage of the Beresina, 101; at Bergen, 102; at Bergen-op-Zoom, 103; at Blenheim, 105; at Borodino, 107; at Bosent-les-Walcour, 112; at Bolongne, 120; at Bonvines, 120; at Boxtel, 120; at the Boyne, 121; defeat Braddock, 123; at Breslau, 126; at Brest, 126; at Briluega, 126; at Brienne, 129; at Burgos, 136; at Busaco, 138; at siege of Burgos, 136; at Busaco, 139; at Cadore, 141; at Caen, 141; at Cahors, 142; at Calais, 143; at Caldiero, 147; at Canustadt, 149; at Cassel, 156; at Castala, 156; at Castiglione, 157; at Castillon, 157; at Castlebar, 158; at Caverypauk, 159; at Ceresole, 163; at Charleroi, 171; at Châlons, 171; at Champaubert, 179; at Chateau Gothiere, 179; at Cholet, 183; at Ciudad Rodrigo, 184; at Coblentz, 186; at Constantina, 186; at Constantinople, 188; at Corunna, 200; at Courtral, 688; at Cressy, 203; at Cremona, 208; at Dantzic, 223; at Dennewitz, 224; at Dorogaboozh, 226; at Dresden, 226; at Eckmuhl, 232; at Engen, 237; at Espierres, 237; at Eupatoria, 237; at Eylau, 240; at Fere Champenoise, 244; at Fontenoy, 245; at Forli, 246; at Formigny, 246; at Fornovo, 246; at Fort Niagara, 250; at Fort Saint David, 252; at Fougieres, 254; at Friedland, 256; at Fuentes de Onore, 259; at Gaza, 260; at Gembloux, 260; at Gibraltar, 263; at Halle, 269; at Heidelburg, 273; at Heliopolis, 273; at Heilsberg, 273; at Hohenlinden, 277; at Inkerman, 283; at Jaffa, 290; at Jemappes, 291; at Jena, 292; at Kanth, 312; at Katsbach, 312; at Kowno, 317; at Krasnoi, 585; at Kulm, 317; at Laon, 318; at Laval, 318; at Leipsic, 320; at Mochern, 321; at Lerida, 325; at Liege, 332; at Ligny, 333, 688; at Limoges, 333; at Lisieux, 336; at Lisle, 335; at Livron, 336; at Loano, 336; at Lodi, 337; at Lonato, 341; at Lonisburg, 341; at Lutzen, 344; at Lyons, 347; at Madras, 350; at Malo-Yaroslavetz, 355; at Malplaquet, 355; at Mannheim, 357; at Mans, 357; at Mantua, 357; at Marcians, 359; at Marengo 359; at Marignan, 361; at Messina, 366; at Milan, 384; at Minden, 384; at Moeskirch, 384; at Mohrungen, 385; at Mockern, 384; at Mons, 389; at Montebello, 389; at Montenotte, 390; at Montereau, 391; at Montmirail, 395; at Morgarten, 397; at Mount Tabor, 399; at Muolta, 400; at Namur, 401; at Nancy, 401; at Naples, 4 3; at Neerwinden, 409; at Nordlingen, 417; at Novi, 423; at Oporto, 428; at Orthes, 93; at Ostrovno, 433; at Oswego, 433; at Otricolli, 434; at Pampeluna, 440; at Paris, 465; at Parma, 470; at Patay, 470; at Pavia 471; at Permasin, 473; at Perpignan, 474; at Poictiers, 486; at Portsmouth, 487; at Prague, 488; at Pultusk, 495; at the Pyramids, 497; at the Pyrences, 498; at Quatre Bras, 689; at Quebec, 503; at Raab, 507; at Ratisbon, 511; at Renchen, 513; at Rennes, 513; at Rhelms, 515; at Rio Seco, 523; at Rivoli, 530; at La Rochelle, 531; at Roncq, 543; at Rossbach, 543; at Saalfeld, 544; at Sacile, 544; at Saguntum, 547; at St. Dizier, 548; at St. Florent, 548; at St. Jacob, 548; at St. Sebastian, 549; at St. Quintin, 554; at Salamanca, 556; at San Marcial, 561; at Saragossa, 562; at Savigliano, 566; at Schellendorf, 566; at Schenectady, 566; at Senneffe, 570; at Sevastopol, 571; at Inkerman, 572; at Tchernaya, 577; at Sieta Agnas, 585; at Smolensko, 585; at Krasnoi, 585; at battles of the Spurs, 588; at Stockach, 597; at Talavera, 616; at Tarifa, 617; at Therouanne, 624; at Ticonderoga, 630; at Toulon, 634; at Tortosa, 634; at Toulose, 638, at Tournai, 540; at the Trebia, 644; at Tudela, 649; at Turin, 654; at Tuscoing, 655; at Ulm, 665; at Valls, 670; at Valmy, 676; at Villaviosa, 680; at Villimpenta, 680; at Waterloo, 689; at Wesmoosebeke, 693; at Wattignies, 693; at Wavres, 693; at Wurtzburg, 701; at Yorktown, 708; at Zurich, 714.

French Revolutions, of 1789, 447; of 1830, 465; of 1848, 469.

Friant, General, at the battle of Heliopolis, 275; at Auerstadt, 66; killed at Waterloo, 692.

Fribourg, siege of, 246.

Friday, an unlucky day, 310.

Fronde, the war of the, 447.

Frossard, General, at the storming of the Malakoff, 580.

Fry, Colonel, at the battle of Rivas, 527.

Fugueres, killed at Aboukir, 1.

Fulvius, the Roman Consul, besieges Ambracia, 25.

Furius, Lucius, at the battle of the Adda, 11; at the siege of Cremona, 207.

Furstemberg, Prince, at the battle of Leipsic, 323; killed at the battle of Stockach, 598.

G.

Gage, Thomas, General, in command of British in Boston, 112; his expedition against Concord, 329; his conduct toward the inhabitants of Boston, 112; holds council of war before battle of Bunker's Hill, 113.

Gage, Lieutenant-Colonel, wounded at the battle of Fort du Quesne, 128.

Gaines, Captain, at battle of Eutaw, 239.

Gaines, General, at the siege of Fort Erie, 247.

Galezier, M., appointed Comptroller-General of France, 448.

Galgacus, in command of Picts at battle of the Grampian Hills, 264.

Gall, De, General, at battle of Bemus' Heights, 589.

Gallitzen, General, at the battle of Friedland, 257; of Krasnoi, 587.

Gallus, at battle of Chæronea, 168.

Galway, Lord, defeated at Almanza, 24.

Gansevoort, Peter, Colonel, at the siege of Fort Schuyler, 251.

Gardner, Colonel, mortally wounded at battle of Bunker's Hill, 164.

Gardner, Lieutenant, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, 164.

Garland, Colonel, at Mexico, 382; at battle of Molino del Rey, 385; at the siege of Monterey, 392.

Garratt, Major, 705.

Gascons, at battle of Roncesvalles, 543.
Gaston, of Bearn, at Jerusalem, 302.
Gates, Horatio, General, at battle of Bemus' Heights, 589; in command of the Americans at Camden, 147; at the battles of Saratoga and Stillwater, 589; his conduct toward Arnold, 590; his interview with General Burgoyne, 596.
Gaucort, De, 69.
Gauls, at the battle of Cannæ, 148; at Cremona, 207; at the siege of Paris, 440; of Rome, 535; defeated by Hannibal, 546; at the battle of Thrasymenus, 625; of the Trebia, 643.
Gautemozin, emperor of Mexico, his heroic defense of his capital, 378; put to the torture by Cortez, 381.
Gauzlin, Bishop, killed at the siege of Paris, 441.
Gawbaa, Sir Peter, at the battle of Pinkey, 479.
Geese, save Rome, 535.
Gems, taken by the Crusaders, 40.
Gerard, Marshal, at Agra, 12; at Antwerp, 43; at battle of Brienne, 130; of Borodino, 109; at the battle of Lutzen, 345; wounded, 346; takes part in the French Revolution, 467.
Gerard, of Rousillon, at Jerusalem, 307.
Gerbaut, valor of, 441.
Gelon, a Syracusan general, at the siege of Hymera, 282.
Germans, at Aquileia, 46; at Argentaria, 52; at Arras, 54; at Bouvines, 120; at Bayonne, 91; at Burgos, 138; at Cassano, 155; at Charlerol, 172; at Constantinople, 188; at Cremona, 208; at Fleubourg, 245; at Leipsic, 318; at Lutzen, 342; at Paris, 448; at St. Quintin, 554; at the battle of the Spurs, 588; of Tours, 642; at Vienna, 677; their victory over the Romans under Varus, 696.
Geoffrey, of Charni, at Calais, 144.
George II., in command of Allies at the battle of Dettingen, 225.
Ghebellines, of Pavia, at the battle of Marcinago, 359.
Ghent, men of, at Westroosebeke, 693.
Guori, Sultan, at battle of Darik, 223.
Giambelli, the famous Italian engineer, invents the "infernal machine," 42.
Gibbon, James, Lieutenant, at the storming of Stony Point, 600.
Gibbs, General, wounded at the battle of New Orleans, 413.
Gibraltar, description of, 262.
Gibraltar, Little, 635.
Gibson, Captain, at the siege of Fort Erie, 248.
Gi-en-zwa-tak, 705.
Gielgod, General, killed, 684.
Gieta, Colonel, wounded at the battle of Pultowa, 492.
Gimat, Colonel, at the siege of Yorktown, 709.
Gimberghen, Lords of, at the battle of Ransbeck, 510.
Ginkell, General, at Aughrim, 67; at Limerick, 333.
Girty, Simon, 105.
Gist, Major, noble conduct at the battle of Long Island, 129.
Giulay, General, at Arcis-sur-Aube, 49; at Asperne, 57; at Brienne, 130; at Dresden, 226; at Leipsic, 321.
Gladiators slain at the triumph of Aurelian, 483.
Glazier, Colonel, at the siege of Savannah, 565.
Glengarey, a Celtic chief, at the battle of Killiecrankie, 313.
Gloucester, Earl of, nephew of Edward IV., slain at Bannockburn, 83.
Glover, General, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 589; of White Plains, 695.
Godfrey III., of Belgium, 510.
Godfrey, the Crusader, at Antioch, 27; his valor, 30; at Jerusalem, 302.
Godryas, a general of Cyrus, at Babylon, 71.
Goethe, the poet, his record of the sensations he experienced at the battle of Valmy, 670.
Gol, an officer of the *Armagnacs*, at the siege of Paris, 442.
Gold, immense quantities of, taken by the Crusaders, 40.
Gold of the Holy Sepulcher, converted into coin, 309.
Goldsmiths' shops in Rome, put up at auction by Hannibal, 536.
Gollowin, Count, at the battle of Pultowa, 491.
Gomez, Ruy, confidential minister of Philip II., 554.
Gomoreau, the kings of, 314.
Gondian, Captain, endeavors to save Louis XVI., 460.
Gongylus, a Corinthian officer, at the siege of Syracuse, 606.
Gonsalvo, a general of Ferdinand V., at siege of Naples, 403.
Gordon, Lord, killed at the battle of Alford, 19.
Gorgey, Arthur, General, takes part in the Hungarian revolution, 618.
Gorman, Major, at the battle of Buena Vista, 132.
Gormy, General, at the battle of Marston Moor, 363.
Gortchakoff, Prince, at the battle of Borodino, 107; of Friedland, 257; of Heilsburg, 273; of the Trebia, 644.
Gortschakoff, Prince, at the battle of Kalafat, 312; in command of the Russians at the siege of Sevastopol, 577.
Goths, at Aquileia, 46; at the battle of Châlons, 383; at the siege of Milan, 383; at battle of Naissus, 404; at the siege of Ravenna, 511; of Rome, 537; of Saragossa, 562; at the battle of Sarnus, 562; of Tagina, 616; at the siege of Toledo, 633.
Gough, Sir Hugh, at Canton, 149; at the battle of Sobraon, 588.
Gourgaud, rescues Napoleon from imminent peril, 130.
Graham, Sir Thomas, at the battle of Barrosa, 84; at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, 164; of St. Sebastian, 549; at the battles of the Pyrenees, 499.
Grant, General, 124, 127.
Gray, Sir Thomas, concerned in the murder of Prince Arthur, 620.
Gray, Lieutenant, killed at the battle of Rivas, 529.
Gregory VII., Pope, at the siege of Rome, 541.
Gregg, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the battle of Bennington, 100.
Greeks, at the siege of Byblos, 139; of Constantinople, 188; at the battle of Cranon, 203; 13,000, engaged by Cyrus of Persia, 211; retreat of the 10,000, 216; at the battle of the Granicus, 265; at the siege of Hymera, 282; at the battle of Issus, 288; of Mantinea, 363; of Megaspellon, 365; at Missolonghi, 366; of Nisib, 417; of Thermopylæ, 622; at Tripolitza, 648; at the siege of Troy, 649.
Greek Fire, 9.
Greene, Christopher, Colonel, the "Hero of Red Bank," 512.
Greene, Nathaniel, General, at the battle of the Brandywine, 125; at battle of Long Island, 127; of Bunker's Hill, 114; of Eutaw Springs, 238; rewarded with a gold medal, 240; at the siege of Fort Ninety-Six, 250; at the battle of Guilford Court House, 266; of Hobkirk's Hill, 276; of Monmouth, 389; of Springfield, 588; of Trenton, 646.
Green, Lieutenant, 527.
Green Knight, The, 661.
Greenwood, Mr., wounded at Ciudad Rodrigo, 186.
Grenades, 667.
Grenier, General, at the battle of the Adda, 11; of Hohenlinden, 273; of Raab, 507; of Wurtzburg, 701.
Grenouilly, Rigoult de, Rear Admiral, at the siege of Sevastopol, 579.
Grey, General, at the battle of Germantown, 260; of Paoli, 470.
Grey, Lord, at the battle of Pinkey, 479.
Griswold, Fort, taken by the English, 411.
Gribeaunel, an engineer, 567.
Grillets, General, 12.
Grouchy, General, at Borodino, 109; at Hohenlinden, 277; at Novi, 424; at Raab, 507; at Wavres, 698.
Groves, Sacred, of Athens, 65.
Grovac, Major, at the battle of the Tchernaya, 578.
Guelfs, of Milan, at the battle of Marcinago, 359.
Guiscard, the Norman, 541.
Guise, Duke de, at the siege of Calais 145; killed at the siege of Orleans, 432.
Guise, Duke de, assassinated, 444.
Guiton, Jean, Mayor of La Rochelle, his valor, 582.
Guitri, De, 69.
Guizot, M., takes part in the French Revolution of 1830, 467.
Gunby, Colonel, at the battle of Guilford, 268; of Hobkirk's Hill, 276.
Gundechilde, wife of Baldwin, 234.
Gurth, brother of Harold II., killed at the battle of Hastings, 272.
Gustavus Adolphus the Great, at the battle of Leipsic, 318; killed at the battle of Lutzen, 343; his tomb preserved by Napoleon I., 344.
Gylippus, a Spartan general, at the siege of Syracuse, 606.

H.

Hachcett, Joan, the heroine, in the defense of Beauvais, 94.
Haddick, General, at the battle of Marengo, 360; at the siege of Schweidnitz, 567.

Hafiz, Pacha, at the battle of Nisib, 417.
Hagner, Captain, at the battle of Chapultepec, 171.
Halicarnassus, siege of, 516.
Halket, Sir Peter, killed at the battle of Fort du Quesne, 123.
Hall, Colonel, at Fort Talladega, 206.
Halse, Colonel, at the battle of Salamanca, 558.
Halyattes, king of Lydia, his kindness to the Scythians, 269.
Hamelin, Admiral, at the bombardment of Odessa, 426.
Hamer, General, at the siege of Monterey, 394.
Hamilcar, the Carthaginian general, at the battle of Hymeria, 282; killed, 283.
Hamilcar, the Carthaginian general, 614; at the siege of Syracuse, 615; death of, 616.
Hamilton, Alexander, General, at Yorktown, 709; at White Plains, 695.
Hamilton, Brigadier, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 589.
Hamilton, Robert, in command of Covenanters, at the battle of Drumclog, 339.
Hamilton, General, at the battle of Pultowa, 491.
Hammel, General, at the battle of Raab, 508.
Hampton, Wade, Colonel, at the battle of Eutaw Springs, 239.
Hampton, General, his defeat, 269.
Hancock, John, 329.
Hand, Colonel, at the battle of Trenton, 647; at White Plains, 695.
Hannibal the Great, defeats the Romans at the famous battle of Cannæ, 148; at the battle of Placencia, 479; besieges Rome, 536; at the siege of Saguntum, 545; crosses the Alps, 546; at the battle of Lake Thrasymenus, 624; his speech to his troops before the battle of Ticinus, 629; gains a great victory on the banks of the Trebia, 643; his despair on hearing of the defeat and death of his brother, Asdrubal, 110; his interview with Scipio, 711; defeated at the great battle of Zama, 712.
Hannibal, son of Gisco, at the siege of Selinuntum, 569.
Hanno, the Carthaginian general, 13.
Hanoverians, at the battle of Fontenoy, 246.
Hardin, Colonel, at the battle of Buena Vista, 132; killed, 135.
Hardin, Captain, at the battle of Ramsom's Mills, 509.
Harney, Colonel, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, 164.
Harold II., defeated and slain at the battle of Hastings, 272.
Harrah, Count, at the siege of Belgrade, 97.
Harris, General, at the siege of Seringapatam, 570.
Harris, Colonel, at the siege of Charleston, 176.
Harrison, William Henry, General, at the siege of Fort Meigs, 249; at the battle of the Thames, 631; of Tippecanoe, 631.
Hartley, Captain, 706.
Harvey, Colonel, at the battle of Salamanca, 557.
Haskill, Colonel, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, 164.
Haslet, Colonel, at the battle of Long Island, 128; of White Plains, 695; of Princeton, 488; killed, 489.
Hastings, Lord, concerned in the murder of the Prince of Wales, 620.
Hawes, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the battle of Hobkirk's Hill, 276.
Hawley, General, at the battle of Falkirk, 244.
Hay, the founder of the Errol family, at the battle of Luncarty, 342.
Hays, Colonel, at the siege of Monterey, 329.
Haytians, at the siege of San Domingo, 559.
Hayman, Captain, wounded at the siege of Sevastopol, 575.
Haynau, General, at the siege of Temeswar, 617.
Heath, General, at Bear Creek, 82; at the battle of White Plains, 694.
Hederwick, Captain, at the siege of Burgos, 137.
Heister, General de, 127.
Helena of Troy, abducted by Alexander, or Paris, son of Priam, 649.
Helepolis, an enormous machine, invented by Demetrius, described, 518.
Hendelet, General, wounded at the battle of Eylau, 242.
Henderson, Colonel, at the battle of Eutaw Springs, 239.
Henderson, Colonel, killed at the battle of New Orleans, 413.
Henderson, General, at the siege of Monterey, 392.
Hengurst, the Saxon, defeated at Crayford, 208.
Henley, Major, killed at Montressor's Island, 695.
Henry II., king of France, at war with Spain, 554.
Henry III., king of England, compelled to fight against his own cause, and wounded at the battle of Evesham, 240; at the battle of Lewes, 327; made prisoner, 328.
Henry III., king of Germany and Italy, at the siege of Rome, 541.
Henry III., of France, disgracefully repulsed by women at Livron, 336; his character, 445; at the siege of La Rochelle, 531; causes the massacre of the Leaguers, 444; his excesses, 445; assassinated by the monk Clement, 446.
Henry IV., king of England, at the battle of Shrewsbury, 584; at the siege of Laon, 318.
Henry IV., of France, proclaimed king, 446; defeats the Leaguers, 26; his valor at the siege of Cahors, 142; at the siege of Listenx, 336; of Paris, 447.
Henry V., of England, invades France, 69, 429.
Henry VI., king of England, 338; at the battle of St. Albans, 547; wounded, *ibid.*; at the battle of Towton, 642; declared king of France by Treaty of Troyes, 429; murdered, 620.
Henry VII. (the Earl of Richmond), defeats Richard III. in Bosworth Field, 119.
Henry VIII., king of England, at the siege of Bolougne, 120; of Therouanne, 638.
Henry, son of David I., of Scotland, at the battle of the Standard, 589.
Henry, brother of Peter the Cruel, at the battle of Naxera, 408.
Henry, brother of the Count of Flanders, at Constantinople, 188.
Henzi, General, in command of the garrison of Buda, 618; his death, *ibid.*
Heraclius, emperor of the East, 300; treachery of, 16; at the siege of Damascus, 223.
Herbert, Sir Walter, 118.
Hercules, the Pillars of, 263.
Herbois, Collot d', his cruelty, 349.
Herkimer, General, at the battle of Oriskany, 250.
Herle, at the siege of Macstricht, 350.
Hermocrates, at the siege of Syracuse, 605.
Herod the Great, at the siege of Jerusalem, 296; rebuilds Samaria, 559.
Herod, son of Odenathus, killed by Mallonis, 435.
Herrick, Colonel, at the battle of Bennington Heights, 100.
Herrings, the battle of the, 430.
Hesse-Homberg, Prince Leopold of, 346.
Hesse-Philipstadt, Prince of, 103.
Hessians, at the battle of Bennington, 99; of the Brandywine, 124; of Brooklyn (Long Island), 127; their brutality, 128; at the siege of Charleston, 178; at the battle of Dittingen, 225; at the siege of Fort Washington, 253; at the capture of Fort Griswold, 411; at the battle of Guilford, 267; of Germantown, 262; of Hubbarton, 280; of Monmouth, 388; of Red Bank, 512; at Savannah, 563; at the battles of Bemus' Heights, Stillwater, and Saratoga, 594; anecdote of, 596; at battle of Trenton, 646; of White Plains, 693.
Hewett, Captain, 704.
Hexapylum, the celebrated gate of Syracuse, 603.
Hiero, of Syracuse, at the siege of Messina, 365.
Hill, Sir Rowland, at Badajoz, 77; at the battle of Bayonne, 91; of Orthes, 93; of the Pyrenees, 501.
Hill, Colonel, at the battle of Hubbarton, 280.
Hill, Lord, 55; at the battle of Almaraz, 24.
Hilliers, Baraguay d', at Asperne and Essling, 57; at the battle of Raab, 507.
Himilco, at the siege of Syracuse, 613.
Hindman, Colonel, 415.
Hippocrates, 613, 615.
Hitchcock, Colonel, at the battle of Princeton, 489.
Hockley, George W., Colonel, at the battle of San Jacinto, 560.
Hog's Island, skirmish of, 113.
Hofer, the Tyrolean Hero, 661.
Hohenloie, Count, General, 41; at the battle of Auerstadt, 64; of Jena, 292; of Saalfeld, 544.
Hohenstauffen Dynasty, termination of, in Italy, 616.
Hohenzollern, General, at the battle of Asperne, 57; of Eckmuhl, 232.
Holakoo, at the siege and sack of Bagdad, 81.
Holmes, Lieutenant, at the siege of Burgos, 137.
Holstein, Duke of, at battle of Hemmingstadt, 275.
Holy Lance, the, found at Antioch, 37; borne in the final battle of Antioch, by Raymond, 38.
Holy Sepulchre, the, 309.
Homberg, Hesse, Prince of, wounded at the battle of Leipsic, 323.
Homer, his narration of the siege of Troy, 649.

Hoorne, General, at the battle of Pultowa, 491.
Hope, Sir John, General, at the battle of Bayonne, 90; wounded, 94; at the battle of Corunna, 200; of Salamanca, 558.
Horatii and Curatii, 279.
Horatius, Cocles, destroys bridge over the Tiber, and swims that river, 533.
Hornsby, General, at Granada, 529.
Hortensius, a Lieutenant of Sylla, at the battle of Chæronea, 168.
Hosea, king of Israel, made prisoner, 559.
Hotham, Commodore, in command of the English fleet, 175.
Hotspur (Lord Percy), at the battle of Oudenard, 434; killed at the battle of Shrewsbury, 584.
Hotza, General, at the battle of Wurtzburg, 701; of Zurich, 714.
Houston, Sam, General, at the battle of San Jacinto, 559; wounded, 560.
Howard, Colonel, at the battle of Hobkirk's Hill, 276; at Bear Creek, 81.
Howard, John Eager, at the battle of the Cowpens, 201.
Howard, Sir Edward, at the battle of Flodden, 245.
Howard, Lord, at the battle of Flodden, 245.
Howard, Thomas, Lord, at the siege of Cadiz, 141.
Howe, George, Lord, slain at Ticonderoga, 630.
Howe, Richard, Lord, admiral of the British fleet for America, arrives at Staten Island, 127; at the battle of White Plains, 84.
Howe, Robert, General, at the battle of Long Island, 127; at the siege of Savannah, 175, 563.
Howe, Colonel, at Norfolk, 418.
Howe, Sir William, arrives in America, 112; in command of the British troops in Boston, 118; at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 114; wounded, 116; evacuates Boston, 118; arrives at Staten Island, 127; at the siege of Fort Washington, 253; at the battle of Germantown, 260; of Red Bank, 512.
Hueston, Captain, killed at the battle of Rivas, 528.
Huger, Isaac, General, at the siege of Charleston, 178; at the battle of Guilford, 267; of Hobkirk's Hill, 276; at Savannah, 563, 565.
Huger, Captain, 385.
Hugh the Great, 39.
Hugh of St. Paul, at Jerusalem, 307.
Huguenots, erect Fort Carolina in Florida, 247; defeated by the Spaniards, *ibid.*; at the battle of Jarnac, 291; at the siege of La Rochelle, 531; of Orleans, 432; of Paris (St. Bartholomew's night), 446; of Valenciennes, 667.
Huel, Isaac, General, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 589; his conduct at Detroit, 225.
Human flesh, eaten at Athens, 64.
Humbert, M., at the storming of the Bastile, 451.
Humbert, General, in command of the French army in Ireland, 158.
Hume, Lord, at the battle of Flodden, 245.
Humieres, Marshal, at the siege of Valenciennes, 668.
Hungarians, conquered by Amurath I., 156; at the battle of Engen, 237; of Mohacz, 385; of Nicopolis, 416; of Temeswar, 617; of Varna, 671.
Hungarian Revolution, origin of, 617.
Hungerford, Sir Walter, 118.
Hungerford, Lord, made prisoner, and executed at Hexham, 275.
Huniades, John, a Hungarian general, at the battle of Varna, 671.
Huns, at the battle of Châlons, 169; at the siege of Constantinople, 186; of Nantes, 401; of Orleans, 428.
Hunter, Captain, at Fort Stephenson, 253.
Huntingdon, Earl of, taken prisoner, 26.
Huntley, Earl of, at the battle of Glenlivet, 264.
Hyder Ali, 570.
Hyperides, the orator, his bravery, 202; put to death by Antipater, 203.
Hyrcanus, son of Simon Maccabeus, at the siege of Samaria, 559.

I.

Ibelin, Balean, d', his heroism, 310.
Iberians, at the battle of Aquileia, 46.
Ibrahim Pacha, at the battle of Nisib, 417; of Megaspelion, 365; of Tripolitza, 648.
Ich Dien, 205.
Irton, Oliver Cromwell's son-in-law, at the battle of Naseby, 408.
Imilcon, at the battle of Motya, 399.
Imaz, General, at Badajoz, 77.
Inarus, declares himself king of Egypt, 139.
India, conquered by the English, 570.
Indians, at the battle of Beaverdams, 95; of Bennington, 99; of Blue Licks, 105; of Brownstown, 126; of Fort du Quesne, 122; of Fort Schuyler, 281; of Cherry Valley, 179; of Fort Talladega, 206; of Tallushatchee, 205; at Detroit, 225; at Fort Meigs, 249; at Fort Erie, 248; at Fort Mimms, 249; at Fort Niagara, 250; at the battle of Oriskany, 221; of Norfolk, 417; of Oswego, 434; of Pequot Hill, 473; massacre the settlers of Schenectady, 566; at Schohaire, 566; at Bemus' Heights, 590; at Sudbury, 602; at battle of the Thames, 620; of Tippecanoe, 631.
Infernal Machines, invented and first used by Giambelli, at Antwerp, 42; description of, 42.
Inquisition, in Flanders, celebrated confederation against, 667.
Ioukinna, a Saracen chieftain, at the siege of Tyre, 659.
Irish, at the battle of Athenry, 62; of Aughrim, 67; of Ballinahinch, 81; of Bannockburn, 83; of the Boyne, 121; of Castlebar, 158; of Clontarf, 186; of Dundalk, 230; of Dungan Hill, 230; of Gorey, 264; of Limerick, 333; at the siege of Londonderry, 340.
Iron Bridge, at Antioch, 39.
Iron Chains, stretched across the Dardanelles, 193.
Irving, Washington, his history of the siege of Granada, 265.
Isidore, Cardinal, Pope's legate at Constantinople, 193.
Islenief, General, at the siege of Ismail, 284.
Ismail, Pacha, at the battle of Citate, 184.
Israel, the kingdom of the Ten Tribes, ended, 559.
Israelites, at the siege of Ai, 14; at the battle of Esdraelon, 236; at the siege of Jericho, 294; of Jerusalem, 295; their safe passage through the Red Sea, 513; at the siege of Samaria, 559.
Istekhar-Eddanlah, at Jerusalem, 301.
Italians, at the siege of Antwerp, 41; at the battle of Arras, 53; defeated by Barclay, 86; at the battle of Borodino, 111; of Lutzen, 344.

J.

Jabin, king of Canaan, his death, 237.
Jackson, Andrew, General, his conduct during the Creek war, 205; at the battle of Fort Talladega, 206; of Tohopeka, 207; of New Orleans, 411; of Pensacola, 473; at the battle of Waxhaw, 693.
Jackson, Colonel, at battle of Bemus' Heights, 590; of White Plains, 695; of Montressor's Island, *ibid.*
Jael, the wife of Heber, kills Sisera, 237.
Jalognes, Marshal, at the siege of Castillon, 157.
James I., of Scotland, murdered at Perth, 474.
James II., of England, at the battle of the Boyne, 67; defeated by army of William III., 123; his narrow escape at the battle of Dundalk, 231; at the siege of Londonderry, 357; his conduct in regard to Lord Monmouth, 567.
James III., of Scotland, defeated at the battle of Sauchie Burn, 562; his death, *ibid.*
James IV., king of Scotland, at the battle of Flodden, 244; killed, 245.
Jamieson, Colonel, 178.
Jasper, Serjeant, his heroism at the siege of Fort Moultrie, 175; mortally wounded at Savannah, 565; anecdote of, *ibid.*
Jean IV., at the siege of Mons, 389.
Jellachich, General, his conduct in the Hungarian war, 617.
Jeremiah, the Prophet, at the siege of Jerusalem, 296.
Jerusalem, description of, 301; destruction of, 296, 299; falls into the hands of the Mohammedans, 311.
Jessup, Major, at the siege of Fort Erie, 248; at the battle of Niagara (Lundy's Lane), 415; wounded, 416.
Jews, at the siege of Kaibar, 312; at the siege of Jerusalem, 296; burnt alive, 308.
Jezid, a Saracen captain, at the siege of Tyre, 659.
Joan of Arc, the "Maid of Orleans," at the siege of Orleans, 431; wounded, 432; at the siege of Paris, 442; wounded, 443; at the battle of Patay, 470; at the siege of Troyes, 649; defeats Burgundians, 649; at the siege of Compeigne, 196; made prisoner, 197; her sufferings, trial, and death, 198.
Joan, first queen of Naples, excommunicated by Pope Urban V., 402.
Joan, Countess Dowager of Hainault, 638.
Joab, at the siege of Jerusalem, 295.
Joachim, king of Jerusalem, 295.
John, Archduke of Austria, at the battle of Hohenlinden, 277; of Kulm, 317; of Raab, 507; of Sacile, 544.
John, King of England, 120, 226, 544.

JOHN, of Guscala, chief of the Zealots, 297.
JOHN II., of France, made prisoner at the battle of Poictiers, 487.
JOHN GEORGE, of Saxony, at the first battle of Leipsic, 318.
JOHN GEORGE III., of Saxony, at Vienna, 677.
JOHN, of Procida, plans the Sicilian Vespers, 435.
JOHN, Lord Birmingham, at the battle of Dundalk, 230.
JOHNSON, Lieutenant-Colonel, at Stony Point and Fort Fayette, 599.
JOHNSON, James, Colonel, at the battle of the Thames, 620.
JOHNSON, Sir John, in command of the British army at the siege of Fort Schuyler and the battle of Oriskany, 281.
JOHNSON, Richard M., Colonel, at the battle of the Thames, 619; wounded, 620.
JOHNSON, Lieutenant, at Fort Stephenson, 253.
JOHNSON, Sir William, at Fort Niagara, 250.
JOINVILLE, Prince de, a noble of Louis IX., at the siege of Tunis, 650.
JONES, Colonel, made prisoner at the battle of Dungan Hill, 230.
JONES, Lieutenant, made prisoner at the siege of St. Sebastian, 550.
JONES, Commodore, made prisoner, 411.
JONES, Captain, at the battle of Stillwater, 590.
JORAM, son of Achab, at the siege of Samaria, 559.
JOSEPH, Lord, a leader of the Cornish rebels, executed, 104.
JOSEPHUS, the Historian, at the siege of Jerusalem, 298.
JOSHUA, at the siege of Ai, 14; of Jericho, 294.
JOUBERT, General, at the battle of Montenotte, 391; at Rivoli, 530; killed at the battle of Novi, 424.
JOURDAN, Marshal, at the battle of Charleroi, 172; of the Pyrenees, 498; at the siege of St. Sebastian, 549; at the battle of Stockach, 597; of Talavera, 616; of Wattignies, 692; of Wurtzburg, 701.
JUAN, Don, 231.
JUDLONOWSKI, General, at Vienna, 678.
JUDAH, the tribe of, 295.
JUPITER BELUS, temple of, in Babylon, 71; destroyed by the Persians, 74.
JULIAN, the Apostate, 441.
JUSTINA, empress of Italy, 45.
JUSTINIAN, a Genoese, at Constantinople, 193.
JUSTINIAN I., emperor of the East, 512.
JUNOT, General, at the battle of Nazareth, 10; of Borodino, 109; of Lonato, 341; of Smolensko, 536.

K.

KAIM, General, at the battle of Marengo, 360.
KAINS, William de, at Lincoln, 334.
KAITAISOFF, General, at Borodino, 111; killed, 112.
KALB, Baron de, in command of right wing of American army at Camden, 147; his death, 148.
KAMENSKOI, General, at the battle of Hellsburg, 273.
KARSUROFF, General, 49.
KEANE, Lord, at the siege of Ghuznee, 262.
KEANE, General, wounded at the battle of New Orleans, 413.
KEINMAYER, General, at the battle of Hohenlinden, 277.
KELLERMAN, General, at the battle of Dresden, 226; of Leipsic, 320; at Lyons, 347; of Marengo, 360; of Valmy, 670.
KELLY, John, Colonel heroism of, 490.
KEMPT, General, at Badajoz, 78; at the battle of Waterloo, 691.
KERCADO, Molac de, killed, 472.
KET, the Tanner, defeated and executed, 313.
KEWEN, Colonel, at the battle of Rivas, 528.
KEY, Francis, author of "The Star-spangled Banner," 82.
KHALED, an Arabian chieftain, at the siege of Jerusalem, 300.
KICHMATTER, a Swiss knight, wounded at the battle of St. Jacob, 549.
KIDD, Lieutenant, killed while striving to save a wounded soldier, 576.
KIELMANSEGGE, invents clay grenades and a powder mill, 677.
KILBURN, Lieutenant, at the battle of Buena Vista, 133.
KIRBY, Captain, at the battle of Molino del Rey, 386.
KIRGENER, General, 89.
KIRKWOOD, Captain, at the battle of Guilford Court House, 267.
KIRK, General, at the siege of Londonderry, 338.
KLEBER, General, at the battle of Charleroi, 172; of Heliopolis, 273; of Mount Tabor, 399; of Mans, 357.

KLEIST, General, at the battle of Leipsic, 323; of Bautzen, 88.
KLENAU, General, at the battle of Dresden, 226; of Leipsic, 320.
KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN, capture Rhodes, 520.
KNOWLTON, Thomas, Colonel, killed at the battle of Harlem Plains, 694.
KNOX, General, at Stony Point, 600; at Yorktown, 709.
KNIPHAUSEN, General, at the battle of Lutzen, 342.
KNYPHAUSEN, General, in command of the Hessians, at the battle of the Brandywine, 124; in command of the garrison of New York, 176; at the siege of Fort Washington, 253; at the battle of Monmouth, 388; at Springfield, 588; at White Plains, 695.
KOLLOWRATH, General, at the battle of Hohenlinden, 278; of Stockach, 598.
KONOWNITSYN, General, at the battle of Borodino, 110.
KOSCIUSKO, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 589; at Fort Ninety-six, 256; at Warsaw, 681.
KOSSUTH, Louis, Governor of Hungary, 618.
KREMLIN, the, at Moscow, 355.
KRAY, General, at the battle of Engen, 237; at the siege of Mantua, 357; at the battle of Moeskirch, 384; of Novi, 424; of Wurtzburg, 701.
KUTUSON, General, at the siege of Ismail, 285.
KWAN, a Chinese admiral, killed, 149.

L.

LABARRE, a French quartermaster, at the siege of Valenciennes, 669.
LABEDOYERE, General, at the siege of Ratisbon, 510.
LABIENUS, a lieutenant of Julius Cæsar, at the siege of Paris, 440.
LABORDE, General, at the battles of Corunna, 200.
LACEDÆMONS, *see* SPARTANS.
LA COUE, Marshal, at the siege of Vienna, 677.
LADIES FRENCH, the, at the siege of Marseilles, 362.
LADISLAUS, king of Hungary, at the battle of Varna, 671.
LAFAYETTE, Gilbert Morthier, Marquis de, at the battle of Brandywine, 124; wounded, 125; at the battle of Jamestown, 291; of Monmouth, 387; at the siege of Yorktown, 709; takes part in the French Revolution of 1789, 449; nominated Vice-President of the Council, and appointed Commander-in-chief of the National Guard of Paris, 453; his interview with Louis XVI., 460; takes part in the French Revolution of 1830, 467.
LA FEUILLADE, Duke de, at the siege of Turin, 654.
LA FLORIDA, Marquis, his heroic answer to Prince Eugene, 384.
LA GUESLE, aids in the assassination of Henry III., 446.
LA HARPE, General, at the battle of Montenotte, 390.
LAHOUSSAYE, General, at the battle of Corunna, 200.
LAKE, Lord, at the battle of Lasawaree, 318.
LALLY, at the siege of Madras, 350.
LAMACHUS, an Athenian general, killed, 606.
LAMAN, Colonel, at the battle of San Jacinto, 560.
LAMB, Colonel, at the siege of Yorktown, 709.
LAMBERT, General, at the battle of New Orleans, 413.
LAMBESQ, Prince, 448.
LAMETH, Charles de, Count, wounded at Yorktown, 709.
LANCASTER, Duke of, at the siege of Rennes, 513.
LANCASTRIANS, at the battle of Hexham, 275; of St. Albans, 547; of Tewkesbury, 619; of Towton, 643; of Bloreheath, 105; of Wakefield, 680; of St. Albans, second battle, 547; of Stamford, 588; of Barnet, 84;
LANDERO, General, at the siege of Vera Cruz, 674.
LANE, General, at the battle of Buena Vista, 132.
LANGDALE, Sir Marmaduke, at the battle of Naseby, 408.
LANGERON, Count de, takes part in the French Revolution of 1789, 455; at the battle of Leipsic, 324.
LANGUEVILLE, Duke of, made prisoner, 555.
LANNES, Marshal, at the battle of Aboukir, 1; wounded at St. Jean d' Acre, 16; wounded at Arcola, 51; at the battle of Asperne, 56; mortally wounded, 60; his dying words, 61; at the battle of Austerlitz, 68; of Eckmuhl, 232; of Friedland, 257; of Hellsberg, 273; his generous treatment of the body of his enemy, Prince Louis, 292; at the battle of Jena, 293; of Saalfield, 544; of Marengo, 360; created Duke of Montebello, 389; at the battle of Pultusk, 495; of Ratisbon, 511; at the siege of Saragossa, 562.
LANNOI, Viceroy of Naples, at the siege of Pavia, 471.
LAPAS, a Greek chief, at the battle of Thermopylæ, 624.
LA PUCELLE, Jean, *see* JOAN.
LARCHEJAQUELIN, Henri de, General, at the battle of Chateau Gothiere, 179; of Cholet, 183; of Mans, 357; wounded, *ibid.*

La Rosiere, M., 450.
La Salle, Marquis de, takes part in the French Revolution of 1789, 449; at the battle of Rivoli, 530.
Lascaris, Theodore, 188.
Lasci, Marshal de, at the siege of Ismail, 285.
Latimer, Colonel, at the battle of Stillwater, 590.
Latins, at Constantinople, 188.
Latrielle, the naturalist, anecdote of, 455.
Laudon, General, at the siege of Schweidnitz, 566.
Launay, Marquis de, governor of the Bastile, 450; his heroic defense of that fortress, 451; his death, 452.
Laurens, Colonel, at the siege of Yorktown, 709.
Laurie, Major, killed at the siege of Burgos, 137.
Lauriston, General, 86; at the battle of Bautzen, 88; of Busaco, 139; of Leipsic, 320; of Lutzen, 344.
La Vega, General, made prisoner at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, 514.
Lawrence, Major, at Fort Boyer, 247.
Lawson, General, at the battle of Guilford, 267.
Lawson, Colonel, at the battle of Niagara, 414.
Leaguers, the, take Lisieux, 336.
Learned, General, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 589.
Leavenworth, Colonel, at the battle of Chippewa, 182; of Niagara, 414.
Le Bœuf, General, at the storming of the Malakoff, 579.
Lechelle, General, at the battle of Chateau Gothiere, 179; of Cholet, 183.
Le Clerc, Bussy, governor of the Bastile, 445.
Le Clerc, General, at the battle of Rivoli, 530.
Le Coe, General, at the battle of Bayonne, 91; wounded, 92.
Lecourb, General, at the battle of Muolta, 400; of Moeskirch, 384.
Leda, mother of Castor and Pollux, 649.
Ledyard, Colonel, murdered by Major Bromfield, 411.
Lee, Charles, General, at Charleston, 173; at battle of Monmouth, 387; his singular conduct, 388; court-martialed, 389.
Lee, Henry, Major (afterward General), at the battle of Eutaw Springs, 238; of Guilford, 266; of the Haw, 273.
Lefebvre, General, at the battle of Charleroi, 172; of Jena, 293; at Paris, 445; at Schweidnitz, 567.
Le Grand, General, at the battle of Asperne, 60; of Heilsberg, 273.
Lege, de, 461.
Leith, taken by Cromwell, 230.
Leith, General, at the battle of Busaco, 139; of Salamanca, 557; wounded, 558.
Leitch Major, killed, 694.
Le Marchant, General, at the battle of Salamanca, 557.
Lemoine, General, at the battle of Novi, 424.
Lenarmont, General, at the battle of Friedland, 258.
L' Enfant, Major, at the siege of Savannah, 565.
Lennezergues, General de, killed, 503.
Lennox, Earl of, at the battle of Dunbar, 229; of Flodden, 245.
Leo X., Pope, preaches a crusade against Raymond, Count of Toulouse, 637.
Leofwin, brother of Harold II., slain at the battle of Hastings, 272.
Leon, Velasquez de, an officer of Cortez, at the battle of the Causeway, 373; of Cempoalla, 162.
Leonard, Captain, at Fort Niagara, 250.
Leonidas, a noble Spartan, his virtue, valor, and glorious death, 623.
Leontidas, a Spartan tyrant, killed in Thebes, 621.
Leopold William, Archduke of Austria, at the battle of Leipsic 320.
Leopold, of Austria, at battle of Morgarten, 397.
Leopold, Prince of Hesse-Homberg, killed at the battle of Lutzen, 346.
Lepers, 559.
Leslie, General, at the battle of Dunbar, 229; of Selkirk, 569.
Leslie, Norman, General, heroism of, 26.
Leslie, Captain, killed at the battle of Princeton, 489.
Leslie, Captain, at Norfolk, 417.
Leslie, General, at the battle of Guilford, 267; of Harlem Heights, 694; of White Plains, 695.
Letourco, General, at the battle of Eylau, 241; of Mount Tabor, 399.
Letpald, brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, at the siege of Jerusalem, 307.
Leva, Antonio de, at the siege of Pavia, 471.
L' Evans, Sir de, at the battle of the Alma, 23.
Levenhaupt, General, at the battle of Pultowa, 491.
Levering, Captain, 81.
Levi, General de, at the siege of Quebec, 504.
Lewachou, General, at the battle of Leipsic, 320.
Lewis, Colonel, at Frenchtown, 255.
Leyden, city of, description of, 330.
Liancourt, Duke of, 458.
Library, of Alexandria, 16; of Tripoli, 648.
Lichtenstein, General, at the battle of Hohenlinden, 273; of Novi, 425; of the Trebia, 645.
Lichtenstein, Prince, at the siege of Temeswar, 619.
Licinius, emperor, defeated by Constantine the Great, at Adrianople, 12; his fleet defeated, 140; his humiliation and death, 140.
Liegeois, the, at the battle of Montenachen, 390.
Ligney, Captain de, at the battle of Fort du Quesne, 461.
Ligni, Prince de, at the siege of Ismail, 285.
Lilleboem, General, at the battle of Arras, 54.
Lilli, General, his shameful surrender of Tortosa, 634.
Linbelfing, a page of Gustavus Adolphus, mortally wounded in the defense of his master, 343.
Lincoln, Benjamin, General, appointed Commander of the American army in the South, 175; at the siege of Savannah, 564; his operations on Lake George, 589; wounded at the battle of Stillwater, 594.
Lincoln, the fair of, 335.
Lindsay, Earl of, mortally wounded at Edgehill Fight, 235.
Liniero, a French officer in the Spanish service, takes Montevideo, 136.
Liprandi, General, at the battle of Balaklava, 571.
Lisle, Lord, son of General Talbot, killed at the siege of Castillon, 158.
Littington, Colonel, at the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, 396.
Littlehalls, Colonel, at Oswego, 434.
Livingston, Henry, General, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 590.
Livingston, James, General, 590.
Livius, M., Roman Consul, at the battle of Metaurus, 410.
Lobau, Count, at the battle of Lutzen, 346.
Lochiel, a Celtic chief, at the battle of Killiecrankie, 313.
Locke, Colonel, of Rowan, at the battle of Ramsom's Mills, 509.
Lockyee, Captain, captures an American flotilla, 411.
Logan, General, at the battle of Blue Licks, 105.
Loheac, Marshal, at the siege of Castillon, 157.
Lombard Monarchy, extinction of, 470.
Londoners, 3000 slain at the battle of Lewes, 328.
Longinus, his death, 488.
Lorge, General, at the battle of Corunna, 200.
Lorges, Marshal, at the siege of Valenciennes, 668.
Loring, Major, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, 164.
Lorraine, Duke of, at the siege of Antioch, 28; of Jerusalem, 306.
Lorraine, Duke of, at Mohaczs, 385.
Lorraine, Prince of, at the battle of Moeskirch, 384.
Lorraine, Cardinal de, assassinated, 444.
Losme, Marquis de, 450; killed, 452.
Louis I. (Le Debonnaire), at the siege of Tortosa, 634; his sons at the battle of Fontenoy, 245.
Louis VII., of France, at the siege of Damascus, 228.
Louis VIII., 226.
Louis IX., of France, his ardent sympathy with the Crusaders, 650; at the siege of Tunis, 651; his death, 652.
Louis XI., engages in a war with Charles the Bold, 94; at the siege of Liege, 332; of Paris, 443; of Perignan, 443; at the battle of St. Jacob, 548; ransoms Queen Margaret, 620.
Louis XII., at the siege of Therouanne, 624; of Tournai, 639.
Louis XIII., his troops at the siege of Nancy, 401; captures Perignan, 474; at the siege of La Rochelle, 532.
Louis XIV., invades the Netherlands, 237; at the siege of Maestricht, 351; of Mons, 389; his troops, at Namur, 40; his character, 639; at the siege of Tournai, 640; plans the siege of Turin, 654; at the siege of Valenciennes, 668.
Louis XV., 104; at the siege of Tournai, 640.
Louis XVI., his conduct during the French Revolution, 448; his reception by the people of Paris, 454; his trial by the Convention, 461; sentenced to death, 462.
Louis XVIII., makes his public entrance into Paris, 465.
Louis Philippe I., king of the French, elevated to the throne of France, 469. *See* Chartres.
Louis, Duke of Bavaria, 26.

Louis, Frederic, Prince, killed at the battle of Saalfield, 544.
Louis, de, condemned to death, 197.
Louis, king of Hungary, killed, 385.
Louis, of Mousson, at the siege of Jerusalem, 307.
Louis Napoleon, emperor of France, 469.
Lourmel, General de, killed at the battle of Inkerman, 572.
Louvois, General, at the siege of Valenciennes, 668.
Lowell, Ralph, 338.
Lowendahl, Count de, lays siege to Bergen-op-Zoom, 103; made Marshal of France, 104.
Loyes, General, at the battle of Moeskirch, 384.
Lubervie, General, at the battle of Waterloo, 690.
Lubomiski, Prince, at the siege of Vienna, 677.
Lucan, Lord, at the siege of Sevastopol, 572.
Lucas, General, at the battle of Marston Moor, 363.
Lucullus, Consul of Rome, 26.
Ludovic, Duke of Milan, his interview with Chevalier Bayard, 384.
Lumsden, governor of Dundee, killed, 230.
Lundie, Colonel, 121.
Lundohn, Marshal, at the siege of Belgrade, 98.
Lusignan, General, at the battle of Rivoli, 530.
Luther, Lieutenant, wounded at the battle of Palo Alto, 440.
Luxemborg, Marshal, at the battle of Charleroi, 172; of Enghien, 237; of Neerwinden, 408; at the siege of Valenciennes, 668.
Luzeac, Marquis de, at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, 104.
Lynch, Colonel, at the battle of Guilford, 267.
Lycophron, a Corinthian general, killed, 588.
Lysander, at Athens, 62.
Lysicles, the Athenian general, his valor, 167.
Lysimachus, the Macedonian, conspires against Antigonus, 516; at the battle of Ipsus, 283.

M.

McAedle, Captain, at the battle of Rivas, 527.
McArthur, Major, at the battle of the Cowpens, 202.
McArthur, Colonel, at the surrender of Detroit, 225.
McCall, Colonel, at the battle of the Cowpens, 202.
McCall, Captain, at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, 514.
Macdonald, Marshal, at the battle of Arcis, 50; of Bautzen, 86; of Hanau, 270; of Katzbach, 312; of Leipsic, 320; of Lutzen, 345; of Otricolli, 434; of the Trebia, 644.
Macdonald, an Irish officer, at the siege of Cremona, 209.
Macdonald, Colonel, at the battle of King's Mountain, 315.
McDonald, Donald, General, at the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, 396.
Macdonald, Serjeant, death of, 175.
McDonough, Commodore, at the battle of Plattsburg, 485.
McDougal, General, in command of West Point, 599; at the battle of Germantown, 261; of White Plains, 695.
McDowell, Captain, at the battle of Ramsom's Mills, 509.
McDowell, Charles, Colonel, at the battle of the Cowpens, 201.
Macedonians, at the siege of Abydos, 6; at the battle of Arbela, 47; at the siege of Corinth, 195; at the battle of the Issus, 287; of the Hydaspes, 281; of Pharsalia, 568; of Selasia, 568; at the siege of Thebes, 621; of Tyre, 656.
McFarland, Major, at the battle of Niagara, 414.
McGarry, Major, his heroism, at the battle of Blue Licks, 105.
Machines of War, 306, 518, 523, 614, 627.
Mack, General, at the battle of Otricolli, 434; defeated by the French, 542; his conduct at Ulm, 665.
Mackall, General, at Mexico, 383.
Mackay, General, at the battle of Killiecrankie, 313.
McKavett, Captain, killed at the siege of Monterey, 394.
McKee, Colonel, at the battle of Buena Vista, 132; killed, 135.
McKensie, Captain, at the battle of Chapultepec, 171.
Mackenzie, General, at the battle of Castalla, 156.
McKinnon, General, at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, 176; killed, 185.
McIntosh, Colonel, killed at the battle of Molino del Rey, 385.
McIntosh, General, at the siege of Savannah, 565.
McIntosh, Lieutenant-Colonel, 529.
McLeod, Captain, killed at the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, 396.
McLeod, Captain, at the battle of Guilford, 267.
M'Mahon, General, at the storming of the Malakoff, 579.
McNeil, Major, at the battle of Chippewa, 182; of Niagara, 414.
Macunne, General, 138, 506.
Madison, Major, at the battle of Frenchtown, 256.
Maele, Louis, Count de, at the battle of Westroosebeke, 688.
Maelonis, murders his uncle, Odonathus, 436; killed by order of Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, 436.
Magaw, Colonel, at the siege of Fort Washington, 254.
Mago, brother of Hannibal the Great, at the siege of Carthagena, 15; at the battle of Cannæ, 147; dispatched to Carthage with the news of the victory, 148; at the battle of the Trebia, 643.
Mayo, Captain, at the siege of Vera Cruz, 673.
Mahon, Captain, at the battle of Rivas, 528.
Mahoney, Captain, at the siege of Cremona, 209.
Mahomet, *see* Mohammed.
Mahomet II., the Great, 194; at the siege of Constantinople, 192; constructs Castle of Dardanelles, 193; at the siege of Rhodes, 520; his death, *ibid.*
Mahomet, Ibn Abdallah, king of Morocco, at the battle of Novas de Toloso, 408.
Mahmoud, of Ghiznee, at the siege of Meerut, 365.
Makow, General, at the battle of Mobrungen, 385.
Maillard, Stanislaus, 452.
Maitland, Colonel, at the siege of Savannah, 564; at the battle of Stono Ferry, 598.
Malakoff, capture of the, 578.
Malcolm, king of Scotland, slain, 25.
Malcolm's Cross, 25.
Malesherbes, Counselor of Louis XVI., 461.
Malta, knights of, 356.
Mamelon, capture of the, at the siege of Sevastopol, 574.
Mancinus, Lieutenant of Piso, at the siege of Carthage, 151; rescued from imminent danger by Scipio, 152.
Mancius, a general of Demetrius, at the siege of Rhodes, 519.
Manco, Inca of Peru, 217.
Manfred, king of Naples, slain at Benevento, 99.
Mandizable, General, 75.
Manecho, the Spanish governor of Badajoz, killed, 75.
Manrenus, at Argentaria, 52.
Manlius, Consul of Rome, at the siege of Carthage, 150.
Manners, Major, at Ciudad Rodrigo, 176.
Manny, Sir Walter, at the siege of Calais, 143, 145.
Mansfield, Major, at the siege of Monterey, 392.
Mansfield, Colloredo, Count, 41; at the battle of Kulm, 317.
Marc Antony, 47. *See* Antony.
Marceau, General, at the battle of Charlerol, 172; of Mans, 357.
Marcellus, Consul of Rome, 613.
Marcellus, brother of Maximus, 45.
Marcius, Caius, 477; his bravery at the siege of Coriolli, 197.
Mardonius, a lieutenant of Xerxes, king of Persia, at the battle of Platæa, 479; killed, 481.
Marechaud, General, at the battle of Busaco, 139.
Marre, Earl of, at the battle of Dunbar, 229.
Margaret, queen of England, at the battle of St. Albans, 548; of Tewkesbury, 619; made prisoner, and confined in the Tower of London, 620; ransomed by Louis XI. of France, 620.
Margaret, queen of Denmark, 244.
Marguerite of Austria, Duchess of Parma, her conduct in regard to the Inquisition of Flanders, 667.
Maria Louisa, 464.
Maria Theresa, 640.
Marina, Donna, 631, 632.
Marius, at the siege of Rome, 536.
Marlborough, Duke of, at the battle of Blenheim, 105; of Mons, 339; of Ramillies, 509.
Marle, Count de, killed, 70.
Marmont, Marshal, at the siege of Badajoz, 77; at the battle of Bautzen, 87; of Brienne, 130; of Dresden, 226; of Hanau, 271; of Leipsic, 323; of Lutzen, 345; of Marengo, 360; of Paris, 464; appointed commander of the garrison of Paris (in 1830), 465; his plan for the defense of the city, 466; at the battle of Salamanca, 506; wounded, 557.
Marolles, General de, killed at the storming of the Malakoff, 508.
Maroto, General, at the battle of Ramales, 508.
Marshal, H., Colonel, at the battle of Buena Vista, 132.

Marshal, Lieutenant, wounded at the siege of St. Sebastian, 553.
Massin, Marshal de, at the siege of Turin, 654; wounded and made prisoner, 655; his death, *ibid.*
Martigny, Count, at the siege of Belgrade, 96.
Martin, Governor, of North Carolina, 396.
Martinegere, de, the inventor of the method of detecting mining operations, 522.
Martel, Charles, *see* Charles.
Martel, a Norman knight, at the battle of Hastings, 272.
Mary (Tudor), queen of England, 146, 554.
Mary, queen of Scots, 318.
Masistius, a Persian general, killed, 480.
Mason, John, Captain, at the battle of Pequot Hill, 473.
Mason, Captain, at the battle of Molino del Rey, 385.
Mason, Captain, at the battle of Rivas, 528.
Massacres, of Abydos, 7; of Agrigentum, 14; of Ai, 14; of Alexandria, 16; of Antioch, 27; of Athens, 27; of the Alamo, 560; of Bagdad, 81; of Berwick, 104; of London, 106; of Bolougne, 120; of Byzantium, 140; of Caen, 141; of Carthage, 154; of Caxamalca, 160; of the two hundred virgins, 17; of Cherry Valley, 179; of Cholet, 183; of Constantinople, 195; of Corinth, 197; of Tobopeka, 207; of Cremona, 208; after the battle of Culloden, 211; of 8000 citizens of Dinant, 226; of the garrison of Drogheda, 229; of Dundee, 230; of Fort Carolina, 247; of Major Dade and his troops in Florida, 247; of the Americans in Frenchtown, 256; of Fort Mimms, 249; of Gaza, by order of Alexander, 260; of the Protestants at Harlem, 268; of the English at Gundamuck, 268; of Hymera, 283; of Ispahan, 286; of the Turks at Jaffa, by order of Napoleon, 290; of the Assyrians at Jerusalem, 295; of Jerusalem, 296; of the Jews, by Herod the Great, 296; of the Jews who had swallowed gold, 298; of the Saracens in Jerusalem, 308; of the English at Khurd Kabool, 313; of Liege, 332; of Lincoln, 334; of the Saracens in Lisbon, 335; of Lyons, 349; of Maestricht, 350; of Mans, 357; of the Mexican nobles by Alvarado, 367; of the Mexicans by Cortez, 381; of the inhabitants of Naples, 402; of the Christians in Jerusalem, 500; of Ismail, 286; of Tunis, 653; of the Americans at Paoli, 470; of the Americans at Fort Griswold, 511; of the Huns in Orleans, 429; of the French in Palmero, commonly called the "Sicilian Vespers," 435; of Palmyra, 438; of St. Bartholomew, 444; of the Indians at Pequot Hill, 474; of the Scots after the battle of Pinkey, 479; of the Persians after the battle of Platæa, 481; of the Plataeans after the surrender of Platæa, 484; of Rebastens, 508; of the Roman senators by the Gauls, 535; of the Gauls in Rome, 535; of the Romans, 537; of the Mexicans, 561; of Schenectady, 566; of Selinuntum, 569; of Stockholm, 598; of the Sybarites, 603; of the Macedonians, 621; of Toulon, 636; of the Lancasterians, after the battle of Towton, 643; of Tyre, 655; of Cholula, 661; of the Poles, 681; of Colonel Buford's men at Waxhaw, 693; of Wyoming, 705.
Massena, Marshal, at the battle of Almeida, 28; of Arcola, 51; of Asperne, 56; of Bassano, 84; of Busaco, 139; of Caldiero, 147; of Castiglione, 157; at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, 184; at the battle of Loano, 336; of Montenotte, 390; of Mucita, 400; of Rivoli, 530; created Duke of Rivoli, *ibid.*; at the battle of Stockach, 597; of Zurich, 714.
Massigli, General, at the siege of Belgrade, 95; killed, 96.
Mathias, son of Theophilus, Pope, 297.
Mathas, a seditious Carthaginian general, at Troyes, 649; his death, 650.
Matilda, daughter of Henry VI., 333.
Matthew, of Montmorency, at the siege of Constantinople, 188.
Matthews, General, at the siege of Fort Washington, 254; at the battle of Germantown, 262.
Maubourg, Latour, at the battle of Bautzen, 86; of Dresden, 226; of Friedland, 258; of Leipsic, 320; wounded, 321.
Maule, Sir Thomas, slain, 126.
Maurice, Prince, 107.
Maurice, General, at the battle of the Tchernaya, 578.
Mausoleum, origin of the word, 515.
Mausolus, king of Caria, subdues Rhodes, 515; his death, and the splendid monument erected to his memory by his widow, *ibid.*
Mawhood, Colonel, at the battle of Princeton, 488.
Maxentius, defeated by Constantine, 654.
Maximilian, Emanuel, elector of Bavaria, at the siege of Vienna, 677.
Maximilian, Count of Staremburg, at the siege of Belgrade, 97.
Maximian, Hercules, at the siege of Marseilles, 362.
Maximus, Emperor of the West, his death, 46.
Maxwell, William, 124; at the battle of Monmouth, 387.
May, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the battle of Buena Vista, 132; at the siege of Monterey, 392; his gallant charge at Resaca de la Palma, 514.
Mayence, General, defeated at Aret, 26.
Mayenne, Duke de, at the siege of Paris, 445.
Mayrau, General, killed at the siege of Sevastopol, 576.
Mazens, a Persian general, at Arbela, 48.
Mazeppa, General, at the battle of Pultowa, 493.
Meade, Lieutenant, at the siege of Monterey, 392.
Meander, an Athenian officer, at the siege of Syracuse, 608.
Mechlin, Lords of, at the battle of Rannsbeck, 510.
Mechlenberg Strelitz, Prince, killed at the battle of Lutzen, 256.
Medes, at the siege of Babylon, 71; at the battle of Chæronea, 168; of Halys, 269; of Ragan, 508.
Medinaceli, a Spanish commander, at the battle of Jerba, 294.
Medino, Duke of, 141.
Meeks, Lieutenant, at the siege of Fort Stephenson, 253.
Meerfeld, General, at the battle of Leipsic, 321; of Stockach, 597.
Megrel, a French engineer, at the siege of Frederickshald, 54.
Meigs, Colonel, at the storming of Stony Point, 599.
Melac, General, his cruelty at Heidelburg, 273.
Melas, General, at the battle of the Adda, 12; of Marengo, 359; of Novi, 425; of the Trebia, 644.
Mellinet, General, wounded at the storming of the Malakoff, 580.
Mellobrandes, at the battle of Argentaria, 52.
Melon, Viscount de, the "Carpenter," 29, 86.
Menelaus, king of Sparta, chosen husband by Helena of Troy, 649.
Menon, General, at the battle of Buena Vista, 134.
Menon, of Thessaly, 211; his death, 216.
Mentas, Sir Peter, at the battle of Pinkey, 479.
Menzikoff, Prince, at the battle of Pultowa, 491.
Mercer, Hugh, General, at the battle of Trenton, 646; of Princeton, 487; killed, 488.
Mercer, Colonel, at Oswego, 433; killed, 434.
Mercer, Fort, 512.
Merci, General, at the siege of Belgrade, 97.
Merle, General, at the battle of Corunna, 200.
Mermet, General, at the battle of Corunna, 200.
Merle, General, killed at the battle of Busaco, 139.
Meseballs, a eunuch, anecdote of, 214.
Metellus, consul of Rome, 196.
Metezan, Louis, at the siege of La Rochelle, 532.
Methuen, Chevalier, at the siege of Turin, 655.
Metsko, General, killed at the battle of Dresden, 228.
Mexicans, at the battle of Buena Vista, 131; of Ceutla, 165; of Cerro Gordo, 165; of Chapultepec, 171; of Contreras, 198; of Huamantla, 28; at the siege of Mexico, 366; of Molino del Rey, 385; at the siege of Monterey, 391; at the battle of Otumba, 427; of Palo Alto, 439; of Puenta Nacionale, 490; of Resaca de la Palma, 513; of Fort Brown, 515; of San Jacinto, 559; at the siege of Vera Cruz, 672.
Mexico, description of the ancient city of, 366.
Mifflin, Fort, 512.
Migrel, M., anecdote of, 255.
Miguel, Don, his cause favored by the inhabitants of Oporto, 428.
Milanese, at the battle of Cassano, 155; of Fornovo, 246.
Milardowitch, General, at the battle of Bautzen, 86; of Novi, 425; of Krasnoi, 387.
Miles, Colonel, at the battle of Long Island, 128.
Miller, Colonel, at the siege of Fort Erie, 248; of Fort Meigs, 249; at the battle of Niagara, 414.
Miller, Captain, at the siege of Monterey, 391.
Milo, the Crotonian, at the siege of Sybaris, 603.
Millard, Henry, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the battle of San Jacinto, 560.
Miltiades, in command of the Greeks, at the battle of Marathon, 358.
Miltocythes, the Thracian, surrenders himself to the king of Persia, 215.
Mindarus, slain at the battle of Cyzicum, 220.
Mines, invented by Peter of Navarre, 408; a method of detecting, invented by De Martinegere, 522.
Minercius, killed at the battle of Cannæ, 148.

Mingetodt, Colonel, killed at the battle of Red Bank, 513.
Miomandre, M., wounded in Paris, 459.
Mirabeau, Count de, takes part in the French Revolution of 1798, 458.
Miranden, General, at the battle of Neerwinden, 409.
Mitchell, Colonel, at Oswego, 434.
Mithridates, king of Pontus, 63; at the battle of Zela, 713.
Mitrouski, General, at the battle of Arcola, 51.
Moawinyah, adherents of, at the battles of Seefin, 568.
Mohammed, 16; at the siege of Kaibar, 312, poisoned by Zainab, *ibid.*
Molitor, General, 57; at the battle of Moeskirch, 384.
Moissac, a French cornet, his heroism, 669.
Mokun, William, 333.
Moncey, General, at the battle of Sieta Agnas, 585.
Moncrief, Colonel, at Charleston, 173; at Savannah, 564.
Monckton, Colonel, killed at the battle of Monmouth, 389.
Monckton, General, shot at Quebec, 503.
Mondragon, General, at the siege of Antwerp, 41.
Monestier, a French officer, his death, 669.
Monk, General, takes the city of Berwick, 104, at Dundee, 230.
Monier, General, at the battle of Marengo, 360.
Monroe, James, wounded at the battle of Trenton, 647.
Monroe, Major, at the battle of Buena Vista, 134.
Monmouth, Duke of, son of Charles II., at the battle of Bothwell, 119; assumes to the throne of England, 567; made prisoner at the battle of Sedgemoor, 567; his execution, *ibid.*
Monsel, Philip, made prisoner, 531.
Montague, Archbishop of Sens, his character, 442.
Montaign, General, at the battle of Charleroi, 172.
Montalivet, in Paris, 464.
Montbrun, General, at the battle of Borodino, 110, killed, 111; at the battle of Raab, 508.
Montcalm, Marquis de, at Oswego, 433; at the battle of Montmorenci, 502; killed at Quebec, 503; at Ticonderoga, 630.
Montecuculi, General, at the siege of Belgrade, 97.
Montemarle, M., takes part in the French Revolution of 1830, 468.
Montespan, the mistress of Louis XIV., 640,
Montesquieu, the murderer of the Prince of Condé, 291.
Montezuma, emperor of Mexico, subdued by Cortez, 161; his death, 369.
Montluc, a young French officer, his gallant conduct at the siege of Marseilles, 362.
Montferrat, Marquis de, at the siege of Constantinople, 188; made prisoner at the battle of Tiberias, 661.
Montfort, Simon, Earl of Leicester, his character, 637; a leader of the Crusade against the Albigeois, *ibid.*; defeats Count of Toulouse, *ibid.*; his disgraceful death, 637.
Montfort, Simon, Earl of Leicester, son of the above, gains the battle of Lewes, 328; killed at the battle of Evesham, 240.
Montfort, Guy de, son of the Earl of Leicester, at the battle of Lewes, 328.
Montfort, Henri de, 328.
Montgomery, at the battle of Hastings, 272.
Montgomery, Richard, General, at the siege of Louisburg, 341, at the siege of Quebec, 505; killed, 506.
Montgomery, Major, killed at Fort Griswold, 411.
Montigny, Captain, 45.
Montmorency, Constable of France, made prisoner at the battle of Dreux, 229; at the battle of St. Quintin, 554; wounded and made prisoner, 555.
Montpelier, William de, at the siege of Jerusalem, 302.
Montpensier, Duke de, made prisoner at the battle of St. Quintin, 555.
Montrose, Marquis de, 19; at the battle of Selkirk, 569.
Moore, James, Colonel, at the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, 396.
Moore, James, Captain, at the battle of Princeton, 489.
Moore, John, Colonel, at the battle of Ramsour's Mills, 509.
Moore, Major, killed at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 115.
Moore, Sir John, killed at the battle of Corunna, 201.
Moors, at the siege of Baza, 90; of Granada, 264, at the battle of Merida, 365; at the siege of Moxacar, 400, at the battle of Navas de Tolosa, 408; at the siege of Ronda, 543, of Saragossa, 562; of Toledo, 633; of Tortosa, 634; of Tunis, 650; at the battle of Zamora, 713.
Mora, President of Costa Rica, 527.
Morales, General, governor of the garrison of Vera Cruz, 674.
Morand, General, at the battle of Auerstadt, 66.
Moreau, General, defeated by Suwarrow, 19; at the battle of Cannstadt, 149; of Dresden, 227; killed, 228; at the battle of Engen, 237; of Moeskirch, 384; of Novi, 425; of Permasin, 473; of Renchen, 513.
Moreno, Colonel, at the siege of Monterey, 394.
Moret, General, wounded, 557.
Morgan, Captain, an English officer at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, 101
Morgan, Major-General, at the siege of Dundalk, 230, at the battle of Dunkirk, 231
Morgan, Daniel, General, at the battle of the Cowpens, 201; of Monmouth, 387; of Stillwater, 589, at the siege of Quebec, 505, made prisoner, 506.
Morgan, General, at the battle of New Orleans, 411.
Morland, General, at the battle of Borodino, 109.
Morlot, General, at the battle of Charleroi, 173.
Morris, Major, killed at the battle of Princeton, 489.
Morris, Captain, of the British ship *Bristol*, wounded, 174.
Morrison, Colonel, at the battle of Chrystler's Fields, 138.
Morrison, Major, at the battle of Buena Vista, 134.
Mortier, General, at the siege of Badajoz, 75, at the battle of Bautzen, 89; of Brienne, 130; of Friedland, 257; of Heilsberg, 273; of Leipsic, 322; of Lutzen, 346; at Moscow, 355; at the battle of Muolta, 400; of Paris, 464, of Saragossa, 562.
Mortimer, Roger, his barbarous treatment of the body of Simon de Montfort, 240.
Mosa, an officer of Cortez, at the battle of Centla, 166.
Moses, the Prophet, 513.
Mosquito Fleet, the, 673.
Motterouge, General, at the storming of the Malakoff, 579.
Moulac, anecdote of, 508.
Moulder, William, Captain, at the battle of Princeton, 489.
Mourad Bey, at the battle of the Pyramids, 497.
Mouravieff, General, at the siege of Kars, 312.
Moultrie, Fort, 174.
Moultrie, William, Colonel, his gallant defense of Fort Moultrie, 174.
Mourzoufle, the assassin of Alexius, 19.
Mouthoion, General, killed at the battle of Asperne, 59.
Mowbray, Philip de, surrenders the Castle of Stirling, 83.
Muhlenburg, General, at the storming of Stony Point, 599.
Muley-Hassan, king of Tunis, implores the aid of Charles V., against Barbarossa, 563; at the siege of Tunis, *ibid.*
Mulgrave, Lord, at the siege of Toulon, 635.
Mummius, appointed Consul of Rome, 196; at the siege of Corinth, 197.
Muiron, Napoleon's side-de-camp, killed, 51.
Murena, an officer of Sylla, at the battle of Chæronea, 168.
Murat, Marshal, at the battle of Austerlitz, 68; of Aboukir, 1; of Borodino, 107; of Castalla, 156; of Dresden, 228; of Eylau, 241; of Friedland, 256; of Heilsberg, 273; of Leipsic, 320; of Mount Tabor, 399; of Ostrovno, 433; of Krasnoi, 585; of Smolensko, 586.
Murfey, Major, at the storming of Stony Point, 599.
Murray, Captain, at the siege of Londonderry, 338.
Murray, Earl of, Regent of Scotland, 318.
Murray, General, at the battle of Montmorenci, 502.
Murillo, General, at the battle of the Pyrenees, 500.
Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, 545.
Musgrave, in command of the English at the battle of Solway Moss, 588.
Musgrave, Colonel, at the battle of Germantown, 261.
Mustapha, a general of Soliman the Magnificent, his valor at the siege of Rhodes, 522; ordered to be shot by Soliman, 523.
Mustapha, Kara, Grand Vizier, at the siege of Vienna, 675.
Mustapha, a dog, anecdote of, 246.
Mutius, Scævola, his heroic conduct when put to the torture, 534.

N.

Nansouty, General, at the battle of Borodino, 110; of Friedland, 258; of Hanau, 270, of Leipsic, 324.
Napier, Sir William, his history of the Peninsular War, 562.
Napier, Major, leads the storming party at the siege of Cindad Rodrigo, 185; killed, 186.

Napoleon Bonaparte, at the battle of Abensburg, 1; of Aboukir, 1; at the siege of St. Jean d' Acre, 9; of Alexandria, 18; his expedition into Egypt, 19; at the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, 49; his heroic conduct, 51; at the battles of Asperne and Essling, 56, his interview with Marshal Launes, 61, at the battle of Austerlitz, 68, his massacre of the fugitives after that battle, 69, at the battle of Bassano, 84, of Bautzen, 86; his imminent peril, 88; orders a monument to be erected to the memory of Duroc, 90, at the passage of the Berisina, 101; at the battle of Borodino, 107, of Brienne, 129; anecdote of, 130; at the battle of Castiglione, 137; of Dresden, 228, of Eckmuhl, 282; of Eylau, 241, of Friedland, 256, of Hanau, 269; in imminent peril, 270; at the battle of Heliopolis, 273; of Heilsburg, 274, at Jaffa, 290; at the battle of Jena, 293; of Laon, 318; of Leipsic, 320, of Ligny, 688; of Lodi, 337; of Lonato, 341; his letter of consolation to the wife of Marshal Bessieres, 344; at the battle of Lutzen, 344; at the siege of Mantua, 357; at the battle of Marengo, 359, of Mondovi, 387; of Montebello, 390; of Montereau (Fontainebleau), 391, of Montmirail, 396; of Mount Tabor, 399; at Fontainebleau, 464; deposed, 464; his return from Elba, 464; at the siege of Pavia, 472, causes the sword of Francis I. to be restored, 472, at the battle of the Pyramids, 497; at the siege of Ratisbon, 510; wounded, 511, at the battle of Rheims, 515; of Rivoli, 530; at Rome, 542; at Smolensko, 585; sent to St. Helena, 465; at the siege of Toulon (where he first distinguished himself), 635; at the battle of Waterloo, 691.

Narses, 540; at the battle of Tagina, 616.

Narvaez, sent by Velasquez, to Mexico, to seize Cortez as a rebel, 161; defeated by Cortez, 161; wounded and made prisoner, 162.

National Badge of France insulted, 456.

Natzmar, Don Bruno, Colonel, at the battle of Rivas, 527.

Neal, Captain, killed at the battle of Princeton, 489.

Neboplassar, revolts against the Assyrian king, 417.

Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, 71; at the siege of Jerusalem, 295; at the battle of Ragan, 508.

Neckar, M., 448, 449, 450.

Negropont, Baliiff of, one of the knights of Malta, killed, 357.

Negroes, heroism of, 417.

Nehemiah, rebuilds fortifications of Jerusalem, 296.

Nelson, Thomas, Governor of Virginia, at the siege of Yorktown, 709; his valor and patriotism, 710.

Nemours, Duke de, at the siege of Paris, 446.

Nepos, emperor of the West, abandons his throne, 470.

Neriglissir, king of Babylon, engages in a war with the Medes and Persians, 625, killed, 626.

Nero, emperor of Rome, 296.

Nero, C. Claudius, Consul of Rome, at the battle of the Metaurus, 409.

Nestorius, a Roman soldier, anecdote of, 27.

Nevers, Count of, slain at the battle of Azincour, 70.

Nevers, Duke of, son of Louis IX., his death, 651.

Nevers, Count de, his rashness at the battle of Nicopolis, 416.

Newerofskoi, General, at the battle of Borodino, 109; of Krasnoi, 586; of Smolensko, 586.

Newmarsh, Major, at the battle of the Cowpens, 202.

Ney, Marshal, 49, 86; at the battle of Borodino, 109; of Brienne, 130; of Busaco, 139; erects monument over the remains of Sir John Moore, 201; at the battle of Dennewitz, 224; of Dresden, 226; of Eylau, 241; of Friedland, 257; of Heilsburg, 273; of Hohenlinden, 278; of Jena, 293; of Kowno, 317; of Mockern, 321; of Lutzen, 344; of Krasnoi, 585, of Smolensko, 586; of Quatre Bras, 689; of Waterloo, 691.

Nicanor, a Macedonian general, at the battle of Issus, 288; killed, 281.

Nicaragua, sketch of Walker's expedition into, 525.

Nicetas, the historian, 191.

Nicholas, emperor of Russia, 681.

Nicholls, Colonel, at Fort Boyer, 247.

Nichols, Colonel, at the battle of Bennington Heights, 100.

Nicias, the Athenian general, at the siege of Syracuse, 603; his celebrated despatch from Syracuse to Athens, 607; made prisoner, 612; his death, 613.

Nicias, son of Nicerotus, at the battle of Solygia, 588.

Nicurches, an Arcadian, killed by the Persians, 215

Nief, General, at the storming of the Malakoff, 580.

Niel, General, at the storming of the Malakoff, 573.

Night of the Sacrifices, in Paris, 454.

Nightingale, Florence, Miss, 572.

Niketie, General, at the battle of Brienne, 130.

Ninus I., king of Assyria, at the siege of Bactra, 74.

Ninus II., at the siege of Nineveh, 417

Nitocris, mother of Belshazzar, king of Babylon, 73.

Nixon, General, at the battle of Stillwater, 595.

Noailles, Marshal, at the battle of Dittengen, 225.

Nochte Tiste, 373.

Norfolk, Duke of, slain, 119.

Noricaemes, Seigneur de, at the siege of Valenciennes, 667.

Normand, Captain, at the siege of La Rochelle, 532.

Normandy, Duke of, 27, 302.

Normans, at the battle of Hastings, 271, at the siege of Nantes, 401; at Palermo, 435; at Paris, 441; at Rouen, 543; at Troyes, 649.

Northampton, Marquis of, defeated by Ket the Tanner, 313.

Northmen, the, take the city of Boulogne, 120, their battles on the Western continent, 418.

Northumberland, Earl of, at the battle of St. Albans, 547; of Shrewsbury, 584; of Towton, 642, slain, 642.

Nostitz, Count, at the battle of Leipsic, 320.

Nothilda, wife of Richard the Lion Heart, 363.

Nott, General, at the battle of Ghuznee, 202.

Noyer, Miles de, at the siege of Cassel, 156.

Nuaroff, General, at the battle of Friedland, 257

Numidians, at Agrigentum, 13; at the battle of Cannæ, 148; at Carthage, 149, at the battle of the Trebia, 642; at Utica, 665; at the battle of Zama, 712.

Nuns, 193; murdered at St. Jean d'Acre, 13.

O.

Oak of Reformation, 313.

O'Brien, Captain, at the battle of Buena Vista, 183.

Octavius, at the battle of Philippi, 476.

Odenathus, king of Palmyra assassinated, 436.

Odoacer, king of the Heruli, reduces the Empire of the West, 479; his valorous defense of Ravenna, 511; his death, *ibid.*

O'Donnell, Carlos, Don, General, at the battle of the Pyrenees, 498; at the siege of Saguntum, 547

Odyssus, at the battle of Thermopylæ, 623.

Œdipus, king of Thebes, 621.

Ogden, Amos, Captain, 702.

Ogden, Nathan, brother of Amos Ogden, 703.

Ogilvie, Captain, at the battle of Queenstown, 507.

O'Hara, General, at the battle of Cowan's Ford, 201, of Guilford, 207; wounded, 208.

O'Hara, General, at the siege of Toulon, 634; wounded, 635.

Oil, Boiling, 9, 302, 429.

Oise, son of Hengrist, at the battle of Crayford, 203.

Olid, Christoval de, an officer of Cortez, 162, 375.

Olivenza, fortress of, 75.

Olsoofief, General, at the battle of Brienne, 129; of Montmirail, 396.

Olympia, Temple of, at Syracuse, 604.

Olympiodorus, at the battle of Platæa, 480.

Omar, Caliph, 27; at the siege of Jerusalem, 300.

Omar Pachia, at the battle of the Ingour, 283; of Oltenitza, 427.

O'Neil, Major, at the battle of Rivas, 527.

Oracle of Delphi, 62.

Orange, Prince of, at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, 103.

Ordaz, Diego de, an officer of Cortez, 166, 374.

Ordnance, *see* Artillery.

O'Regan, Captain, 122.

Orestes, 470.

Orlando Furioso, and Innamorato, 543.

Orleans, Duke of, at the siege of Turin, 654.

Orleans, Maid of, *see* Joan

Ornano, General, at the battle of Borodino, 110.

Orthes, battle of, 93.

Osma, Bishop of, intercedes with Charles V. for Francis I., 472.

Ossuary, the, a monument of bones at Morat, 396.

Ostermann, Tolstoy, Count, at the battle of Eylau, 241, of Kulm, 317; of Ostrovno, 433; of Pultusk, 495.

Otho, emperor of Germany, his heroism at the battle of Bouvines, 120.

Ostrogoths, foundation of the kingdom of in Italy, 511.

Oswald, Eleazar, Colonel, at the battle of Monmouth, 388.

Ott, General, at the battle of the Adda, 11, of Marengo, 359; of Montebello, 390; of Novi, 424, of the Trebia, 644, of Tuscoing, 655.

Oudinot, Marshal, 15; at the battle of Bar-sur-Aube, 84; at the passage of the Beresina, 101; at the battle of

Bautzen, 86; of Brienne, 130; of Friedland, 259; of Leipsic, 320; of Lutzen, 344; of Montereau, 391.
Ouvaroff, General, at the battle of Borodino, 110.
Ovalle, General, at the battle of Sieta Agnas, 585.
Oxathres, brother of Darius, king of Persia, at the battle of Issus, 289.
Oxen, 55, 538.

P.

Pack, General, at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, 185; at the battle of Salamanca, 557.
Packenham, Sir Edward, at the battle of New Orleans, 412; killed, 413.
Packenham, General, at the battle of Salamanca, 558.
Page, Captain, mortally wounded at the battle of Palo Alto, 439.
Pager, General, at the battle of Corunna, 200.
Pahlen, General, 50; at the battle of Brienne, 129.
Palæologus, Constantine, emperor of Constantinople, 193.
Palæologus, Michael, 193.
Palafax, General, at Saragossa, 562.
Palfi, Marshal, at the siege of Belgrade, 96.
Palmyra, destruction of, 438.
Pancratius, the Armenian, at the siege of Edessa, 234.
Pantithea, wife of Abradates, 627.
Pappenheim, Count, at the battle of Leipsic, 318; of Lutzen, 342; killed, 343.
Paris, or Alexander, son of Priam, abducts Helen of Troy, 649.
Paris, University of, 198.
Paris, Colonel, at the battle of Oriskany, 256.
Parker, Hyde, Commodore, 175, 563.
Parker, Sir Peter, Admiral, 173.
Parma, Prince of, at the siege of Antwerp, 40; of Bergen-op-Zoom, 103; of Maestricht, 350; of Tournai, 639.
Parmenio, a general of Alexander the Great, at the battle of Arbela, 43; of Issus, 289; of the Granicus, 265.
Partonneaux, General, 101.
Paskiewitch, General, at the battle of Borodino, 110; in command of the Russian army in Poland, 684.
Pasitilidas, governor of Torone, made prisoner, 634.
Patterson, General, at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 114; of Stillwater, 589.
Patterson, General, at the siege of Vera Cruz, 672.
Paul of Cilicia, his gallant conduct, 540.
Paul IV., Pope, at war with Philip II., 553; troops of at the siege of Naples, 403.
Paulinus, the Roman general, defeats Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, 106.
Pausanius, the Grecian general, at the battle of Platæa, 480.
Pavia, Aimeny de, his treachery, 144.
Paysieux, Colonel de, his conduct at the siege of Paris, 441.
Pearce, Colonel, at the capture of York, 707.
Peck, General, at the battle of Busaco, 139.
Pedregal, the, in Mexico, 198.
Pedro, Don, of Arragon, at the siege of Messina, 368.
Peel, Captain, wounded at the siege of Sevastopol, 576.
Pegion, General, made prisoner at the battle of Lonato, 341.
Pekah, king of Israel, at the siege of Jerusalem, 295.
Pelet, Raymond, at the siege of Jerusalem, 307.
Pelissier, General, at the siege of Sevastopol, 573; at the storming of the Malakoff, 574.
Pellefort, Marquis de, killed at the storming of the Bastile, 452.
Pelopidas, the Theban, at the battle of Tegyræ, 326; in command of the *Sacred Band*, at the battle of Leuctra, 327; at the siege of Thebes, 327.
Peloponnesian War, commencement of the, 481.
Pembroke, Earl of, at the battle of St. Quintin, 554.
Pembroke, Marshal of England, at the battle of Lincoln, 334.
Pencader, skirmish at, 124.
Penn, Richard, governor of Pennsylvania, 703.
Penn, William, 702.
Pennefeather, General, at the battle of the Alma, 24.
Perche, Count de, killed at the battle of Lincoln, 335.
Percy Lord (Hotspur), *see* Piercy.
Percy, Lord, 127; at the siege of Fort Washington, 254; at the battle of Harlem Heights, 694; of White Plains, 696.
Peri, a lieutenant of Soliman II., at the siege of Rhodes, 521.
Perigord, Cardinal de, endeavors to prevent the battle of Poictiers, 486.
Perry, Commodore, co-operates with General Scott in the siege of Vera Cruz, 673.
Persians, at the siege of Alexandria, 16; of Antioch, 26; at the battle of Arbela, 47; of Artimisium 55; at the siege of Athens, 62; of Babylon, 72; of Bagdad, 81; of Bedlis, 95; at the battle of Byblos, 139; of Cunaxa, 212; at the siege of Edessa, 233; at the battle of the Granicus, 265; of Issus, 287; at the siege of Jerusalem, 300; at the battle of Marathon, 358; of Nehawund, 409; of Platæa, 480; of Sardis, 562; of Thymbra, 625; of Thermopylæ, 622.
Peruvians, at the battle of Ayacucho, 69; at the siege of Cuzco, 216; at the battle of Guamanza, 266.
Pescara, Marquis de, at the siege of Marseilles, 362; of Pavia, 471.
Peterborough, Earl of, at the siege of Barcelona, 84.
Peter the Cruel, at the battle of Naxera, 408.
Peter the Great, emperor of Russia, at the battle of Narva, 404; of Pultowa, 491; his elation after the defeat of Charles XII., 494.
Peter the Hermit, his conduct at the siege of Antioch, 29; sent to the camp of the Saracens, and unsuccessfully exhorts them to peace, 37; urges the Crusaders to battle, 38; his conduct at the siege of Jerusalem, 305.
Peter of Navarre, the inventor of *mines*, at the siege of Naples, 403.
Peyronney, Captain, killed at the battle of Fort du Quesne, 123.
Phamoeas, a Carthaginian, 150.
Pharaoh and his hosts destroyed in the Red Sea, 513.
Pharnabazus, a Peloponnesian general, at the battle of Cyzicum, 220.
Pharnaces, at the battle of Zela, 713; his death, 714.
Philibert Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, at the battle of St. Quintin, 554.
Philidas, a Theban, at the siege of Thebes, 621.
Philip I., king of France, his heroic conduct at the battle of Bouvines, 120.
Philip II., Augustus, of France, at the siege of St. Jean d' Acre, 8; at the battle of Freteval, 256; of Gisors, 264; at Lisieux, 336.
Philip II., of Spain, 444; at war with Pope Paul IV., 553; endeavors to introduce the Inquisition into Flanders, 667.
Philip III., of France, at the siege of Tunis, 652.
Philip IV., of France, his measures to meet the invasion of France by the English, 141; advances to the relief of Calais, 143; his death, 640.
Philip VI., of France, at the siege of Cassel, 155; at the battle of Cressy, 203; at the siege of Tournai, 638.
Philip of Macedon, 220; at the siege of Abydos, 6; of Byzantium, 140; of Chæronea, 167; at the battle of Cynoscephalæ, 221; at Thebes, 621.
Philip, son of John II. of France, at the battle of Poictiers, 486.
Philip the Bold, his death, 474.
Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, at the siege of Dinant, 226; at the siege of Mons, 389.
Philip, a Spartan governor of Thebes, killed, 621.
Philip, an Indian king, 602.
Philippa, queen of Edward III., raises an army to repulse David of Scotland, 232.
Phillipon, General, his heroic defense of Badajoz, 77.
Philips, Major-General, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 589.
Philopœmen, at the battle of Selasia, 568.
Philotas, a general of Alexander the Great, 621.
Photis, his conduct at the siege of Antioch, 32.
Phocion, an Athenian, at Byzantium, 140.
Phraortes, king of Media, defeated at the battle of Ragan, 507; his death, 508.
Pichegru, General, at the siege of Manheim, 357; of Tournai, 640.
Pickens, Andrew, Colonel, at the battle of the Cowpens, 202.
Picton, General, at the siege of Badajoz, 77; wounded, 80; at the battle of Orthes, 93; of Busaco, 139; of the Pyrences, 499; of Quatre Bras, 690; wounded, 691; at the battle of Waterloo, 691; killed, *ibid.*
Picts, at the battle of the Grampian Hills, 264.
Pierce, Franklin, General, at the battle of Cherubusco, 180.
Piercy, Harry (Hotspur), at the battle of Otterburn, 434; made prisoner, 435; at the battle of Shrewsbury, 533; killed, 584.
Piercy, Sir Robert, at the battle of Bosworth, 118; killed, 119.

Pigeons, carrier, employed at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, 9.
Pigot, General, in command of the British at Bunker's Hill, 144; at the battle of Quaker Hill, 504.
Pike, Captain, at the battle of Buena Vista, 133.
Pike, General, at the capture of York, 706; killed, 707.
Pillow, General, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, 164; of Chapultepec, 170; wounded, 171; at the battle of Contreras, 199; at the siege of Vera Cruz, 672.
Pinkney, Charles Cotesworth, in command of Fort Moultrie, 176.
Pipee, Count, at the battle of Pultowa, 492.
Pio, Ludivico, at the siege of Barcelona, 84.
Piso, Calpurnius, Consul of Rome, at the siege of Carthage, 151.
Pitcairn, Major, in command of the British at the battles of Concord and Lexington, 329; at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 115; killed, 116.
Pitt, William, the British statesman, 501.
Pius VI., Pope, 542.
Pizarro, Francisco, his invasion of Peru, 159; his conduct toward the Inca Athuallpa, 160; at the battle of Caxamalca, 160; wounded, 161; at the battle of Puna, 496.
Pizarro, Juan, brother of Francisco, 217, 219, 220.
Pizarro, Hernando, brother of Francisco, at the siege of Cuzco, 220.
Plagues, of Leyden, 332; of Jerusalem, 295; of Rome, 537; of Syracuse, 613, 616; of Tunis, 651.
Platæa, destruction of, 484.
Plato, Jean Baptiste, the famous engineer, 42.
Platoff, General, at the battle of Eylau, 241.
Plunkett, Colonel, 703.
Poison, used at the siege of Ravenna, by Belisarius, 511.
Poland, account of the Revolutions in, 681.
Pole, Lord, brother of the Earl of Suffolk, at the siege of Orleans, 430.
Pole, Richard de la, at the siege of Pavia, 471.
Poles, at the battle of Barranow, 84; of Czenstochow, 222; of Grochow, 266; of Kalisk, 312; of Novi; 424; of Ostrolenka, 433; of Praga, 488; of Pultowa, 493; at the siege of Vienna, 677; of Warsaw, 681; at the battle of Wilna, 696.
Polignac, Prince, his conduct during the French Revolution of 1830, 467.
Polk, Colonel, at the battle of Eutaw Springs, 239.
Poltrot, a Calvinist, assassinates the Duke of Guise, 432.
Polynices, son of Œdipus, king of Thebes, slain in single combat, 621.
Polysemidos, his victory over the Romans, 8.
Polytechnic School of Paris, take part in the French Revolution of 1830, 466.
Pomeroy, General, at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 114.
Pompeius, Sextus, 478.
Pompey the Great, 362; at the siege of Calagurris, 143; of Jerusalem, 296; at the battle of Munda, 400; of Pharsalia, 474; his death, 476.
Pompey, a negro spy, at the storming of Stony Point, 599.
Poniatowsky, Prince at the battle of Borodino, 108; of Leipsic, 230; killed, 325.
Poniatowsky, Prince, at the battle of Pultowa, 492.
Ponsonby, Sir William, at the battle of Waterloo, 691.
Ponteves, General de, at the storming of the Malakoff, 579; wounded, 580.
Pontius, Count of Tubali, at the siege of Tyre, 659.
Poor, General, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 589.
Pope, Lieutenant, at the siege of Monterey, 392.
Popham, Sir Home, at Buenos Ayres, 136.
Porcia, wife of Brutus, her death, 478.
Porsenna, king of Clusium, 533.
Porter, General, at the siege of Fort Erie, 248; of Fort George, 248; at the battle of Lundy's Lane, 414.
Porter, Major-General, at the battle of Marston Moor, 363.
Portraits of the kings of France, a chronological series of, destroyed, 442.
Portuguese, at the battle of Almeida, 25; at the siege of Badajoz, 75; at the battle of Bayonne, 90; at the siege of Burgos, 137; at the battle of Busaco, 139; at Ciudad Rodrigo, 185; at the battle of Frontierra, 279; at the siege of St. Sebastian, 552; at the battle of Salamanca, 556; of San Marcial, 561.
Porus, king of India, at the battle of the Hydaspes, 280; made prisoner, 281; his interview with Alexander the Great, 282.
Potemkin, Lieutenant-General, at the siege of Ismail, 284.
Pot Grenades, 607.
Potter, Colonel, killed at the battle of Princeton, 489.
Powell, Brigadier, at the battles of Stillwater, 589.
Praetiod, General, at the battle of Raab, 507.
Praslin, Marquis de, at the siege of Cremona, 208.
Prescott, William, Colonel, his heroism at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 113, 114.
Preston, Hon. S. T., his address at King's Mountain, quoted, 315.
Prevost, Augustine, General, 175, 176, 563, 564, 598.
Prevost, Sir George, in command of the British forces at the battle of Plattsburg, 484.
Prevost, Sir James, at the battle of Sackett's Harbor, 541.
Prevost, Lieutenant-Colonel, 126.
Priarius, king of the Germans, killed at the battle of Argentaria, 52.
Prideaux, General, 501; killed at Fort Niagara, 250.
Primus, a lieutenant of Vespasian, at the siege of Cremona, 208.
Prisch, General, at the battle of Leipsic, 323.
Proctor, General, at the siege of Fort Meigs, 249; at the battle of Frenchtown, 255; at the assault on Fort Stephenson, 252; at the battle of the Thames, 620.
Proserpine, temple of, at Syracuse, plundered by the Carthaginians, 613.
Protheus, governor of Thebes, 621.
Proxenus, at the battle of Thymbra, 211; killed by the Persians, 216.
Provera, General, at the battle of Arcola, 51.
Prussians, at the battle of Auerstadt, 64; of Bautzen, 85; of Weissig, 86; of Breslau, 126; of Brienne, 129; of Cunnersdorf, 216; of Dennewitz, 224; of Dresden, 226; of Friedberg, 251; of Halle, 269; of Hochkirchen, 277; of Jena, 292; of Kanth, 312; of Katzbach, 312; of Kulm, 317; of Laon, 318; of Leipsic, 320; of Ligny, 688; of Mockern, 322; of Lutzen, 344; of Malen, 365; of Molwitz, 386; of Montereau, 391; of Montmirail, 396; at the siege of Paris, 464; at the battle of Permasin, 473; of Pirna, 479; of Prague, 488; of Rossbach, 543; of Saalfield, 544; of Sagan, 545; of Schellendorf, 566; at the siege of Schweidnitz, 567; of Straslund, 601; of Thorn, 624; at Warsaw, 681; at the battle of Waterloo, 691; of Wavres, 693.
Psammetichus, at the siege of Azoth, 70.
Ptolemy I., king of Egypt, at the battle of Gaza, 259; of Issus, 259; of Raphia, 510.
Ptolemy XI., of Egypt, at the siege of Alexandria, 15; defeated by Cæsar, and drowned in crossing the Nile, 16.
Pulaski, Casimir, Count, at the siege of Charleston, 176; at the battle of Germantown, 262; at the siege of Savannah, 564; killed, 565.
Pulci, Count, his death, 541.
Punic War, the first, commenced, 366; origin of the second, 545; commencement of the third, 150.
Putnam, Israel, General, at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 127; at Brooklyn, 116.
Puy, Bishop of, at the siege of Antioch, 28, 30.
Pyle, Colonel, at the battle of the Haw, 273.
Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, at the siege of Lacedæmon, 318; of Argos, 52; his ignominious death, *ibid.*

Q.

Quailes, Captain, at the battle of Enochopes, 207.
Quasdanovitch, General, at the battle of Rivoli, 530.
Quitman, General, at the battle of Chapultepec, 171; at Mexico, 382; at the siege of Monterey, 382; of Vera Cruz, 672.
Qxtlilxochitt, Prince of Tezcuco, at the siege of Mexico, 378.

R.

Raeffskoi, General, at Smolensko, 586.
Raglan, Lord (Fitzroy Somerset), at the battles of the Pyrenees, 499; at the battle of the Alma, 22; at the siege of Sevastopol, 572; his death, 576.
Raieffsky, General, 49.
Rambard of Orange, at the siege of Jerusalem, 302.
Rajewskoi, General, at the battle of Borodino, 109.
Rall, Colonel, at the battle of White Plains, 695; of Fort Washington, 254; at the battle of Trenton, 646; killed, 647.
Raimbaud, General, killed, 10.
Ramiro II., at the siege of Zamora, 713.
Rampon, Colonel, at the battle of Alexandria, 18; of Montenotte, 390.
Ramsay, Colonel, at the battle of Monmouth, 388.
Ramsay, Captain, at the siege of Monterey, 392.

RAMSAY, Sir James, at Edgehill Fight, 235.
RANSOM, Lieutenant, at the battle of Contreras, 199; of Chapultepec, 170; killed, 171,
RANSOMS, of Caen, 141; of Athualipa, Inca of Peru, 161; of the prisoners at Antioch, 233; of Rome, 537; of the Carthaginians, 613; of the citizens of Toulon, 636.
RAPE of the Sabine women, 533.
RAPP, General, at the battle of Borodino, 109.
RATCLIFFE, Sir Richard, killed at the battle of Bosworth Field, 119.
RAWDON, Francis, Lord, at the battle of Camden, 147; of Hobkirk's Hill, 275.
RAWLING, Colonel, at the siege of Fort Washington, 254.
RAYMOND, of St. Giles, at the siege of Antioch, 28, 30, 38.
RAYMOND, of Toulouse, the Crusader, his heroism at the siege of Jerusalem, 302, 304.
RAYMOND, Count of Toulouse, besieged in Toulouse, 637; defeated and compelled to fly, *ibid.*; his death, 638.
READ, General, killed at the battle of the Tchernaya, 578.
REED, Colonel, at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 114; of Princeton, 488.
REGNIER, General, at the battle of Busaco, 139; of Heliopolis, 275; of Leipsic, 323; of the Pyramids, 497.
REGULUS, commander of the Roman army, made prisoner by the Carthaginians, 150.
REHOBOAM, son of David, at the siege of Jerusalem, 295.
REILLE, General, at the battles of the Pyrenees, 500; of Waterloo, 690.
RENE, of Anjou, at the siege of Naples, 402; of Nancy, 491.
RENSCHILD, General, at the battle of Pultowa, 491; made prisoner, 492.
RETREATS, of the Athenians from Syracuse, 393; of Napoleon from Moscow, 397; of the 10,000 Greeks, 403; of Charles XII. to Bender, 493.
REUSS, Prince of, at the battle of Hanau, 269.
REVEL, Count de, at the battle of Cremona, 208.
REYNOLDS, Lieutenant, at the battle of Buena Vista, 133.
REYNOLDS, Major, at the battle of New Orleans, 412.
REYNOLDS, a general of Cromwell, in Flanders, 231.
REZIN, king of Syria, at the siege of Jerusalem, 295.
RHODES, Captain, killed at the siege of St. Sebastian, 553.
RHODIANS, at the siege of Halicarnassus, 515; their obstinate defense of Rhodes, against Demetrius, 56.
RHESSACES, a Persian General, his encounter with Alexander the Great, at the battle of the Granicus, 265.
RIALL, General, at the battle of Chippewa, 181; in command of the British, at the battle of Niagara, 413.
RIBAS, Admiral, at the siege of Ismail, 284.
RIBEAUMONT, Sir Eustace de, his single combat with Sir Walter Many, 145,
RICARD, General, at the battle of Leutzen, 346.
RICHARD I. (the Lion Hearted), in command of the Crusaders at the siege of St. Jean d' Acre, 8; at the battle of Gisors, 264.
RICHARD III., of England, concerned in the murder of the Prince of Wales, 620; at the battle of Tewkesbury, 619; the supposed murderer of Henry VI., 620; at the battle of Bosworth Field, 118; slain, 119.
RICHARDS, Colonel, 357.
RICHARDS, Lieutenant, at Algiers, 21.
RICHELIEU, Cardinal de, plans the siege of La Rochelle, 532.
RICHELIEU, Duke de, Colonel, at the siege of Ismail, 285.
RICHENPANSE, General, at the battle of Engen, 237; of Moeskirch, 385; of Hohenlinden, 277.
RIDGE, Colonel, killed at the siege of Badajoz, 80.
RIDGELY, Lieutenant, at the siege of Monterey, 393; at the battle of Palo Alto, 439; in command of Ringgold's battery at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, 514.
RIEDFESEL, Baron de, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 589; of Hubbarton, 280.
RIESCH, General, at the battle of Hohenlinden, 278.
RILEY, General, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, 164; of Contreras, 199.
RINGGOLD, Major, killed at the battle of Palo Alto, 439.
RINGS of gold, 149.
RIPLEY, Major, at the siege of Fort Erie, 247; at the battle of Niagara, 415; of Chippewa, 181.
RIVAS, President of Nicaragua, his abdication, 529.
RIVET, General, killed at the storming of the Malakoff, 579.
ROANE, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the battle of Buena Vista, 134.
ROBBINS, a Texan soldier, at the battle of San Jacinto, anecdote of, 560.
ROBERT, of Flanders, the Crusader, at the battle of Ascalon, 55; at the siege of Antioch, 28; of Jerusalem, 305.
ROBERT, of Normandy, the Crusader, at the battle of Ascalon, 55; at the siege of Antioch, 28, 29; of Jerusalem, 305.
ROBERT, Earl of Gloucester, 333.
ROBERTS, Colonel, at the siege of Savannah, 563.
ROBERTS, Colonel, at Fort Talladega, 206.
ROBESPIERRE, 463.
ROBINSON, General, wounded at the battle of Bayonne, 92.
ROCCA, Major, at the siege of Schweidnitz, 566.
ROCEAVINA, General, at the battle of Montenotte, 390; wounded, *ibid.*
ROCHAMBEAU, Count de, at the siege of Yorktown, 708.
ROCHE, General, at the battle of Castalla, 156.
ROCHELLOIS, the, their heroic defense of La Rochelle, 531.
ROCHEMBEAU, General, killed at the battle of Leipsic, 323.
ROCKETS, first used in war, 324.
RODZIWILL, General, at the battle of Grochow, 266.
ROGER, of St. Lary-Bellegrade, defeated disgracefully by women, 336.
ROGERS, Captain, at the battle of Buena Vista, 132.
ROGERS, Major, at the battle of Rivas, 528.
ROGUET, General, at the battle of Krasnoi, 587.
ROLAND, the brave knight of Charlemagne, killed at the battle of Roncesvalles, 543; his song sung by the troops of William at the battle of Hastings, 272.
ROMANS, at the siege of Agrigentum, 13; of Alexandria, 16; at the battle of Ambracia, 25; of Amisus, 26; at the siege of Antioch, 27; at the battle of Aquileia, 45; of Aradus, 47; of Argentaria, 52; at the siege of Argos, 52; of Athens, 63; defeat Queen Boadicea, 106; at the siege of Byzantium, 140; at the battle of Cannæ, 148; at the siege of Carthage, 149; of Carthagena, 154; at the battle of Chæronea, 168; of Chalons, 169; at the siege of Constantinople, 186; of Corinth, 196; of Coriolli, 197; of Cremona, 207; of Edessa, 233; of Jerusalem, 296; at the battle of Lyons, 347; at the siege of Marseilles, 362; of Messina, 365; at the battle of Munda, 400; at the siege of Naples, 401; at the battle of Naissus, 404; of the Metaurus, 409; at the siege of Orleans, 429; of Paris, 440; of Pavia, 470; at the battle of Pharsalia, 474; of Philippi, 476; of Placencia, 479; at the siege of Rome, 533, 534; at the battle of Sarnus, 562; of Shropshire, 584; at the siege of Syracuse, 613; at the battle of Tagina, 616; at the siege of Tarentum, 617; at the battle of Thrasymenus, 624; of Ticinus, 629; of Toledo, 633; at the battle of the Trebia, 643; at the siege of Utica, 665; of Veii, 671; at Winnefeld (defeat of Varus), 696; at the battle of Zama, 711; of Zela, 713.
ROME, Ancient, contrasted with Carthage, 536.
ROMANA, General, his death, 70.
ROMULUS, Augustulus, Emperor of the West, 470.
RONAULT, Marshal de, 95.
RONCESVALLES, the pass of, 498.
ROOKE, Sir George, at the siege of Gibraltar, 263.
ROOS, General, at the battle of Pultowa, 491.
ROQUELAURE, at the siege of Cahors, 142.
ROSEN, Marshal, at the siege of Londonderry, 340.
ROSENBERG, General, at the battle of Essling, 58; of Eckmuhl, 232; of the Trebia, 644.
ROSS, General, at the capture of Washington, 687; at the battle of Baltimore, 81; killed, 82.
ROSS, Lord, made prisoner at the battle of Hexham, and executed, 275.
ROUBAIS, Marquis de, at the siege of Antwerp, 41.
ROUNDHEAD, an Indian chief, at the battles of Frenchtown, 255.
RUBICON, the passage of the, by Cæsar, 523.
RUCHEL, General, at the battle of Auerstadt, 64; of Jena, 292; wounded, 294.
RUDETZKY, General, 618.
RUDLEE, Captain, at the battle of Rivas, 528.
RUDOLPH, Captain, at the battle of Eutaw Springs, 239.
RUKOWENA, Lieutenant Field-Marshal, at the siege of Temeswar, 619.
RUPERT, Prince, at Edgehill Fight, 235; at the battle of Marston Moor, 363; of Naseby, 408.
RUSCA, General, at the battle of the Trebia, 644.
RUSSELL, Colonel, 205.
RUSSIANS, at the battle of the Adda, 11; of Alkmaer, 21; of the Alma, 22; of Arcis-sur-Aube, 49; of Austerlitz, 68; of Balaklava, 571; at the passage of the Balkan, 81; at the battle of Bar-sur-Aube, 84; at

Bender, 99; at the Beresina, 101; at the battle of Borodino, 107; of Brienne, 129; of Champaubert, 179; of Citate, 184; of Cummersdorf, 216; of Dorogobooch, 226; of Dresden, 226; of Eupatoria, 237; of Eylau, 240; of Friedland, 256; of Grochow, 266; of Heilsberg, 273; of the Ingour, 283; of Inkerman, 283; at the siege of Ismail, 284; of Kalafat, 312; of Kars, 312; at the battle of Kinburn, 314; of Kowno, 317; of Krasnoi, 585; of Kulm, 317; of Leipsic, 320; of Lutzen, 344; of Malo Yaroslavitz, 355; at Mantua, 357; at the battle of Mobrungen, 385; of Montereau, 391; of Montmirail, 395; of Muolta, 400; of Narva, 404; of Novi, 423; at Odessa, 426; at the battle of Oltenitza, 427; of Ostrovno, 433; of Otchakov, 434; of Pultowa, 491; of Rheims, 515; of Rimnik, 528; of Sagan, 545; at the siege of Sevastopol, 571; of Silistria, 585; at the battle of Smolensko, 585; of the Tchernaya, 577; take part in the Hungarian war, 618; at the battle of the Trebia, 644; at Varna, 671; at Vilmanstrand, 680; at Warsaw, 681; at the battle of Wilna, 696.

Rutherford, General, at the battle of Ramsour's Mills, 509.

Rutilus, killed at the siege of Rome, 539.

Rutledge, Edward, 173, 176, 177.

S.

Sabae, a Persian general, at the siege of Jerusalem, 300.

Sabienus, a Roman noble, killed at the battle of Munda, 400.

Sabines of Cures, at the siege of Rome, 533.

Sabine Women, rape of the, 533.

Sacken, General, at the battle of Borodino, 130; of Eylau, 241; of Montmirail, 396; at the battle of Pultusk, 495.

Sacken, Osten, General, at the battle of Eupatoria, 237.

Sacred Band, the, at the battle of Tegyræ, 326; at Leuctra, 327.

Sadler, Sir Ralph, at the battle of Pinkey, 479.

Saint-Agnau, Bishop, his zeal at the siege of Orleans, 428.

Saint-Aldegonde, Mayor of Antwerp, his heroism, 41.

St. Andre, Marshal, made prisoner at the battle of St. Quintin, 55.

St. Arnaud, Marshal, at the battle of the Alma, 22; his death, 571.

Saint Bartholomew, massacre of, 444.

St. Clair, General, at the battle of Princeton, 488.

St. Cyr, General, at the battle of Asperne, 54; of Engen, 237; of Heilsburg, 273; of Novis, 424; of Stockach, 597; of Valls, 670.

St. Fremont, Lieutenant-General, at the siege of Turin, 655.

St. Hillaire, General, at the battle of Asperne, 54; mortally wounded, 61; of Heilsberg, 273.

St. John, knights of, 520.

St. Lazare, house of, in Paris, 448.

St. Ledger, General, at the siege of Fort Schuyler, 251; at the battle of Oriskany, 252.

St. Mark, the great standard of, 188.

St. Martin, Captain, at the siege of Cahors, 142.

St. Nicholas, the patron saint of Russia, 407.

St. Paul, Count de, at the siege of Paris, 442.

St. Pierre, Eustace de, a citizen of Calais, his noble conduct, 144.

St. Pol, Count de, at the siege of Constantinople, 188.

Saint Pol, General, killed at the storming of the Malakoff, 580.

St. Priest, General, at the battle of Borodino, 109; wounded, 110.

Saint Ruth, General, killed at the battle of Aughrim, 67.

Saladin, the Saracen, 18; at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, 8; his character, 309; at the siege of Jerusalem, 310; his generosity, 311; at the siege of Tyre, 660.

Salamanazar, king of Assyria, at the siege of Samaria, 559.

Salamis, the sea-battle of, 559.

Salazar, General, executed by order of General Walker, 529.

Salbrai, Losme, an officer of the Bastile, massacred, 452.

Salignac, Baron de, at the siege of Cahors, 142.

Salin, General, at the battle of the Trebia, 644.

Salisbury, Earl of, defeats Lancasterians at the battle of Blorcheath, 105.

Salisbury, Earl of, at the battle of Poictiers, 486.

Salisbury, Montague, Earl of, at the siege of Orleans, 429; killed, 430.

Salisbury, Earl of, defeated and made prisoner in single combat, by the Bishop of Beauvais, 120.

Sallaffus, Curtius, burnt alive, 47.

Salles, General, at the storming of the Malakoff, 578.

Sally, M., in command of the French at Fort St. David, 252.

Salt, sowed by Barbarossa on the ruins of Milan, 384.

Salter, Captain, at the battle of Rivas, 528.

Sambuca, the, a machine prepared by Marcellus, at the siege of Syracuse, 614.

Samaria, rebuilt, and named Sevasta, in honor of Augustus, 559.

San Augustin, city of, 198.

Sanders, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the battle of Rivas, 527.

Sanders, Captain, at the siege of Monterey, 392.

Sandor, Nagy, General, at the siege of Temeswar, 618.

Sandoval, Gonzala de, a general of Cortez, at the battle of Cempoalla, 162; in the battles in the city of Mexico, 372; at the battle of the Causeway, 374; at the siege of Mexico, 375.

Sangiban, king of the Alani, suspected of treachery, 170.

San Martin, General, at the battle of Chacabuco, 561; of Maypu, 562.

Santa Anna, Antonio Lopez de, General, 198; in command of the Mexicans at the battle of Buena Vista, 182; at the battle of Cerro Gordo, 163; at the battle of San Jacinto, 559; made prisoner by the Texans, 561.

Sapor, king of Persia, his death, 437.

Saracens, at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, 8; of Alexandria, 16; of Antioch, 27; at the battle of Ascalon, 55; at the siege of Gaza, 260; of Jerusalem, 300; of Lisbon, 335; of Rhodes, 520; of Rome, 541; at the battle of Roncesvalles, 543; at the siege of Saragossa, 562; at the battle of Tours, 640; at the siege of Tiiin, 650; of Tyre, 658.

Saracus, king of Assyria, his death, 417.

Sardanapalus, king of Assyria, builds cities of Taurus and Anchiala, in one day, 287; his luxurious manner of living, 416; his death, 417.

Sardinians, at the battle of Mondovi, 387; of the Tchernaya, 577; at the siege of Sevastopol, 573.

Savary, General, at the battle of Heilsberg, 273.

Savoy, king of, 14.

Saxe, Marshal, at the battle of Fontenoy, 245; at the siege of Maestricht, 353.

Saxon Monarchy in England, fall of, 272.

Saxons, at Crayford, 203; at the battle of Fontenoy, 245; of Friedberg, 256; at the siege of Lisieux, 336; at the battle of Pirna, 479; of Pultusk, 495; at the siege of Straslund, 601; of Vienna, 677.

Scammel, Colonel, at the battle of Stillwater, 589.

Scarrit, Lieutenant, at the siege of Monterey, 393.

Schah-Culi, a musician, anecdote of, 81.

Scheffer, Colonel, at the battle of Trenton, 647.

Scherer, General, at the battle of Loano, 336.

Schlessinger, Louis, Colonel, defeated at Santa Rosa, 527.

Schindah, chief of the Mahrattas, 52, 61.

Schomberg, General, killed at the battle of the Boyne, 122.

Schomberg, Marshal, at the siege of Valenciennes, 668.

Schwartzenberg, Prince, at the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, 49; wounded at the battle of Bar-sur-Aube, 82; at the battle of Dresden, 226; of Leipsic, 320.

Schweikowsky, General, 424.

Schuyler, General, 99, 504.

Scipio Africanus, appointed Consul of Rome, 150; at the siege of Carthage, 151; of Carthagena, 144; first distinguishes himself at the battle of Ticinus, 630; at the siege of Utica, 665; his interview with Hannibal, 711; defeats Hannibal in the battle of Zama, 712.

Scipio Publius Cornelius, father of Scipio Africanus. Consul of Rome, 546; at the battle of Ticinus, 629; wounded and made prisoner, *ibid.*; rescued by his son, 630.

Scipio Publius Æmilianus, sent into Spain, 546.

Scipio Cornelius Metellus, at the battle of Pharsalia, 474.

Scots, at the battle of Alnwick, 25; of Ancram, 26; of Bannockburn, 83; of Berwick, 104; of Bothwell Bridge, 119; of Dunbar, 229; of Dunblane, 230; of Durham, 233; of Falkirk, 243; of Flodden, 245; of Glenlivit, 264; of Grampian Hills, 264; of Hallidon Hill, 269; of Killieerankie, 313; of Langside, 318; of London Hill, 341; of Luncarty, 342; of Marston Moor, 363; of Pinkey, 478; of Prestonpans, 488; of Sauchie Burn, 562; of Selkirk, 569; of Solway Moss, 583; of the Standard, 589.

Scott, Winfield, General, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, 163; of Chapultepec, 171; of Cherubusco, 180; of Chippewa, 181; of Contreras, 199; of Fort George, 248; captures the city of Mexico, 382; at the battle of Niagara (Lundy's Lane), 415; wounded, 416; of Queenstown, 507; his invasion of Mexico, 672; reconnoiters the city and castle of Vera Cruz, 673; commences the siege of Vera Cruz, 673; his reply to the consuls of the neutral powers at Vera Cruz, 674; his despatch announcing the result of the siege, 674.

Scott, Captain, of the British ship-of-war *Experiment*, wounded, 175.

Scott, Martin, Major, killed at the battle of Molino del Rey, 386.

Scythes, back-handled, invented and used at the siege of Maestricht, 352; chariots armed with, described, 168, 213.

Scythians, at the battle of Chæronea, 168; of Chalons, 170; of the Halys, 269.

Sebastiani, General, at the siege of Antwerp, 14; at the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, 49; of Hanau, 270; of Leipsic, 320.

Seclandorf, Marshal, at the siege of Belgrade, 97.

Seleucus, a Macedonian general, conspires against Antigonus, 516; at the battle of Ipsus, 283.

Servogel, General, at the battle of St. Jacob, 548.

Schleswick-Holsteines, at the battle of Instadt, 283.

Selim Pacha, General, killed, at the battle of Eupatoria, 237.

Semiramis, queen of Assyria, 75.

Semmes, Lieutenant, at the siege of Mexico, 382.

Sempronius, Longus, Consul of Rome, 545; at the battle of the Trebia, 643.

Sennacherib, king of Assyria, at the siege of Jerusalem, 295.

Serbs, at the battle of Kossovo, 317.

Serginus, a Roman Tribune, at the siege of Veii, 671.

Serini, Count de, valor of, at the siege of Vienna, 676.

Serrurier, General, at the battle of the Adda, 11; of Castiglione, 157; of Loano, 336.

Sertorius, at the siege of Rome, 537.

Servians, incited to insurrection, 617.

Servilius, at the battle of Thrasymenus, 624; of Cannæ, 147; killed, 148.

Sevastopol, description of, after the siege, 583.

Severus, emperor of Rome, at the siege of Byzantium, 140; of Lyons, 347.

Sevier, John, Colonel, at the battle of King's Mountain, 315.

Sevire, Lieutenant, wounded at the assault of the Great Redan, 582.

Seymour, Edward, Lord, at the battle of Pinkey, 479.

Shah Abbas, the Great, at the siege of Ispahan, 286.

Shah Nadir, at the siege of Ispahan, 286.

Sheaffe, General, at York in Canada, 707.

Shelby, Isaac, Colonel, at the battle of King's Mountain, 315.

Shields, General, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, 164; wounded, 165; at the battle of Chapultepec, 170; wounded, 171; at the battle of Cherubusco, 181; of Contreras, 199; at Vera Cruz, 672.

Sheffield, Lord, killed, 313.

Sheremetoff, General, at the battle of Pultowa, 492.

Sherman, Colonel, at the battle of San Jacinto, 560.

Sherman, Captain, at the battle of Buena Vista, 133.

Ship, Ensign, at the siege of Fort Stephenson, 253.

Shippen, Captain, at the battle of Princeton, 489.

Shishak, king of Egypt, at the siege of Jerusalem, 295.

Shover, Captain, at the battle of Buena Vista, 132; of Palo Alto, 439.

Short, Colonel, killed, at the assault on Fort Stephenson, 253.

Shrewsbury, Earl of, at the siege of Therouanne, 624.

Shurley, General, at the battle of Oswego, 433.

Sibley, Captain, at the battle of Cherubusco, 181.

Sicon, Prince of Beneventum, at the siege of Naples, 402.

Sicilian Vespers, the, 366, 425.

Sigismund, king of Hungary, at the battle of Nicopolis, 416.

Sikhs, at the battle of Aliwal, 21; of Moodkee, 396; of Sobraon, 588.

Silenes, son of Odoacer, killed, 511.

Simmonds, Colonel, at the battle of the Ingour, 283.

Simon Maccabeus, 559.

Simon, Patriarch of Jerusalem, 302.

Simon, son of Gioras, 297.

Simpson, General, in command of the English, at the siege of Sevastopol, 577.

Sinan, the Jew, intercedes for Christian slaves at Tunis, 653.

Sinclair, Oliver, at the battle of Solway Moss, 588.

Single Combats. Edmund Ironsides and Canute the Great, 25; Nestorius and Dames, 27; Dehac and Nestorius, *ibid.*; Earl of Salisbury and the Bishop of Beauvais, 120; Edward III. and Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, 145; Captain Waldron and a French officer, 157; Colonels Washington and Tarleton, 203; Artaxerxes and Cyrus, 214; Sir Henry Piercy and Sir William Douglas (Chevy Chase), 435; Polynices and Eteocles, 621.

Sirocco, or hot wind, 148.

Sisera, the captain of the army of Jabin, defeated at Esdraelon, 236; assassinated by Jael, wife of Heber, 237.

Skippen, General, at the battle of Naseby, 408.

Skrzynecki, General, takes part in the Polish Revolution, 681.

Skulls, pyramid of, in the island of Jerba, 294.

Slaves, inhuman treatment of, at the siege of Constantinople, 193; Christian slaves at Tunis, 653; treachery of two, 63.

Slipenbak, General, at the battle of Pultowa, 491.

Slocum, John, Captain, killed at the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, 396.

Small, Major, at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 115.

Smallwood, Colonel, at the battle of Long Island, 128; of Camden, 147; of Germantown, 260.

Smettan, General, at the battle of Auerstadt, 65; killed, 66.

Smith, Captain, made a baronet for his valor at Edgehill Fight, 235.

Smith, Captain, kills Colonel Stuart, at the battle of Guilford, 268; at the siege of Savannah, 563.

Smith, Colonel, at the battle of Lexington, 329.

Smith, Lieutenant, at the battle of Contreras, 199.

Smith, Deaf, at the battle of San Jacinto, 560.

Smith, P. F., General, at the battle of Chapultepec, 171; of Contreras, 199; at the siege of Vera Cruz, 674.

Smith, General, at Baltimore, 81.

Smith, Colonel, at Fort Mifflin, 512.

Smith, Sir Sidney, at the siege of St. Jean d' Acre, 9; of Toulon, 636.

Sobieski, John, of Poland, his order of battle at Vienna, 678; his triumphal entrance into Vienna, 679.

Socrates of Achæa, defeated by Cyrus, 211; killed by the Persians, 216.

Sodom, the kings of, 314.

Sodowitch, General, at the siege of Ismail, 284.

Soissons, Bishop of, at the siege of Constantinople, 192.

Solaberry, Colonel de, 269.

Soliman II., the Magnificent, at the battle of Mohacz, 385; his character, 520; at the siege of Rhodes, 521; of Temeswar, 617; of Vienna, 675.

Solis, Don Ferdinand de, 54.

Sombreuil, M., Governor of the Hotel des Invalides, 450.

Somerset, Edward, Lord, at the battle of Salamanca, 557.

Somerset, Fitzroy, *see* Raglan.

Somerset, Duke of, at the battle of Hexham, 275; made prisoner and executed, *ibid.*

Somerset, Duke of, at the battle of Pinkey, 478; slain at the battle of St. Albans, 547.

Somerset, Duke of, at the battle of Tewkesbury, 619.

Somerset, Duke of, captured with 4000 troops by Dunois in Caen, 141.

Somerset, Earl of, at the battle of Anjou, 26.

Sophronius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, 300.

Sorbier, General, at the battle of the Borodino, 109.

Sorbonne, the, 445.

Soreas, John, a Huguenot leader, killed, 668.

Sorel, Agnes, mistress of Charles VII., 430.

Sotalces, king of Thrace, at the battle of Issus, 288.

Souham, General, at the battle of Stockach, 597; of Tuscoing, 655.

Soult, Marshal, at the battle of Albuera, 15; of Austerlitz, 68; at the siege of Badajoz, 75; at the battle of Bautzen, 88; of Bayonne, 90; at the siege of Baza, 94; at the battle of Corunna, 200; of Eylau, 241; of Heilsberg, 273; of Jena, 293; of Pampeluna, 440; of the Pyrenees, 498; of San Marcial, 561; of Stockach, 597; of Toulouse, 638.

Spalding, Captain, 706.

Spaniards, at the battle of Abaucay, 5; of Aiguebelle, 14; of Algiers, 19; at Antwerp, 41; at Arras, 53; at

Barrosa, 84; at Bayonne, 90; at Baza, 94; at Belchite, 98; at Bergen-op-Zoom, 103; at Bilboa, 104; at Bommel, 107; at Bovino, 120; at Buenos Ayres, 135; at Cannæ, 148; at the battle of Castalla, 156; invade Peru, under Pizarro, 159; at the battle of Cempoalla, 162; of Ceuta, 165; of Charleroi, 172; at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, 184; of Cuzco, 216; of Fort Carolina, 247; at the battle of Frontiera, 263; at the siege of Gibraltar, 263; of Granada, 264; at the battle of Guamanza, 266; at the siege of Haarlem, 268; of Lepanto, 325; at the siege of Leyden, 330; of Maestricht, 350; at the battle of Merida, 365; at Mexico, 375; at the siege of Mons, 389; of Naples, 403; at the battle of Otumba, 427; at the siege of Oporto, 428; of Ostend, 433; of Pavia, 471; at Pensacola, 473; at the battle of Perignan, 474; of Puna, 496; of the Pyrenees, 500; of Ramales, 509; of Rio Seco, 523; of Rio Tobasco, 523; at the siege of Saguntum, 547; at the battle of St. Quintin, 554; of San Marcial, 561; at Saragossa, 562; at the battle of Chacabuco, 561; of Maypu, 562; of Sieta Agnas, 585; at Toledo, 633; at Tortosa, 634; at Toulon, 635; at the battle of Tudela, 649; of Tzompach, 661; at the siege of Valenciennes, 667; at the battle of Valls, 670; of Villaviosa, 680.

Sparre, General, 491.

Spartans, at the battle of Artemisium, 55; at the siege of Athens, 62; at the siege of Lacedæmon, 318; at the battle of Tegyræ, 326; of Leuctra, 327; of Platæa, 480; at the siege of Platæa, 481; at the battle of Selasia, 563; at the siege of Syracuse, 608; of Thebes, 621; at the battle of Thermopylæ, 623.

Spartan Women, heroism of, 318.

Specht, General, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 589.

Speedlove, Major, at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 116.

Spencer, General, at the battle of Busaco, 139.

Spezzicasco, Marino, a gentleman of Naples, assists Alphonso in the capture of that city, 403.

Splitlog, an Indian chief, at the battle of Frenchtown, 255.

Spinola, General, at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, 103; at the siege of Ostend, 433.

Sponis, at Belgrade, 98.

Spurs, 8000 taken from vanquished knights, 588.

Stafford, Sir Sidney, bombards St. Jean d'Acre, 11.

Stafford, Earl of, wounded at the battle of St. Albans, 547; killed at the battle of Tewkesbury, 584.

Staie, Earl of, at the battle of Dittingen, 225.

Stanhope, Lord, at the battle of Brihuega, 126.

Stanley, Sir Edward, at the battle of Flodden, 245.

Stanley, Sir William, at the battle of Bosworth Field, 119.

Stanley, Lord, at the battle of Bosworth Field, 119.

Stapleton, General, wounded at the battle of Salamanca, 553.

Starenberg, Count de, at the siege of Vienna, 676; wounded, *ibid.*

Stark, General, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 589; of Bennington Heights, 99; anecdote of, 100; at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 114.

Steen, Captain, at the battle of Buena Vista, 132.

Stephen, Count of Chatres, 36.

Stephen, Count of Blois, 9; at Constantinople, 188.

Stephen of England, 333; made prisoner by William de Kaims, 334.

Stephens, General, at the battle of the Brandywine, 124.

Stephens, Colonel, at the battle of the Brandywine, 126.

Stephen, the Physician, 233.

Steon, Edric, murders Edmund Ironsides, 25.

Stenau, General, in command of the Saxons, at the battle of Pultusk, 495.

Steuben, General, at the siege of Yorktown, 709.

Stevens, Edward, General, at the battle of Camden, 147; of Guilford, 267; of Norfolk, 418; of Trenton, 646.

Stevens, Ebenezer, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the siege of Yorktown, 709.

Stewart, Colonel, at the battle of Monmouth, 388.

Stewart, John, Major, at the storming of Stony Point, 600.

Stewart, Lazarus, at Wyoming Valley, 702.

Stirling, Lord, Major-General, at the battle of the Brandywine, 125; at the battle of Long Island, 128; made prisoner, 129; at the siege of Fort Washington, 254; at the battle of Monmouth, 388; of Trenton, 646.

Stith, Lieutenant, at the battle of Rivas, 528.

Stockwell, Lieutenant, at the siege of Fort Schuyler, 252.

Stoffler, General, at the battle of Cholet, 188.

Stone, Lieutenant, at the battle of Chapultepec, 171.

Strozzi, a Catholic general, held at bay with his troops by one man, 532; his cruelty, 532.

Strange, Lord, son of Lord Stanley, 118.

Stratagems, of Sylla, at the battle of Chæronea, 168, of Belisarius at the siege of Constantinople, 186; of Aratus at the siege of Corinth, 195, of Clearchus, 212; of Mancho, the Peruvian Inca, 217; of Alcibiades, at the battle of Cyzicum, 220; of James II., to effect his escape at the battle of Dunkirk, 231, of Alexander the Great, at the battle of the Hydaspes, 281; singular one of Admiral Boisot, at the siege of Leyden, 331; of the Liegeois, at the siege of Liege, 332; of the Spaniards, at the siege of Maestricht, 350, of Appius Claudius, at the siege of Messina, 365, cruel and unsuccessful one of Rosen, at the siege of Londonderry, 340; of Belisarius, at the siege of Paris, 440, of Pescara, at the siege of Pavia, 471, of the garrison of Platæa, 483; of Artemisia, widow of Mausolus, 516; of John Candocier, Mayor of La Rochelle, 531; of Nicias, at the siege of Syracuse, 603; of Hermocrates, 612; of Marcellus, 615; of Bishop Foulquet, 637; of Fontrailles, a French officer, at the siege of Therouanne, 638; of Washington, 708.

Strato, death of, 478.

Streicker, General, 81.

Stuart, General, at the siege of Seringapatam, 570.

Stuart, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the battle of Eutaw Springs, 238; killed at the battle of Guilford, 268.

Suchet, Marshal, at the battle of Alcaniz, 15; of Belchite, 99; of Castalla, 156; of Lerida, 325; of Saalfeld, 544; at the siege of Saguntum, 547.

Sucie, General, at the battle of Guamanza, 266.

Suffolk, Earl of, at the siege of Orleans, 430.

Suffolk, Earl of, at the battle of Poictiers, 486.

Sullivan, General, at the battle of the Brandywine, 125; in command of the Americans in Brooklyn, 127; at the battle of Long Island, 129; of Germantown, 260; of Quaker Hill, 501.

Suliman Pacha, in command of the Turks, at the battle of the Alma, 23.

Sulpicius, Publius, 536; at the battle of Octolophos, 221.

Sumner, Major, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, 164; of Molino del Rey, 386.

Sumter, Thomas, General, at the battle of Hanging Rock, 271.

Suwarrow, General, at the battle of the Adda, 11; defeats Moreau, 19; at the siege of Ismail, 284; at the battle of Kinburn, 314; of Mnolta, 400; of Novi, 423, of Rimnik, 523; of the Trebia, 644; at Warsaw, 681.

Swedes, at the battle of Barranow, 84; of Falköping, 244; of Fehrbellen, 244; at the siege of Fredericshald, 245; at the battle of Leipsic, 318; of Lutzen, 342; of Narva, 404; of Nyeborg, 425; at the siege of Oldmutz, 427; at the battle of Pultowa, 491; of Pultusk, 495; of Stockholm, 598; at the siege of Thorn, 624; at the battle of Udevalla, 665; of Vilmanstrand, 680.

Sweno, Prince, son of the king of Denmark, his heroic conduct and death, 29.

Swiss, at the siege of Antwerp, 40; of Bergen-op-Zoom, 104; at the battle of Marignan, 361; of Morgarten, 397; of Morat, 396; of Praga, 488; of St. Jacob, 548; of Sempach, 569; of Zurich, 714.

Swineton, Sir Allan, 26.

Sword Fight, 233.

Sybarites, their luxurious and indolent manner of living, 602.

Sylla, at the siege of Athens, 63; despoils the temple of the Delphi, 63; his brutal treatment of the priests of Athens, 64; defeats army of Mithridates, king of Pontus, at Chæronea, 167; at the siege of Rome, 536.

Symonds, Colonel, at the battle of Bennington Heights, 100.

Syphax, king of Numidia, at the siege of Utica, 665.

Syracuse, description of the ancient city, 603.

Sysigambis, mother of Darius, king of Persia, made prisoner by Alexander of Macedon, 289.

T.

Talbot, Geoffrey, 333.

Talbot, General, killed at the siege of Castillon, 158.

Talbot, Sir Gilbert, his conduct at the battle of Bosworth, 118.

Tallard, Marshal, made prisoner at the battle of Blenheim, 105.

Talleyrand, Prince, 464.
Talon, General, at Paris, 464.
Tancred, the Crusader, his conduct at Jerusalem, 301.
Tancred's Tower, 305.
Tandy, Napper, the Irish insurgent, 158.
Tappin, his famous defense of Maestricht, 350.
Tardivet, du Repaire, M., 459.
Tarentines, at the siege of Tarentum, 617.
Tarif, (Eben Zarca,) erects a fortress on the Rock of Gibraltar, 263.
Tarleton, Banastre, Colonel, at the skirmish of Biggin's Bridge, 173; at the battle of the Cowpens, 201; at the battle of Waxhaw, 693; at the siege of Yorktown, 708.
Tarmut, wounded, at the siege of Rome, 539.
Tarpeia, the Traitress, her death, 533.
Tarpeian Rock, the, 533.
Tarquin the Superb, at the siege of Rome, 533.
Tartars, at the siege of Canton, 149; of Mokhause, 385.
Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," 304.
Tate, Captain, at the battle of the Cowpens, 201.
Tatnall, Commander, at the siege of Vera Cruz, 673.
Taucarville, Count de, made prisoner at the battle of Caen, 141.
Tauenzein, General, defeated by Bernadotte, 292.
Taurus, city of, built in one day by Sardanapulus, 287.
Taylor, Captain, at the battle of Cherubusco, 180.
Taylor, Zachary, General, at the battle of Buena Vista, 131; anecdote of, 135; at the siege of Monterey, 391; of Palo Alto, 439; of Resaca de la Palma, 514.
Tchichagoff, General, at the passage of the Beresina, 101.
Tecumseh, the Indian sachem, at the siege of Fort Meigs, 249; at the massacre of Fort Mimms, 249; at Fort Stephenson, 252; killed at the battle of the Thames, 620.
Teedyuscung, an Indian sachem, his death, 702.
Tegyræ, battle of, 326.
Teraplitz, General, at the passage of the Beresina, 101.
Teias, declared king of the Goths, 616; his death, 562.
Teligni, Governor of Theroüanne, 624.
Telly, a Sybarite, at the siege of Sybaris, 602.
Temple of Jerusalem, destruction of, 299.
Tenbroeck, General, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 589.
Terror, Reign of, 463.
Texans, at the battle of San Jacinto, 560.
Tezid, son of the Caliph Moavias, at the siege of Constantinople, 187.
Thais, an Athenian courtezan, the mistress of Ptolemy, causes the destruction of Persepolis, 473.
Thebans, at the battle of Tegyræ, 326; of Leuctra, 327; at the siege of Thebes, 622; of Platæa, 481.
Theilman, General, at the battle of Wavres, 693.
Themistocles, the Athenian, 62, 287, 358, 623.
Theodelbert, king of Austrasia, at the siege of Milan, 383.
Theodoric the Great, at the siege of Ravenna, 511.
Theodoric, king of the Visigoths, at the siege of Orleans, 423; slain at the battle of Châlons, 170.
Theodosius, emperor of the East, 16; at the battle of Aquileia, 46.
Theroüanne, Bishop of, at the siege of Paris, 443.
Thirty, battle of the, 85.
Thiers, M., takes part in the French Revolution, of 1830, 467.
Thomas, John, General, at the siege of Boston, 116.
Thomiere, General, at the battle of Salamanca, 553.
Thomson, Colonel, at the siege of Charleston, 173.
Thor, the war-god of the Scandinavians, 612.
Thornton, Colonel, at the battle of New Orleans, 413.
Three Musketeers, the foundation of a scene in, 532.
Thuringians, at the battle of Châlons, 170.
Tigris, the river, a tradition of, 417.
Tilly, Count, his cruelty, 273; at the battle of Leipsic, 318; wounded, 319; his barbarity at the siege of Magdeburg, 353.
Tilsit, peace of, 259.
Timoclea, a Theban lady, her revenge on the violater of her honor, 622.
Timoleon, the Corinthian, at the battle of Crimesus, 209.
Timour the Tartar, at the siege of Ispahan, 286; of Meerut, 365.
Tintenia, wins the praise of valor, 85.
Tippoo Saib, killed at the siege of Seringapatam, 570.
Tiriot, Jean, at the siege of La Rochelle, 532.
Tissaphernes, a Persian general, causes Cyrus to be arrested for treason, 311; his barbarity and treachery 215.
Titus, son of Vespasian, at the siege of Jerusalem, 297.
Todd, Captain, at the battle of Blue Licks, 105.
Todleben, the Russian engineer, at the siege of Sevastopol, 571.
Toledo, son of the Duke of Alva, at the siege of Harlem, 268.
Tollendall, Lally, Count, 453.
Tolmidas, the Athenian, at the battle of Chæronea, 167.
Tone, Wolfe, the celebrated Irish leader, his death, 159.
Tonnere, Clermont, Marquis, 458.
Tormasof, General, at the battle of Krasnoi, 587.
Torismond, declared king of the Visigoths, on the field of Châlons, 170.
Torres Vedras, the lines of, described, 638.
Totstenson, General, at the battle of Leipsic, 320.
Totila, king of the Goths, at the siege of Naples, 402; of Rome, 539, 540; killed at the battle of Tagina, 616.
Totten, Colonel, at the siege of Vera Cruz, 675.
Touckoff, General, at the battle of Borodino, 119; killed, 112.
Toulon, description of, 634.
Tournaments, of the Crusaders, 30; of the English and French, 171.
Tournay, a French soldier, breaks the locks and bolts of the Bastile, 450.
Tours, battle of the, Arab account of, 640.
Townshend, General, at the battle of Montmorency, 502; at Quebec, 503.
Towson, Lieutenant, at the battle of Chippewa, 182; at the siege of Fort Erie, 247.
Trælich, General, at the battle of Novi, 421.
Tragan, the Roman, wounded, 539.
Trail, Major, at the battle of Buena Vista, 133.
Traitors, Benedict Arnold, 590; Asdrubal, the Carthaginian, 152; Count of Campo-Basso, 401; Buzes, governor of Edessa, 233; Mourzoufle, grand chamberlain of Alexius, 191; Aimeny, de Pavia, 144; Colonel de Paysieux, 441; Phamæas, the Carthaginian, 150; Phirous, 34.
Travis, Lieutenant, 418.
Tremouille, Louis de la, killed at the siege of Pavia, 472.
Trépézze, a French officer, at Ticonderoga, 630.
Tremel, General, at the battle of Hanau, 271.
Triballians, conquered by Amurath I., 156.
Trigg, Captain, at the battle of Blue Licks, 105.
Triplet, Captain, at the battle of the Cowpens, 201.
Trochu, General, wounded at the storming of the Malakoff, 579.
Trojan War, the, 648.
Troluk, General, at the battle of Asperne, 60.
Trouchet, a councillor of Louis XVI., 461.
Troutpetre, Colonel, in the retreat of Charles XII., after the battle of Pultowa, 493.
Troyes, Bishop of, at Constantinople, 192.
Troyes, Treaty of, 429.
True Cross, wood of the, 9.
Trumbull, Colonel, at the siege of Savannah, 563.
Tryon, Governor, at Fairfield, 243; at Norwalk, 423.
Tufton, Sir Lewis, at the battle of Cressy, 203.
Tullus Hostillus, 279.
Tunis, description of, 650.
Turenne, Marshal, at the siege of Arras, 53; at the battle of Dunkirk, 231; of Enghien, 237; at the siege of Tournai, 640.
Turks, at the battle of Aboukir, 5; at the siege of St. Jean d' Acre, 9; at Alexandria, 17; at the battle of the Alma, 23; at the siege of Antioch, 27; at the battle of Ascalon, 55; at the siege of Bagdad, 81; at the passage of the Balkan, 81; at the siege of Belgrade, 95; at the siege of Cassovia, 156; at the battle of Citate, 184; at the siege of Constantinople, 193; at Damascus, 223; at the battle of Darik, 223; of Eupatoria, 237; of Heliopolis, 273; of the Ingour, 283; of Jeerba, 294; at Jaffa, 290; at Jerusalem, 307; at Kalafat, 312; at Kars, 312; at the siege of Kaibar, 312; at Kertch, 312; at Kinburn, 314; at the battle of Kassovia, 317; at Lepanto, 325; at Mohacz, 385; of Mount Tabor, 399; of Megaspellon, 365; of Messolonghi, 366; at the battle of Nicopolis, 416; of Nisib, 417; of Oltenitza, 427; at the siege of Ostrok, 433; at Otranto, 434; at the battle of Peterwardin, 473; of the Pyramids, 497; at the siege of Rhodes, 521; at the battle of Rimnik, 523; at the siege of

Sevastopol, 571; of Silistria, 585; at the siege of Temeswar, 617; at the battle of Thermopylæ, 623; at the siege of Tunis, 653; of Tyre, 661; at the battle of Varna, 671; at the siege of Vienna, 675.
TURPIN, chronicle of, 543.
TUSCANS, at the battle of Marcians, 359.
TUTSCHAKOFF, General, at the battle of Eylau, 241.
TUXILES, a general of Mithridates, at the battle of Chæronea, 168.
TWIGGS, General, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, 164; of Cherubusco, 189; of Contreras, 199; at the siege of Monterey, 392; of Vera Cruz, 672.
TYRCONNEL, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 121.
TYNDARUS, king of Sparta, father of Castor and Pollux, 649.
TYRE, description of the city of, 659.

U.

UDEVALLA, battle of, 665.
ULM, surrendered by General Mack, 665.
ULYSSES, at the siege of Troy, 649.
URIAIS, nephew of Vitiges, at the siege of Milan, 383.
URBAN VI., Pope, excommunicates Jean I., queen of Naples, 402.
URBAN, General d', at the battle of Salamanca, 556.
UTICA, besieged by the Romans under Cæsar, 661.

V.

VALENCIA, General, in command of the Mexicans at the battles of Contreras, 199.
VALENCE, General, at the battle of Valmy, 670.
VALENCE, William de, at the battle of Lewes, 329.
VALENTINIAN, emperor of the West, his death, 46.
VALENTINERS, a Roman officer, heroism of, 538.
VALESQUEZ, Governor of Cuba, 161, 524.
VALLETTE, Jean de la, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, 356.
VAN ARTEVELDE, Peter, leader of the revolted Men of Ghent, killed, 693.
VAN COURTLANDT, General, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 590.
VANDAMME, General, at the battle of Kulm, 317; of Ligny, 688; at the siege of Paris, 465.
VANDELEUR, General, at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, 185.
VANDERMAERS, General, killed, 561.
VANDREUIL, Governor-General of Canada, 504.
VANE, Sir Ralph, at the battle of Pinkey, 479.
VAN RENSSELAER, Solomon, Colonel, wounded at the battle of Queenstown, 506.
VAN RENSSELAER, Stephen, General, at the battle of Queenstown, 506.
VAN SLYKE, Captain, at the battle of Oriskany, 251.
VARGOS, a general of Philip II., at the siege of Macstricht, 350.
VARNER, Sir Edward, slain at Edgehill Fight, 235.
VARRO, C. Terentius, Consul of Rome, at the battle of Cannæ, 148.
VARRUS, defeated by Arminius, 696.
VAUBAN, General, at the siege of Turin, 654; of Valenciennes, 668.
VAUDEMONT, Count de, killed at the battle of Azincour, 70.
VAUGHAN, Adjutant, killed at the battle of Buena Vista, 134.
VAUGHAN, General, 173, 599.
VENDEANS, at the battle of Château Gothiere, 179; of Cholet, 188; of Fougieres, 254; of Mans, 357.
VENDOME, Duke de, at the battle of Bribuega, 126; of Cassano, 155.
VENDOME, General, at the battle of Villaviosa, 680.
VENETIANS, at the siege of Constantinople, 188; of Tyre, 659.
Veni, Vidi, Vici, Cæsar's celebrated dispatch, 711; applied to Napoleon, 511.
VENLDO, the inventor of bombs, 667.
VERDIER, General, at the battle of Castiglione, 157.
VERE, Sir Francis, at the siege of Cadiz, 141.
VERMANDOIS, Count de, at the siege of Antioch, 28.
VERNOR, a heroic French officer, killed at St. Jean d'Acre, 11.
VERSAILLES, palace of, 456.
VERSEY, General, at the siege of Temeswar, 618.
VESPASIAN, elevated to the imperial throne of Rome, 207, 297.
VESSELS transported over land, by Cortez, 375; by Mahomet II., 194.
VETURIA, mother of Coriolanus, preserves Rome, 534.
VIAL, General, at the battle of the Pyramids, 497; killed at the battle of Leipsic, 323.
VICTOR, Marshal, at the battle of Barrosa, 84; of Bautzen, 86; his heroism at the fearful passage of the Beresina, 101; at the battle of Dresden, 226; of Hanau, 270; of Leipsic, 320; of Marengo, 359; of Montebello, 390; of Montereau, 391; of Tarifa, 617; of Talavera, 616; of the Trebia, 644.
VIENNA, description of, 675.
VIENNA, John of, in command of the garrison of Calais, 143.
VILLA-HERMOSA, Duke of, at the siege of Maestricht, 352.
VILLAIRD, Foulques de, Grand Master of the Knights of St. John, conquers Rhodes, 520.
VILLARS, Marshal, at the battle of Malplaquet, 355.
VILLEBOI, Marshal de, made prisoner at Cremona, 208.
VILLEHARDOUIN, the Historian, at Constantinople, 189.
VILLEMAIR, M., takes part in the French Revolution of 1830, 467.
VILLIERS, de l'Isle-Adam, Grand Master of the Knights of St. John, at the siege of Rhodes, 521.
VINCENT, General, at Fort George, 248.
VINTON, Captain, at the siege of Monterey, 395.
VIOMENIL, Baron de, at the siege of Yorktown, 708.
VIRGINS, two hundred tortured and massacred, 171.
VIRGINIUS, at the siege of Veii, 671.
VISIGOTHS, at the battle of Châlons, 170.
VITIGES, king of the Ostrogoths, at the siege of Ravenna, 511; of Rimini, 523; of Rome, 527; anecdote of, *ibid.*
VIVIAN, General, made prisoner at the battle of Kertch, 312.
VOLSCIANS, at the siege of Rome, 534; defeat the Romans, 197.
VON WINKELREID, Arnold, a brave knight, killed at the battle of Sempach, 570.

W.

WADSWORTH, Samuel, killed at Sudbury, 602.
WALCOTT, General, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 589.
WALES, Prince of, son of Henry VI., his death, 620.
WALKER, General, wounded at the siege of Badajoz, 80.
WALKER, Captain, killed, 280.
WALKER, William, General, sketch of his expedition into Nicaragua, 525.
WALKER, Mr., a clergyman, his conduct at the siege of Londonderry, 338.
WALLACE, Sir William, at the battle of Falkirk, 244.
WALLACHIANS, conquered by Amurath I., 156.
WALLENSTEIN, Albert, Duke of Friedland, at the battle of Lutzen, 343.
WALLIS, General, at the battle of Zurich, 714.
WALTON, Colonel, wounded at Savannah, 563.
WALWORTH, Captain, at the capture of York, 707.
WARD, General, at the siege of Boston, 112; at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 114.
WARREN, Joseph, Dr., his heroism and death at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 116.
WARREN, Major, at Saltillo, 132.
WARREN, Sir John Borlase, 158.
WARRENE, Earl, at the battle of Dunbar, 229; of Lewes, 329.
WARNER, General, at the battle of Bennington, 99; of Bemus' Heights, 589; of Hubbardton, 280.
WARTENSLEBEN, General, at the battle of Amfing, 25; of Auerstadt, 65.
WARWICK, Earl of, at the battle of Poictiers, 486.
WARWICK, Earl of, defeats Ket the Tanner, 313.
WARWICK, Earl of, at the battle of Barnet, 84.
WASHINGTON, George, General, 173, 127; elected commander-in-chief of the American army, 116; his march from Boston to New York, 118; at the battle of Fort du Quesne, 123; anecdote of, *ibid.*; at the battle of the Brandywine, 121; witnesses the fall of Fort Washington, 254; at the battle of Germantown, 260; of Guilford, 267; of Monmouth, 387; of Princeton, 488; plans the capture of Stony Point, 599; at the battle of Trenton, 646; of White Plains, 695; anecdote of, 694; at Harlem Heights, 694; his advance to Yorktown, 708; at the siege of Yorktown, 709.
WASHINGTON, William A., Colonel, 178; at the battle of the Cowpens, 201; his encounter with Colonel Tarleton, 202; at the battle of Eutaw Springs, 239; wounded,

240; at the battle of Guilford, 267; of Hobkirk's Hill, 276; of Trenton, 647.
WASHINGTON, Captain, at the battle of Buena Vista, 132.
WATERLOO, description of the field of, 690.
WATERS, Captain, at the battle of Rivas, 527.
WATRIN, General, at the battle of Montebello, 390.
WATTEVILLE, General de, at Oswego, 434.
WATTS, Lieutenant, at the battle of Chippewa, 182.
WAYNE, Anthony, General, at the battle of the Brandywine, 126; of Germantown, 260; of Jamestown, 291; of Monmouth, 387; of Paoli, 470; at the capture of Stony Point, 599; wounded, 600.
WEATHERSFORD, the Indian sachem, defeated by General Clairborne, 206.
WEBBER, Major, at the battle of Rivas, 528.
WEBSTER, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the battle of Camden, 147; at Charleston, 178; at the battle of Guilford, 267; at the capture of Stony Point, 599.
WEBSTER, Captain, at the battle of Buena Vista, 132; at the siege of Monterey, 392.
WEIMAR, General, killed at the battle of the Tchernaya, 573.
WELLES, Sir Robert, made prisoner at the battle of Stamford, and executed, 588.
WELLINGTON, Duke of (Arthur Wellesley), at the battle of Arguam, 53; of Assaye, 61; at the siege of Badajoz, 77; at the battle of Bayonne, 90; at the siege of Burgos, 137; of Ciudad Rodrigo, 184; proclaimed Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and created an Earl, 186; at the battle of Kiöge, 317; at the siege of Oporto, 428; at the battle of Orthes, 432; of the Pyrences, 499; at the siege of St. Sebastian, 551; at the battle of Salamanca, 556; wounded, 558; his celebrated lines of Torres Vedras described, 633; at the battle of Toulouse, 638; of Talavera, 616; of Quatre Bras, 689; of Waterloo, 691.
WELSH, the last battle of the, 395.
WEMMEL, Lords of, at the battle of Ransbeck, 510.
WENLOCK, Lord, killed by the Duke of Somerset, 619.
WENTWORTH, Lord, at the siege of Calais, 145.
WESSERMÆL, Lords of, at the battle of Ransbeck, 510.
WESSON, General, at the battle of Bemus' Heights, 590.
WEST, Empire of the, its fall, 470.
WESTERMAN, General, at the battle of Mans, 357.
WHEELER, Captain, at the battle of Buena Vista, 134.
WHIPPLE, General, at the battle of Stillwater, 589.
WHITE, General, 205.
WHITE, Major, wounded at the battle of Molino del Rey, 386.
WHITELOCK, General, in command of English troops at Buenos Ayres, 136.
WHITE TOWER, capture of the, at Sevastopol, 574.
WICESTRE, castle of, pillaged, 442.
WINDISCHGRATZ, Prince, his conduct during the Hungarian war, 618.
WILD, Prevost of Liege, killed, 332.
WILKESBARRE, 703.
WILKINSON, General, at the battle of La Cole Mill, 318.
WILLET, Colonel, at the battle of Oriskany, 251.
WILLIAM I., of England, surnamed the Conqueror, at the battle of Hastings, 272; captures the city of Mans, 357.
WILLIAM III., of England, wounded at the battle of the Boyne, 122; defeats army of James II., 122; at the battle of Enghien, 237; captures the city of Limerick, 339; at the siege of Namur, 401; at the battle of Neerwinden, 498; of Senneffe, 570.
WILLIAM of Tyre, 303.
WILLIAM of Nassau, Prince of Orange, surnamed Taciturn, 667.
WILLIAM RUFUS, of England, 25.
WILLIAMS, Major, killed at the battle of Bunker's Hill, 116.
WILLIAMS, Major, made prisoner, at the battle of Stillwater, 593.
WILLIAMS, Colonel, at the battle of Guilford, 267; of Eutaw Springs, 299; of Hobkirk's Hill, 276.
WILLIAMS, James, Colonel, at the battle of King's Mountain, 315.
WILLIAMS, Captain, at the siege of Monterey, 392.
WILLIAMS, General, at the siege of Kars, 312.
WILMOT, Lord, at the battle of Edgehill, 235.
WILLOUGHBY, Lord, at the battle of Cressy, 203.
WILLOUGHBY, Lord, made prisoner at the battle of Edgehill, 235.
WILSON, Admiral, at Calcutta, 146.
WILTSHIRE, Earl of, made prisoner and executed, 643.
WINCHESTER, General, at the battle of Frenchtown, 255.
WINDHAM, Colonel, killed in the assault on the Great Redan, at Sevastopol, 581.
WINSTON, Major, at the battle of King's Mountain, 315.
WINTER, General, at Baltimore, 81; made prisoner at the battle of Stony Creek, 598.
WINTERS, Lieutenant, at the battle of Rivas, 528.
WINZINGERODE, General, at the battle of Lutzen, 344; made prisoner at Moscow, 355.
WIETEMBERG, Prince Royal of, at the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, 49; of Brienne, 150; of Halle, 269; made prisoner at the battle of Pultowa, 492.
WITTGENSTEIN, Count de, 101; wounded, 84; at the battle of Castalla, 156; of Lutzen, 344; of Montereau, 391.
WOLFE, General, at the siege of Louisburg, 341; at the battle of Montmorenci, 502; killed at the siege of Quebec, 503.
WOLSEY, Bishop of Tournai, 639.
WOMEN, heroism of, at the siege of Antioch, 41; women of Arcadia defeat the Spartans, 49; their kindness to the wounded at the battle of Bautzen, 89; their heroism at Beauvais, 94; at Carthage, 150; at the siege of Constantinople, 195; drowned at Cholet, 183; made prisoners at Damascus, 223; massacred at Dundee, 230; heroism of the Spartan women, 318; deplorable fate of women at Lincoln, 334; ply their distaffs on the walls of Livron, during a siege of that town, and repulse the French, 336; their heroism at the siege of Londonderry, 339; placed before troops as a rampart, and become warriors, at the siege of Maestricht, 350; massacred at Mans, 357; take part in the defense of Marseilles, 362; at the siege of Messina, 366; at the siege of Orleans, 429; at Paris, 456; rape of the Sabine women, 533; their valor at the siege of Rhodes, 522; dishonored and immolated at Rome, 537; take part in the defense of Selinuntum, 569; at the siege of Tortosa, 634; of Tyre, 661; of Vienna, 675; killed by their husbands at Vienna, 679.
WOOD, Colonel, at the siege of Monterey, 392.
WOODFORD, Captain, at Norfolk, 417.
WOOL, General, at the battle of Buena Vista, 131; of Queenstown, 507.
WOOSTER, General, at Quebec, 506.
WORTH, General, 198; at the battle of Chapultepec, 171; of Cerro Gordo, 164; of Chippewa, 182; at Mexico, 382; at the battle of Molino del Rey, 385; at the siege of Monterey, 392; of Vera Cruz, 672.
WORTLEY, Stuart, Major, at the siege of Sevastopol, 576.
WREDE, Marshal, 49; at the battle of Brienne, 130; of Hanau, 269; wounded, 271.
WRIGHT, Major, at the battle of Molino del Rey, 385.
WRIMPFFEN, General, at the capture of the Malakoff, 580.
WUKASSOWITCH, General, 11.
WURMB, General, at the siege of Burgos, 138.
WURMSER, General, at the battle of Bassano, 84; at Castiglione, 157; at the siege of Mannheim, 357.
WYNKOOP, Colonel, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, 164.
WYOMING, the valley of the, sketch of its settlement, 701.

X.

XANTIPPUS, the Spartan, 149.
XENOPHON, the Historian, at the battle of Cunaxa, 213; leads the famous retreat of the 10,000 Greeks, 216.
XERXES, king of Persia, 282, 516; ascends the Persian throne, 622; invades Greece, *ibid.*; his passage of the Hellespont, *ibid.*; his forces enumerated, 622; at the battle of Thermopylæ, 623; his inhuman treatment of the body of Leonidas, 623; at the battle of Salamis, 516.
XICOTENCALL, a Mexican noble, 224; 661.

Y.

YEA, Colonel, at the battle of the Alma, 23; killed at the storming of the Malakoff, 574.
YELL, Colonel, at the battle of Buena Vista, 132; killed, 134.
YEO, Sir James, at Oswego, 434; at the battle of Sackett's Harbor, 544.
YOLAND, of Arragon, queen of Sicily, her visit to Joan d' Arc, 431.
YORK, Lieutenant-Colonel, at the battle of Jamestown, 291.

0 018 460 930 7